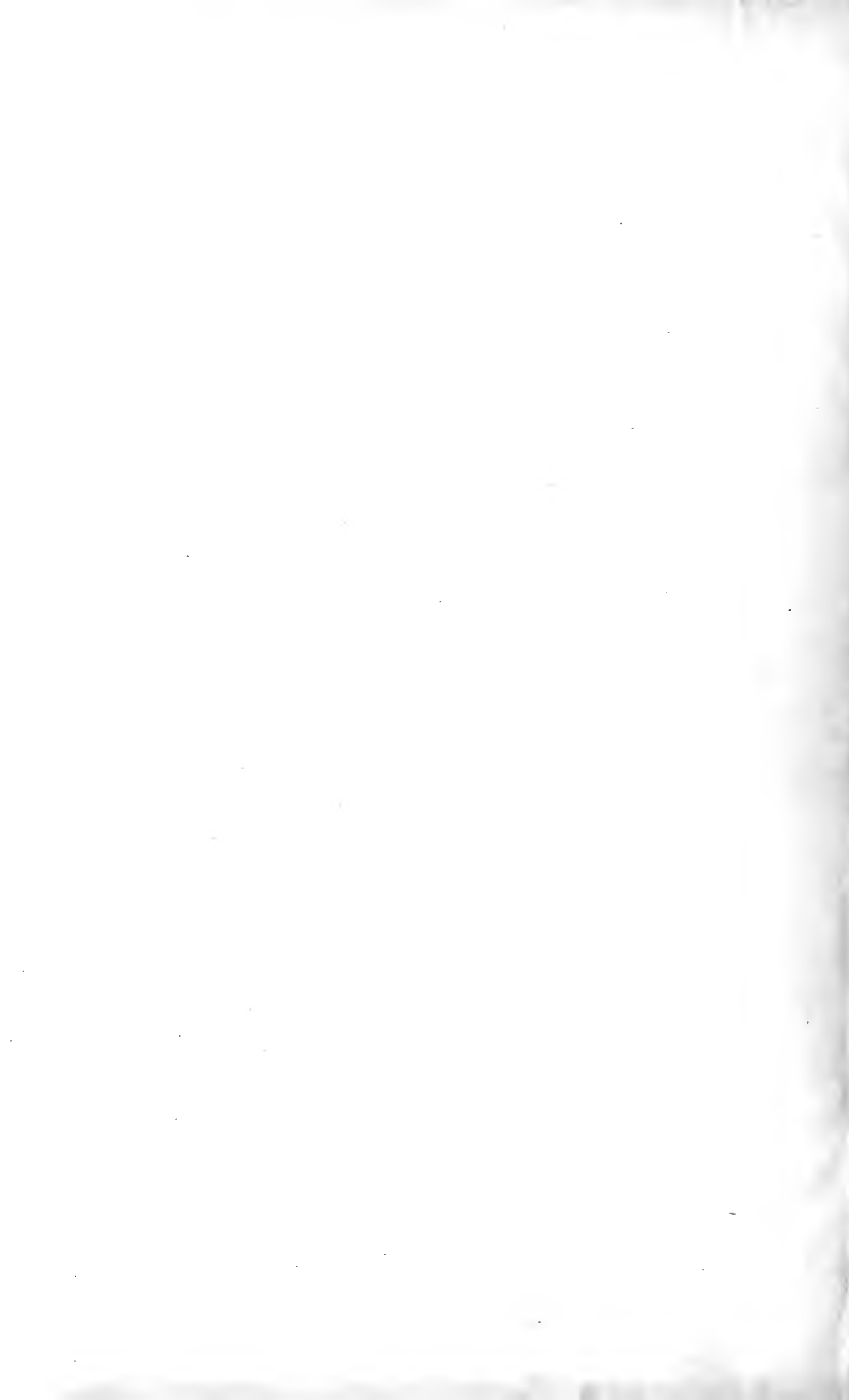




Mr. J. C. Holsman.





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A SINGED CAT.

By E. H. Clough.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

VIII.—THE KITTEN CLAWS ITS MOTHER.

Silas Inch did not creep home until dawn was struggling with the thick, black clouds that hung in heavy masses along the Eastern horizon. He approached the house stealthily, and raising a rear window crawled through without disturbing any of the family. The rain had abated, but the wind still whistled under the eaves and rattled the swinging doors of the out-houses, drowning, to some extent, the noise of his falling footsteps as he stumbled to his bed. He had spent the night in debauchery, and the long walk through the drenching rain had only partially sobered him. He flung himself half-dressed upon the bed, and slept until nearly noon the next day. When he entered the kitchen after a hasty toilet, and gulped down a dipperful of cold well water to cool his parched and burning throat, his mother and sister did not require the evidence of bloodshot eyes, husky voice, or trembling hands, to convince them that Silas had been on an unusually "glorious tear."

"Out agin las' night, Silas," remarked his mother, in a sarcastic tone preparatory to beginning the usual lecture. "I wasn't," retorted Silas; "I came in at ten o'clock."

"Silas, you're lyin' an' ye know it. I was up this mornin' at two o'clock, an' you wasn't in bed then."

"I don't b'lieve you was up at two o'clock. What call'd you have to be up at that time I'd like to know?"

"I don't want none of yer slack, Silas, an' what's more I aint to have any, nuther. 'Taint any of yer bizness what I was up fur—you wasn't in bed at two o'clock, an' thet's enough."

"Well, s'pose I wasn't, what then?"

The tone of the young man was defiant.

"I don't want none of yer sass, I say, young man. It's enough for ye to go howlin' around with yer drunken, thievin', fightin' gang o' scapegraces, not to come home at daylight, and arter ye've slep' off yer whisky sass yer po' ol' mother ez ye do."

The mother bent forward a moment, and a tear stole into the corner of her great blue eye.

"I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself, and I don't ask no woman to tell me what I'm to do."

"No, you unbidable wretch, you go round carousin' all night, disgracin' yerself, an' yer ol' father an' mother, an' then come home an' sass 'em. Who brought ye into the world, ye ongrateful whelp? Who brought ye up, and cared fur ye, an' tended ye; who sat up with ye when ye was sick, an' tried to train ye up as ye should go? Who's done all this for ye? But what do you keer? Ye'd drink yerself blin' drunk over yer ol' mother's coffin, an' go spreein' off 'ith yer scalloway frien's while my po'r wutless corpse was a layin' in it's shroud. What'd you keer? She's dead an' gone, an' thet's the last of her. She's brought me to manhood, an' nussed me, an' wep' tears o' blood over my goin's on, but what o' thet—the ol' Jizabel's gone, an' she'll never correct me agin' for my doin's. Let the coyotes tear her from her grave fur all I keer."

"Go on, old woman, go on. I like to hear you rail. It stirs me up and makes me feel as if you was dead already. You're better'n a gin cocktail to liven up a feller."

"Oh, you young wretch, you low dog, you reprobate, you gutter-wallowin', whisky swillin', card playin', street runner! Do ye durr talk back to me this way?" And the furious woman shook her fist in the face of her wretched offspring.

"It's born in the blood, I reckon."

"Born in the blood! Does your mother drink, you scoundrel, you villain! Does your father drink, you whelp?"

"No, but he does worse—he swindles everybody that he can get his clutches on. And look here, old woman, where's Tom—where's my brother? How'd ye train him up, as ye call it?"

This was a cruel thrust, and the homely old woman buried her face in her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. The heartless young man followed up his triumph with fiendish success.

The mother sprang to her feet in an ecstasy of rage.

"Oh, you devil! Devil! No the imps in hell wouldn't act az you're actin' now. Go! Leave my sight. Go; yer no child o' mine, Silas Inch. I disown ye. Leave the house! I curse ye! I hope thet the great God'll send down his wrath upon ye, an' thet, afore ye die, ye'll suffer all the torments o' the damned. Silas Inch, a mother curses ye while she is yer mother, an' a woman curses ye in the name o' mothers arter she's disowned ye ez her son. I curse ye, I curse ye, I curse ye!"

The mother's face, for an instant, became still more livid. She threw up her hands, the blood rushed from her heart to her head, and she fell forward, apparently lifeless, just as the daughter entered the room. With a shriek, that echoed throughout the house and brought Hiram, weak as he was, to his feet, she threw herself upon the prostrate form of the heart-broken woman and swooned away, murmuring:

"You've killed her, you've killed her!"

Silas was stupefied. Even his unnatural hardihood was shocked, and he would have given the best years of his life to have recalled the last few moments.

"Silas Inch, ef I hed the strength I'd brain ye whar ye stand. Leave the house, an' don't ye never darken my door agin. Ef ye do, I'll kill ye ez I would a dog."

Silas cast one look at his father, standing unsteadily on the threshold, and then slunk out of the house like a whipped cur.

At the gate he stopped a moment and looked at the now silent house of his parents. A hot flush of shame swept across his face, and then remorse took possession of him; not the remorse that bows the head and causes the scalding tears to flow, but the remorse that implants within the breast a wild, reckless thirst for unnatural excitement; the remorse that has, in thousands of instances, sent men from the scene of their first wickedness to the perpetration of horrible crimes. The heart of Silas Inch was black with hatred for himself, hatred for his family, hatred for the world. He hurried down the road, feeling that he was now an outcast and caring but little what became of himself.

IX.—DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

The interview between Ikes and Inch did not last long, but it was fraught with important matter.

"You can shoot if you want to, Inch," repeated Ikes, after throwing off his cloak, "but I think you'd better not."

"Why?" asked Inch.

"Because I've got something to tell you, that will show you I'm not so case-hardened after all, if I did wing you in that scrimmage the other day."

Inch did not reply, and Ikes continued:

"Now, what I want to say is this: Bill Staghart is at the bottom of the whole business. You got the best of him in a little transaction, I believe, and he feels mighty sore over it. It galled him to think that you'd beat him, but that ain't what put murder into his head; he thinks that you hold papers (blackmailing papers, he calls them) of his that might send him to San Quentin or damage him some way, so he hired me to pick a quarrel with you and get you out of the way. That was easy enough, specially after that game of poker you and I played. He paid me for that last attempt of mine, and to-night he agreed to pay me fifteen hundred dollars in advance if I'd finish the job. But I'm sick of the whole business. I've got into the scrape with you and that's enough. Now, what I propose is this: You're getting well—you'll be all right in a few days; and if you'll only let up on me—don't prosecute me—I'll keep you posted on Staghart's game. He'll hire a Mexican or somebody else when I back out, and he'll give you trouble, if he don't cook your goose."

"The fifteen hundred," said Inch, blinking at his visitor.

"Oh, let that go. I don't want it. I've earned enough money of that kind."

"Go for it," answered Inch.

"Go for it!" exclaimed Ikes. "What do you mean?"

"Pays in advance, don't he?"

"Yes; but I've got to sign a paper agreeing to kill you. I've got to give Staghart a guarantee that I'll croak you."

"Sign it."

"What do you mean?" Ikes was beginning to get a glimpse of Inch's design, but it did not tend to reassure him.

"Sign the agreement," said Inch.

"And shoot at you?" queried Ikes.

"No; divide with me." And the shrewd old trader blinked more rapidly than ever; he even snuffed, which was an indication that he was particularly well pleased with himself.

"All right, Inch," answered Ikes, after a moment's thought. "I'll do it on one condition—Staghart can't blow the business, because that would fix his own case. If you'll promise to give that little affair of ours the go by, I'll make Staghart pungle and divide the swag with you."

The details of this little affair were soon settled, and Ikes left the house with a lighter heart than when he entered it.

The next day he arose late, and after breakfast loitered about town until he saw Staghart enter an office up the street.

Not wishing to delay his business any longer than possible, he hurried toward the office, and while passing the street leading into the "Tigre" came face to face with Silas Inch.

"You're just the d—d hound I wanted to see," said Inch, glaring at Ikes with a malignant scowl.

"Let me pass, Inch, I haven't got time to talk to you; besides, our quarrel's over."

"Not by a d—d sight," hissed Inch; "it's only just begun."

"Let me pass; you've been drinking."

"You're mighty right, I have, and I'm ready for you, Bob Ikes. You're the cause of all my trouble, and I'm going square accounts right now, you hear me, you lying, thieving coward."

"Don't talk to me that way, Inch; I won't stand it," replied Ikes, moving off.

"I don't care whether you stand it or not; I'll make you stand it."

"I tell you, Inch, I don't want to quarrel with you; our quarrel's over. Ask your father."

"My father!" sneered Inch. "You're a nice duck to talk about my father after shooting him in the back, you d—d sneaking coward."

"Let up, Inch, or you'll be sorry for it," answered Ikes, warningly.

"Who'll make me sorry? Not you. I can whip any coward that will shoot any man in the back, and I'm going to do it right here."

With these words Inch stepped toward Ikes and dealt him a stinging blow in the face. Ikes staggered, and the blood streamed from his nostrils. Before he could recover Inch had struck him again, and to prevent falling into the gutter that ran along the edge of the sidewalk Ikes was compelled to jump into the street. He stood for a moment dazed by the blows he had received, but as soon as he realized the situation and observed Inch advancing upon him anger took the place of bewilderment, and he rushed upon his assailant with all the ferocity of a wounded animal. Both men met in mid career and separated after the shock, to reel back and fall to the earth. They were upon their feet again instantly, and Inch, blinded as to consequences by a passion that was uncontrollable, drew a pistol and fired at Ikes as he came toward him. The rapid movements of Ikes and the unsteadiness of Inch's aim saved the life of the former, and before Silas could repeat the shot Ikes had drawn his own weapon and cocked it as he rushed at his adversary.

The scene that ensued was one of wildest excitement. The crowd of men who had gathered at the beginning of the fight fled in every direction, shouting and gesticulating. Some dashed into the neighboring stores, others dodged around the corner—all eager to escape the flying bullets. When the sharp report of Ikes' pistol echoed through the street not a soul was in sight. In another instant the street was full of men, all rushing as rapidly toward the combatants as they had previously left them.

Inch's left arm hung useless at his side, and he ran down the street attempting to cock his revolver with his teeth. He was closely followed by Ikes, who fired two more shots in rapid succession. Opposite the postoffice, Inch, having succeeded in raising the hammer of his pistol, turned and emptied another chamber of his revolver at Ikes, who staggered and placed his hand convulsively on his thigh. Another

bullet whizzed past his ear. The crowd yelled "stop them," and Ikes recovered himself sufficiently to raise his weapon and fire again. Inch fell forward upon his face as Ikes went down in the middle of the street, and the crowd of seeming maniacs closed in, and each man, yelling some order or exclamation at the top of his voice, jostled and elbowed in the attempt to get a nearer view of the fighters.

"Stand back! give him air!" shouted somebody near the prostrate form of Ikes.

"Is he dead?" screamed half a dozen in the throng around Inch.

"How can I tell when you all keep piling on top of me," said the man who was bending over Silas.

"Stand back! stand back!" frantically shouted every man in the crowd, at the same time pushing closer to the blood-stained centre.

By dint of strenuous efforts three or four men succeeded in raising the two young men and carrying them to the nearest drug store.

Ikes groaned at every step, but Inch lay motionless and silent in the hands of his bearers. Both men were stripped and their wounds examined.

"He's all right," said the physician who has assigned himself to the care of Ikes; "they're only flesh wounds."

The examination of Inch's injuries was of longer duration, and when it was concluded the matter-of-fact doctor arose to his feet with the grim remark:

"Pull off his boots, boys; he'll never need them again."

X.—THE CAT IN THE TOILS.

Two days after the killing of Silas Inch a mother and sister stood weeping over the long, dark box that contained his remains. In an hour that still form would be consigned to the grave, and these stricken women were gazing for the last time upon the face of the misguided, ill-trained boy—gazing through the scalding drops that well up from the hearts of women only. The mother may have been illiterate, rough in her manners, violent in disposition, and given to high words and unconsidered retorts, but she was a mother nevertheless, and to see her child stretched before her a corpse stirred the mother's nature to its profoundest depths. Forgotten were the hot sarcasms of the past; forgotten all the wickedness and willfulness of years—all forgotten in the sorrow of that, to her, supreme moment of grief for the loss of her child.

The sister, uncouth and homely, did not, perhaps, weep for the same reasons that moved the mother. Horror at the violent death and sudden fate of her brother mingled with the sorrow she felt for his loss. And there they stood—the only beings on the face of the earth who really loved this young reprobate—clasping each other's hands over his dead body; mingling their tears, which flowed for a heartless wretch who, one hour before his righteous fate overtook him, heaped insult after insult upon the truest friend he could ever hope to possess, leaving her, for the last time, senseless upon the hard, cold floor—not harder nor colder than the heart of the ingrate who had caused the flood-gates of passion to open and almost break the heart that now forgot his undutiful conduct.

The father stood at the door, moody and motionless, brooding over the fate of his son. He leaned upon a cane, and his pale face showed more expression now than it had since his arrival at Mammoth City. His sorrow partook of that angry, resentful character which fills the breast of those who regret their own shortcomings after those sins of omission have produced natural and inevitable results. He had never taught his children anything that tended to direct them in the paths of morality, because he knew but little of such paths himself. But he knew enough to realize that he was largely to blame for his child's wild career and ultimate death. He understood that the mother had, in her incoherent, illogical way, endeavored to wean the boy from evil associations and debauchery; and he now felt impressed with the idea that if he had coupled even the authority of a father, without a father's kindly counsel, with the mother's rude appeals and tirades, the result would have been different. But no; money had been his sole object, and to obtain it he had allowed his wayward boy to run his course—to sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. And then his thoughts reverted to another son, whose misdeeds in years gone by had disgraced even this shrewd confidence operator's scared and suspected reputation. These two boys seemed to have inherited all the innate wickedness of the father without a single trace of his prudence or forethought.

As Inch stood in the doorway two men came into the yard, and he heard one of them remark:

"There's the old cat now; he seems to have recovered the life he lost the other day."

"Yesh, dots der ol' gat, but he don't vash regover his lifes—he loosh von und haf eight more ter lif on," answered the other, chuckling at his feeble attempt to be witty.

Inch recognized the men as Levi Marks and a deputy Sheriff.

"Hullo, Inch!" shouted the deputy when he had approached near enough to be heard; "so the boy's passed in his checks, eh? Well, he didn't mount to much anyhow, an' I don't s'pose you'll pine away very much over it."

Inch made no reply to this brutal remark, and allowed the two men to pass into the house. The deputy did not appear to care whether he was regarded as an intruder or not, but stalked noisily to the door of the room where the body of Silas lay. Opening the door he walked in, followed by Marks and Hiram; and, unceremoniously seating himself in a chair, retaining his hat upon his head, waited with palpable impatience for the mother and sister to leave the coffin. As they did not manifest any disposition to cease their silent tribute to the dead the deputy at last arose, and, stepping toward them, said in a mocking tone:

"Sorry ladies to cut this weepin' business short, but it can't be helped."

The mother and daughter started when they heard the harsh tones of the officer, and unclasping their hands, stood facing the man who had thus rudely intruded upon the sanctity of their grief.

"It can't be helped, I say, madam," repeated the officer, addressing Mrs. Inch; "bizness is bizness, you know."

"I thought you was comin' this afternoon," she replied.

"Well, ye see ye was mistaken. Mistakes will happen, you know, in the best regulated families. But I guess you don't know me," and the deputy laughed as he thought of

his real identity, and its effect upon Mrs. Inch, when revealed amused him immensely.

"Ain't you the undertaker?" inquired the bewildered woman.

"Well, that's purty good." The heartlessly facetious officer laughed again. "An undertaker! Do I look like an undertaker? Why, do you know, Mrs. Inch, if I thought I looked like an undertaker I'd go off an' drown myself, derned if I wouldn't. No, I ain't the undertaker; 'bout the only corpses I'm likely to handle is them that's been cut down by the Sheriff."

This horribly suggestive speech caused the face of Mrs. Inch to blanch and her eyes to flash. Her voice became slightly shriller as she demanded:

"Then who are you?"

"I'm Sam Swingle, a deputy-sheriff of this yer county, at your service." The deputy grinned until his yellow fangs were revealed between his thin lips.

"An' what do you want here?" asked Mrs. Inch, her rising tones indicating that she was rapidly becoming aware that she was being grossly insulted over the dead body of her child.

"Ah, now you're striking the right trail. What do I want here? Marksey, what do we want here, eh? It's the best joke of the season, an' nobody but an old pound-of-flesh Shylock like you would ever think of it."

"Isb dot so?" replied Marks, creeping closer to the deputy, and chuckling in an uneasy manner as he glanced from the already stormy face of Mrs. Inch to the now sternly immobile countenance of Hiram.

"Oh, you needn't pretend ignorance, old boy," said the deputy, drawing some papers from his pocket; "you're a slippery cuss, an' this little game of yours beats any thing I ever dropped on. You hound a man for interest and principal before he dies, an' then foller him into the grave. I b'lieve you'd swim the river Jordan to collect a note in the New Jerusalem from the angel who'd owed you down here, if you could. An' if he didn't pay ye, you'd tear up the golden sidewalk in front of his 'mansion in the sky' to liquidate the debt; you'd replevin the harp he was playin' on before the Great Jehovah, I b'lieve, ef you couldn't lug off the gold pavin' stones."

"Moshes and Aberam! I don't vash loosh der brinshibal off I could helup mineself, und I gits der interesht off it vash boshible."

Marks seemed to be so earnest that the deputy had to laugh again, which so incensed Mrs. Inch that she bent forward and, doubling her fists, hissed the question from between her teeth:

"What're ye snickering' at? What do ye want here? Aint it enough that ye come rollickin' into this yer house ez ef it was a barroom, but ye must laugh an' chuckle over the col' corpse o' my po' dead boy. What do ye want? 'Tend to yer bizness an' leave."

"If you'll give me half a chance, I'll tell you," replied the officer, somewhat surprised at the outburst he had just listened to.

"You see this precious son of yours, before he got his wind cut, borrowed a lot of money of Marks here—three hundred and seventy-two dollars altogether—here's the bill, and here's the notes. Marks, of course, didn't want to lose his money, so he commenced suit for it an' yesterday he got a judgment. I've come here to levy on his estate, an' as I don't see no property to speak of except this coffin and contents, I guess you'll have to postpone this fun'ral till we can realize on the box. What do you think it'll fetch, Marksey?"

The deputy was beginning to chuckle again, when he felt himself grasped by the beard and flung headlong across the room. The outraged mother felt the strength of a maniac, and with flaming eyes and burning cheeks resented the terrible insult. Having dashed her insult to the floor she stood over him like a maddened pythoness, swaying to and fro in the frenzy of her rage, and shrieking:

"Take the coffin o' my child for a debt! Oh, ye low-born dog! Where's yer own mother? No, sir, afore ye lay a han' on thet coffin I'll brain ye. I'll choke ye to death, woman ez I am, and throw yer mean carcass to the coyotes. That po'r dead boy was my child, I nussed him w'en he was a baby, I tried to larn him the right, but the devils o' hell, an' the devils of arth—like you, you cowardly pup, an' you, you sneak-in' Jew—dragged him down to perdition. But he was mine, an' sich ez you shall never lay a finger on his corpse. Hiram, kick these dogs out o' the house, fur if ye don't, I will."

The deputy sheriff had arisen by this time, and having recovered from the shock of his fall, became more insulting than ever.

"Madam, you have resisted an officer of the law in the discharge of his duty, and you shall answer for it. This writ of execution must be served, and will be served if I have to do it with a posse comitatus."

"Bring on your posse come at us!" shrieked Mrs. Inch, "an' see how many'll go back. I'll bar every door in this yer house, an' ez long ez powder and bullets lasts, or I've got strength enough to pull a trigger, I'll kill, I'll kill, I'll kill! D'ye hear me? I'll shoot ye down like carrion crows, as ye are."

"We'll see about that, old woman. But the present bizness must be settled first. Take that cadaver out o' there, or leave it in just as you like. I take possession of this coffin in the name of the law, and by virtue of a writ of execution duly issued from the proper court. Stand aside, old woman, I must have the box. If you don't—" Swingle raised his hand to grasp Mrs. Inch by the arm, and that was the last he knew. A stunning blow from some blunt instrument stretched him insensible upon the floor. At the same instant Hiram, weak as he was, struck the Jew, who stood gazing open-mouthed at the apparition of a tall, stalwart young man who had been standing in the doorway during Swingle's last speech until that brave officer of the law attempted to lay his hand upon the woman, when he leaped into the room, and felled him with the butt of a heavy navy revolver. Not content with the blow he had dealt he picked the senseless Swingle up in his arms and deliberately threw him out of the window. In the meantime Hiram had hustled the frightened Jew out of the house. The four who stood around the coffin after these violent measures had been concluded, looked at each other for a moment. Hiram strangely enough spoke first.

"Where'd you come from?"

"Out o' the hills over yonder, at the risk o' my liberty," the man replied. "An' it's lucky I dropped in ez I did, seein' ez how mother couldn't git away 'ith thet big galoot out there, an' I reckon you was too weak to take a hand, ol' man, or you wouldn't a stood an' see her abused."

"Oh, Thomas, you've come back to us at a dismal time," murmured Mrs. Inch, looking at Silas' calm, white face.

"I know it, mother, but it ain't the fust time I've bin hyar. I was hyar unbeknowns to you the night afore he was killed, an' I was hyar las' night arter ye'd gone ter bed, 'ceptin' the ol' man sittin' thar watchin', an' I'm hyar now ter say that I can't 'tend the fun'ral; dad knows why."

"Yes, I know why," muttered Hiram, casting a side glance at his son.

"But ef ye'll only say the word, I'll ride into Mammoth City an' finish the cuss thet laid Silas out, derned ef I don't," continued Thomas Inch.

"No you won't, Tom. No use makin' bad matters worse," answered Hiram.

"Jest ez you say, ol' man; I'm a rough rider an' a man o' the hills, but dern my immortal hide ef I wouldn't like to make a dash at the head o' ten good men thet I know of into thet town over yan, an' scatter the blame cusses a bit till I'd fixed the man thet did the bizness fur Silas."

"No, no, Tom, don't do thet," cried the mother; "they'd lynch us ez soon ez you'd cleared out. Besides, it wouldn't do no good."

"All right, mother, all right, let 'em rip; I'll get a chance at 'em some other time. But I mus' be gettin' back to the hills. Good-bye, dad, good-bye, sis, good-bye, mam—good-bye," and this wild, reckless criminal folded his mother and sister in his arms and kissed them.

"Don't take on 'bout Silas, mother; we've all got to go sooner or later, so what's the difference?" he continued, as he jumped through the window from which he had thrown Swingle.

"Good-bye," he shouted, as he mounted a black horse which he had left standing around the corner of the house. "I see ol' catch-em-lively hez dusted with the Jerusalem chap. You know whar to send fur me, ol' man, w'en you want me. Good-bye."

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

"Dead—Not Delivered."

Meeting the letter-carriers as they leave the post-office with their bulky sacks crowded with letters, one must wonder how they can distribute each and every one to its proper owner; but bless you! they go further than that. After they have been on a route for awhile they can tell much more about a family than they ever do. They know if one of the children is away, if visitors are coming, if any of the relatives are dead, and many other things hardly known to the nearest neighbor. An envelope is nothing but an envelope to you. You may criticize the handwriting and the orthography, but beyond that you care nothing. To the letter-carrier it is a book. He knows when father and mother are coming—where a truant boy is—whether the family are respected or not—and Sarah's beau can not blind the carrier by getting some one else so direct the envelope.

One day one of the oldest carriers had a letter left over after he had gone his usual round. It was directed to a woman living in a little old house standing back from the street, and as he studied the address he said to himself that he had never had an epistle for her before in all the six or seven years he had been on that route. The postmark was that of an office in the East, and the carrier mused to himself:

"This is from her son, and she will be crying before I am out of sight."

He delivered the letter to a white-faced woman of sixty, who seemed to be living there all alone, and she looked surprised as he placed it in her hand.

"A letter for me—I haven't a relative on earth!" she gasped.

But he left it with her.

In about three weeks a second letter came, and the old lady opened the door before the carrier was inside the gate. She did not say that it was from her son, but the carrier knew for all that, and he hoped that the truant boy had settled down for life, and was writing cheerful words and sending aid to his poor old mother. Regularly every three weeks, for half a year or more, there came a fat-looking letter for the old woman in the little cabin; and if the letter was a day late her white face at the window reproached the carrier more than words could have done. If it was a day earlier she was at the door to meet him, knowing his step from all others which passed that way.

The other day, when the carrier found the buff envelope, directed in the old, familiar, cramped hand, he said to himself:

"I will hurry around to-day, for the last time I saw her she seemed ill and weak, and a letter will give her new strength."

He opened the gate with a bang to give her warning, but no white face appeared at the window, and no hand raised the door-latch. The carrier knocked on the door for the first time, and after a moment a woman opened and said:

"She is dead, and she hasn't a relative in the city."

Among the letters to go to the Dead-Letter Office next week will be one across whose face is written whole chapters in three words: "Dead—Not Delivered." An old woman has passed away—a cottage is deserted—a letter returned. The world will see nothing in these simple facts, but yet in them is contained all the sentiment God has ever given to any human heart.

A poor Irishman at Rochester owed a rich man some money, and was unable to pay. The rich man obtained a judgment and an execution, but there was nothing on which the sheriff could levy. The Irishman had two large pigs, but the law allows a man two, and the sheriff could not take them. The rich man then bought two little pigs, had them presented to the Irishman, and thereupon took his two large ones.

With reference to his native land an American traveling is much like the son of a woman of the world—afraid that people may not speak about his mother, and again afraid that they may say something about her.

THANKSGIVING PIES.

A pumpkin rolled, and pushed, and lifted,
And pared, and sliced, and stewed, and sifted,
And made into a dozen pies,
Above the average in size.
Such baking, boiling, tasting, heating!
Such preparation made for eating!
Such unpremeditated joys
For little hungry girls and boys!
Oh, what a racket, what a bule!
Oh, what a strain on nerve and muscle!

"Oh, what a grandma! Pity sakes!
She's made about a hundred cakes!"
Said Winkle: "Did you ever, ever?"
And all agreed they "Never, never"
Did know a grandma to compare
With their dear grandma anywhere.
And so at last the day auspicious
Arrived, and everything delicious
Was browned and finished to a turn
With no suspicion of a burn.
And small and tall and pretty cousins,
All Grandma's darlings by the dozens,
With aunts and uncles by the score,
Came rapping, tapping at the door.
And soon the pantry was inspected,
Nor crack nor cranny left neglected,
By certain of that cousinhood,
And each thing was pronounced "good."
Those pies of pumpkin, twelve in number,
As I've remarked, and brown as umber,
All in a long, enticing row
Did sit and wait their fate to know.
Said Winkle Small to Pinkie Smaller:

"If only you's a little taller,
You'd see some awful splendid pies.
They come just even with my eyes!"
Then Pinkie, on her tip-toes standing,
With eager mouth and eyes expanding,
A most enticing view obtained;
But still a longing deep remained
For more minute investigation—
And you'll perceive that elevation
Was most essential in that case—
And so each found herself a place
Upon two butter-jars inverted.

"Oh, Winkle! I feel awful hurted
With hungriness. Perhaps I'll die,
Then you and everybody'll cry."
Was ever such appeal resisted?
Sweet sympathy was soon enlisted;
And Winkle hastened to suggest
That they might give the pies a test.
And, to avert that fatal crisis,
She fain had cut the pie in slices;

But, as her knife was poised in air,
She said to Pinkie: "I declare!
It 'curs to me, upon reflection,
That 'twould improve this pie's complexion
If I should skin it—there—just so!
I'm sure Grandma would never know."

Then Pinkie, tasting, said: "'Tis 'licious!"
And thereupon grew quite officious;
And both together, in a trice,
Those pies did skin; and then, like mice,
They nibbled all the edges crooked;
And then with critics' eyes they looked,
And with each other did agree
Those edges should more even be.

So, when the middle parts they'd finished,
And smoothed, and patted, and—diminished,
Each edge they evened with a will,
Till crust became invisible.

They nibbled round, they nibbled under,
They nibbled till it was a wonder
That anyone could classify
What did remain—and call it pie.
Oh! surely, 'twas not their intention
To do this harm; but I must mention
That not a solitary slice
Was left intact by these small mice.

And when those uncles, aunts, and cousins,
All Grandma's darlings by the dozens,
To eat those pies did congregate,
They found, alas! that 'twas too late.
Can pen depict the consternation
Of Grandmamma and her relation!
Was e'er so sad catastrophe?
Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie!

LIZZIE BURT, in *Independent*.

Soog.

There's a garden by a river,
Where the grasses bend and quiver
On the river's reedy edges,
Roses crimson all the hedges,
And a leafy lane runs down
Through the meadows to a town,
In a winding way.
But where lies that garden blowing,
Where that river, stilly flowing,
And the lane through meadows going,
I shall never say.

II.

Something fairer than a rose
In that unknown garden grows;
Something sweeter than the rhyme
Sung by birds in lilac-time;
Fairer than a dream of youth,
Thought all lost to care and ruth,
Something with a heart like May;
Rose and lily all in one;
Golden hair caught from the sun;
Eyes with laughter overrun
What? I'll never say.

III.

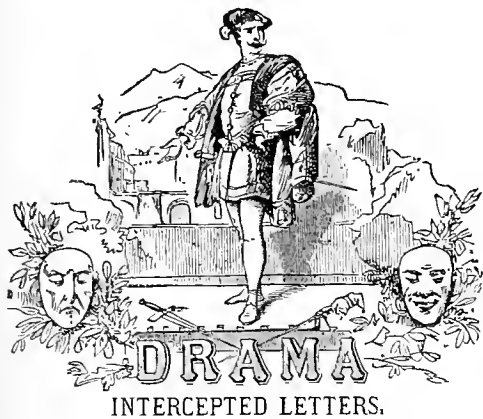
Dreamy face and rosebud mouth,
Breath like spring winds from the South,
Eyes disclosing more than lies
Hedged beneath the bended skies
Of a day in May.
So, when days grow longer, sweeter,
Grow the rare June hours complete;
And the winter's time for snowing
Leaves the June winds chance for blowing,
I will seek this garden, growing,
Where, I'll never say.

L. FRANK TOOKER, in *Scribner*.

Death comes to a good man to relieve him; it comes to a bad one to relieve society.

There is only one thing less endurable than a fool's folly—to wit, a wise man's.

Many foxes grow gray, but few grow



SAN FRANCISCO, January 3, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—The holiday hubbaloos, as good housewives say, is over at last. The litter of the Christmas trees has been carried out, so have been the lobster claws, the turkey bones, and the broken glasses from the New Year's table. How they found time to do it in the midst of all the eating and drinking, and gift-giving, I can not say, but all the world and his wife have been to see *The Mighty Dollar*. When I say all the world I suppose I need not mention his wife. *Cela va sans dire*, for it is the women who fill the theatres. How the men do hate to go—after they are married. I hardly blame them, poor fellows, when I glance around a well-filled dress-circle; they look as abject as the clawless tigers or the toothless lions in a menagerie. The husbands look like little black heaps dropped here and there among the dolmans and mandarin furs, while the wives loom up in a monumental sort of way, which is half bonnet and half a realization of the solemnity of the occasion. Great tall fellows, who look well enough anywhere else, sink into insignificant little chaps when sitting beside their wives in the theatre. I verily believe that in their silent communings with themselves they have found this out, and that it has something to do with their reluctance to go. I recommend that each Benedick carry with him a little contrivance like a señora's prayer cushion, that he may sit at least as high as his wife's bonnet, and appear like himself, and not like a small boy wedged in between two well-dressed dames to save appearances. What a struggle there must have been in many a household to fill the old California as it has been filled during the past week. But la! Madge, you know how these struggles always result, and with a set of toilets like Mrs. Florence's to be looked at, iron bars would not have kept them in doors. Mr. Florence is a wonderfully fine character actor, but there is a tremendous "draw" in his wife's millinery bills. Florence is said to have commenced his season with gloomy prognostications. I do not know of a better start off than an actor can have than a prognostication of bad. It always works like a charm, in this fair city at least, and Mr. Florence's prognostication on this occasion must have been a first-class article. For my own part I have never been able to find out what *The Mighty Dollar* was all about; and, out of mere politeness, I should not like to disconcert the author by asking him his plot, if I knew him. I only know that "Bardwell Slote" is a very funny old fellow, in a pair of very baggy breeches—I wish there was a prettier word for those articles—which the poetical critics used to call inspirational. Also, that he has become a degree more grotesque than he was—one of the marks of his prosperity, I presume, for whereas his red silk pocket handkerchief used to dangle but a quarter of a yard, it now floats in the breeze its entire length, and so on with like minutiae, straws which show which way the wind blows, but wind-blown straws nevertheless. As for "Mrs. General Gilflory," we met her, dear Madge, in Virginia City, at White Sulphur Springs, and many times in town, not so irreproachably dressed, not quite so Frenchy, but as vulgar, as rich, and as good-natured. I never like Mrs. Florence just at first. She has such a sharp, hard, inflectionless, didactic way of speaking that I imagine she is not paying any attention to what she is saying. But I discover that where there is a sharp point to her speeches she appreciates it, stale as they are. A little twinkle of meaning comes into the corner of her eye; she never permits herself to break into an open smile—except behind her fan. I do not know whether immovable gravity is a fixed principle with her, or whether a broad smile would lead to a panic in enamel. At all events, she flies colors such as the cunning hand of Nature never laid on. Her coiffure is a marvel, her every toilet a study. In a way she is a faultless dresser. She has reached the acme of artificiality. She is the absolute perfection of modern style. She is never a picture or poem in costume as was the naughty Aimée in *Le Petit Faust*, or Adelaide Neilson in *Imogene*. But, given a boxful of blonde locks, and a set of well-boned stays, satie pompadour slippers, jewels, silks and velvets, and satins, and lots of fringe—she makes a point of handsome fringe—and Mrs. Florence can probably step out of the pile with better comparative results than any woman living, for her figure is like that of the Juno in fullness, and like that of the Venus (in stays) in perfection. When a woman has a figure like that she can carry any amount of clothes well, even though she should have a face like a door-knocker. I shall not attempt a description of these toilets. I remember of one of them that it includes a handsome set of mosaic jewelry, and that the costume matched it. That is indefinite, yet exact, for who can describe a mosaic? Of the others I only know there were whole forests of vines in embroidery, chenille perhaps, crows' feet; that the fit was something exquisite; that there were waving masses of beautiful fringe; that there were slippers, and those such we see only now and then; there were gloves which, like Tennyson's brook, seemed "to go on and on for ever;" there were such myriads of buttons; that they were further embellished with monograms or initials in gold, which seemed to identify them more strictly with their owner; that there were jewels of many kinds, ending with a remarkably beautiful diamond; in fact, that a tremendous slice of *The Mighty Dollar* is shut up in Mrs. Florence's boxes every

night. Now, you will think, Madge, that I saw nothing in *The Mighty Dollar* but Mrs. Florence. Oh, yes, I did. Such an awful lot of dry goods would take away any woman's breath, but the "Hon. Bardwell Slote" is such a funny old fellow, and Jack laughed till I thought he would have a spasm. So did I, but I think I was even more amused at Miss Prescott, who had evidently had a bad "Zicka" nightmare. She was cast for "Blanche Mossthorne," a rustic beauty who had captured the heart of a reporter. I suppose it is simply a dramatic license to assume that reporters have hearts. I am not familiar with the general course of action of rustic beauties, but this one, in the excess of her emotion, gritted her teeth, hissed her words through them, shot fire from her eyes, shed tears of anger, swayed and bended like the supple willow, and gave us the Jeffreys-Lewis stride to fill up the pauses. Upon my word I was a limp as a rag with sheer sympathetic exhaustion when she hurled a final anathema and made the most tragic of exits. I suspect she is training for the emotional drama. There were lots of girls in the cast, and Jack was happy. Miss de Forrest had on her most iron-bound, copper-toed manner, and wore billows upon billows of white Swiss muslin; so did Miss Prescott; so did Miss Cobb; so did Miss English; so even did Miss Alice Harrison, who looked comfortably familiar in her wonted place, and got the reception she did not get at the other house. She has some nice new red hair fricassees elaborately, and was about the only one who did not look like a Godey fashion plate for '59 besides Mrs. Gilflory. I wonder what commission Alice gets on "Sozodont!" She is rather a nice "Libby dear," but I am always astonished at the amusement people find in that pair of infantile lovers. The billing and cooing of a boy and girl are not vitally interesting, and as for timid lovers let the playwright add three decades to "Charley Brew's" age—I forgot to look at the bills and am not sure of the spelling of the name—and he will have the stuff of which timid lovers are made. There is a beautiful fearlessness about boy lovers—it is more grossly called cheek—which quite precludes the idea of this being as capital a copy from nature as some others in the cast. But Fitzgerald looked as if he were home from college on a Christmas vacation. What is this secret of perennial youth which is known to the stage alone? I would have given Fitzgerald twenty years on a pinch, and not a day over. Mr. Bassett, on the other hand, looked exceedingly well in a pair of white whiskers and a wig to match, and with most trifling exertion to himself labored through the part of the complaisant "Mr. Millionaire Dart." Horror! I should not have used that word; I shall have a lawsuit about my ears. Don't repeat it, Madge. Mr. Wells played "Roland Vance," the paralyzing reporter. Why do they always have two women fighting over one man? I know it is the proper thing according to statistics, but the stage is at liberty to reverse statistics, and I should so like to think there was one enchanted Angelica being fought for. The world does seem so awfully full of women when one goes to the theatre—all the Highlanders at Baldwin's, all the sailors and pages and half the soldiers at the Bush Street; while in the Surprise Party scarcely anyone wears skirts excepting pretty Miss Searle. The Josh Hart party, fates be thanked, will vacate Kennedy's pretty little Standard Theatre after next week, and then the Revelers will be rescued from the cave of blue gloom on Mission Street, and all will go merrily once more again. Little Oates is going away. Alas! I sigh that sigh right heartily. With all its faults we have enjoyed the long opera bouffe season. We like the light music, the lively plots, the striking costumes, and the always brilliant *mise en scène*. It is a place to go for relaxation; and, although Mrs. Oates has introduced some notes of queer quality, and has been altogether rather an unreliable little *prima donna*, I am sorry to give her good-bye. But I am consoled when I remember that Beverly goes too. We are to have Clara Morris again, if she is well enough to play. She will be well enough. What a striking woman she is with all her affectations and self-consciousness. I like an actress who can give me an electric shock of novelty, as she did when she entered in *Article 47*. Judge of my astonishment to see this fair-haired Saxon-faced creature transformed into a mulatto girl; not a quadron or octroon, as the text seemed to convey, but, in her black dress—which, of course, makes a brunette by artificial light look darker—a genuine mulatto. In her evening dress in the *salon*, a gorgeous combination of scarlet silk, rich enough to stand alone, and peacock blue, set off with bangles and gilt snakes, feather fans, fur-covered lounges, etc., the barbaric effect was carried out. I do not remember ever to have had so many consecutive chills down my back as in the mad scene. She plays it with revolting faithfulness. The gradations of her madness are something wonderful; and when she first gave that shrill maniac laugh, which she can only have learned from the mad themselves, I could fairly see people's blood curdle. Upon my word, I think it is wicked for a woman to play so repulsive a part so well. I have experienced more agreeable sensations in the theatre than curdling blood. Fortunately, the last act takes the edge off the horrors. It is a post-climax. I don't believe there is any such word as that, but that is what I mean. However, *Article 47* always was an unmanageable sort of a play. It is bad at both ends, and good in the middle only. I do not like the new version, although the tedious court scene has been left out; but they have also left out the baroness, who was really the only pleasant party in the play. I should have liked to describe her to you, for she always dressed well, and you know, Madge, how you do dote on good clothes. But here I am, rambling along with news three weeks old. Forgive me, Madge; it is because I have not yet recovered from the effect of looking at that terrible madness. There is nothing new but the old new *Mighty Dollar*. But the Highlanders make their last bow at Baldwin's very soon, and we are to have a new troupe of minstrels at Locke's Theatre. So, as usual, we are to one thing constant never, always excepting

Yours, faithfully,

BETSY B.

Lady to her friend—I didn't forget that it was your birthday, and so I embroidered your this pocketbook. Isn't it just lovely? Take it, and whenever you use it, then, dearest, think of me.

A mysterious disease is making melancholy havoc among the mules of Nevada, but the journalists over there entertain a hope that its ravages may be confined to posterity.

WHAT OUR BEST SOCIETY IS ABOUT.

There have been but few parties given this winter, but last Friday before New Year's there was another of the Assemblies held at Steinway Hall, under the patronage of Mrs. Cole, Mrs. Freeborn, Mrs. M. Castle, and Mrs. Sanderson. Willie Cole led the German; Seward Cole, Charles F. Crocker, W. H. Talbot, and Miles J. Talbot were managers. Among the ladies there were Mrs. Ben Holliday, Mrs. Flora Keys, Miss Flora Sharon, Miss Dora Miller, Miss Mattie Solomon, Miss Lutie Cole, Miss Emma Cole, Mrs. J. C. Flood, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Buckley, Miss Bessie Sedgwick, Mrs. John L. McMullen, Misses Lilla and Anna McMullen, Mrs. Robert Crockett, and the Misses Crockett, from Sacramento, also the Misses Belden from San José. Mrs. Colgate Baker gave a Martha Washington party for her pupils, and combined with it a quiet little charity for the "Old Ladies' Home." Each invited guest was to give fifty cents to that object. The young ladies, in powdered heads and their old-time costumes, gave quite a charming effect to the stately dance of those days. New Year's Day passed off very quietly. Many of our prominent young ladies received with quite a bevy of young ladies about them, and then finished the day with a charming dance in the evening. Mrs. John McMullen, beside her daughters, received with Miss Mattie Solomon, Miss Marshall, and Miss Emma Crockett. Two of our young brides, Mrs. McLung and Mrs. Fletcher, invited quite a number of friends, and finished up the New Year in a most pleasant way to her many guests. Mrs. William Gwin and her daughters received with the Misses Maynard and Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. John C. Fall received with her daughters, and some charming young ladies, among them Miss Nopie McDougal. Mrs. Dr. Toland also surrounded herself with some young ladies—the Misses Chamberlin, Miss Swearingen. Mrs. Michael Castle, received with Miss Banks, Mrs. Colonel Stewart and several others. Many of our pleasantest houses have been closed by recent family bereavements. Death has been among us, making a sad year for some. General and Mrs. Miller have just buried their only son. Then poor Neddy Hooper—all we old Californians knew him so well; he was sick so short a time—pneumonia; it is so rapid in its effects. At every social gathering of note his familiar face was always seen. Mr. Lawrence Hall is missing from his place; some of the funds of the London and San Francisco Bank are *minus*. I've heard Mr. Camilo Martin has been requested to make good the deficit; so he resigns. There is great sympathy expressed here for Mr. Hall's brothers—young men of excellent standing in this community, who are suffering keenly from the mortification their brother has inflicted upon them and their family. On next Tuesday, the 7th, the Loring Club will give one of their charming concerts; all the world of San Francisco are glad to receive invitations, for they have made them the fashion. There seem to be very few parties given this winter, so far, among people we know. I think the depression in stocks affects us all more or less. Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift have returned from abroad. Colonel and Mrs. Weller and family have returned from San Rafael, and are at the Palace for the winter. Senator and Mrs. Jones, also Senator Sharon, have returned to Washington. Flora Sharon remains here. Mrs. and Miss Swearingen purpose leaving for the East next week.

MARY JANE.

Following is not the text of the memorial unanimously adopted by the Constitutional Convention: "To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:—The people of the State of California, by their delegates elected for another purpose, respectfully represent (1) that the number of Chinese in this State is 120,000; (2) that the number of adult whites in this State is 240,000; (3) that the 240,000 adult whites give employment to the 120,000 Chinese; (4) that directly or indirectly nearly every household in this State employs Chinese labor; (5) that the anti-Chinese sentiment (which employs 120,000 Chinese, as aforesaid) is a strong and sincere sentiment, which your honorable bodies are bound to respect; and (6) that if we did not patronize and employ the Chinese no legislation would be required to make them "go." (7) We petition your honorable bodies for such legislation as will make us stop patronizing and employing them. We dimly remember a story (by Artemus Ward, we think) of a man who was imprisoned for long, weary years in a room by himself, enduring all the nameless horrors of solitary confinement. One day when his luckless condition of isolation and solitude had become insupportable it occurred to the unhappy man to open the window and step out. The application of this anecdote to the Chinese question is, we think, sufficiently obvious; if we, the people of this sovereign commonwealth, are earnest in our dislike of Chinese cheap labor it may some day occur to us to stop purchasing it. Just now we occupy the somewhat ludicrous attitude of endeavoring to obtain from others, by alternate threats and entreaties, deliverance from a temptation which we have no disposition to resist. Our Satan will not get him behind us, and nobody is going to put him there; let us try turning our backs upon him.

One of the girl students of Girton college on being asked why she broke her engagement with a young Oxford fellow answered: "I can only say his views on the theosophic doctrine of Cosmogony are loose, and you will at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness on such a person."

Strive to be the greatest man in your country, and you may be disappointed; strive to be the best, and you may succeed.

Garlic is said to be a sovereign remedy for gout. There is no remedy for garlic.

In the good time coming, the servant girl and the kerosene lamp can lie down together.

One codfish yields 1,000,000 eggs. This is what keeps up the aristocracy.

The upshot of the matter was that he fired his pistol in the air.

MUSIC AND ART.

"For Art may err but Nature can not miss."

Now that the holidays are over, I suppose we shall have the two Orchestral Matinees that still remain to be given to fill out the second series, but whether these are to be followed by any more seems still to be a matter of considerable doubt. The fact is, that not only have these concerts failed to pay Mr. Herold anything for the great trouble and anxiety with which they have been attended, but they have even caused him a pecuniary loss, and under these circumstances he feels a very natural reluctance to continue them. I can not but hope that some means will be found to place these performances on a sufficiently sound financial basis to enable Mr. Herold to go on with the good work that he has hitherto prosecuted under so many disadvantages and real sacrifices of time and money. It seems as if in a city of the size and pretensions of ours it ought to be an easy matter to keep alive a sufficient interest in good orchestral music to pay at least the bare expenses of its performance. It should be especially so when this expense is kept at the minimum through the disinterestedness of, firstly, Mr. Herold himself, who is perfectly content to give his services without any other satisfaction than he would have in the work, and, secondly, the members of the orchestra, who give their time to the rehearsals and performance at a mere pittance that barely pays them for the time lost from lessons, and in a number of instances does not even do that. The frequent opportunity of hearing the best orchestral compositions of the great composers is of inestimable value to our rising generation; it is an essential factor in the educational scheme which in so many other directions we foster with great solicitude and at great expense, and I doubt whether this important adjunct to a liberal education was ever before placed within the reach of so young a community as ours at so trifling an outlay or with so little effort at its encouragement as has been the case in these matinees. It is extremely unjust to an artist of Mr. Herold's eminent ability—not to speak of his almost life-long devotion to the culture of good music in this city—to permit him to be harassed in so excellent a work with the mere ways and means of paying expenses, and still more so to leave him with a part of those expenses to pay out of his own pocket. Surely out of our many art and music-loving *dilettanti* it seems as though some few might be found with sufficient liberality and pride in the matter to insure so worthy an undertaking against either the danger of loss or the necessity for catering to the questionable taste of the general public in order to avert disaster. There are several ways in which this might be done; a sufficiently large permanent subscription seems to me to be the best, inasmuch as it would leave the conductor free to select his own programmes and enable him to hold as many rehearsals as he might find requisite for the proper production of the music. But whatever is done, or however it is done, these concerts should not be permitted to die out.

In considering the musical tendency of our city—and this means the entire Pacific slope—and endeavoring to forecast the probabilities of a healthy progress in the future, one of the most encouraging signs that I meet is the fact that our leading publisher, Mr. M. Gray, finds that it will pay him to issue a very extensive series of the best *Etudes* of our day. I take it for granted, at least, that it will pay, since I can not suspect a business man of indulging his musical taste upon any other grounds; and when one considers the great outlay involved in engraving the plates for several hundred pages of music—apart from the cost of material and printing—it is at once apparent that in order to become a profitable investment there must be the prospect of a very considerable sale. It is in this sale of good *Studies*—and the prospect of its continuance, as seen through commercial eyes—that I find encouragement. The use of only good study material ought of itself to do much toward forming a healthy musical taste in pupils, and I am glad to say that the selection published by Mr. Gray contains very little that is not of the best. There are, firstly (in musical value), the *Etudes* of Stephen Heller—a beautiful and remarkably correct edition—of which in our day there is nothing more to be said. They are simply the best work of the kind that has ever been done, and are as fresh and beautiful to-day as the day they were first published. The series of *Studies for technique* begin, say, with Duvernoy—*Ecole Primaire* and *de Mécanisme*—includes the excellent little ones of Lemoine, and progresses through those of Brauer (very good of their kind), Berens, and Köhler (very dry, but useful if one can endure the musical stupidity of them), to Döring, whose work is intelligent and of a certain value, and Czerny, who is represented by his *Etudes de la vélocité* and the *Kunst der fingerfertigkeit*. The first of these sets, the *Velocité*, is being gradually superseded by the Op. 66 of Loeschorn, an excellent book, of somewhat more musical interest than that of Czerny, but which does not, after all, entirely fill its place. The *Studies* of Krause, Op. 2, are one of the best sets in the series, and deserves the widest possible circulation. Although styled *Etudes de trille*, they are by no means to be considered as devoted to this object alone; they are of the highest usefulness in developing the equality of the fingers, and have enough music in them to make them delightful study. This may also be said of those of Bertini and Alloys Schmitt, two composers who have been almost crowded out of the modern curriculum, but whose works have a special value of their own that renders them well nigh indispensable. Indeed, for the cultivation of a pure, legato style of playing, I should call these the most valuable studies that I know; they are at once admirable technical material and good sound music. A young pianist who has been carefully carried through these two authors alone—mind, I say carefully—may be trusted to do almost anything reasonably well, and ought to be past the danger of caring for musical trash. I am glad that Mr. Gray has included these *Studies* in his excellent collection, and hope that they will find the most extensive circulation and use.

S. E.

Probably the best way to put a stop to this grave-robbing business would be, in every case where a grave is rifled, to fill the vacancy promptly with a medical student. There is a further merit in the proposition. The plan, if faithfully carried out, would tend to greatly diminish the number of graves.

DISSENTING VIEWS.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—We read the article in your last issue, which was severe upon the Democrats and prophesied the nomination of Grant as the Republican candidate in 1880. You can not object if we say we do not agree with you; particularly, if we try and show you wherein we differ? The Republicans are responsible for all the laws of the land during the past eighteen years; they have been in power ever since the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln; the lower branch of Congress has been once or twice Democratic, but the Government and Senate have been Republican, thus forming a perfect barrier even to any proposed Democratic laws. The issue between the two great parties has simply resolved itself to this: The Republicans are dying from the effects of political plunder, and the Democrats from hunger or lust after spoils! Grant has done more than any living man to bring about this result; no Gatling gun ever scattered shot equal to the bad men vomited upon the country during the last four years of Grant's official career. It was as the ashes of Vesuvius penetrating and covering Pompeii; it has thoroughly corrupted the country. Many old line Republicans then openly stated these facts, virtually abandoning the party, and there came no "third term;" no party could stand it, and this accounts for the selection of Mr. Hayes. We notice the Republican journals, and the Associated Press, which has ever been the scavenger of that party, announce that "Blaine will carry the Northeast, Grant the South, and Washburne the Northwestern States." We would like to ask what Southern State Grant would carry? The negro vote is steadily joining the white—the law of personal interest—and the Republicans admit they committed a great political blunder when they gave the franchise to this ignorant race. Some people would even give votes to Chinamen; but the difficulty at the North (and they seem not to understand it, or pretend they do not see it) is the necessary "chawing up"—amalgamation, if you will—of the Europeans who land yearly by the hundreds of thousands upon our shores; and your writer believes that to this cause alone can be traced all the ills that have ever fallen upon the United States. When the American Party arose and swept the North and West, carrying several Southern States, the Democracy, under the leadership of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, turned this tide. It was a hand from the North to the South, and the South committed the fatal error of refusing that kindly grasp. If the South had seen the struggle the North was then making to shake of "foreign influence" there would have been no civil war, no slavery either, and Americans would have ruled America. All parties seem to adopt platforms for the purpose of getting votes, and then "dodging." Kearney's strength (excuse me for referring to this Irish blatherskite, but we must answer your article) consists in telling exactly what the people believe to be the truth as far as he comprehends the question. Your writer even thinks Kearney's ideas preferable to the political rascals and thieves who have got their grasp upon our city and State; yet he knows that Kearney has all the characteristics of his race—they try to rule every place but Ireland—and is sincerely grateful to the German population, else Kearney might become an Irish king! Of the late election returns the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "In order that our readers may know the exact strength of the Democrats and Greenbackers, and their combined majority, we give the returns from some of the States; and if the Republicans would study these election returns they would roost lower."

Maine.....	12,800	Ohio.....	35,000
Connecticut.....	8,600	Indiana.....	32,000
New York.....	45,000	Illinois.....	40,000
Pennsylvania.....	62,000	Michigan.....	45,000
New Jersey.....	12,000	Wisconsin.....	10,000

Another "National" paper asserts, in copying these figures: "We sincerely believe that if the Democracy and Greenbackers unite in the next Presidential election the Republicans (or money power) will be defeated in every State in the Union. Even Vermont will be taken away from them. Let our platform be: Who shall make the money for the people of the United States—the Government or the National banks?" We claim that the "Nationals," as they call themselves, who have fifteen votes in the coming Congress, and voted over a million of votes in the last election of 1878, can name the next President of the United States, and that it will not be Grant, no matter how well he is groomed, or any other military man, for the people want money instead of the sword! We know he must be, under the Constitution, by birth an American, but we want him a true one; not a creature of party, not a trimmer for office, but an upright, manly American who knows the interest of the whole country and will have the courage to tell the people what is right and what is wrong, what is true and what is false.

A DEMOCRAT.

Mr. Sothern—the "Lord Dundreary" of the stage—is an aristocrat, and desiring to cure the socialistic tendency of his dog, which has the curiosity to search for the lost crown of the king of dogs, fastened two very sharp needles to his nose the ends projecting about an inch. When a strange dog rushes up to shake noses with him he gets a thrust that sends him off howling, and the effect is such that Mr. Sothern's dog can't get within gunshot of any other who knows how the trick works.

A West Hill man painted a ferocious-looking sign, "Look out for the dog," and put it up in the front yard to scare away tramps. The next morning a tramp with a bad smile, shoulders like a load of hay, and a club with death smiling out of every knot of it, rapped at the front door, demanded some hot biscuit, meat, potatoes, and a cup of coffee, and asked, pleasantly, "How is the dog?"

Sympathizing bystanders (about a man who has been knocked down and stunned by a railway train)—"Poor man! Take him to the station." Injured one (recovering)—"Take me to th' station? What for, then? If an' ve dune any harm to yo'r engine aw's willin' to pay for't."

"Boys," said the man holding an inverted match in one hand, and a dark cigar in the other, "never acquire the pernicious habit of smoking. I am a slave to it now, and yet I hate it. I never see a cigar that I do not want to burn it up."

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

How to Uncurl a Pig's Tail.—A Bad Place to be "Sick Abed."—Sammy Dobby's Time for Bellowing.—The Zebra, considered as an Equine Convict.—How the Camel Rider Rose Superior to the Wheel-barrow Man.—The Sin of Kicking a Man when His Stocks are Down, and some Reflections by the Author's Uncle Edward on the Vice of Fraternal Distrust.

One time there was a ole man had a pig, an the pig it had a curly tail, but ole Gaffer Peterses has got a brush onto it, and the ole man's gurl she had curly hair, too, cos she put it up in papers. So one day the ole man he cot the pig and put its tail up in a curl paper, too, jest like hern, and then he sed: "Katy," cos that was her name, "com a long an see yure ole father feed the pig."

And Katy she went, and wen the pig cum up an put its feet in the trof for to eat, Katy she loked a long wile, an then she said: "Wy, Poppy!"

But Poppy he didnt take notice, jest kep a kanockn on the bottem of the bucket for to git ol the swill out. After a other wile Katy she spoke up agin an said: "Poppy, wot for do you curl it?"

Then the ole man he said, the ole man did: "Curl be blode! you better ast that riddle elswere; it is twisted the other way! I love this pig like it was my own dotter, but lle straten that tail fore killin time if I got to brake it. I dont like curls, and all tho you an yure sister carries 2 menny guns for me, lle be dum busted if lle giv in to the hull family!"

But my sister she has got tongs for to curl hern, an one time Franky, thats the baby, nipped his nose in em and hollered wild, like he was tom cats. Pigs woller in the mud, and babies they woller on the flore.

One time a man wich wasent smart like me, more like Billy, he see a pig woller in a puddie of mud, and he said: "Poor feller, were does it pain you?"

The pig it loked at the man an then it roled on its other side like sayn: "Pretty much all over."

Then the man he shake his hed and said a other time: "Thats a mity bad place for be sick abed in."

But the pig it grunted, much as to say: "Thats a fack, but wen a feller is took sudden he must put up with sech comodations as he can git an not be a hog a bout it."

One day Billy, thats my brother, he and Sammy Dobby was playn by a mud hole, and Billy he sed: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a barn yard, you be the pig and lie down an woller, and lle be a bull and beller like every thing."

So they got down on to their hans and kanees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollerd, wile Billy bellerd like dissant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy, you never seen sech a muddy little feller, and he said: "Now you be the pig an let me beller."

But Billy he said: "I aint a very good pig fore dinner, and ittle be time nuff for you to beller wen yure mother sees yure close."

A man wich had ben put in the pen tentchery cos he stole a horse he got out and run a way with his stripy close on. And one day wile he was a runin a way he met a zebray. So the man he loked a wile a stonish, and then he sed: "How long was you put in for?"

But the zebray it didnt say eny thing, and after a wile the man he sed agin: "How did you git out?"

Then the zebray it didnt say no thing a other time, so the man he sed: "I have ben tole there is a place were thay put fellers in the pen tentchery wich steel horses, but here I ges thay put horses in wich are stole, and I hope it aint no offence for to say I think thats jest the way it ot to be."

One time there was a man had a camlle, and the camlle it was a show, and the man wich had it he was a ridin it to a other town, and he met a other man wich was pushn a weel barro. Then the weel barro man he was a stonish, and he loked up to the feller onto the camlles back and he sed: "I gess you wude be safer if you wude put a litten rod onto yure horse."

Then the camlle back feller he sed: "Yes, and I gess you wude ride more cumfable if you put a seat in yure waggan."

But wen I rode little Sally Brope in mine she was upsat, and I never seen sech a straddle bug in my life, no in deed, and Billy he didnt in hisn.

Wile we was to our dinner Uncle Ned he sed: "Johnny, do you kano that New Years day has come, an at this seson the sworn off is first rate?"

And my father he spoke up and he said: "Yes, Edard, an it is the hope of this family that you will improof the cason by sevrin yure canexon with the mining intrests of the State of Nevady."

Wen my father he said it Uncle Ned he turned red like lobsters, an after a wile he sed: "The reason wy I calld Johnnys a tenshion to the subjeck of the new year was for to say that it wude be a mity gude time for him to rassle with his fathers painfle habbit of kickn a man wich is down."

Wen I ast Uncle Ned wot did he mean by bein down he sed, Uncle Ned did: "Wel, Johnny, I was mistook, it aint me thats down, but only jest sum minin stocks wich I put some of yure fathers munny an my own into cos hisn was a lyn in the bank a eatin its head off in intrest and I didnt hav no use for mine except I paid it back to the very man I had borrode it of, wich was yure futher. Course, Johnny, sech axdens wil hapi in enny family, but I mus confess they hav ben occurn as a prety regler thing in thisn sence I found out a ded shure way to beat the stock markit. Yure fathers unfeelin hint that it is time for to swair of is mity rugh onto a man wich has ben in Injy and every were, pertickler jest wen he has ben giv a pint by a feller wich is on the inside, but, Johnny, sum fokes is sech chuckle heded galoots about stoix that other fokes is afr. de to back their own fleshn blud. Yes, my boy, one of the werst fecchers of this gittin rich by stoix is it makes a man dowt his brother."

But Billy he says if selling the panno for to pay the butcher is gittin rich, wy not bust up the co'thouse and be jest too gorjus for enny thing?

SAN RAFAEL, January 3, 1879.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

By C. H. Harding.

Théâtre Français, Odéon, Palais Royal, Italiens, Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, Théâtre de la Renaissance, Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, Folies Dramatiques, Opéra Comique, Bouffes Parisiens, the New Opéra, the houses, the artists, the audience.

Leaving San Francisco this morning by balloon express, we may hope to arrive in Paris at 7:30 to-night and be in time for the play. What play? the reader will say. Really, as we cast our eyes over the multi-colored playbills on the kiosques, we are somewhat embarrassed for a reply; and, as time is precious, we resolve, for this occasion only, to follow the example set nightly by a number of fashionably-attired gentlemen and drop in for a few moments at each of the principal theatres of the capital.

Being on the Boulevard, we naturally pass through the animated Rue Richelieu until we reach the Palais Royal, and then at once enter the Théâtre Français—officially called the Comédie Française—or, as the Academicians would say, the Maison de Molière. The Comédie Française, which was established by royal decree in 1681 for the benefit of Molière and his stock troupe, was located for the greater part of the eighteenth century in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie in the Quartier Latin. Opposite the theatre was the famous Café Procope, where Voltaire, Gresset, Piron, and the other dramatists of that day held their symposia, passing the time between their dwellings in the neighborhood, the café, and the theatre. The Théâtre Français continued for eighty-two years to occupy this building, the erection of which cost some 200,000 francs. These fourscore and two years represent the most brilliant period of its history. We need only mention such actors as Granel—who first introduced starring tours—the two Quinauts, Lekain—whose genius made everyone completely forget his intense ugliness—Bellocour, the two Poissons, Préville, Molé; and among the actresses, Sainval, Dumesnil, Gaussin, Clairon, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Dangeville. Here were enacted the comedies of Marivaux—to the success of which we owe the French verb "marivauder"—Lesage's *Turcaret*, Regnard's *Joueur*, Gresset's *Méchant*, Piron's *Métromanie*, Soudaine's *Philosophe sans le Savoir*, the plays of Destouches, Lachapelle, Crébillon, Campistron, and Voltaire. It was then that the Théâtre Français obtained its reputation of being the first theatre in Europe. The building was, however, too small, and a new theatre was constructed on the site of the Hôtel Condé. While this theatre was being erected, the Comédie played at the theatre of the Tuileries palace (1770-1782). It was at the Tuileries that Voltaire's last piece—*Irène*—was put on the stage. At the third representation of the play the author, then in his eighty-fourth year, was received in triumph and crowded by the public, so that his death, which took place a few days afterward, may have been the effect of excessive joy. Having entered its new establishment—now the Odéon Théâtre—the Comédie Française at once put Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro* upon the stage. All know the intrigues connected with the royal authorization to play this piece, and how the well-founded scruples of Louis XVI., as to permitting its production, were gradually overcome by the Queen and some members of the Trianon set. It was while the Théâtre Français was at the Odéon that it numbered among its stars, Molé, Fleury, Monvel, Dugazon, Larive, Mmes. Vestris, Constat, and Rasiacourt. Talma made his first appearance there when but quite young. During the Revolution the members of the troupe were suspected of royalist sympathies, thrown into prison, and their theatre closed; this, too, notwithstanding its new designation of Théâtre de la Nation et de l'Egalité. The fall of Robespierre brought about the release of the actors, and they separated, appearing at various theatres. Ere long the First Consul—on the 27th Germinal, in the year 13 of the Republic—issued a decree summoning the troupe together, and requiring the members to sign a deed of association reorganizing the Théâtre Français, the management of which was to remain with them. The establishment was then at once organized in its present home in the Rue Richelieu, and prospered under the active patronage of Napoleon, who was a lover of the classic drama. The troupe followed the Emperor to St. Cloud and Fontainebleau, playing the tragedies of Corneille and other classic authors. They rejoined the conqueror at Erfurt and at Dresden, where the Emperor kept the promise which he, as the young Bonaparte, had made to his friend Talma—to wit, that he, Talma, should act before a *parterre* of sovereigns. In 1812 Napoleon signed the decree of Moscow, which constituted the Comédie Française a Government theatre and something like a State Department. The rules then drawn up have undergone but few modifications since. For instance, Napoleon stipulated that after twenty years' service each member of the society (sociétaire) should be entitled to a pension of \$800 per annum. This pension was only in 1877 raised to \$1,000. During the Restoration, theatre-goers had got so tired of seeing the old pieces played over and over again at the Théâtre Français that they discontinued their visits, and while Louis Philippe occupied the throne there was imminent danger of the troupe having to break up. M. Thiers prevented this, and Rachel's genius saved the theatre and caused it soon to regain its lost popularity.

Owing to her talents the taste for classic pieces revived, and now the old stock plays, especially those of Molière, fill the house. The principal members of the society during the first half of this century were the two Baptistes, Firmin, Michot, Monrose, Mlles. Georges, Duchesnois, and Mars. The last named, from 1791 to 1841, was equally popular as *ingénue*, *amoureuse* and *grande coquette*. Later on came Mme. Allan, who, after playing Musset's charming pieces in Russia, got a Parisian audience to listen to and applaud them. Then followed Mlle. Rachel—the Queen of Tragedy—Mlle. Fix, Augustine Brohan, the first of *soubrettes*. Among the best actors may be named Provost, Samson, Geoffroy, and Regnier. And so, coming down to the Second Empire and the Republic of M. Thiers and Marshal McMahon, we have Got, whom many consider to be the finest actor of the day; Bressant, a type of elegant ease upon the stage; Delaunay, the ardent *jeune premier*; Coquelin, Lafontaine, Worms, Febvre, Monnet Sully, who in 1877 married Mlle. Reichenberg. Then Arnould Plessy, Favart, Madeleine Brohan,

Nathalie, Emma Fleury, Emilie Dubois, Victoria Lafontaine, Croizette, Sarah Bernhardt, Samary, and Broisat. The most distinguished authors of this century have written plays for the Théâtre Français; among them Collin d'Hurleville, Fabre d'Eglantine, Legouvé *père* and *fils*, Etienne, Jouy, Andrieux, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas *père* and *fils*, Alfred de Musset, Alfred de Vigny, Scribe, Ponsard, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau, Laya, Mme. de Girardin, Octave Feuillet, etc., etc.

The manager or administrator of the theatre, who is appointed by the Government, is at present M. Emile Perrin, the former director of the Opéra. The Théâtre Français can choose its sociétaires from any other theatre it pleases on giving the management of the theatre whence the new member is to be recruited a year's notice. The receipts at the Théâtre Français for the year ending the 31st March, 1877, amounted to \$317,945. The author's dues are fixed at fifteen per cent. of the receipts. The theatre receives an annual grant of about \$50,000 from the Government. The edifice, built by Louis, the architect of the Bordeaux theatre, has been greatly improved of late, even the gallery seats being upholstered with velvet. The seating capacity of the theatre is 1,522, and ample accommodation is provided for every ticket-holder. The vestibule contains Houdon's celebrated statue of Voltaire, and Clesinger's admirable statue of his mother-in-law, Georges Sand, which was purchased by the Government in 1877 from M. Emile de Girardin. In the green-room are portraits of the principal members of the troupe from the time of Molière, who was superintendent of the theatre from 1658 to his death, in 1673. We must, however, return for a moment to the vestibule, which also contains Duret's magnificent statues of Comedy and Tragedy—the former personified by Mlle. Mars, in the part of "Célimène"; the latter by Mlle. Rachel, in the part of "Phædra." The sculptor has selected the moment in which "Phædra," coming on the stage, utters these words: "Que ces vains ornements, que ces voiles me pesent! Quelle importune main, en serrant tous ces nœuds a pris sur mon front d'assembler mes cheveux." Few will fail to be struck by the fitness of the representation of Rachel as the embodiment of Tragedy. Frenchmen stoutly maintain that at her death the power of representing tragic art ceased for all time.

The artists' green-room at the Théâtre Français is nightly frequented by a number of persons who, strictly speaking, have no business there. Men of letters, celebrated artists and authors, academicians, and men of the world, assemble there to chat gaily with the actors and actresses, who are thus able, in contact with persons of culture, like themselves, to practice those little arts which they display with such perfection when representing the society of our day upon the stage. The gentlemanly ease which distinguishes the actors, the lady-like repose characterizing the actresses of this theatre, will at once impress the visitor; and the few, but appropriate gestures, the trained voices, the admirable pronunciation, will speedily convince him that he is at an academy where the purest kind of speaking and the best mode of expression may, by attentive observation, be acquired.

M. Emile Perrin, the present manager of the troupe, acquired during his tenure of office at the Opéra a taste for expensive decoration and scenery and appointments strictly in accordance with the period represented by the piece. As the Théâtre Français leads the way in such matters, all the other principal theatres have followed suit, and the most gorgeous display, necessitating a lavish expenditure, has been the result.

Thus the costumes in the *Ami Fritz*, at this theatre, were designed by the famous artist Charles Marchal, who afterward committed suicide because he found his sight was growing weak. The costumes in *Carmen*, at the Opéra Comique, were actually designed by Edouard Detaille, which of itself would be sufficient to show that the piece was gotten up regardless of expense. One theatre seeks to outdo another in the magnificence of its appointments, and rich satin hangings, furniture, and ornaments in the style of Louis XIV., or patterned according to the precise epoch represented in the piece, are placed before an audience whose aesthetic tastes did not in times past require so lavish an outlay. The manager of the Odéon actually recently paid three hundred francs for a drinking cup to be used on the stage, whereas he might have bought one to answer precisely the same purpose for two or three francs. In fact, literalness has obtained possession of the French stage, and the fowls that are eaten, the champagne that is drunk, in presence of the audience, are real farm-yard fowls, and the products of Veuve Clicquot's vineyards.

M. Sarcey, the eminent dramatic critic, and others with him, have done their best, but with little success, to frown down this realistic tendency, which drags fire-engines and express trains, animals and carriages, upon the stage, and subordinates the action of the piece to the accessories and minor details of the stage business. Sardou—that most exacting and fidgety of authors—once requested Montigny, the manager of the Gymnase, to have the hangings of a scene selected in velvet of the color of a particular Bordeaux vintage of 1846, and the manager actually had to send to Brabant's restaurant for a bottle of the wine in question. As for the long trains and rich lace trimmings worn by the actresses on the stage, they are admirably calculated to prevent their wearers moving a step and destroying all those illusions without which a piece can not be a success. Mlle. Blanche Pierson, at the Vaudeville, for instance, in her magnificent costumes, fresh from the ateliers of Worth, is frequently obliged to give her dress an awkward kick just previous to falling back in a fainting fit, or throwing herself in the arms of her lover. Enough, however, has been said of the accessories, and the visitor is naturally anxious to know something anent the actors and actresses, the sociétaires of the Théâtre Français. In the first place, they form the jury before whom every new piece is brought. It is read in their presence, the manager merely acting as presiding officer, and after discussing the merits of the play, they vote upon its admission, final rejection, or return to the author to be corrected.

The power vested in the management to recruit the troupe from among those of other theatres enabled the Français to draw away Sarah Bernhardt from the Odéon, and Febvre, Lafontaine, and Worms—the best first lover on the Parisian stage—from the Vaudeville. The actors and actresses who make their first appearance on any stage at the Français are those who have carried off the highest honors at the Conser-

vatoire. Among these is Mlle. Sophie Croizette, that eccentric young lady whose expressive countenance, unconventional style of acting, and trembling voice, have enabled her to exercise an almost absolute sway not only over managers, authors, and the public, but also over the other members of her profession. She is continually surrounded by a court of young noblemen, members of the Jockey Club, bankers, academicians, and authors, and reigns supreme over the Théâtre Français as did Mars and Rachel in their day. Visitors to the Centennial will recollect having seen her portrait, in amazon costume, painted by her brother-in-law, Carolus Duran. She is represented trotting along the shore at Trouville, mounted on a magnificent animal belonging to M. Delamarre. She looks there very different from the heroine in the last act of Octave Feuillet's *Sphinx*. Her delineation of the effects of poison on the human frame in that act was as horribly realistic as though the spectators had actually beheld the agonies of a dying morphine-taker. Having said thus much of Mlle. Croizette what shall we say of her rival, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, in whose honor Victor Hugo gave a magnificent banquet at the Grand Hotel, in December, 1877? Mlle. Bernhardt is the embodiment of the triumph of mind over matter. Her tall, thin frame, consumptive appearance, and actual debility, would lead to the impression that she was incapable of the least exertion, and yet there are few women possessed of greater energy or more capable of prolonged labor. Scarcely less celebrated as a sculptress than as an actress, the groups and busts sent by her every year to the *salon* testify to her assiduity in following this art. Mlle. Bernhardt's parents belonged to the Jewish faith, but she herself was educated at a convent, and brought up as a Christian. She became a pupil of the Conservatoire mainly owing to the favorable manner in which she had impressed the maestro, Auber. She distinguished herself at the Conservatoire, took a prize, and was admitted as a *pensionnaire* at the Comédie Française. She did not remain there long. Her indomitable will, her determination to act according to her own conceptions of the characters to be represented, could not brook the traditional ruts into which at that time the "house of Molière" had fallen. She went from the Théâtre Français to the Gymnase, from there to the Porte St. Martin—where she played in the *Biche aux Bois*—and from there to the Odéon. It was by her fine rendering of the part of a young Levite in *Athalie* that she first attracted attention at the last-named theatre, and compelled the critics to acknowledge her talent. This was followed by a series of successes, among the greatest of which were her representations of the little Florentine singer, "Zanetto," in Coppée's *Passant*, and that of the Queen in *Ruy Blas*. Soon after this she was invited to return to the Comédie Française, and there eclipsed all her former triumphs by her performance of "Phædre," in which part many hold that she excels even Rachel. After that the path was comparatively easy for this tall, frail, and exquisitely graceful creature. One of her greatest successes was her representation of "L'Etrangère" in Dumas' play of that name. Clairin has depicted her in that character in a large painting, which hangs on the walls of the drawing-room of her house, at the corner of the Rue Fortuny and the Ave. de Villiers. There, in accordance with the principle of the modern realistic school of art, all the most distinguishing characteristics of her face and form are brought out even more prominently than in the original, and the mass of drapery which extends beyond her feet, as she lies on a couch, serves to make the already elongated form assume a still more lengthened appearance. In addition to those rôles already mentioned, she has earned distinction in the part of "Posthumia," in *Rome Sauvée*, *La Fille de Roland*, etc.

Her representation of the heroine in Victor Hugo's *Hernani* is considered perfection by the author. The title rôle in that piece is admirably played by Monnet-Sully, the handsome young tragedian of the troupe. Monnet-Sully, who is very dark and gloomy looking, has just that type of countenance which Victor Hugo's heroes might be expected to have. Hence his "Hernani" is as good as was his "Didier" in *Marion Delorme*. His fine figure shows to advantage when encased in the hose and doublet of the sixteenth century, or wrapped in the toga of ancient Rome. His wife, née Reichenberg, also a sociétaire of the Français, is, of course, a blonde.

Of pretty Jeanne Samary, Madeleine Brohan, Got, Febvre, and the others, space forbids us speaking. Still a word must be said of Coquelin, the comic actor and intimate friend of Gambetta, to whom he has given lessons in elocution. Coquelin's voice is as shrill and strident as a brass instrument, and this with his turned-up nose, his broad mouth, and ready, saucy wit, and his gay humor, make him an admirable representative of the lackey in Molière's comedies. As "Mascarille," "Scapin," "Crispin," and similar characters, he is unrivaled. As for Delaunay, who has played the young lovers' parts for a longer period than he might probably care to remember, it is sufficient to say of him that when he plays the "Duc de Richelieu" in *Mlle. de Belle Isle*, "Paul Forestier," "Fortunio," or the lovers' parts in Alfred de Musset's charming pieces, the illusion is complete. All the passion, the ardor, the sprightliness of a young man are there, and there are few greater treats than to see him and Mlle. Favart in the numerous pieces in which they play together.

Within the last few years it has become the fashion to go to the Théâtre Français on Tuesdays. Ladies and gentlemen receive visitors there in their private boxes, just as they formerly did at the Théâtre des Italiens. The conversation and laughter going on on those evenings somewhat mystifies the uninitiated who have gone to see and listen to the piece, whereas the box-holders and occupants of stalls have gone to see and listen to each other.

But we must hasten on across the water to the Quartier Latin, where on the Place de l'Odéon we find the theatre of the same name. It is customary for boulevard idlers to talk of the Odéon Théâtre as though it were at the world's end, and they will tell you that the box-openers grow mushrooms in the orchestra stalls. The theatre in its present state certainly does somewhat resemble a provincial playhouse. The troupe of the Théâtre Français, as has been mentioned, occupied the site of this theatre from 1782 to 1793. The Odéon was burnt down in 1799, rebuilt in 1808, and baptized as the Théâtre de l'Impératrice, just as in revolutionary times it had been the Théâtre de la Nation and Théâtre de l'Egalité. In 1815 the artists at this theatre were placed on the same footing as those of the Théâtre Français, and were

called comedians in ordinary to the King. In 1818 the theatre was burned down, but a year later the present heavy, uninviting edifice was constructed and opened by Picard. Casimir Delavigne's *Vépres Siciliennes*, *Comédiens*, and *Le Paria* were produced there with great success. Some years later Weber's *Freischütz* was brought out at the Odéon, under the title of *Robin des Bois*. Subsequently some of the best pieces of Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas, Frédéric Soulié, Georges Sand (including the *Marquis de Villemer*), Emile Augier, Ponsard, Louis Bouilhet, and other celebrated dramatic authors, have been produced on the boards of the Odéon. Nevertheless, the theatre which has accommodations for one thousand six hundred spectators is rarely more than half full, and the receipts for the year ending March 31, 1877, amounted to only \$106,927, or scarcely one third of the receipts of the Théâtre Français. The \$20,000 the Odéon receives annually from the Government for performing classic dramas on the left bank of the Seine are insufficient to enable the theatre to prove a paying speculation. Besides, its best artists are almost sure to be absorbed by its "big brother" over the water, the Théâtre Français. This was the case, as we have seen, with Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt. In December, 1877, the Odéon produced an adaptation by Grévin, the caricaturist, of Ernest d'Hervilly's charming legend, *Le Bonhomme Mère*. The Odéon is sometimes called the "Second Théâtre Français." The interior of the theatre, which is in the form of a parallelogram, and is 183 feet long, 120 feet broad, and 66 feet high, is one of the finest in Paris. The benevolent Louis XVI., in authorizing the construction of a theatre on the site of the old Hôtel de Condé, gave as one of the reasons, "that our subjects before entering and when leaving the theatre may be able to take a walk in the neighboring Luxembourg Gardens." The Odéon is closed during June, July, and August. The authors' dues at this theatre amount to twelve per cent. of the gross receipts. The arcades all round the exterior of the edifice are occupied by booksellers and news-vendors.

Returning to the site of the Théâtre Français, we cross over to the little Palais Royal Théâtre, which is scarcely able to accommodate over one thousand spectators. It is always full—people going there to laugh at Hyacinthe's nose, Lheritier's grimaces, Lassouche's contortions, Gil Perez's make-up, and Geoffroy's comic representations of the middle class Parisian. At this theatre the female parts are almost entirely of a subordinate nature, and Mlle. Alice Regnault and the other actresses scarcely come on the stage for any other purpose than to show off their fine dresses. It will be recollected that this theatre is situated beneath the arcades of the Galerie Montpensier, and that each arcade corresponds to a house. A century ago Philippe Egalité, the Duke of Orleans, gambling one evening with his cousin, the Comte d'Artois, staked and lost three arcades of his palace. They were the three arcades beneath which then stood the Théâtre de Mlle. Montausier, and now the Théâtre du Palais Royal.

On our way back to the Boulevard we drop in at the Théâtre Italien, celebrated for the triumphs of Pellegrini, Rafanelli, Bordogni, Tachinardi, Manuel Garcia, Donzelli, Graziani, Galli, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Ronconi, Mario, Verger, Pandolfini; of Mmes. Pisanoni, Pasta, Catalani, Mainville-Fodor, Pauline Viardot, Malibran, Sonntag, Grisi, Damoreau-Cinti, Persiani, Frezzolini, Alboni, Durand, Laura Harris, Elena Sanz, and Adelina Patti. The last named, being unable to fulfill her engagement for the 1877-78 season, paid M. Leon Escudier, the manager, a forfeit of \$20,000, and this it was which enabled him to pay expenses. Otherwise, receiving no subsidy from the Government, the management of this theatre usually results in a failure. This was not the case with Max Strakosch's venture in 1873-74; but few entrepreneurs are so successful as he has been. The opening nights particularly are apt to prove unfortunate for debutantes at the Salle Ventadour—as this theatre is habitually called. At the close of 1877 and in January, 1878, Salvini achieved a prodigious success here by his performances in Italian of "Hamlet," "Othello," "Conrad" in *La Morte Civile*, etc., etc. In Shakspearian characters he was held by many to be even superior to Ernesto Rossi. Italian actors ought to be quite at home in France, for the first troupe appeared in Paris as far back as 1577; and Mazarin, when Louis XIV.'s prime minister, had two stock companies of actors to play there, the first in 1645, the second in 1660.

Returning now to the boulevards, we find at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines and the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin the Vaudeville Théâtre, which establishment was first opened at the beginning of 1796 in the Rue de Chartres. This was immediately following the Revolution, and the political couplets in the pieces played attracted great numbers to the theatre. After Napoleon had become Emperor he put a stop to these couplets, and since then the Vaudeville has become the home of little comedies and dramas. It was there that Scribe first made his mark, and among the other authors of Vaudeville pieces may be mentioned Melesville, Bayard Dupeuty, Théaulon, Lausanne, Duvert, and Saintine. Among the prominent artists of the theatre at that time were Lafont, Arnal, the elder Lepeintre, Bernard-Léon, Volnys, and Mme. Suzanne Brohan. This famous theatre being burned down in 1838, the Vaudeville troupe emigrated to the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, whence two years later they moved to a theatre on the Place de la Bourse. The demolition of the last named theatre—necessitated by the construction of the Rue du 4 Septembre—was followed by the removal of the Vaudeville to its present quarters, where, during the year ending 31st March, 1877, the receipts amounted to some \$190,000. The Vaudeville somewhat resembles the St. James' Theatre, London, inasmuch as managers there have so frequently failed, notwithstanding the many successful pieces played. We need only mention such plays as the *Dame aux Camélias*, the *Faux Bonshommes*, the *Filles de Marbre*, the *Parisiens*, the *Fée*, *Dalila*, the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, *Le Procès Vauradieux*, *Nos Intimes*, *La Famille Benoiton*, *Rabagas*, *L'Oncle Sam*, and Sardou's success of 1877, *Dora*, in which the new academician stupidly enough speaks ill of the American people, of whom he knows next to nothing.

In December, 1877, M. Gondinet's *Club* was produced at the Vaudeville with great success. This is the first time that fashionable club life has been represented on the Parisian stage. There may be seen the members going and coming, with their hats on and cigars in their mouths, glancing unconcernedly at the newspapers, throwing a few napoleons on the card-table, and winning or losing with the

same forced smile, playing a game of billiards, reclining on the sofas, and helping themselves from the box of *couches* carried round by the liveried servants. The conversation is, as usual, spicy in its nature, and there is as much scandal talked as though the room were occupied by the opposite sex. Of course, no audience could support a three-act piece entirely without female characters, and hence, in the third act we have a charity bazaar, which is carried on much in the same style as such a fair would be in the United States. The entire stage is made to represent a series of pretty little stalls, adorned with flowers and decorated with ribbons and flags. Behind each of the counters is a charming sales-lady, who stands there to be looked at by the young exquisites who have just dropped in to see what was going on. There, for instance, is a stall where champagne is sold at the low figure of twenty francs a glass. Of course, you take a glass and offer one to the fair seller, who coquettishly points to her groom standing behind her, so that when he has drunk his glass you may lay down your sixty francs and pass on to the macaroon stall. The macaroons cost twenty francs apiece, but when you take a dozen you are entitled to a piece of advice gratuitously. Of course, you take a dozen, and, having paid your twelve napoleons, ask for the *counsel*. "It is this," gayly replies the saleslady; "I advise you not to eat any of my macaroons, for they are horrid." The salesladies were represented at the Vaudeville by the charming Mlles. Blanche Pierson, Léontine Massin, Bartet, and Jeanne Bernard.

Continuing along the boulevard, we reach, opposite the Café de Madrid, the Théâtre des Variétés, which was opened in 1808 by a company of comedians, who, at the request of the Comédie Française, had to leave the Palais Royal. At that time the most amusing among the actors were Brunet, Potier, Vernet, and subsequently, Odry and Lepeintre. During the Second Empire, Offenbach's operettas—the *Belle Helene*, *Barbe-Bleue*, the *Grande Duchesse*, the *Perichole*, and the *Brigands*—were first brought out at the Variétés; and it was there that, represented by actors like Dupuis, Grenier, Baron, Kopp, and Leonce, and by actresses like Hortense Schneider, Aimée, and Berthe Legrand, they achieved that success which afterward accompanied them in their peregrinations throughout Europe, America, Asia, and Africa.

The Variétés still thrives with pieces of a character similar to that of those above mentioned. Its greatest success in 1877 was Meilhac & Halevy's *La Cigale*, in which Mlle. Céline Chaumont, Baron, Hamburger, Dupuis, and Leonce took the chief parts. Paola Marié, and Mme. Judic, the *diva* with those magnificent dark eyes, who has recently received such tempting offers from St. Petersburg, are also members of the Variétés troupe. The house, which will comfortably seat some 1,200 spectators, is usually full. The author's dues there are twelve per cent. of the gross receipts.

We now pursue our way along the boulevard, and soon arrive at the Gymnase Théâtre, built on the site of the Cemetery Bonne Nouvelle, and opened in 1820 as a branch of the Comédie Française and of the Opéra Comique, all of whose pieces here played were cut down to one act. It was not long, however, ere Poisson, the manager, entered into a contract with Eugene Scribe, which resulted in the theatre speedily assuming an independent position and entering upon a flourishing career. On the other hand, Scribe was never ashamed to ascribe his own good fortune to the contract in question, and he caused a tablet to be placed over his country residence at Cécourt bearing these words: "Le théâtre a payé cet asile champêtre. Vous qui passez, merci! Je vous le dois peut-être." Owing to the special patronage accorded this theatre by the Duchess de Berry, it was called *le Théâtre de Madame*. Among its early actresses should be mentioned Leontine Fay, Dejazet, Jenny Vertpré, Jenny Colon, Volnys, and Rachel—who made her first appearance here; while among the actors were Perlet, Dormeuil, Numa, and that admirable comedian Bouffé. At that time the most famous pieces performed were *Le Gamin de Paris*, *La Fille de l'Avare* (Eugenie Grandet), *Michel Perrin*, etc. In 1844 M. Montigny, the present manager, became lessee of this theatre, and subsequently husband of the charming Rose Chéri. It is needless to remark that Alexandre Dumas fils achieved his greatest success here, with *Diane de Lys*, *Le Demi-monde*, *La Question d'Argent*, *Le Père Prodiges*, and the *Princesse Georges*, in which that most talented of actresses, the lamented Aimée Desclée, played the chief part. It was at the Gymnase Dramatique that Victorien Sardou's *Pattes de Mouche*, *Ganaches*, *Vieux Garçons*, *Nos Bons Villageois*, and *Fernande* were brought out, and there, too, that *Frou Frou* first met the public gaze. As both Dumas and Sardou have transferred the fruits of their labors to the boards of the Théâtre Français, the Gymnase is left a good deal to live on its old reputation. The greatest success there in 1877 was M. Hennequin's amusing comedy of *Bibi*. This theatre has a seating capacity of 1,300, and the author's dues there range from twelve to fifteen per cent. of the gross receipts.

Proceeding still further along the boulevards, to the corner of the Boulevard St. Martin and the Rue de Bondy, we reach the Théâtre de la Renaissance, which has been built since the Franco-German war. Mme. Zulina Bouffar and Mlle. Jeanne Granier—two public favorites—there play the chief parts in such pieces as *Giroflé-Girofla*, *La Petite Mariée*, *La Marjolaine*, *Le Petit Duc*, etc. Jeanne Granier's talent in opera bouffe has been of as much service to Charles Lecoq as Mlle. Schneider's has been to Offenbach.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

Joaquin Miller has written a new play, and its name is *Mexico*—a drama of Mexican and American life and love. The New York Sun says of it: "The heroine is a Mexican lady, the hero is an American soldier, the villain is a Mexican general, and the minor figures are as varied as Mexican character. The scene is laid in Mexico, at the time of the ill-fated Maximilian. Its movement is rapid, its action intense, and its incidents are full of surprise, romance, tragedy, triumph, patriotism, and fire."

Speaking of the dull times, a wicked Mobile man says that a few weeks ago a stranger arrived there and bought a bale of cotton, and a pleasant rumor was at once started that the cotton buyer had arrived, but it only proved to be a Chicago man with the ear-ache.

INTAGLIOS.

Song.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's mirth, mirth in everything!
In laughing eye's quick glance,
In dashing through a dance,
Mirth does my charmed soul entrance.

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's joy, joy in everything!
In bubbling of fresh streams,
In flashing sunlight beams,
Joy sparkles through my pensive dreams!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's hope, hope in everything!
In gloom and chill and night,
When lost the guiding light,
Hope rises ever bright!

Listen, listen, listen while I sing—
There's love, love in everything!
If mirth and hope must die,
Still I can upward fly,
Love lifts me to the sky!

THEODORE WINTHROP.

The Prayer of the Fallen.

God of the bright unfallen sun,
That stoops to kiss a wretch like me,
In the whole world there now is none
To whom my soul can turn but Thee.
Though ruined and unclaimed my birth,
Though fallen all my prided charms,
If ruined, 'tis but for the earth;
If fallen, 'tis within Thy arms.

I saw the mountains rise on high
Beneath their burnished crowns of snow;
They rose up glorious, but I
Lay fallen at their feet below.
I saw the brook within its bed,
And on its tide the willow tree;
But when it saw my face it fled
To hide its picture in the sea.

As the "struck eagle" on the plain,
Transfixed upon the death-cold dart,
Looks up at the blue sky again,
That but so lately warmed its heart,
So the spent spirit here below
Years from the dust to One divine;
And oh! how sweet it is to know
That one so lost as I am thine!

REV. S. MILLER HAGEMAN.

Love is Love.

Art is fine—but love is finer.
Who can paint a soul?
Seek'st thou beauty? What's diviner
Fragment or the whole?

Song is sweet—but love is sweeter.
Was there ever hymn
That for compass and for meter
Awe'd the seraphim?

Thought is great—but love is greater.
Who can search out truth?
Love alone is revelator;
Love is love, in sooth.

RICHARD REALF.

Bits of Heine.

How thou snarest, laughest, broodest,
How thou in ill-humor twistest,
When thou, to all love a stranger,
Yet on jealousy existest!

'Tis not red and fragrant roses
Thou dost smell and love so dearly;
No, amongst the thorns thou sniffest,
They scratch thy nose severely.

Shadowy love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life, how wondrous strange!
Fool, dost think then that all this is
Ever true and free from change?

Like an empty dream hath vanished
All we love with love so deep;
Memory from the heart is banished,
And the eyes are closed in sleep.

Linden blossoms drunk with moonlight
Fly about in fragrant showers,
And the nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers.

Ah! how sweet it is, my loved one,
'Neath the lindens to be sitting,
When the glimmering golden moonbeams
Through the fragrant leaves are flitting.

Four and twenty hours I still must
Wait, to see my bliss complete,
As her sidelong glances tell me—
Glances, oh, how dazzling sweet!

Language is but inexpression,
Words are awkward and in vain;
Soon as they are said, the pretty
Butterfly flies off again.

But a look may last forever,
And with joy may fill the breast,
Making it like some wide heaven,
Full of starry rapture blest.

Lifted Up.

I stood beside my window one stormy winter day,
And watched the light, white snowflakes flutter past;
And I saw, though each one wandered its silent, separate way,
They all sank down upon the ground at last.
"So man must lie down, too," I said, "when life is past."

From out the self-same window, when soft, spring days were come,
I watched the fair white clouds that sailed the blue;
Could those bright, pearly wonders, far up in heaven's high dome,
Be the old, wintry snow-banks that I knew?
"So, man shall one day rise again," I said.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1879.

Regarding the nomination of General Grant by the Republican party as its candidate for the Presidency in 1880 as an almost certain event, it is not too soon to discuss him, his qualifications, his chances for election, and the consequences likely to result therefrom. That General Grant will be nominated is now indicated by the drift of political events; there is no one among the distinguished gentlemen of the Republican organization who is now named in connection with the Presidential office who is at all likely to run successfully the gauntlet of a national convention. Perhaps it would be a stronger form of expression to say "run a muck." Among the Malays a person is seized with a frantic desire to kill everyone he meets. He sets out fully armed, and in his ungovernable rage strikes to the right and left in his indiscriminate desire to murder. Modern politicians are not unlike the Malays—they are treacherous, inconstant to friends, and unforgiving to enemies, revengeful, and greatly addicted to lying. The leading gentlemen of the Republican party are treacherous, unforgiving, revengeful, selfish, and greatly given to lying. It is a melancholy admission, but it is nevertheless true, that of all the leaders in the Republican party who are prominent enough to be considered in connection with the Presidential office, there is no one who would not rather have the party drift to defeat, and the nation drift to the devil, than that his rival should succeed. We look upon Mr. Roscoe Conkling as the fittest person for the Presidential office of all the Republican party leaders. Yet there is a large and (of course) respectable element in New York politics, with Curtis and *Harper's Weekly*, who would rather the party should be sunk fifty fathoms deep than that Conkling should be its standard-bearer. Mr. Blaine holds the same relation to antagonistic cliques and rings. Party cabals and party feuds exist on every side. Mr. E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, would be a fitting nomination for the Republican party to make. His long and honorable career in Congress, his earnest opposition to the railroad and corporation frauds of the Northwest, his unremitting exertions for economy of public expenditures, his patriotism during the war, his early and steadfast friendship for Grant, his splendid services in Paris during the German-French war, would under ordinary circumstances point to him as a Presidential candidate. But the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne is an honest man, and the Republican party convention manipulators do not want an honest man for President. The rank and file of the Republican party is honest; it embraces the integrity, the intelligence, the patriotism, the conscience of the nation; but unfortunately for it, and still more unfortunately for the country, this grand and splendid organization is run by the most unblushing knaves and villains in the world, and is run in their interest. Delegates to a national convention are not delegates of the people, are not sent by the people, and are not intended to represent the people. The system that chooses a delegation is a system of fraud, it is a machine run in the interest of that class of politicians who are politicians for the sake of opportunity to steal.

As at present constituted the Republican party—for all purposes of governing the country—is a party of politicians; the great mass of voters upon whom it relies is a mere mud-sill upon which to raise a superstructure of official corruption. A hundred thousand Republican office-holders represent the party, and in this number the honest, disinterested man is an exception. The National Convention will be composed of men who represent the office-holding class; here and there some quiet, respectable dummy of a saw-dust man will be sent to the Convention, but he and a majority of his associates will be set upon secret wires and springs to be pulled and manipulated by the office-holding interest that has sent him to choose a Presidential candidate. He and his

innocence, believing that they have acted independently, honestly, and patriotically. The honest political ass is the thickest-skulled and longest-eared of all his patient, burden-bearing class. The Convention will in no sense be a deliberative one, in which the property and talent of the nation comes together in an honest desire to select for the highest executive office the best man of the Republic; but it will be a clamorous mob of contending factions; warring, jealous cliques; subtle, selfish, personal interests; corporations fighting for a friend of subsidies and contractors; ring members, solicitous of advancing the objects of the ambitious man or the grasping clique to which they are respectively attached, to which they belong by virtue of political birthright, or in the service of which they may be temporarily hired. This Convention, as a rule, will be divided among three or four persons, whom politicians have made prominent for the position. It may go off upon some honest impulse, in which integrity of purpose may be more conspicuous than judgment, as in the nomination of Horace Greeley; or in which money and the promise of plunder may control, as when Tilden was nominated; or in which the special providence of God may prevail, as in Lincoln's first nomination; or in which patriotism and a high sense of duty may control, as—a rare instance—in the case of Lincoln's renomination; in which patriotic enthusiasm may sway, as in Grant's first nomination; or in which organization and party discipline may direct, as in Grant's renomination; or in which availability, compromise, policy, and an overwhelming desire to succeed with "anybody, good Lord," as in the case of Rutherford B. Hayes.

In a convention composed of this kind of material General Grant will be nominated by acclamation. First, it will be necessary to manufacture public opinion for him. For this purpose all the office-holding knaves from Passamaquoddy Bay on the north to the Capes of Florida on the south, around by San Diego to Alaska, and thence across the continent to the place of beginning, will with simultaneous accord shout his praises; they will acclaim his devotion to the country; they will recall his success on battle fields; they will declare him to be the one only true political god, through whom alone there is hope of party salvation; they will assert that he is the only nominee to whom success is possible; and they will maintain with all the sincerity of conviction that without him that most pure, and exalted, and patriotic, and only sane political organization, the Republican party, will go into a four years' eclipse. All of which, being interpreted into plain English, will mean that unless General Grant is nominated every official, from Sherman of the Treasury to Sherman of the Sub-treasury, will be compelled to go out of office. In the direction of manufacturing public opinion the press will play a conspicuous part. All that mercenary and subsidized thing that now draws its support from official patronage will open first, howl loudest, and hang on longest. The next that will fall into line will be the Hessian press hired for the campaign. The next will be the conservative, timid, time-serving, driveling press that desires to be on the respectable side—that writes to retain its circulation and to promote its advertising business. All the officials in office think General Grant would keep them in; all the politicians out of office think General Grant would put them in. These would sound the key-note of the campaign. All who fought in the war and now stand enrolled in the Grand Army of the Republic would enthuse with spontaneous alacrity. All the knaves of the commissary, quartermaster, and pay departments would feel ready sympathy to their comrade in arms, and would look upon a third-term candidacy as but inadequate compensation to one who has served his country side by side with themselves. The Federal ring, the whisky ring, the Indian ring, the Navy ring, the Treasury ring, the National Bank ring, the Internal Revenue ring, the army contract ring, the land ring, the railroad subsidy ring, the pension thieves' ring, the Washington ring, and all the other knavish combinations that thieved and fattened under General Grant's two administrations, would organize as a body guard; they would lead a forlorn hope and perform prodigies of political valor in grateful memory of an administration that gave them such splendid opportunities for plunder, and in the service of a chief who never deserted a friend simply because he robbed the public treasury and plundered the tax-payers of the commonwealth, and who had the magnificent moral courage to never desert a rogue who had been an associate. Following this advance host would come a great army of honest men recalling the past history of the nation, fearing the encroachments of rebel arrogance, timid at the threat of Southern dictatorship, and justly alarmed at the possibility of a Democratic triumph, and would give to General Grant their earnest support. The wealth of the nation, justly alarmed at the growing heresies of the Commune, fearing that ultimate disorder may come from the Socialists, and that agrarianism may take a more earnest and effective shape than even party politics, would array itself with the official plunderers, call themselves conservatives, and think they were acting in the best possible way to protect their property from seizure and distribution, from taxation and confiscation.

There will be an opposition to the nomination of General Grant, and to his election in event of nomination, that will

come from the heart, the brains, and the conscience of his own party. There will be a great, intelligent, earnest minority that wants no office, that can not be seduced by any party promises, or awed by any party threats, which will protest against the third time elevation to the Presidency as a danger which republican government can not dare, and might not survive. There will be thoughtful, brave men who will boldly declare their condemnation of that Southern policy which for twelve years after the war gave to the South for its humiliation and political subjugation two standing armies: one of soldiers with bayonets, and one of party politicians with carpet-sacks. There will be the men who revolted against General Grant's second nomination, and in the hope of conciliation, and the desire of bridging the great, yawning social gulf that divided races and sections and kept alive local and class hatreds, gave their support to Horace Greeley. There will be Republicans with memories who will not forget the audacity of ring plunderers during the second Grant term, and that they were shielded, protected, and pardoned by him. There will be a great, earnest mass of the rank and file of the Republican party who, in contrasting the possible dangers to republican government with the possible consequences of a Democratic administration, will not hesitate to withdraw themselves from the conspiracy that would offer to General Grant the crown of a third term. There are those who think the third term the first step to an usurpation of political power, the first step that republicanism takes toward imperialism; that it would be an act tending to destroy a tradition that has all the force of a law; that it would place wealth and property above the consideration of personal rights; that the tendency would be to a government of armies and bayonets, and of the military above the civil jurisdiction. There are those—and they are cool-headed, well balanced Northern men—who think the first act of President Grant would be an armed invasion of the South, under pretext of a desire to protect the political rights of black men against the encroachments of white men; and there are at the North and in the Republican party men who think the political and social relations between intelligence and ignorance, between prosperity and nothing, can be regulated without the interference of Federal bayonets or Northern politicians. Such men will protest, and write, and speak, and vote against General Grant becoming a third time President of the United States.

The Democracy is anxious that General Grant should be the Republican candidate for President, and it is right. Democrats say, and not without force, that if they can not beat Grant they can not beat anybody. It is our judgment that Mr. Samuel Tilden's chances of a nomination are not as hopeless as some people are disposed to think. It seems to us that he has conquered the political organization in New York and now holds the fort against Tammany, and that by virtue of his position and the accident of his defeat he may prove a formidable candidate at the next Democratic National Convention. It seems to us that Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, or Hendricks, of Indiana, ought to have a very strong following, and that it should not be regarded as a mistake if either of these party chiefs should be chosen for leader. To us Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, has always seemed to be, if not a great statesman, at least a man of clean and honorable record, whose career in the past would give promise of usefulness in a higher station. A contest between any one of these distinguished gentlemen and General Grant would, in our judgment, give to the Democracy a national victory—would give to either of them the electoral vote of California. We speak of our own State with some confidence, claiming to know the temper of its people and the character of the politicians whom it has been the policy of General Grant and the stupidity of his weak and nerveless successor to appoint and keep in office upon this coast. In event that the officials, camp-followers, knaves, and party bandits of the Republican organization do not succeed in controlling the National Convention, and that the party shall choose from its statesmen some broad-minded and honest gentleman to be its Presidential candidate, we shall with great pleasure deposit for him our one vote in the electoral urn and advise our friends to follow our example.

It is, and for a long time has been, understood between Kearney and ourselves that in exchange for our telling the truth about him in the ARGONAUT he should lie about us on the sand-lot. This arrangement has proved mutually agreeable; it has strengthened him with the loafers, and ourselves with gentlemen. His last Sunday's attack upon our mule was an unnatural assault upon his own kin. However, as the mule was out of the reach of Kearney's tongue, and Kearney out of the reach of the mule's heels, they were neither of them seriously injured. We will arrange for a more equal combat if Kearney will permit us to tie the mule upon the speaker's stand beside Kearney, Wellock, Beerstretch, and the rest of "them asses" who gather around their long-eared leader on Sunday.

The newspapers are telling of a patriot who walked ninety miles to vote. If every man had to do it, there would not be so many votes cast on the wrong side. But there would be about the same proportion.

AFTERMATH.

An admiring subscriber, a loyal man and an old Republican, asks us, somewhat complainingly, what has President Hayes done, or what has he left undone, that justifies the ARGONAUT in speaking so disparagingly of him? We answer that if for no other reason than his contemptuous silence upon the Chinese question, and the utter indifference with which he treats this subject, we have the right to pronounce him a political idiot of the most abnormal kind. Whether Chinese immigration is desirable or not, whether it ought to be encouraged or discouraged, whether it is calculated to promote or imperil the progress of this State, to advantageously or disadvantageously affect property, labor, morals, or Christian civilization, it has a right to be considered by the President of the United States in an official communication to Congress pretending to consider important political questions. Whatever may be the opinions of Mr. or Mrs. Hayes upon this subject, or whatever views may be held by the particular preacher whose church they attend, or of the social circle that drinks lemonade at the White House, it is apparent that the people of the Pacific Coast have pronounced themselves as adverse to Chinese immigration. Their opinions have a right to be considered, if not respected; their petition has a right to be heard, if not granted. It is the deliberate and premeditated insult of a small mind to a great and respectable minority of the American people that this accidental incumbent of the Presidential office thus ignores a question we all deem important.

Three Legislatures, some half dozen State conventions of both political parties, the entire press of the State, the best talent of all professions, a Constitutional Convention with almost perfect unanimity, have expressed an honest sentiment upon this Chinese question. A new and dangerous political party is growing up upon this grievance—one that threatens the tranquillity of our city, the safety of our persons, and the value of our property. We write, petition, resolve, send delegates to Washington, Representatives to Congress, asking that this matter be considered, and there comes to us a contemptible, drawling message about the rights of niggers, and cruelty to dogs and calves. Every trifling topic is considered the echo of whose clamor disturbs the serenity of officials at Washington; but this question which we of the Pacific declare to be one of national importance, affecting our material, moral, and political condition, is passed in contemptuous, studied, and insolent indifference by a Chief Magistrate who delights to attend clam bakes, make speeches at country cattle fairs, and go junketing, hand-shaking, and nose-tickling over the country. We speak of the President not as a magistrate whom we delight to honor, but as an unfaithful and incompetent servant, whom we would desire to discharge.

Every early San Franciscan will remember Josh Haven. He was the smartest man, and the best fellow, and the most popular of all our ancient beaux. He knew everybody and everybody knew him. He was popular with the ladies, and never allowed a New Year's day to pass without calling on all his lady friends. On one occasion, getting himself up with more than his accustomed elegance—carriage and pair, driver, and ducky footman—he started for a social day. As he left his house he told his black boy Jim to go to his room and bring a pack of visiting cards. He spent a diligent day in calling, and, where the ladies were not receiving, leaving his cards. At night, as he was bringing his visits to a close, he asked Jim if he had any more cards. Jim said: "Yes, Mr. Joshua, jest one—the Jack of Clubs." Josh then ascertained that he had distributed fifty-one pasteboards of a full deck of playing cards. "All right, Jim," said he, "drive to the Oriental Hotel and leave that with Lieutenant Derby (John Phoenix), with my compliments."

It is a common ambition for the American traveling abroad to be taken for an Englishman. Our friend George Ensign went to Europe. In London he had his beard cut, leaving mutton-chop whiskers; he ordered from his tailor a suit of clothes, English in fabric and style; he bought a shirt, shoes, necktie, and a small cane of English pattern; he fancied himself a genuine cockney, at least in make-up. He practiced speaking with hot pudding in his mouth; he learned to stammer, to say "ah," "blost it," "beg pardon," "cä-ä-nt," and other elegancies of expression peculiar to the high-born, well-bred, and accomplished Englishman. Thus fully equipped he left his hotel to air his new nationality in the streets of London. As he struck the sidewalk he was accosted by a young bootblack: "I say, old Frenchy, will you have a shine?" Fancy his feelings!

In the very able speech made by Senator Blaine recently in the Senate of the United States he "argued that the practical exclusion of the colored voters from the polls, as alleged, gives every Southern white man more than twice the power in the National Government that is enjoyed by a white man at the North, and this position he fortified by copious illustrations. The real issue, as he insisted, is not one of mere sentiment for the rights of the negro, nor one that involves what is termed the waving of the bloody shirt.

It is whether the white voter of the North shall be equal in political power to the white voter of the South; whether 'in levying every tax, making every appropriation of money, in fixing every line of public policy, in decreeing what shall be the fate and fortune of the Republic, the Confederate soldier South shall be enabled to cast a vote that is twice as powerful and twice as influential as the vote of the Union soldier North.'" There is a great deal of force in this suggestion, and it illustrates the great mistake made by the Republicans in giving the ballot to the blacks and allowing them to be enumerated in forming the basis of Congressional representation. If they had been treated as untaxed Indians the South would have had less power, and the negro question would be out of politics.

The newspapers of this country are complaining that malfeasance in office is seldom punished. Investigations are held, corruption is exposed, officials are censured, and preventive legislation recommended. But nobody is prosecuted, and things go on exactly as before. But it does not occur to the newspapers that they are themselves to blame for this. The press has convinced itself and the people that its own thunder and lightning are sufficient to purify the official atmosphere, that fear of exposure will make most men honest in the discharge of public duty, and that actual exposure is an adequate punishment for those who are not. This is a grave mistake; if the press wants to do the most good it can, let it understand, and make others understand, that its disclosures of guilt are of little use if not acted on by the officers of the law. Publicity is not an end, it is a means. Publicity will no more extirpate crime than a torch-light will spear fish or sunrise breach a bastion.

A public writer finds a certain natural satisfaction, doubtless, in contemplating himself as a war-painted moral campaigner whose red right arm delivers dreadful blows at crime. The similitude is more apparent than real; he only points out where dreadful blows may be advantageously delivered. His function is that of the shrill poodle of the hall door-mat, whose yapping may alarm the house, but it is the old man who must turn out with an axe-handle to repel the thief.

Our esteemed contributor, Mr. J. W. Gally, writes us as follows: "In your Xmas issue you publish 'Seven Famous Sonnets.' I herewith enclose you the eighth. I do not ask any pay for it, because it is priceless; I am satisfied with the glory. I call it 'The Great California Sonnet'; you can call it something else if you want to. If you publish it without hope of reward, I will make you Commissioner of Deeds for the State of Rhode Island when I am Governor of California. Here it is; it is no imitation. It smells of the soil. It could not have been written prior to '849 or the spring of '50. If it smells too much of the soil you can divide it into small lots—like a big ranch. I'm no land grabber.

"Maybe you think, perhaps, because that I
Am no great poet I can't write a sonnet
Without I pluck some other's plume and don it;
But there are birds which can both swim and fly;
The one as well as t'other, and—I'm on it
(Like Burns's beast upon the lady's bonnet).
Why should not I with windy wisdom sigh,
And like a frenzied poet roll my eye,
And spoil a page by writing Songs of Me—
Who's holding me? I will arise supreme,
Like some grand figure from a silent sea,
And shout "Houp la!" until the echoes scream
From wave to wave, and landward o'er the lea,
And I have ground my sonnet from the theme."

Our publication of the "Seven Famous Sonnets" has had the desired effect of firing the heart of our local poets with emulation all round. A gentleman who modestly conceals his identity under the alias of "Omnium Gatherum" is also to the fore, with the following: "In re the sonnet business, herewith, etc.

"Within her sea-girl house the Siren dwells,
And lures the spell-bound sailor with her lay;
Amid the shoals the fated bark compels,
Or holds upon the reef a willing prey.
None ever 'scape her toils, while sinks and swells
Her rhythmic chant at close and break of day;
Thou, maiden, art the siren of the sea,
Who with thy songs doth hold and fetter me,

What under the sun the foregoing has to do with "the sonnet business" we cannot imagine. We had supposed that even the basest bard knew that a sonnet must have fourteen lines (few of our local singers, we believe, are aware that it must have anything else), but this, it seems, was a mistake. It is unpleasantly clear that this journal has always overrated the intelligence of the poets, but we promise that it shall not occur again. If the maiden whom "Omnium Gatherum" addresses finds herself unable to "hold and tether" him, as requested, we shall be happy to assist her with a bull-dog and chain cable.

An indignant citizen, well dressed, and evidently a gentleman, very angry, very red in the face, and with a deep, resentful, wicked oath just under his moustache, impatient at restraint, and anxious for utterance, came bounding hastily into our office. We thought of the enraged fiddler, and a momentary fear came over us lest he might go away and say he had thrashed us. He was a non-resident property-owner in Oakland; in his hand he had a bunch of tax bills—for State, county, city, general sewer, special sewer, and library.

He laid one before us with profane emphasis. "See how the dam municipal thieves steal! One cottage house, rent \$12 a month, valued at \$1,550, lot sixty feet front; for the sake of advertising it is divided into three lots and one dollar charged for each, blast the infernal thieving newspapers." He meant, of course, the dailies. "Five per cent. for being delinquent; a bill of \$16 amounts to \$21.06. And here is another for sewer: a bill of \$1.41 has \$3 added for advertising; State and County tax, \$14—total, \$39.47. I tell you the whole business is iniquitous. The officials are thieves and knaves, and the citizens who own property in Oakland are fools and idiots to submit to any such infernal nonsense!"

We tried to put in a word; we endeavored to modify his anger; we told him there were some very respectable people that lived in Oakland; that the best evidence that the city of the Oaks possessed a highly intelligent, civilized, and cultured population was the fact of the large circulation of the ARGONAUT. He left us talking about its schools and churches, its excellent society. The last we heard of him, as he went muttering down the stairs, was "Dam Oakland!" The bills are on our desk, and if any one thinks that the tax system of our trundle-bed sister across the bay does not need reformation let his just call at this office, and we will exhibit a tax receipt for \$1.41 with \$3 added for advertising, signed by J. R. Cutting, Marshall, and ex-officio Tax Collector.

Col. Forney's new journal, *Progress*, is, in one respect, un happily named; it seems ambitious to represent a stage of intellectual development that belongs rather to the past than the future of American journalism—a stage that we may best describe as the "British gold" era. The newspaper of our fathers had a way of attributing every social or political movement with which it could not agree to the influence of "British gold." It was "British gold" that sustained slavery (and abolition); "British gold" that secured the election of every Presidential candidate, and that failed to secure that of his opponent; "British gold" that dictated all the decisions of the Supreme Court, all the legislation of Congress, the adoption of certain text-books in schools. The function of that insidious metal is now narrowed to the breaking down of protective tariffs, the sustentation of the national banks, and the demonetization of silver. But Col. Forney will have it that it is keeping down the ceramic art in Philadelphia—that the "cracking and blistering" of American china and porcelain in the kilns is caused by the unfaithfulness of the workmen, "bribed to impede success by interested parties in England."

As Miss Killmansegg's golden leg goes stumping through Hood's famous poem with an audible tread like that of the statue of the Commandante in *Don Giovanni*, so does the dreadful spectre of "British gold" possess and terrify the dark places of the American politician's imagination. We hope the bogey will be laid some day, but Colonel Forney's venture is clearly an essay at conjuring it into new and ghastly life.

"I hope, Brown, the story is untrue that you fought a duel over at Saucelito in '52." "Well, I did fight a duel, that's a fact; but feeling that I was in the wrong, I fired in the air." "Ah, then you are at least guiltless of a fellow man's blood." "Not quite that, either, I fear. You see I fired in the air that was between my pistol and the left lobe of the fellow man's liver."

We headed a column of chat about women "The Opposing Sex," and now our good friend the Boston *Courier* is puzzled to know what we meant by it. No disrespect, certainly; we were simply fatigued of the hackneyed phrase, "the opposite sex," and thought we saw in the word "opposing" a happy compromise between tradition and innovation. For a like reason we had previously used for a heading to the same column the words, "Our Bitter Halves," the word "better," in this connection, having become trite and tiresome. If in seeking emancipation from the bonds of custom we have unfortunately given offense to anybody's chivalric sensibilities we are just every bit as infernally sorry as we can manage to be.

At the top of the companion-way on the San Rafael ferry-boat is a large plate glass mirror by which the ladies arrange their eyes and adjust their expression when ascending to the upper saloon. During the first trip to the city on Thursday morning last this glass was suddenly starred and shattered into a thousand jingling fragments, to the unspeakable terror of the passengers. Inquiry and investigation failed to reveal the cause, but a young man and a young woman who had sat on opposite sides of the saloon, with a mast directly between, preserved a significant silence. The truth is that these ardent creatures, in their spirited endeavor to "mash" one another's image in the glass, had mashed the glass.

A St. Louis journal has touched bottom in the filthy pit of newspaper degradation by boasting in its columns that an actress whom it "interviewed" was delighted with its reporter's refined air and fashionable clothes. If the press of this country desires to go any lower than that (and we steadfastly believe that it does) it will have to mole it through the living rock.

DARK MEMORIES.

The sun was setting at the close of a summer day, as long ago as the year 1579, and his last rays, creeping slowly upward over cliff and highland, glittered for a moment upon the steel corselet and burnished weapons of a man standing on the summit of a lofty promontory jutting out into what is now called Sir Francis Drake's Bay. He was yet in the earliest prime of life; and his form, though not especially tall, seemed a very marvel of muscular strength and vigor, while his stern and resolute face, naturally dark, had been rendered still more so by long exposure to the scorching sun of Southern climes. His arms and dress were those usual with persons of some rank at that period. Below him in the bay, a small vessel, whose stained timbers and mended rigging told of a long and rough voyage, lay at anchor, her patched canvas hanging loosely from the yards, while above fluttered a tattered remnant of what had once been the ensign of St. George. Battered and unlovely as she seemed, there was yet in the eyes of her commander—for such was the personage already mentioned—an expression of pride and satisfaction as he surveyed her, and a proud smile curved his lips as he muttered:

"Brave bark! thou hast borne me far, and I ween thy storm-tried timbers and faded sails are yet staunch enow to win fair England's shores. God knows whatever of renown in future years may brighten the name of Francis Drake will have owed its birth to thee. Parting from hence to-morrow morn, an the wind fail us not thou wilt bear me back to the feet—yea! and please Fortune, to the smiles and favor—of good Queen Bess!"

The last words had but left his lips when the sound of cautiously approaching footsteps caused him to turn suddenly; whereupon he found himself confronting, and but a few paces distant from, a tall, roughly clad youth of eighteen or nineteen years, whose rolling eyes and dark skin were sufficient—notwithstanding the general regularity of his features—to betray the presence of African blood in his veins. In his right hand the youth carried a heavy *machete*, and the sight of this weapon, together with the suspicious stealthiness of his approach, caused Drake, almost involuntarily it is true, to lay his hand upon the butt of one of the enormous pistols in his belt; but the next instant, recognizing in the intruder one of his own ship's company, he relinquished his purpose, coldly smiled as if in scorn of his own nervousness, and demanded, briefly:

"Why here, Carino?"

The boy hesitated, and for a moment stood silent with downcast eyes, nervously fingering the bare edge of his murderous weapon. At length he said, abruptly:

"Señor Capitan, the boat waits."

"Return to it then; I will follow."

Carino bowed and walked slowly and half-reluctantly away, while Drake, in whose eyes an expression of suspicion and distrust yet lingered, watched him intently until an intervening rock rendered further gazing useless; whereupon, gloomily shaking his head, he muttered:

"It seemeth folly to suspect, and yet I may not trust him. But how can he know? He breathes no word of doubt; he thinks her buried in the far-off southern sea, and her death her own mad deed. Yet, an mine eyes deceive me not, his own gleamed dark with murderous hate and vengeance. Carino, heed thyself; I wish thee well, but cross not my path as did that other of thy race. Alas for thee, Mirania! God knows thou wert one time dear to me, but dearer still my soul's ambition. Thou weariedst me with thy repentance, and, living, would have shamed me. Ah, well, thou sleepest now."

He drew his hand hastily across his forehead, as if to drive away the thoughts that gathered there, and then folding his cloak more closely about him, strode away. * * * *

It was midnight, moonless, yet lovely and serene. There were no clouds in the sky, and the mild breeze that had blown during the afternoon had now almost entirely died away. The water rippled gently about the sides of the vessel, and its murmur fell with a soothing and lulling influence upon the ear. Upon the ship all was silence. A few motionless forms, sitting or reclining in various easy and half-somnolent attitudes, were visible upon the after deck. Forward there was no sign of life save the mantled figure of a man leaning idly over the bulwarks. It was Drake himself. He had sought slumber that night in vain. Oppressed by a nameless foreboding, such as his stern and dauntless heart was but little accustomed to, he had been forced to leave his couch an hour before midnight, and go on deck in the hope of relief. Desiring to be alone he had sent the watch to the after part of the deck, and now, sheltered from their gaze by an unreefed and low-drooping sail, he stood silently thinking. He heard no sound, he saw not the lithe, dark figure—dark save where the faint light dimly glittered on the unsheathed steel—that had glided noiselessly across the deck and now stood just behind him, and knew not the peril of the moment till a hand fell upon his shoulder. He turned instantly, and a low exclamation escaped him:

"Carino!"

The answer came lower still, but thrilling as the hiss of a serpent:

"Speak but one word above a whisper, move thy hand—and thou diest!"

And the fire of a deadly and determined purpose burned in those glaring eyes. The foreboding was past, the peril was present, and the soul of the fearless mariner leaped to meet it. His eyes endured unflinchingly the gaze of hatred which the other bent upon him, and his voice never trembled as he answered:

"Thou darrest to threaten me, then? Well, let that pass. What wouldst thou have?"

"Thy heart's best blood. But first—an thy tongue dare speak it—the truth; how did my sister?"

"I know not."

"Thou knowest not? Then why, waking that morning, was I told that the waves swept over her? Wretch, thine own false tongue betrays thee."

"Carino, I heed thee not, nor do I fear thee. God's grace! I have stood in scenes of peril enow ere this to teach me courage. I say again, I know not how she died."

"Aye, 'tis true, God only knows what death was hers. But thou—thou shalt take thine from my hand, and now."

The blade was already upraised, and had that weapon fallen it surely had ended the life of England's prince of

mariners. But the rage of the youth had blinded him, and he saw not the dangling rope that swung idly to and fro above him until the descending steel was arrested, and, such was the force of the blow, torn from his hand, and whirled over the bulwarks into the bay. Uttering a scream of demoniacal rage that brought every man on the ship hurriedly to the spot, he closed with his intended victim in a fierce and raging struggle for the sword but that instant drawn. Not till more than one pike and cutlass had planted deep and deadly wounds upon his body did the maddened boy relinquish his attempt; then, tearing himself free from the grasp of his adversary and bursting desperately through the circle of his foes, he leaped upon the bulwarks. There for an instant he paused, and in that instant Drake exclaimed:

"Madman, hold! Yield, Carino, yield, and take my pardon!"

But a terrible malediction was Carino's reply as he flung himself into the bay, and the blood-dyed water closed above him. And when the morning broke, he upon whom he would have avenged the wrongs of the lone castaway,* dying upon that barren southern shore, sailed over his grave on his way to knighthood and the favor of England's Virgin Queen.

GEORGE HOMER MEYER.

* See Abbott's *Queen Elizabeth*.

MARK HAVERLY.

A Man with Good Leather in Him.

He was an engineer working in the Belcher. He was noted for his grit, attention to business, and superstitions. One day a comrade was passing, and Mark called him up with:

"Jack, do you hear that noise—a sort of grinding sound that comes and goes? Hark! can't you hear it now?"

"It's just like any machinery makes."

"No, no, Jack; it don't belong to the machinery; it's a voice, I tell you, from the other world. I've heard that sound for two days now, and it means death, death close at hand, and no power on earth can stave it off."

"Oil the engine a little, old boy, and it'll be all right."

The other passed on and went down the shaft. Mark, meanwhile, bent his ear to the machinery, and out of the indistinguishable din of a dozen sounds caught this strange noise which had such an influence upon him, heard it constantly above the clank of levers, the roar of wheels, and the hiss of steam. Presently a bell sounded at his side. It was the signal from the 2,000 level to hoist the cage. He pressed the lever, and the great reel began to whirl the cable from the lower depths. His eye followed the long finger of the indicator as it slowly pointed out the stations passed. The cage had almost reached the top when the horrible grinding noise, like a moan from the grave, came from the machinery at his side. The sound made his veins melt. He turned his head toward the spot shuddering, while his hand as it clasped the lever was like a child's. The cage shot up from the shaft's mouth; he grasped the lever and threw his weight upon the brake. Too late; the cage rushed into the "sheaves."

The floor of the cage became vertical as it struck the wheel. The cable stretched under the fearful strain, and then snapped like a thread, and the cage fell back to the shaft's mouth. Three of its occupants had leaped upon the timbers and hung suspended; the other two had made the same leap, but their fingers slipped from the slimy timbers made so by the long contact with the vapors from the mine, and they fell one after the other headlong down the shaft.

Meanwhile Mark had stopped his engine, resumed his coat, and staggered out of the works. On such occasions an engineer is considered discharged without notice. He actually ceases to be in the employ of the company when the cage strikes the "sheaves," and such an accident makes his discharge perpetual with every mine on the Comstock.

For the next week or two he wandered about the town like a man barely in his senses. He finally got work underground, but was oftener found somewhere about the hoisting works, near the machinery. He would at times sit for hours watching the work of those metallic giants, occasionally turning toward the mouth of the shaft with a shudder, and again bending his head to catch what he called the "death moan." His comrades said he was "a little off."

One day the writer entered into a conversation with him. His superstition had not left him. "I tell you," said he, "I've studied everything about a mine, above ground and below. You brutes who write for the press take a sneering view of everything. You laugh when I say an engine gives warning of death. You call this piece of machinery a thing inanimate. I tell you that it has a construction in all respects like a man. It has lungs and sinews, and a big heart that throbs and pulsates. It has its fatigues from overwork. At times it whirls merrily, and work seems nothing; then it groans and labors as if exhausted. We treat it as we do the sick. When its lungs get clogged with 'scale' we feed it a composition that makes it well again. It has a voice always, and roars, sings, groans, laughs, and sobs in turn. When I touch a lever I feel a magnetism such as flows from flesh and blood."

"The dark levels below us are full of mysteries. I learn more and more of its secrets every year. You remember how Jack Henly died. He fainted on the Ophir cage, and went down the shaft. A few days before I noticed as I worked beside him how the flame of his candle pointed directly toward him like a mariner's needle. Wherever he moved the flame followed. He didn't notice it, but I did, and it had a wavy, uncertain motion for a day or so. One day it became steady, as steady as if carved in stone. I knew the crisis was not far off. We came up on the cage; as we passed the first station the flame burned low, and at the twelve-fifty station it was almost gone. Suddenly it went out; Jack reeled back against the timbers, and was twisted under the cage at once. It was but a moment. I heard his dreadful cry ring out as his bones were crushed between the shaft floor and the timbers, and his body shot down the shaft."

"Hawkins, who used to work for Joe Cowan, had the same kind of a warning. Wherever he worked a shadow kept close to him on the rock. His lantern made one shadow but this was a deeper and darker one, and had separate motions,

and it seemed to get blacker every shift he worked till a blast tore away his chest. I have seen a man's light blow out, and, in a sort of will-o'-the-wisp, keep right over his head. Such a man had better leave the mines at once."

"When I worked in the Savage I used to see a shift of spectres working, most generally at the foot of the incline, but sometimes in the east drift of the 1750. There was about half a dozen of 'em at work as a rule, but sometimes more. They would pick away in the face of the drift and make no sound, and pale lights burned at their sides. When the five-o'clock whistle blew in the morning they would vanish."

"Once I saw a man sitting down on the steps of the incline; he was in my way, and I touched him on the shoulder. Heavens! how I sprang back; for there was no flesh and bones there—only a shadow as it were. He turned round, and his face was half gone and his shoulder torn away, from a blast. Blood was streaming from the wounds. He then walked down the incline, and melted into the vapors that rise from the waters of the sump. The next day John Owens slipped at that very spot, and, unable to hold on to the slimy timbers, fell into the boiling water. He was cooked like a lobster."

"At times one hears strange voices. Ghostly voices call to each other from drift to drift; there are whisperings in the rocks, and terrible groans in the sides of the cross-cuts. In the Belcher I once heard a fearful shriek come from the winze. It echoed from drift to drift, and startled everybody. I rushed to where the sound was, but there was nothing. Bill Sharon don't dare to go down the Yellow Jacket. The last time he did a troop of miners sheeted in flame followed him along the drifts to the foot of the shaft. He rushed to the cage like a madman, and rang for the quick-hoist. When the cage reached the top he lay on the floor insensible. He never told what it was; but I know."

Thus the poor fellow would spend hours telling of the mysterious sights and sounds he had encountered in the depths of the great lode. Sometimes he worked underground, but he always seemed discontented, even morose, because it was no longer permitted to him to grasp the lever of an engine. He felt a stain upon his reputation, and looked hopefully forward to the time when he could wipe it out.

The opportunity came. One night he came into the South Consolidated works and sat watching the machinery. Suddenly he turned to the engineer and said: "I hear the death-moan on the wheels, Tom."

Had the engineer looked at Mark's face, masked in a horrible pallor, he would have indeed thought the man had heard a sob from the grave. Mark bent his head a little lower and waited. Out of the roar, and rumble he heard only the "death-moan," as he called it. Suddenly the bell rang out so quick and sharp that both men were startled. It was the signal of danger and the quick hoist. The wheel began to whirl until the spokes mingled in a maze. A moment later, a puff of smoke drifted from the shaft's mouth, and then a shower of sparks. The mine was on fire.

The cage came whizzing to the surface, and a crowd of half-naked men reeled off, blistered and half-suffocated, into the dressing-rooms. The whistle of the mine sent forth a cry for help, and, in a few seconds more, other whistles took up the cry and bellowed forth their hoarse notes, from the North Consolidated to the Belcher. Scarcely was the cage emptied when those below signaled sharply for it to come down. It shot back into the depths almost as fast as if it had been dropped. The cable touched a piece of iron near the sheaves, and from the point of contact streamed a line of sparks. Another burst of smoke came up the shaft, and a sheet of flame followed for an instant. The timbers became a mass of fire. The hoisting works went like a tinder-box.

The engineer must not only bring the cage to the surface, but must stop it there. The machinery was growing hot to the touch. The cage reached the bottom, and then came the signal to hoist. Just as he reversed the lever a falling timber knocked him senseless at his post.

A dozen men sprang to the unmanned engine; but Mark was there first, and, picking up the body at his feet, he banded it to the nearest two men as if it had been a child, and merely said, "Take him away."

A man close at his side leaned forward to grasp the lever, but he flung him back into the crowd. A flare of flames sent them all staggering away. Mark laid his hand upon the lever—the first time in five years—and grasped it with his old energy. The breath of hell was in his face. It would be a long minute and a half before the cage reached the surface, where he must prevent its dreadful ascent into the "sheaves." His hand held the lives of a dozen men. He faced the fire like a salamander. A prolonged cheer went up, and then the folds of red smoke covered him from sight.

The cage reached the shaft's mouth full of men, most of them insensible as they were dragged out. As Mark threw the lever back to its place and stopped the engine the flames closed about him. The Superintendent called out:

"One thousand dollars to the man who saves him!"

A dozen brave men had already started. It was too late; the flames had overwhelmed him. Three days later the men whose lives he had saved dug among the ruins. Lying by the engine they found his charred remains, and stood by them a while with uncovered heads. They bore away the remains of Mark Haverly in a box, and the next day three thousand mourners walked behind the coffin. As they pressed down the earth over his grave, and threw the last sprig of green down upon it, one of the pall-bearers remarked: "There was good leather in that man."

SAM DAVIS.

End of a conversation between two friends: "Ernest? Don't talk to me about Ernest; he is a Communist." "Pardon me, my friend, I admit that he is a Democrat, Radical, Atheist, and anything else you may choose to call him, but there is a very broad chasm between him and Communism." "And how do you know it?" "His income amounts to over \$40,000 a year."

"Dovey," he said, "I think I was telling you, after I came home last night, about the necessity of some retrenchment on our expenditures, was I not?" "Well, really, I've forgotten, John," she answered, nonchalantly; "turn on the phonograph and see." He turned it on, and all it said was, "Whizzer mazzar—(hic)—mazzar? Whizzer mazzar?"

A HASH OF THINGS.

We receive too many poems on Tojetti's picture of "Ophelia." In truth, we receive too many poems on every notable painting exhibited in this city, though nine out of ten of them—the poems—are creditable performances, considering the hard conditions of their production. For it is evident that their writers have at least two difficulties to overcome: First, they know nothing of art; second, they know nothing of poetry.

When people swear "by Jingo," they have, as a rule, an imperfect knowledge of whose name they are taking in vain. St. Jingo, otherwise St. Gengulphus, is the subject of one of Barham's delightful *Ingoldsby Legends*, telling how the saint was massacred on his return from the Holy Land by his faithless wife and her paramour, as Agamemnon was done to death by Egesthus and Clytemnestra. Greenacre-wise, they cut up the dead saint, but were brought to grief by the miraculous coming together of the *disiecta membra* at the dinner-table of the Prince-bishop. St. Jingo, or Gengulphus, was by no means an inferior or merely local saint, like St. Jo se and many others; for is not the village of St. Gengolph on the southern shore of the lake of Geneva, to the east of Meillerie and opposite Clarens, called after him to this day?

It appears that *La Grand Duchesse*, being a very clever saïre upon the diminutive magnificence of the small German Duchies, has not been allowed to be performed in Paris since the affectionate *rapprochement* between Germany and France took place subsequent to the imbroglio of 1870. But this restriction has just been removed, and great preparations are being made for the production on a grand scale of Offenbach's popular work. Of course Mlle. Aimée looked upon herself as already engaged for the leading part; and her mortification is extreme when she learns that Offenbach has himself (says a European journal) written a letter in which he altogether ignores her pretensions, and quietly declares that "the composer does not hesitate for an instant to confide to Mlle. Paola Marié the superb rôle of the 'Grande Duchesse.'" "If, as I hope," concludes the writer, "my collaborateurs share my appreciation, I am convinced that the public will ratify our choice to the echo." Mlle. Aimée is so angry at this that she is coming to America, although she has already taken a series of *opera bouffe* "farewells" of this country.

It is known that divorce does not exist in France. The nearest thing to it is the *separation de corps*, equivalent to the English judicial separation. It is, therefore, interesting to know how the French fare under that *regime*. From 1846 to 1850 the average separations was 1080. This gradually increased until 1876, when the number was 3251, or exactly three times the number in thirty years. Strange to say, only fourteen in every hundred are asked for by the husband, the wife thus having eighty-six per cent. to her credit. Is this to be attributed to the jealousy of the fair sex, or the indifference of the sterner.

A writer in the *London Truth* calls attention to the charms of Sicily too much neglected by travelers. Sicily gratifies every taste: Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, have all left their traces of one kind or other. Not only is there the beauty of meads and valleys, its gentle landscapes, but there is also a foreshadowing of the palmy and massive foliage of the East. All tastes will be gratified, whether they take the form of stupendous ruins, green vineyards, or fragrant orange-groves. How different might have been the life of Byron had he set up his tent in Sicily instead of Venice! No human being could long be bitter in nature or bard of heart in such genial scenes. Bellini was once asked "where, young as he was when he composed the 'Pirata,' he had found the impassioned phrases of tenderness in which its music abounds," he replied: "Under my father's roof in Sicily, from whence, though nestled in a green and smiling landscape, we discerned afar off the burning shores of Africa." What could not Byron have extracted from such a land, for, as a gifted writer has remarked: "Sicily is a volume of romance containing twenty centuries. There every dead language has its echo, every forgotten creed its altar."

The most despised rank of the British aristocracy is the baronetcy, the lowest hereditary dignity. When George IV. went to Ireland, he said graciously to the future Lord Talbot de Malahide, "I intend to make you a baronet." "Sire," was the reply, "may I respectfully ask that the sentence may be graciously commuted to knighthood, for my son at least has done no wrong?"

Whenever our Californian vineyards shall have begun to succumb to the ravages of the *Phylloxera* we ought to have "an anchor out to windward." The Spanish, not usually enterprising, have determined to take time by the forelock, and to have something to fall back upon in case the insect should attack the vines of the Peninsula, until now free from that plague. If they can not supply us with sherry and alicante, they mean to furnish our tables with orange-wine. It is, indeed, an invention of our childhood that they have taken up and developed. Where is the child who has not made orange-wine by squeezing the juice of the luscious fruit and mixing it with sugar? News comes from Valencia that the first wine made from oranges has appeared in the markets there, and it is described as an agreeable sweet wine with a slight acidulated flavor; of a fine bright color, and containing about fifteen per cent. of pure alcohol. It is of four kinds—the "Imperial" and the "Dry," made in January with ripe fruit, the "Mandarin," made from fruit gathered in April, and lastly the "Sparkling," which undergoes a process similar to champagne and moselle. Now if we should compete with the Spanish in this matter we should probably beat them. Their orange wines may be tolerably bad, but ours would be incomparably worse.

It is worthy of note that the *Bulletin* says the young women of San Francisco play the piano better than any young women in the world. But then the *Bulletin* man happened to be writing of piano-playing. We know just what he would have said of the young women of San Francisco if he had been writing of eating pork and beans or chewing gum.

The days have come when the one thing harder than getting into bed at night is the getting out in the morning.

Every married man should join some good society, and as good as any is the society of his wife and children.

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THE WATER SUPPLY FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

Is Artesian Water Poisonous?

The *Bulletin* and *Call* have, in a small, petulant way, been firing paper wads at the Spring Valley Water Company for now these many years, renewing the petty vexation upon the eve of every election and the convening of every Legislature. For the relief of tax-payers they suggest no remedy; for any other supply than by bringing water from the Sierra at a cost of unestimated millions, they have until recently made no suggestion. Their writers have an ill-defined idea that somehow the city may condemn, or steal, or confiscate the Spring Valley Water Company's property, forgetting that it is private property, as is the *Bulletin* or *Call*, and ought to be as sacred and inviolate as type or ink or press, and can only be obtained in one honest way, and that is by an honest purchase at a fair valuation. Having failed to suggest any practical way to appropriate the Spring Valley Company's works, and having failed to demonstrate any economical mode of obtaining a supply from any other source, it would seem as though (rather than to fail in injuring the Spring Valley Water Company) they would be willing to poison the community with artesian drainage from our sewers and cess pools, and advise us to dig artesian wells and drink artesian water.

Mr. William L. McAlpine, a very distinguished engineer, visited San Francisco, and, convincing us by his intelligent reasoning that this artesian water of our Peninsula was limited in quantity, impure in quality, and deleterious to health if used for domestic purposes, we so represented in our issue of November 30th. This article attracted the attention of the Board of Supervisors, and it was suggested to obtain from Mr. McAlpine a more elaborate report, and one more complete in detail. Hence, we print his memoir in full. He asserts as a fact, demonstrable by science, that the artesian well water of this Peninsula is unfit to drink, and is, in fact, destructive to health, because of poisonous properties in the water that penetrates from the surface through porous rock. If this is true, it is an alarming fact; if it is not true, science should be able to demonstrate wherein Mr. McAlpine has erred. If Mr. McAlpine is wrong, artesian well boring should be encouraged; but otherwise, the Board of Health and the municipal authorities should prevent artesian water being used for domestic purposes.

We print in full this memoir in justice to Mr. McAlpine, because we made extracts from it; and we commend its careful perusal to our health and municipal officers, and to all parents and heads of families, and indeed all citizens who honestly desire intelligent information upon this question of water supply for San Francisco and the quality of the water.

A Memoir on the Subject of Supplying the City of San Francisco with Water.

BY WILLIAM L. McALPINE.

A public water supply to a city should have sources adequate, not only for the present demands for domestic uses, for manufactories, for public baths, for the shipping, fountains, and irrigation of private and public grounds, for sprinkling the streets and flushing the sewers, and for the quick extinguishment of fires, but also for all these purposes when the population shall have been trebled, and in addition thereto, with the means of extending the works at a future time in conformity with some general plan, which, while adapted to a supply for the present, will permit of the future extension above indicated, with the least loss of the first expenditure.

The sources of water available for the city of San Francisco are as follows:

1. From wells within the area of the city, or contiguous thereto.
2. By collecting the rainfall from the elevated lands of the Peninsula south of the city in large storing reservoirs, and conveying it in conduits to distributing reservoirs within the city, from which it may be distributed to all parts thereof.
3. By a corresponding collection, impounding, conveying, and distributing the rain which falls in the Mount Diablo Coast Range of mountains nearest the city, as in the Calaveras District.
4. Also from similar districts on the Coast Range, and from streams or lakes immediately beyond them.
5. From lakes and streams on the mountain slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and the conveyance and distribution to the city as before mentioned, and
6. From modifications and combinations of the foregoing plans.

Schemes for a supply of water from these several sources have been more or less examined and discussed by civil engineers and others, whose printed reports furnish a part of the data necessary to determine the relative advantages and expense of each. I have personally examined the sources, sites, and routes of these schemes, and have considered all of the other matters necessary to a general, and in most cases a sufficiently particular, understanding of the whole subject of the present inquiry.

The result of these studies will now be presented under the following general heads:

First—The QUANTITY of water which is now required for the city, and the additional amount which will probably be demanded from time to time.

Second—The QUANTITY which can be obtained from each of the reliable and reasonably practicable sources.

Third—The relative QUALITY of the water which each source will furnish.

Fourth—The CHARACTER, EXTENT, and comparative EXPENSE of the several plans for procuring the requisite quantity of suitable water, for the present and future demand, from each source.

Fifth—A COMPARISON of the most feasible of the schemes in regard to the usefulness, certainty of construction and maintenance, quantity and quality of the water, and the expense of introducing the same.

FIRST. The quantity which is now and will probably hereafter be required.

The quantity of water which is required for all of the purposes for which a public work is intended to supply, as hereinbefore enumerated, may be considered as equal to thirty gallons a day, applied to the whole number of the population. This amount of water may be divided into three nearly equal parts, viz.: One third for the domestic consumption (for potation, cooking, and washing for the whole population, and for bath and water closets, etc., for a portion of the people); another third for the various mechanical operations, hotels, restaurants, stables, public baths, fountains, etc., and for shipping; another third for the sprinkling of streets, flushing of sewers, extinguishment of fires, and for wastages.

When planning works which are to be under municipal control, which may at times be less efficient than individual management, the conservative engineer considers it necessary to have at command twice the above-named quantity. The experience of the best managed public works of the Eastern cities confirms this estimate. The rate of consumption in the European cities is much less. The difference is due to the habits of the masses of the people of the two countries. The present population of three hundred thousand, in San Francisco, would by this rule consume an average of nine millions of gallons daily as a minimum, and a possible maximum of twice that quantity.

Any source of supply, to be entitled to consideration as a whole, should be sufficient to readily furnish thirty-six million gallons daily, and ultimately a hundred or more millions to meet any probable and possible increase of the population, business, and other demands for water.

A source which can not furnish these quantities can only be considered as an adjunct to some other scheme.

SECOND. The quantity which can be obtained from each of the pro-

Preliminary to the consideration of this question, it may be proper to recall to recollection that the source of all fresh water is primarily from the ocean, and secondarily from the atmosphere.

The quantity of fresh water which can be obtained from any district of country depends upon the amount of the precipitation, the area, steepness, and porosity of the water-shed, the losses from evaporation, etc.

The capacity of the atmosphere for the absorption of moisture depends upon its temperature. A warm wind blowing over the ocean becomes charged with watery vapor; when it reaches land, which is cooler, it discharges some of it in dew, mist, or rain. The ocean winds, which are driven up the mountain slopes, encounter more and more cooled earths, and discharge more and more water in proportion to the elevation to which they are driven.

The precipitation at San Francisco averages two feet in a year; the chief part of the rain falls within four months, and a large proportion of it generally falls during two of these months. The rainfall on the top of the surrounding hills is about twice as much as on the low parts of the city; while at the top of the Sierra it is from eight to ten feet, or more.

The temperature of the ocean winds and of the lands along the coast is nearly the same during the seven summer months, and the consequence is that no rain can fall; but during the five months of the autumn and winter there are greater or less differences between the temperatures of the ocean winds and of the land, which produce copious winter rains—the precipitation being always in proportion to these differences in temperature.

The rain water which is thus precipitated upon the land divides itself into three portions: one of which passes off *visibly*, over the surface to its parent source the ocean; a second part enters the porous earth and rocks, and flows *invisibly*, either directly to the ocean or to the flowing springs, or superficial water courses; and the remainder of the rain is *evaporated* from the surface of the ground, water courses, etc.

Generally from half to two-thirds of the rainfall passes off either superficially or subterraneously. The former flows off comparatively quick, depending upon the steepness of the surfaces of the ground; and the latter much more slowly, depending upon the looseness or compactness of the soil or rock.

The apparent mystery of the supply of water to artesian wells may be easily explained. Strictly speaking, the term artesian should only be applied to water which flows above the surface of the ground.

Sometimes in a valley surrounded by higher lands there is found a porous stratum of earth or rock between impervious layers above and below it, all of which extend to and crop out on higher ground, and also extend beneath the soil of the valley. Under such conditions, the rain which falls upon the exposed surfaces of the porous stratum sinks into it; and if this channel of water is pierced, by boring in the valley, the water will ascend in a tube to the level of the outcrop on the surrounding hills, though sometimes the water in the porous stratum has some other outlet at a level lower than the hill tops. The height to which such water will rise in the boring tube, and in a vertical pipe placed on top of it, is the measure of the elevation of the land from which the "flowing well" receives its supply; or, in the exception before stated, it measures the level at which this water has another escape.

Common wells, in which the water does not overflow, sometimes receive their supply in the same manner, but more generally they merely drain the water from the interstices of the surrounding soil.

The quantity of water which can be permanently obtained from an artesian well is exactly measured by the area of the porous stratum which is exposed to the rainfall. The elevation to which such waters will flow, and the quantity which the well will ultimately discharge, generally determine the source of its supply.

The quantity which can be permanently obtained from any common well depends upon the cubical amount and porosity of the soil which it drains. If two or more artesian wells are sunk near a first one, in a homogeneous soil, and the overflow from the latter is reduced in height, or the quantity is materially lessened, it shows that the source of supply to all is not only the same, but that it is of very limited extent and probably near at hand.

The same may be said of common wells, whenever several contiguous ones have been sunk into a homogeneous soil, and a considerable quantity of water is attempted to be pumped from each well. The quantity which the first well was capable of furnishing will be successively reduced by that which is pumped from those which were afterward dug. If we take a case similar to that which presents itself in many cases in this city, where a common well has been sunk, say fifty feet deep in porous soil, through which the quantity of water pumped will flow to a well on a slope of one in one hundred, this well will drain an area of nearly two miles in diameter at the top, and in the form of an inverted cone of fifty feet deep.

If another well is sunk to the same depth within the same area the quantity of water which could have been obtained from the first well will be considerably reduced; and if several such wells are sunk within the same area, the aggregate supply attainable from all of them will be but little more than that which was obtained from the first well.



On the above diagram well No. 1 was the first one sunk into a body of homogeneous soil like sandy loam.

The rainfall of previous years will have charged the soil with all of the water which it can contain, which may be assumed at one-fifth. When a given quantity is being pumped from this well the water will continue to flow into it until the slope of the surface of the flowing water becomes, say one in a hundred; that is, that the head necessary to overcome the friction caused by the earth particles is equal to one foot in one hundred feet. The cubical contents of the inverted cone of earth of ten thousand feet diameter and fifty feet deep at the apex is nearly four thousand millions of cubic feet of earth, which will contain eight hundred millions of cubic feet of water, or six thousand millions of gallons. If pumps be applied to this well during the two hundred and fifty days when no rain falls, it will furnish an average daily quantity of twenty-four millions of gallons, but only for one season. After which, if no rain should fall, no more water could be obtained from the assumed drainage contents of that well.

In San Francisco the rainfall averages two feet deep, falling in the remaining one hundred and fifteen days of the year, and if the whole of this rainfall on the surface of the ten thousand feet diameter could be collected in its soil, and none of it ran to waste or was lost by evaporation, the subterranean reservoir of water would amount to nearly twelve hundred million gallons. In practice, however, it is found that not more than one-third of the rainfall can be made available, say four hundred millions of gallons, and therefore the well in question would thereafter only furnish an average of a little more than a million of gallons a day for a year.

The catchment area of the water-shed above assumed measures 2.81 square miles, which gives an average of 383,000 gallons a day for each square mile. But the rainfall on the higher parts of the city is greater than two feet, and if it averages three feet, the supply would be 574,500 gallons a day from a square mile.

Returning to the diagram and the above remarks, we find that although the well in question would give eight millions of gallons a day for two hundred and fifty days, it would never, after the first eight months, give more than an average of 575,000 gallons a day for the succeeding years.

The rainfall at San Francisco was only 7.4 inches in 1851, to 8.8 in 1864, 14.1 inches in 1867; from which we may infer that there would

* NOTE.—A cubic yard of air at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit is capable of containing seven grains of water, and at 50 degrees about fifty grains; from 50 to 80 degrees a cubic yard of air will contain about as many grains of water as the number of degrees of the thermometer. Above the temperature of 80 degrees the capacity to receive watery vapor increases rapidly, and at 212 degrees the air can receive its own bulk—the tension of the water being then equal to that of air, and ebullition is produced.

frequently occur years when this well would not supply an average of 300,000 gallons a day.

When well No. 2 on the diagram was sunk, say at a thousand feet from No. 1, it would cut off nearly a third of the quantity which No. 1 could originally furnish, and if a circle of wells should be sunk around No. 1 within a thousand feet distance from it, well No. 1 would not furnish an average of 20,000 gallons a day.

The lines Ca, Cb, etc., represent the slopes of the water which will successively flow to well No. 1, until it has exhausted all of the fluid which had accumulated, during many previous years, within the body of earth embraced in the area of A B diameter, by D C, the depth of the inverted cone.

The lines B, E, F, represent the area (in a vertical section) which well No. 2 will cut off from the original supply to well No. 1. The area of the cut-off on the surface of the ground by well No. 2 will be nearly one-third of the whole of the original area which had previously supplied No. 1.

If we take the whole of the city to the north and east of the surrounding hills, as equal to about twelve square miles, we shall find considerable areas of rocks which are bare, and others lying beneath a soil which is compact and nearly impervious to water. These rocks and impervious earths form natural barriers to oppose any overflow of fresh water from any district beyond these hills.

The surface earth, and the excavations and borings throughout the city, show that the soil which overlies the rocks is generally porous sand or gravel, and in some places interspersed with strata of clay or mud.

The rocks which form the Diablo ranges, fifty miles to the eastward, have no porous strata between water-tight ones, and hence no artesian supply of water can come from that, or any other source eastward of this range. The dip of these rocks is so nearly vertical, that even if they held and conveyed water, borings in San Francisco would have to be made many miles deep to reach such supposed sources of water. A supply of artesian water from the Sierra Nevada slopes is entirely cut off by the impervious barriers of the Diablo range, and no water derived from that source could be reached by any borings made in the city.

The city itself is surrounded by impervious rock barriers on two sides, and by the salt water of the Bay on the other sides; an artesian supply is therefore impossible from any source beyond itself.

All of the so-called artesian wells in the city, and all others which may hereafter be bored, must, necessarily, now and forever, derive all of their water from the rain which falls upon only a portion of the before mentioned twelve square miles.

The rainfall upon this district does not exceed an average of three feet depth a year, and in some years is less than half as much. That portion of the rain which falls upon the bare rocks, or those which are scantily covered with earth, flows off quickly to the Bay, and but little of it enters the porous soil beneath the city. That portion which falls upon the roofs of the houses and the water-tight sidewalks and pavements runs off rapidly in the gutters, or through the sewers to the Bay. The remainder may, for the present, be considered as having entered the porous soil through which it will slowly flow to the surrounding salt water.

If a systematic arrangement of wells throughout the city should be resorted to, the aggregate quantity which could be obtained therefrom can be determined with approximate exactness. There are considerable areas contiguous to the Bay and its re-entering valleys where the rainfall would run off quickly to the Bay, and would not find its way to the porous soil for the well supplies.

The roofs of the houses and the water-tight sidewalks and pavements convey the rain which falls upon them to the gutters and sewers, and would also be lost to the well supplies. And there are localities, such as near the cemeteries, certain manufactories and populations, where wells for domestic supply of water would be inadmissible.

For the present purpose, it is sufficient to say that all of the wells which could be sunk in the city would not furnish an aggregate permanent supply, for all time, of six millions of gallons a day, of water suitable for domestic purposes.

This assertion may be met by a reference to some wells in the city which now furnish a large quantity of water, and that if other wells should be sunk in favorable localities the aggregate supply therefrom would exceed the quantity which has been above estimated.

The reply is, that the porous soil beneath the city has been charged to repletion with the rainfall of a great many previous years, and if an amount of water should at any time be drawn therefrom greater than that which the rains will now furnish, the original stock of stored water would eventually be exhausted; after which the supply obtainable from the wells would be exactly measured by the proportion of the future rain water which will flow to them.

It is said that no water is lost; even that which in its liquid form and in the juices of meat, vegetables, etc., is consumed by man and animals in a city, is more or less restored to the porous soil from which the wells must derive their supply, and by that quantity of restored water it will be acknowledged that the above estimates of quantity are too small.

The natural repugnance of all persons to the use of such foul restored water, even when mixed in comparatively small portions with better water, will, as soon as realized, lead to measures which will convey a considerable portion of such sewage water to waste in the Bay, and ultimately, by these measures, while the city wells may be rendered less baneful, the supply therefrom will be greatly reduced. There will, however, always be enough sewage and objectionable matter admitted to such wells as to render them undesirable.

There are some mechanical and other purposes for which such water as can be procured from wells in the city can be used, but as soon as their true quality is generally understood they will never be used for domestic purposes.

SECOND. An ample quantity of water for the present and future demands of the city can be obtained from each of the sources named above, except from wells within or near it.

In a report of the Chief Engineer of the Spring Valley Water Company I find that during a period of seven years there were collected, for use in the Peninsula reservoirs of that Company, six and a seventh millions of gallons of water from each inch of rainfall on each square mile of the water-sheds of those reservoirs.

The mean rainfall during these seven years was 23.71 inches at San Francisco, with a range between 15.21 inches and 28.23 inches; and one year (1872) of 38.32 inches. At San Andreas, elevated 455 feet above tide, the mean was 44.75 inches, with a range between 30.52 inches and 47.63 inches; and one year (1872) of 82.57 inches. At the Pillaritos, elevated 666 feet, the mean was 47.70 inches, and a range between 38.88 inches and 50.31 inches; and one year (1872) of 78.28 inches.

The water-sheds of the elevated portions of the Peninsula nearest the city are probably six or seven hundred feet above tide, and the rainfall thereon probably averages about four feet a year; and if it were all stored, so as to bridge over the years of rainfall which are below the mean, each square mile of the water-shed would furnish an average of 300,000 gallons a day.

The minimum supply now required by the city, as stated above, is nine million gallons daily, which would require a water-shed of 11 1/2 square miles. The maximum present demand would require 22 1/2 square miles, and in a few years the growth of the city will require the same.

* NOTE.—All of the rain water which enters the porous earth each year ultimately reaches the sea, and generally within the current year during which it falls.

The surface of this water contained within the earth will be found at its minimum elevation and slope at the end of the rainy season, and at its minimum height and grade at the end of the season of no rain.

When the annual rainfall is greater than the average of a series of years, the surface of the subterranean water flowing to the sea will be found on a steeper slope, and when it is less than the average the slope will be flatter.

The discharge of this subterranean water into the sea commences as soon as the first rains have saturated the earth nearest to the sea water, and will continue until the whole of the season's rain, which has soaked into the soil, has reached the sea.

All of the rain water which may have filled the porous earth nearest to the Bay, during the rainy season, will have flowed off early in the dry season; and then the water from those portions which are next nearest to the Bay will flow off to it a little later, and so successively until a considerable portion of the water in the porous soil over the whole water-shed will have flowed off and be lost to the daily supply for the latter end of the dry season to the wells which it has been assumed will be dug.

water from 45 square miles, and ultimately from 100 to 200 square miles of water-shed.

The present works of the Spring Valley Water Company on the Peninsula have 27½ square miles of water-shed, and with the aid of a new reservoir, which can be built when necessary, it will have the supply from 39 square miles.

The Company has also surveyed other accessible water-sheds on the Peninsula, which will increase the whole catchment, under their Peninsula system, to more than 100 square miles.

I have personally examined the eastern slope of the Peninsula range as far south as the proposed site of the reservoir on the north branch of the San Francisco Creek, ten miles south of the San Mateo, and find that, with a dam of about one hundred feet height, a storing reservoir capable of containing about three thousand million gallons of available water can be obtained. The water from this reservoir can be conveyed to the proposed Canada Raymond reservoir by a canal, conduit, and pipes of ten miles length, including a tunnel of about a mile in length.

The area of the water-shed which this scheme will utilize is about twenty square miles, and in conjunction with the other very large contiguous storage capacity of the Spring Valley Works this district will furnish a large additional supply.

The problem of the storage capacity which must be provided on this part of the Pacific Coast must be considered differently from what it would be on the Atlantic.

On the latter, the rainfall on the average is distributed with tolerable regularity over each month of the year, and the extremes of the annual precipitation are not so great as on the Pacific; while on the Pacific Coast all of the rains occur during four or five months, and there is no precipitation during the remainder of the year. The total annual quantity is much less, and the extremes between the years is much greater than on the Atlantic.

For these reasons, the provision for the storage of the rainfall here must be much greater, to bridge over the longer period of no rain, and this must be again increased to provide for a supply during a succession of several years of small rainfall.

The aggregate storage capacity of the reservoirs which are now built by this company is more than twelve thousand million gallons, and this will soon be increased by thirty-four thousand million gallons, making a total storage, comparatively near the city, of forty-six thousand million gallons.

This immense storage is more than sufficient to meet all the requirements of the case, but the plans of the Spring Valley Water Company contemplate the utilization of the whole storage in a manner which will presently be mentioned.

The next nearest source of supply is from the Calaveras District, on the western slopes of the Diablo Coast Range of mountains.

I have visited the site of the proposed reservoir on the Calaveras Creek, and the route of the tunnel and conduit by which water from the district is proposed to be conveyed to the city. I have also examined the reports of Messrs. Schussler, Scowden, and Mendell on this subject.

The reports show that, with a dam 183 feet in height, a reservoir with a capacity of thirty thousand million gallons would be formed; that an area of water-shed of a hundred square miles would be obtained, where the mean annual rainfall at the reservoir is 28 inches per annum, and probably much larger on the high mountain slopes of the water-shed.

Mr. Schussler compares the character of the water-shed and the evaporation from this reservoir with those which have been tested on the Peninsula, and estimates that five and eight-tenths million gallons for each inch of rainfall would be derived from each square mile of the water-shed of the Calaveras. This estimate gives more than sixteen thousand million gallons a year, or an average of forty-four and a half million gallons a day.

Col. Mendell, however, from some rain-gauges established in for three months in 1877, concludes that the rainfall on the higher portions of this water-shed is not greater than at the reservoir, and says that "the product of the Calaveras water-shed can not prudently be estimated to amount to more than thirty millions of gallons daily. * * * If additional storage can be provided, the daily average supply will be increased proportionately."

He bases his estimate upon a reservoir with a capacity of storage of twenty-five thousand million gallons. Mr. Schussler proposes a reservoir one-fifth larger, which would increase Col. Mendell's estimate to thirty-six thousand millions.

Messrs. Schussler and Scowden have proposed to increase the supply from this source when needed, by introducing into the Calaveras reservoir the water of the Arroya Honda and Arroya Valle—creeks immediately contiguous thereto—which together have one hundred and forty square miles of water-shed. With the same depth of water-fall and ratio of collection as used for the Calaveras Creek, it would furnish an additional supply of over sixty millions of gallons a day, and a total of more than a hundred million gallons daily from the whole of the Calaveras district. There are many places on these streams which offer facilities for the construction of as large storing reservoirs as may be necessary to impound and preserve the flood waters, and those of the years of plentiful rainfall. Therefore we may conclude that the Calaveras District is capable of affording an ample supply of water to meet the utmost demands for the city, however extensive that demand may be in the future.

I have not been able, except in a general way, to personally examine the other sources of supply, viz: from the lakes and streams on the Sierra Nevada slopes, from Clear Lake, etc., and from the San Joaquin River, but the reports of the engineers already named demonstrate that each of them will furnish the necessary quantity for the present and future demands of the city.

I am therefore warranted in stating that each one of the sources of supply, except that from common and deep wells in the city, may be made competent to furnish the desired quantity of water to San Francisco.

THIRD. The third general question proposed to be considered is to determine the relative QUALITY of the water which can be procured from each of the sources before named.

It may be repeated that all fresh water is derived primarily from the ocean, by the operation of natural distillation.

For such practical purposes as the present inquiry, the water which is precipitated from the atmosphere may be considered pure.

Water readily seizes hold of, or enters into combination with, almost every substance with which it is brought in contact, and what is important in the present examination is that it eagerly absorbs, and reluctantly parts with, those substances which render it most objectionable for domestic uses.

The impure gases from combustion, and those which arise from the vast masses of refuse, decaying vegetable and animal bodies which abound in the fouler parts of a large city, all float in the atmosphere over large populations, and are all seized upon by the falling rain water, and materially injure the quality of what would in the country be very pure water.

When the fluid reaches the surface of the earth it is brought into contact with the decaying vegetable and animal products, which it rapidly dissolves and incorporates, and when the rain water passes into the interstices of the earth, or porous rocks, its great solving power enables it to decompose and incorporate the earthy and mineral matter with which it comes in contact.

From these general statements we may obtain the relative degree of purity of the water which can be obtained from each of the several sources, without resort to chemical analysis.

The water which is obtained from wells within the city must necessarily contain all the contaminations which have been enumerated, viz: from the impure gases always existing in the atmosphere over the city; from absorption of the effete animal and vegetable matter, which is so abundant on the vacant lots and grounds around the dwellings of certain classes of the population; from the earthy and mineral salts in the soil; and from the leakage of stables, privies, imperfect house-drains and sewers—the most hurtful and repugnant of all contaminations.

Water which is brought into contact with excrementary matter from the human body imbibes therefrom the most deadly and disgusting of all the pollutions to which it can be subjected.

The Arab, Turk, East Indian, and the Chinese, only half civilized, bury such matter from sight, and deposit it where its emanating gases and germs will perform the natural functions of dissolution, without coming into contact with any of the air or water which man is compelled to breathe or use.

It is only among the civilized Caucasians, and in their densely populated cities, that these obviously necessary sanitary measures are disregarded, and men, women, and children are forced to drink the deadly and disgusting water obtained from wells within a city.

Many of the open privies, earth closets, water closets, and leaky house-drains and sewers, discharge their contents into the adjacent soils, and the water from the next rain percolating through this filthy soil, becomes contaminated with it, and flows on to the nearest well.

If a deep well is sunk through the upper porous soil and one or more layers of clay, the smooth exterior surface of the iron pipes offers a ready conduit to the contaminated water, which will then enter the pipe at the bottom of the deepest well and poison the whole supply therefrom.

I have been informed, and have observed, that a great many of the sewers of the city have been very badly constructed, of loose, porous brick masonry of inadequate thickness, laid up with common mortar of very bad quality, and that these sewers leak into the adjacent soil a considerable amount of their contents. So far as this leakage occurs, it is a terrible source of corruption to any contiguous wells of water.

The enteric fevers and zymotic diseases, which prevail to so frightful an extent in many of our American cities, have been traced directly to the use of water from wells which have been polluted by the admixture of sewage matter and drainage therefrom.

The chemical analyses of the waters from many of the old, long used wells in European cities, and from those formerly in use in some of the American cities (some of which yet continue), show how foul and corrupt all such sources must be under the similar conditions which, we have endeavored to demonstrate, must exist in almost every well, shallow or deep, to which now or hereafter a resort is had for any portion of the supply for domestic uses.*

Samples of the water from some of the so-called artesian wells, from which more or less of the supply is obtained at the larger hotels, and at other places, are herewith submitted, and also of the same waters to which some simple reactions have been applied (which any gentleman may repeat), which show some of the ingredients that are always to be found mixed with all of the waters from such sources. These simple experiments confirm what has been before stated, viz: That even these deep wells, which are supposed to be the most pure which can be found, are utterly unfit for domestic uses.

Experienced analytical chemists will determine the exact quantity of each of these deadly or unwholesome ingredients in these well waters, but even their best efforts, though generally successful, do sometimes fail to detect those more minute germs which convey the most deadly diseases to people who are compelled to use them.

It is refreshing to turn from these disgusting considerations of the foul water, which all city wells must necessarily furnish, to those comparatively pure ones, some of which are in easy reach, and others more remote from your city.

The geology of the Peninsula and that of the Diablo Coast Range of mountains shows that their rocks are chiefly of sandstone and slate, often metamorphosed by igneous action; and some veins of the same rocks, and also of limestone and granite, which have not been changed. Wherever the earth overlies these rocks, or is found in the contiguous valleys, it has been formed from their disintegration.

The character of the water which falls upon the bare rocks or their earth covering, or of that which flows over or through the soil of the hill slopes and valleys, will be determined by ascertaining the character of the soluble constituents of these rocks and earth, and of the extent of the decaying vegetable and animal matter upon or within them.

The steep slopes of the water-shed will prevent the pure falling rain water from contact with the rocks, and especially the metamorphosed ones, long enough to dissolve and absorb much mineral matter from them, and in fact almost nothing that will make it unwholesome. It may be rendered a little harder, but not at all injurious for potatoes.

The water-sheds above referred to are covered with a scanty growth of grass, bushes, and in the ravines of trees. The grasses and foliage of such districts decay during midsummer, and the gases of decomposition will have been driven off before the autumnal rains commence; hence the falling rain water has but little, if any, decayed vegetable matter to come in contact with, and must flow off with almost no vegetable contamination.

Animal life, even of minute and ephemeral character, can not exist to any considerable extent when thus deprived of vegetable food, and it is, therefore, to be found only in small quantity upon these water-sheds, and, by its necessary death and gaseous exhalation in midsummer, can not possibly sensibly affect the waters which subsequently flow off from these sheds.

We then have a source of water which is comparatively free from the contaminations of the mineral and earthy salts, and from vegetable and animal effete matter, and it must therefore be pure and of the best quality for domestic purposes; indeed its quality is, and must necessarily remain, superior to that which is supplied to any other city within my range of observation.

This characteristic of the quality of water applies equally to that which may be derived from the elevated portion of the Peninsula, of the Coast range, and as far as two hasty trips have enabled me to judge, to the slopes of the Sierra Nevada.

Hence I can confidently state that the waters, which each of the schemes before mentioned will furnish (except that from common and deep wells in the city), is of a suitable and excellent quality for domestic uses in San Francisco.

FOURTH. The fourth branch of the inquiry is, "The character and extent of the works, and the comparative expense of procuring the requisite quantity of water, of a suitable character for the present and future demands of the city, from each of the feasible sources."

The time allowed for the preparation of this report will not permit me to enter into this part of the investigation with much detail, and I shall be compelled to express myself in more general terms than I would otherwise do.

Before taking up an examination of the several schemes for an efficient supply of water to San Francisco, it may be premised that certain parts of the work must be substantially the same, from whatever source the water is supplied. The water from each of the sources must be received in capacious, elevated reservoirs, so located that water distributed therefrom, while able to furnish the usual nearly equal daily supply, will also be able to answer the sudden demands for the extinguishment of a large conflagration. The distribution pipes in the streets must be of suitable size to accomplish both of these objects.

The expense of constructing distribution reservoirs, and of laying down the street pipes, must, therefore, be substantially the same for each one of the schemes.

It remains, then, to ascertain how the water from each source can be suitably introduced to the distributing reservoirs.

Commencing with the first of the schemes herein mentioned, "the supply from common and deep wells in the city."

A properly arranged system would require a series of wells to be sunk where a contour line, of perhaps thirty feet above the level of tide, would strike the surface of the graded streets. These wells would be placed at such distances apart as to intercept as much as possible of the subterranean flowing waters and not materially interfere with the supply to each other.

A second series of wells, dug on a contour line of greater elevation, would probably be necessary; and in particular places the level of the ground, the condition of the subsoil, and other circumstances, might require some intermediate wells. When these wells are within a reasonable distance of each other, one pumping engine would serve for several.

Receiving reservoirs of considerable capacity would be required to meet the unequal demands for water during the different hours of the day and night and those of the days of the week. Several of the pumping engines could deliver their water into the same reservoir.

It is almost evident, even without a detailed estimate, that the cost of the pumping engines, wells, force-mains, and reservoirs, added to the sum, the interest of which would operate the engines, would be as great for its limited supply of six million of gallons a day as the same quantity of water could be obtained by some of the other schemes.

If the waters of Lake Merced can be freed from vegetation they would probably be rendered of good quality. The quantity which it will furnish has been variously estimated at from five to ten million of gallons a day. It is distant eight miles from the City Hall, with its surface elevated but little above the ocean. To make use of this water it must be pumped over ground three or four hundred feet high, and then conveyed to reservoirs for distribution.

*NOTE.—By a new process the London chemists have analyzed some of the well water in that city, and determined the "germs of sewage" by the quantity of albumenoid ammonia.

These wells contained from one quarter to three parts of these "possible sewage germs" in one million parts of the well waters.

These germs can not be removed by filtering, as they are smaller than even blood globules, and their vitality is not destroyed by boiling the water.

This source would not furnish water sufficient to meet the present demand, and the scheme can only be considered as an adjunct to some one of much larger supply.

The nearest source of water, of a suitable quality and in sufficient quantity to supply the present and future demands of the city, is that from the elevated lands of the Peninsula immediately south of San Francisco. The Spring Valley Water Company has developed this source of supply so far as to demonstrate that a minimum of more than fifteen million of gallons a day can be obtained from their existing works, and thirty million as soon as they shall have completed another of their reservoirs. These works may also be extended so as to increase the daily supply, from the whole Peninsula system, to fifty million of gallons a day.

As these works have been in use many years a description of them may be made very briefly:

There are three large storing reservoirs now in use, having an aggregate capacity for the storage of sixteen thousand seven hundred millions of gallons of the water, which is supplied from the flow-off from twenty-seven and a half square miles.

The water is conducted from these collecting reservoirs, through tunnels and wrought-iron pipes, to seven distributing reservoirs, located on elevated hills throughout the city. These reservoirs will contain more than sixty millions of gallons, one-half of which is in one reservoir, which is three hundred and seventy-five feet above tide; and another of these reservoirs, containing fifteen millions, is two hundred and fifty-three feet above tide. These elevations are sufficient to give an effective head in the highest buildings in the highest parts of the city.

In 1875 there had been laid in the streets one hundred and sixty-seven miles of cast-iron pipes, ranging from twenty-two inches in diameter downward, having a mean area equal to that of a pipe of 8.42 inches interior diameter. The length of the street pipes now laid is about one hundred and seventy-five miles.

The next nearest source of water, of suitable quality and sufficient quantity, is from the Calaveras District, which has already been described in part; a continuation of the description will be as follows:

The water from the Calaveras reservoir would be conveyed through the mountain which forms its western water-shed, by a tunnel two miles long, and then by a line of pipes twenty-one miles long, passing around the head of the Bay of San Francisco to a suitable elevation on the eastern slope of the Peninsula, and along that slope by a conduit and pipes to reservoirs, which would have to be built on elevated places within the city, and distributed throughout the city, as before mentioned.

The comparative expense of introducing water by the Calaveras scheme and the Spring Valley is narrowed down to that of the high reservoir dam, long tunnel, add twenty-one miles of pipes around the bay, in the former; and the cost of the reservoir dams now built and projected in the latter scheme.

The cost of the conduit along the Peninsula slopes, and that of the city reservoirs and distribution pipes, would be alike in both schemes.

Col. Mendell estimates the cost of so much of the above-mentioned works of the Calaveras scheme as enter into the comparison at nearly seven millions of dollars, to bring a daily supply of thirty millions of gallons to the place of junction, beyond which the cost of the two schemes would be equal.

The cost of the already constructed reservoirs and appurtenances of the Spring Valley Works in San Mateo County, and of their enlargement so as to furnish thirty millions daily, is evidently less than this seven millions of dollars which the Calaveras scheme would cost.

Messrs. Schussler, Scowden, and Mendell have investigated schemes for a water supply from the lakes and rivers on the slopes of the Sierra, from Clear Lake and from the San Joaquin, which may be generalized in description, as follows:

From Lake Tahoe on the Sierra Nevada, the water would be conveyed in a canal for fifteen miles, through a tunnel under the Sierra of nearly five miles in length, down the American River twelve miles, again by a canal of sixty miles to a reservoir at Auburn, and then by an iron conduit pipe one hundred and one miles long, passing under the Sacramento River twice, to a reservoir at Carquinez. The conduit would commence with an elevation of 1,326 feet near Auburn, and after descending to the level of tide would again rise to 626 feet elevation at Carquinez. From thence by a conduit pipe twenty-two miles long to Oakland, from which, by a tunnel of five miles under San Francisco Bay, it would be connected with the reservoirs and pipe distribution in the city. The entire length of the artificial work would be 208 miles.

The El Dorado project proposes to take the water of the South Fork of the American River, by a canal forty-five miles in length to Borland, and then by an iron conduit pipe of eighty-two miles in length (passing under the San Joaquin) to Livermore Pass, and continued sixty-four miles to and under a comparatively narrow, shallow channel of the Bay, and down its western shore to the reservoirs in the city. Or if the line is carried around the head of the Bay, the distance will be increased eleven miles. The total length of this line is 191 to 202 miles.

The Mokelumne and Blue Lakes scheme proposes to take the water from the Mokelumne River, by a canal from thirty-eight to fifty-two miles long, and then by a conduit pipe on a line which intersects that above described for the El Dorado scheme, near the San Joaquin River, sixty-two miles to the Livermore Pass, and then following the same route to the city a further distance of sixty-four miles. The total length of the artificial work on this line is from 164 to 189 miles.

There have been some other schemes suggested for obtaining water for the city from other places along the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, but the considerations which will presently be presented will apply equally to all of these sources.

The scheme of a supply from Clear Lake consists of twenty-two and a half miles of canal and ninety-six and a half miles of iron conduit pipe, making a total length of artificial work of 119 miles, passing under the Straits of Carquinez and the Bay of San Francisco.

The scheme of a supply from the San Joaquin River is mainly by an iron conduit pipe of fifty-seven miles to Oakland, and thence by a tunnel under the bay to the city reservoirs and distribution, or by a conduit pipe around the head of the bay sixty-seven miles further, and a second pumping work. The total length of this line would be 124 miles.

Another plan is to pump the water from the San Joaquin River to a reservoir at Livermore pass, and from thence convey it around the head of the bay to the city reservoirs by an iron conduit pipe of eighty-four miles in length.

The general features of these several schemes have been presented in as brief and succinct a manner as possible, so as to enable the expression of opinions upon them in a group, as compared with the two other schemes for obtaining a water supply from the nearest sources, and thus narrow the discussion of the subject as much as possible.

It has been already stated that each of these several sources will furnish water of a suitable quality and in sufficient quantity to supply the present and future demand of the city.

The foregoing description of the plans, routes, etc., for the several last mentioned schemes shows that the hazards of construction, maintenance, and cost are comparatively so great that any further detailed examination of the cost is unnecessary at the present time for the purpose stated.

These brief descriptions show that all of these schemes require much longer lines of canals, pipes, etc.; that they must be carried under one or more navigable water courses, or encounter the largely additional expense of a long detour around the head of the bay; some of them involve the untold and questionable project of a long tunnel under the deep waters of the bay, and others the constant charge for pumping the water. In line, that each one must necessarily be very much more expensive in construction, and more costly and hazardous in maintenance, than the Peninsula and Calaveras schemes.

In regard to all of the schemes, except the combined one of the Spring Valley and Calaveras, it may be stated that to complete them, so as to furnish and properly distribute as much water as can be obtained from the Peninsula system alone, would require an outlay fully double that of the latter, and to furnish a supply equal to the combined quantity which the Peninsula and Calaveras districts are capable of furnishing, by either one of the antagonistic schemes, would cost many times as much.

If we omit from this comparison the hazards attending the construction and maintenance of the necessarily long lines of iron conduits, under excessive pressure and partly submarine, the expense of these conflicting plans alone would preclude their further consideration, in comparison with the evidently simple and practical system of the Spring Valley and Calaveras system.

A NEW ENGLAND MYSTERY.

NEW YORK, December 10, 1878.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Drifting lazily about the hunting grounds of the ancient Puritans, I was happily stranded upon a village that had a mystery—one of those of which Hawthorne has made such artistic use in *The House of the Seven Gables*, and which are not uncommon even in these prosaic days in that favored land settled by the sombre old Fathers of the Past. Relating the story to a philosophic young physician of the modern school of thought, he rather amused me by attributing these anomalies to dyspepsia—a universal New England complaint, induced, as my friend maintains, by two hundred and fifty years of bad cooking under a system whose god is the frying-pan, and salutaris his prophet. My mystery, however, be it stomachic, brain-engendered, or heart-produced, is not haggard and appalling like that of the great novelist, but lovely as an idyllic dream, as you shall presently read. Lili W., the heroine of the story, belongs to the bluest blood of the Mayflower nobility, the Brahmin caste of New England, as Dr. Holmes calls it. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all lawyers of distinction, representatives of their respective towns from time immemorial, and each one, as his portrait testifies, a handsome and stately gentleman of the old school of aristocrats. As the family had inherited wealth for many generations, Lili, a flower-like beauty from babyhood, was brought up in the midst of the utmost culture and refinement. About twenty years of age, this exquisite and gracious creature, in the first flush of her girlhood, withdrew from society, and has remained a recluse ever since. She occupies her time in writing and in correspondence (her letters are said to rival those of Sévigné in wit, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague's in solid sense) with all the great authors of the day. I do not know whether she has published anything or not, but it is certain that if she has her identity is yet to be revealed. When I was in H. the authorship of the "Saxe Holme" stories was attributed to her, and several of the local papers published long and exhaustive articles to prove that she was the writer of them. Now, though the heroes of these stories (which, in spite of their crudity and inconsequence, are strangely fascinating) are just such hand-box, pink-cottony, satin-finished masculine impossibilities as a woman so utterly ignorant of the real world as recluse-like Lili must necessarily be would create, yet her well known integrity and nobleness of character leave no room to doubt the truth of her denial of their authorship. But few of her mother's dearest friends, even, have ever beheld this unique Protestant nun, one of whose innocent and graceful peculiarities is to wear white in both summer and winter. At her late father's funeral many went to the house for the express purpose of seeing the mysterious Lili, but their vulgar curiosity was baffled, for the White Lady of Avenal sat behind her chamber door, and only listened to the service. A glimpse of her snowy vesture was all that these worthy seekers after forbidden knowledge gaped by their effort to look upon the Woman in White. Of course this strange story quite captivated my imagination, and I button-holed every one I met for an explanation of the charming mystery. Said her cousin, whom I cross-questioned until life must have been a burden to her: "Although I have lived here for the last twelve years, I know my cousin Lili only as a lovely voice. The 'honey of her music tones' floats up from the hall below in a jubilant 'Good morning,' for she seems always to be happy, or a merry 'Good night,' and with these I must be content, for I have never been cunning enough to catch sight of her." One day a dear friend of her father's, whom she has known from childhood, and whom she has never refused to see, obtained her consent to meet his daughter. The latter, who was quite dazed with her fascinations, described her to me as a beautiful woman, looking about twenty-five years of age, of slender and delicate proportions, with a wild-rose color on cheek and lip, forehead and throat cream-white; bronze-brown eyes, unspeakably tender and loving; and that Titianesque hair, beside which all other tints seem so poor and mean. Her voice—by all accounts—is the most remarkable thing about her. Perhaps it is because, like Echo, she is never seen, that so many persons declare it to be—

"Better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said."

With the above meagre sketch I had to be satisfied, and I left her in the seclusion of her beautiful home, worshipped by her mother and sister, petted and courted by the poets and writers of the day, and a lovely and adorable mystery to the people among whom she was born.

E. O. N. E.

Perhaps this little cube so smooth and white,
Like polished ivory, used to gaily dwell
Upon some queenly, shy, and spirituelle
Diana-like creature, who would cause delight
To thrill her food "Sir Romeo," and, at night,
His visions gild with sunshine. Who can tell
But that you belonged unto some pensive L.
E. L. of chaste poetic appetite?

Perchance you've rubbed against some flower-bell
In some bright garden's solitudes of musk,
Where humming-bird his iris plumage preens.
But, anyhow, was found, I know full well,
When Artemis dispels the dreamful dusk,
You'll slily peep from a dish of gold-brown beans.

"Ah, by George," groaned young Mr. Lethered, sinking wearily into an office chair, "ah, by George, my head aches fearfully." "Possible?" asked his employer, old Mr. Hardfax, with a look of curious interest and sympathy. "Possible? Something must have got into it." And then for a long time nobody said anything, and the room seemed to grow about fifteen degrees colder.

There was a young woman of Worcester,
She petted an old Shanghai rooster;
When asked what indorchester
To fondle the rooster,
She blushed, for the question conforchester.

A New Hampshire man got up to light a lamp and fell dead. Our readers will bear witness that we have always pointed out that this getting up at night is a man's wife's business. Behold the terrible justification of our course!

Advice to the gas companies (easier given than taken) apropos of the electric light: Don't be put out by it.

The family which makes a big show at a funeral is the first to put up a cheap tombstone.

CUT THIS OUT.
A GRAND OFFER!
SILVERWARE FREE FOR ALL

The Old Reliable ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., whose Metropolitan Headquarters are located at 258 and 260 Broadway, New York City, and Factory at Providence, R. I., have determined to introduce goods of their manufacture in every city and hamlet in the United States and Canada. To do this, we will present to each lady reader of this paper a set of four COIN PLATED SILVER SPOONS, with your last name or initials elegantly engraved on each spoon, the only charge will be 75 cents to defray expense of engraving name, packing and express charges. To avail yourself of this grand holiday offer, it will be necessary to cut out the attached Certificate No. 240, and forward it with 75 cents on or before March 1st, 1879, to the Royal Manufacturing Co., New York.

CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.

It will not appear in this paper again.

On receipt of this Certificate, together with seventy-five cents in Currency, Silver or Postage Stamps we agree to hand each lady reader a set of four COIN PLATED SILVER SPOONS, with your last name or initials elegantly engraved on each spoon, the only charge will be 75 cents to defray expense of engraving name, packing and express charges. To avail yourself of this grand holiday offer, it will be necessary to cut out the attached Certificate No. 240, and forward it with 75 cents on or before March 1st, 1879, to the Royal Manufacturing Co., New York.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, N. Y.

We claim for our Silver Plated Ware that for durability and elegance of design we can not be excelled. We first handle plate with nickel—the hardest white metal known—and then follow with a plating of pure Coin Silver, thus making the most durable plate yet discovered, and you will find by every daily use, this quality and design of five spoons will cost you only \$1.50 per set, without your name engraved thereon. On each and every article of our Table Cutlery our name is stamped and we have our design copyrighted, thus preventing irresponsible and unscrupulous dealers and advertisers from peddling an article of our manufacture at a low price. In addition each spoon is a crown with the word ROYAL in the hand, and on the reverse side R. M. Co. is stamped. In addition to the above offer should you wish to order Knives, Forks or Table spoons of the same time you order Tea Spoons we will furnish any article or all of them at the following reduced prices, and prepay all shipping charges, viz.: 6 Solid Steel Knives, blade and handle one solid piece, best steel covered with a heavy plating of Nickel and Silver, \$1.75; 6 Forks, 50 cents; 6 Table Spoons, \$1.25; or total for Knives, Forks, Tea and Table Spoons, \$4.65. The Table Spoons and Forks are of the same design and of the same quality as the Tea Spoons, and will be engraved without extra cost, the Knives being of steel will not be engraved.

Remember we do not stamp your name, but have experienced workmen engrave your last name in full on each article as desired. We will not furnish any of the above goods at prices named unless accompanied by the above Certificate, as we only wish to send out a limited quantity as an advertisement, well knowing in any family we place our Table Ware it will be a standing advertisement for the sale of our other goods, a catalogue of which is mailed with each shipment.

As to our reliability we quote the following from our New York papers, and refer you to any responsible house in this city.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, is one of the most reliable, enterprising and reasonable houses of this city."—*Colonial American Farmer*, R. Y., April 18, 1878.

"The Royal Manufacturing Co., of this city have sustained a well earned reputation for reliability by sending out goods guaranteed to be exactly as represented, and by this means purchasers get only the best goods at more reasonable prices than large dealers pay by wholesale."—*Editorial Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, April 13, 1878.

"A representative of our paper was shown through the establishment of the Royal Manufacturing Co., 258 and 260 Broadway, and was surprised at the handsome character of the goods sent at such extraordinary low prices."—*The Independent*, R. Y., June 23, 1878.

In ordering give full instructions how you wish your name engraved, and write your name plain and in full. If an express office is not in your town, we will send by mail. Postage stamps will be received at their face value. All letters ordering Silverware must be addressed to the

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., 258 Broadway, New York.

GEO. W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

UNION IRON WORKS

(Founded 1846.) Post Office Box 2128.

COR. FIRST AND MISSION STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCOMANUFACTURERS OF
Compressed Engines,
Air Compressors,
Rock Drills,
Portable Hoisting Engines,
Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers,
Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE.

Direct-acting Pumping and Hoisting Engines,
Upright and Stationary Engines,
Quartz Crushing and Amalgamating Machinery,
Blake's Rock Breakers,
Smelting Furnaces,
Quicksilver Pumps,
Chloroziding Furnaces,
Cornish Pumps,
All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.

PRESCOTT, SCOTT & CO.

MULLER'S
OPTOMETER!
The only reliable instrument for Testing
Defective Vision.135 Montgomery Street,
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental
Hotel.

OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA
Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 26, 1878.—
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 23 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, on Wednesday, January fifteenth, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 4th until January 17th.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
stockholders of the Sierra Nevada Silver Mining Company, for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be properly brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, Room 47 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of January, 1879, at one o'clock P. M. Transfer books will be closed on Wednesday, January 8th, 1879, until after the meeting.

San Francisco, December 27th, 1878.

W. W. STETSON, Secretary.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 14th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, California.

ARIZONA SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Unionville, Humboldt County, State of Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth (9th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the third (3rd) day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

THE DEL REY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver City, Lyon County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the 11th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary or Treasurer, at the office of the Company, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

SAM'L A. CHAPIN, Secretary.

Office—No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourth (4th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar per share, was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the seventh (7th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

E. E. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

S. MAGGIE WHEELER, plaintiff, vs. GIRARD B. H. WHEELER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to GIRARD B. H. WHEELER, defendant:

You are hereby notified that in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—your judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of failure to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life, and extreme cruelty, as said plaintiff, by her complaint, and that the said plaintiff is allowed to resume her maiden name, to wit: S. Maggie Saunders, as will more fully appear in the plaintiff's complaint herein, to which reference is hereunto expressly made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL.) By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
TILDEN & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital \$200,000
Assets exceed 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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FERD. K. RULE Secretary.

I. G. GARDNER General Agent.

COMMERCIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS \$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IYERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth (15th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTHA A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant.

You are hereby notified that in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—your judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL.) By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby notified that in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—your judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL.) By J. H. PICHENS, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Every one of our readers should carefully peruse the advertisement of the Royal Manufacturing Co., of New York, which appears for the first time in our issue of this date. The goods will speak for themselves, while the responsibility of the firm is vouched for by the editorial indorsements.

The finest work at lowest prices at Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street.

Great reduction in photographs at Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street.

Decker Bro.'s Pianos, the leading piano of the world, at Kohler & Chase's, 137 and 139 Post St.

Children's pictures a specialty at Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street.

Try E. H. Hubbard's Parisian Cream for the complexion. 923 Market Street.

The finest candies in the city are to be had at the Clarendon, 213 Kearny Street, of Love & Goldstein. Try them.

The finest French and purest home-made candies found at Vogley's, 915 Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

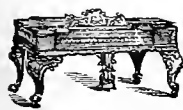
31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

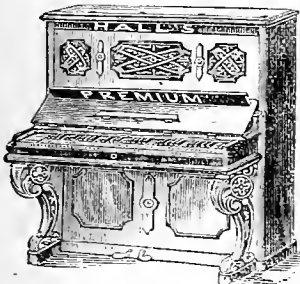


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PIANOS**

Grand, Square, and Upright.

BEST STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC.

BANCROFT, KNIGHT & Co.,
733 MARKET STREET.



PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



RARE ENGRAVINGS

MODERN FRENCH ETCHINGS.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF THE best Proof Engravings and Etchings always on hand. Rare Engravings procured. All interested in Art are welcome to inspect collection either as visitors or purchasers. W. K. VICKERY, 22 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—FRANCO.

American Savings Bank, 214 Bush Street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1878, a dividend has been declared at the rate of seven and two-tenths (7 2-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and six (6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of Federal tax, payable on and after January 15, 1879. A. COMTE, Jr., Manager. L. BRAND, Secretary.



**PACIFIC BUSINESS
COLLEGE,**
320 POST STREET,
San Francisco.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHAS. E. LOCKE, PROPRIETOR.

A Short Season of Genuine Negro Minstrelsy, commencing Monday, Evening, Jan. 6. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Mr. J. H. HAVERLY has the pleasure of announcing his recent acquisition, and their first appearance in San Francisco of the famous, original, and popular Eastern

"It is gratifying to see that no imputation is brought against them of presenting anything offensive to the eye or ear."
Hon. Wm. Lloyd Garrison

Troupe of Genuine Negroes,

Known during the past 13 years as

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS!

Comprising a skilled and efficient, varied and artistic corps of the best Southern Negro talent, who unite to the naturalness and spontaneity of their humor the skill and culture which come from years of thorough training and constant experience.

Uproarious!
Original!
Unrivalled!

Six End Men.
Six End Men.
Six End Men.

Twenty Artists.
Twenty Artists.
Twenty Artists.

Characteristic!
Refined!
Irresistible!

ORGANIZED THIRTEEN YEARS.

Forming a characteristic and rollicking entertainment, greatly varied in many particulars from the customary Minstrel performances, a mirth abounding budget of

UPROARIOUS PLANTATION SKETCHES,
INIMITABLE SLAVE-LIFE MELODIES,
UNEQUALED NEGRO DIVERSIONS,
ROLICKING LEVEE ABSURDITIES,
CAMP-MEETING VARIETIES.

Characteristic Flat-boat Pastimes, Side-splitting Barnyard Echoes, Exquisite and Marvelous Banjo Performances, Artistic Song and Dance Duets and Quartets, Phenomenal Vocal Effects, Burlesque Jig and Plantation Dances, etc., showing the Darks as he is at home, in a spirited and truthful display of

GENUINE NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Seats secured at the box office. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M.

J. H. HAVERLY, PROPRIETOR. DANIEL AND GUSTAVE FROHMAN, MANAGERS.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

CALIFORNIA SPOOL SILK.

The Extra 100 Yards. Quarter Ounce. Ounce Spools. Embroidery Silks.

THE BEST IN USE.

Manufactured in San Francisco, supporting over 100 white women and girls. Sold by all first-class dealers.

MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS.

IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY of finish, and durability of polish, they are every way superior to slabs of marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

ENAMELED GRATES.

FRENCH COOKING

RANGES

All sizes, suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Families, and Boarding-Houses.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

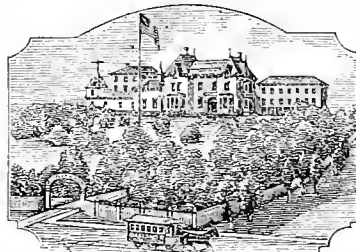
NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

922 POST STREET.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S FRENCH,
German, and English Institute for Young Ladies—
with
KINDERGARTEN

For children from three to six years of age.
The next term of this well known Institute (established since 1853) will commence on MONDAY, January 6th, 1879. For catalogue and particulars, address
MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY



ACADEMY.

The next term will commence January 2, 1879.

REV. DAVID MCCLURE, PH. D., Principal, Oakland, Cal.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.
TREASURER.....C. S. WALTON.

This (Saturday) afternoon, Jan. 4th, grand Ladies Matinee.

LAST MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M.

MR. JOSH HART

And his
NOVELTY COMPANY.

This (Saturday) evening, January 4, last night but one of

THE WHITE CROOK.

Monday, January 6, reappearance of the great favorites,

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY,

In Byron's fascinating musical burlesque,

BABES IN THE WOOD,
Or WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN? With all its wealth of fun and merriment.

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Immense success of the grand musical, military, dramatic, and spectacular Christmas piece,

NOT GUILTY.

The whole of the GREAT COMPANY in the cast.

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In active preparation, the last London success, the

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HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.

Monday Evening, January 6th, last nights of Mr. and Mrs.

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THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

Last Nights of Hon. Bardwell Slote.
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Entire Change of Toilets.

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Mr. Florence in his great character of OBENREIZER.

Seats may now be secured.



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The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

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MILLINERY GOODS,

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In the city.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—San Francisco

Savings Union, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with December 31, 1878, a dividend has been declared at the rate of seven and two-tenths (7 2-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and six (6) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of Federal tax, payable on and after January 15, 1879. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

December 28, 1878.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—The German

Savings and Loan Society.—For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of seven and one-half (7 1-2) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of six and one-fourth (6 1-4) per cent. per annum, free from Federal taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of January, 1879. By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary. San Francisco, December 31, 1878.

The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 11, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

All Christmas day we spent with Theodore S. Hittell, gossiping of the olden time, recalling the history of thirty years in San Francisco—a history in which we have taken an active part, and in nearly all the incidents of which we have participated. Listening to his recital and hearing his version, sometimes approving, sometimes dissenting, we smoked our meerschaum, he running on through five hundred pages of narrative in detail of San Franciscan and Californian events. Thirty years, from boyhood to manhood, and during that time we have seen a village so insignificant that it had scarce a mention on the map, grow till it became a leading centre of population, commerce, industry, wealth, luxury, and of intellectual, political, and financial activity. We have seen the indigenous chaparral give way to tents, these to cloth-lined wooden buildings, and these to public and private palaces that rival the houses of European princes. We have seen all the stirring scenes of insurrection in favor of the law, and have taken a part in the time when rebellion in favor of authority overthrew organized crime, and brought order out of social chaos. We have seen the sand dunes upon the barren shores of the Pacific give place to a great commercial emporium that pushed itself into the waters of the bay, and built a thousand houses and miles of streets upon piles, rivaling the exploits of Venice and Amsterdam. We have seen the development of a mining industry that lifted rivers from their beds, washed away the towering hills, followed up and cleaned out the channels of the immense streams of an ancient geological era. Of this we have been a part; with pick, pan, rocker, and shovel, on foot trudging wearily, on mule back, proudly on mountain coach—just as the sack of hard-earned gold-dust was plethoric or scant. We have climbed the hills and crossed the valleys—a pioneer of two States—searching for gold in California, for silver in Nevada. We have seen laid the foundation of two prosperous commonwealths. We have aided to lay their foundations and to erect the superstructures, and in all the wild commotions, and in all the struggles of physical force or popular opinion, we have taken a part, and never an uncertain one—sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but always earnest and always honest. When the historian of this era—this, to us, heroic period—comes and sits with us in our library of a Christmas day, he recalls—in the language we have borrowed—all these memories of our active life, all these stirring incidents of times that have been the romance of our existence.

California is to us "God's country," San Francisco is the Holy City, the city of refuge, the State and city we have aided to build. The soil of our State is sacred to us—sacred in the sense in which the Ganges and the Nile valleys, Jerusalem, Rome, and Nauvoo, are sacred—and, still listening, why should we not be proud of it? The commerce, the wealth, the literature, and the art of San Francisco; the hydraulic washings and quartz mines of the Sierra Nevada; the quicksilver furnaces of the coast range; the borax deposits of the inclosed basin east of the Snowy Mountains; the wheat fields of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; the orange and olive groves of the southern coast; the sub-tropical valleys, the semi-frigid Californian Alps; the even, cool climate of our middle coast; a thousand precious mineral springs of various qualities, adapted to cure a hundred different phases of disease; an exemption from the influences which lead to the spread of many of the most formidable epidemics elsewhere, and the possession of remarkable advantages for sanitary purposes by large districts—these form an aggregate sufficient to stimulate the pride of all pioneers. To these natural advantages we have added by the works of our hands and our brains; we have laid broad and deep, and we believe enduring, the foundations of two great, prosperous, and progressive States that shall survive as long as intelligence, strength, and manly valor can give permanence to government.

So long as Mr. Hittell confined himself to the Indian and Mission era we were perforce silent, for of these times we were not. Of Drake and Visciano, and old Padre Junipero Serra, of savage life and Mission labors, we deferred to his superior knowledge, and in this recognized that superior industry and research that makes such men as Mr. Hittell indispensable to idle men like ourselves, who will not search through musty archives if history were never written. We

accepted with unquestioning confidence his narrative of the earlier days of the Bear flag, of the final transformation of California from under Mexican to American rule, and of the early discovery of gold by Marshall in the tail-race of Sutter's saw-mill at Colusa, in El Dorado County. When he came to narrate the incoming overland immigration across the plains in 1849, we pricked our ears with critical interest. We were one of that innumerable caravan that dared the dangers of the trans-continental trip. Pushing out from the frontier of Missouri, at Independence we lost sight of land, entered upon the limitless ocean of grass, and navigated our way on muleback across the prairie from which the sun arose in the morning and into which it went down at night. We arrived at the tail end of the village era just in the early morning of the golden era. We were of the eager, ambitious, anxious throng that, with blankets, rocker, frying-pan, and grub, prospected mountain gulches for gold, worked placer ravines, sought for the sources of gold at the sources of rivers; camped from January till July upon the north fork of the Yuba for the waters to decline that we might get shovelfuls of dust from the river bed; lived in a tent of boughs all through the winter; did our own washing, cooked our own beans and slap-jacks, and toiled from morning to night, never dreaming that if we were idle, shiftless, and drunken the time would come when, by organizing against the industrious and successful, we could compel him to divide his earnings and savings with us.

After a year of mining we came to San Francisco, and when the great awkward arms of the signal on Telegraph Hill flung themselves upward from the skeleton frame, we joined the whole population of San Francisco in a race to the beach, to give a welcome to ships and steamers bringing us news, friends, and a welcome addition to our population. Of an early municipal government we were the attorney, turned out by a Democratic election trick. We rejoiced at the admission of California to the Union, took part in the great procession, saw the great fires. We fought the Vigilance Committee of 1851 and 1856, knew Walker and his band of filibusters, and helped Hicks Graham to shoot him in a duel. We knew Harry Meigs, his crimes, and his flight; knew James King of William and Casey, and think Cora was the victim of a heedless, unthinking mob, and that his killing of Marshal Richardson was justifiable, and in self-defense against a bold, reckless, bloody-minded desperado. In taking his life the Vigilance Committee was guilty of murder, the crime only lacking the element of guilty intent. The trial of Burdue, and his mistaken identity for the murderer Stuart, was a crime; it was only accidental that it was not a cruel tragedy, and Mr. Hittell is inexact when he says that the Vigilance Committee saved him from execution by the authorities. Burdue was indebted to B. F. Washington and the writer of this article that he was not an innocent victim of mob violence. It is too late now to question the results flowing from the Vigilance Committee, and it is too late to apologize for a movement that was of questionable necessity, and that never ought to be presented as an example for the guidance of new communities.

We pass hastily along an exciting period of our early times, giving Mr. Hittell credit for a faithful and usually a fair recital of events of which we believe he had but little personal knowledge. His descriptions of the expeditions of Gaston de Raousset Boulbon, of Walker, and of Crabb, are correct. His narrative of political events from the time of Broderick's first advent are mainly correct, colored, we think, with a strong bias against Mr. Broderick, amounting in one or two cases almost to a misrepresentation of the character, conduct, and motives of a man who did much to mould public opinion in this State, and who did more than any other person to give to our politics emancipation from dangerous plottings of ambitious, reckless, and we then believed unprincipled politicians, who were working in the interest of Southern slavery. It is too soon to write the biography of David C. Broderick; his life was too active, his resentments too strong, he punished his enemies too severely, his triumphs were too complete, and the defeat of his opponents was too overwhelming, to permit any one to do justice to the memory of Mr. Broderick so long as they live. In our judgment Mr. Hittell has not done him justice. Then comes the war with all its excitements; California was too far from the theatre of action to take an active part. The part it did take was exceedingly creditable to it; and there is an interesting

chapter of secret intrigue and plotting on the part of Southern-born sympathizers to take California out of the Union, which Mr. Hittell either does not know, or perhaps thinks its telling would be premature at this time when so many of the conspirators are living and so many of them are still among us. Had Mr. Broderick lived he would have taken a prominent part in national politics—a patriotic, fearless part—and in our judgment it would have been creditable to him; his death at the hands of Judge David S. Terry was a great, and we think irreparable, loss to our State. His death seems the more cruel at this time, when Judge Terry seeks prominence in a Constitutional Convention, as a leader of the worst and meanest element of a class that Mr. Broderick obtained discredit for controlling. As for Senator Gwin and his party associates, we feel the same embarrassment in undertaking to criticise them as caused the historian to speak lightly of their political offenses: they still live.

The earthquake of 1865, the ruin of the Republican party by Gorham, the diamond fraud, the Goat Island blunder, the death of Ralston, the failure of the Bank of California, the Virginia fire, the dry winter, the hard times, and the advent of Kearney, are all calamities within the recollection of the present generation. The discovery of silver in Washoe, the building of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads, the Belcher, Savage, and Consolidated Virginia bonanzas, the establishment of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, the financial career of Messrs. Flood, O'Brien, Mackey, and Fair, the building of palaces on Nob Hill, are all events too recent to come fairly within the domain of history. All these events had necessarily to be discussed by Mr. Hittell in bringing the story of our city down to the centennial period, and we must admit that he has treated them with intelligence, candor, and fairness. His book is a success. He has, as a rule, dealt kindly with the dead, and has been guilty only of suppressing some ugly facts in the career of the living. It is a well performed and conscientiously executed task, and one that was not without its serious embarrassments. Every old Californian and pioneer who has lived through the village era, the golden era, the golden era in decline, the silver era, down to the era of the ARGONAUT, who peruses Mr. Hittell's history of San Francisco, will thank him for a duty well performed. The book is handsomely gotten up by Bancroft & Co., and should be in every gentleman's library, especially so, as we understand the proceeds of the sale in some way go to our city charities.

We would think the *Bulletin-Call-Chronicle* libel case a bad-smelling sausage of many links if we were compelled to read it. It is a controversy to the discussion of which long columns of editorials and testimony in three leading journals are devoted, and one about which no living soul outside the parties involved takes the least interest; a fight that no one cares who wins; a contest that involves no principle, and out of which will come no results. Did the *Chronicle* proprietors endeavor to prevent themselves from being indicted? This seems to be one of the important questions. No man ever lived in the world, guilty or innocent, who would not endeavor to prevent a criminal presentation against himself, law or no law. The money expended for lawyers, for witnesses, traveling expenses, and hotel bills, for court expenses, for reporters, and printer's ink, might much better be laid out by these journals in bettering the character of their newspapers. A curious feature of this newspaper business is that the proprietors seem to take pride in being indicted for libel, in suing and abusing each other, and appear to regard the notoriety of these contests as akin to fame. They seem ambitious to give publicity to each nauseous detail (reminding us of Judge Baldwin's story), taking pride in that which would mortify and humiliate other and better men. No merchant, no professional or business man in this community, having so many indictments brought against him, so many actions of a quasi criminal nature, or who was so constantly engaged in offensive and criminatory law suits, would be regarded as respectable. In this respect the conduct of Messrs. Pickering, Fitch, and Charles and Michael de Young is offensive. That they as editors enjoy an opportunity to flaunt their personal growls in the face of the community makes their crime the greater. Either they ought to desist from creating these unpleasant and malodorous sights and smells, or their papers should be abated as nuisances at common law.

A SINGED CAT.

By E. H. Clough.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

With these words of farewell, Tom drove the spurs into the sides of his mustang and dashed up the road. Those whom he left did not say much after Tom had gone, but busied themselves with the simple preparations for the funeral. Everything was ready for the last, sad rites, and Hiram had brought a light spring wagon to the front door, as the undertaker drove his black-covered wagon through the gate.

Several neighbors arrived, and a Methodist minister, who had been sent for at the request of the mother, said the last and only prayers ever offered for Silas Inch. Then the coffin was closed, and the sister dropped a few wild flowers upon the cover—fit emblems of the life of her brother. The mother wept piteously, and the tears ran down the deep furrows of her sorrow-stricken face, and fell upon the bosom that had pillowed her lost boy's head in the far away, unconscious days of his infancy before the black clouds of reckless manhood lowered over his life.

The little train was slowly passing out of the front yard when half a dozen mounted men, headed by the Sheriff of the county, dashed up to the fence and dismounted. Drawing their revolvers they advanced upon the procession, and surrounding the wagon upon which Hiram was seated, the Sheriff ordered him to alight.

"I guess I'll have a chance to git even with the Singed Cat this time," was the exultant remark of Swingle, who stood close behind his superior.

Hiram obeyed the command of the Sheriff without a word, and was immediately handcuffed by the officious Swingle. He was then searched, and placed upon a spare horse. Mrs. Inch was so absorbed with her own great grief that she did not notice the rapid movements of her husband's captors until Inch said:

"Good-bye, ol' woman; bury the boy an' come down to the jail."

Then she looked up, but her eye betrayed no more emotion than if nothing unusual was happening—her spirit seemed broken by an overwhelming sorrow. She only asked:

"What're yer took up fur?"

"Highway robbery," replied Swingle; "stopped the stage two nights ago right here at this door. He's in fur it now, you bet."

The Sheriff ordered his men to mount, and the two parties separated, the mother to pay a mother's last sad tribute over the grave of her dead son, and the father to enter a prison cell.

XL.—THE CAT ESCAPES AGAIN.

As Hiram Inch lay within the narrow confines of his cell, on the night of his arrest, he made a mental recapitulation of the events of the past few days, and the conclusion he reached was that Staghart had been the cause of all his misfortunes. He had learned from Fogle, who had by some means unknown to Hiram become cognizant of the Bald Mountain conspiracy, that the story told by Ikes was true in every particular. All the circumstances pointed to Staghart as his arch enemy; and he had no doubt whatever that from Staghart emanated the absurd attempt to replevin the coffin in which lay the body of Silas—an attempt made for the sole purpose of harassing and annoying him. While he had been in custody he had learned that the charge upon which he had been arrested was based upon the robbery of the mail stage, which passed through Mammoth City about two o'clock each morning. All that was definitely known in regard to the matter was that two men, one of them very tall and the other considerably shorter, had ordered the driver to halt and throw down the express box. The robbery occurred on the morning that Ikes visited Inch, within an hour after that repentant conspirator left the house. Hiram had no difficulty in tracing his arrest to Staghart, for the latter was on the stage when it was robbed, and had been more active than anybody else in following the clues home to Inch. The result of these reflections was a heartfelt desire for vengeance upon Staghart and Marks. Inch's anger did not extend to Ikes, who he knew had been but a tool in the hands of Staghart. He had good sense enough to understand that Ikes had killed Silas in self-defense, and his prompt revelation of the conspiracy was sufficient to condone all else. During the long hours of the night Hiram meditated, and, as the first light of dawn penetrated the barred window in the wall above him, he arose, and taking the tin dipper in his hand struck the door of the cell with it several times. In a few moments a keeper approached and asked him what he wanted.

"My wife," answered Inch.

"It's too early yet," said the jailer.

"What time ken I see her?" asked Hiram.

"About eight o'clock," replied the keeper.

"Send fur her?" inquired Inch.

"If you want to see her very bad—yes."

"And Fogle?"

"Yes; I s'pose he'll defend you—you go before the Justice this mornin' on your preliminary examination."

A short conversation about the robbery ensued, and the keeper left him.

At eight o'clock Fogle visited him, and a long consultation followed, interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Inch. Having received her husband's instructions in regard to sundry minor matters she left, and until half past nine o'clock Fogle and Inch plotted, devising ways and means of escape for Hiram and revenge upon his enemies.

At half-past nine o'clock Fogle attended the court and obtained a continuance of his client's case until the next morning. This gave both sides an opportunity to gather in all their evidence, and at ten o'clock on the following day the little court-room was crowded. The case of the People vs. Hiram Inch was called, and after the usual preliminaries the prosecution placed their witness on the stand.

The stage-driver swore that he was ordered to halt by two men about two o'clock on the morning in question. Both of these men were masked, and disguised in heavy overcoats and slouched hats. It was dark and raining hard, so that witness could not state positively in regard to any physical characteristics that might have been apparent if there had been any.

All that he was positive about was that one of them was very tall and the other rather short, and that

both of them carried shotguns. "The wust lookin' weepins o' ther kind I ever examined," he explained, at which the crowd laughed heartily.

William Staghart testified that he was in the stage when it was stopped, and corroborated the testimony of the driver in regard to the general appearance of the men. When asked if he could identify the men, he said he thought he could if they were brought before him dressed as they were upon that occasion. An overcoat and a slouch hat were procured and placed upon Inch, and a piece of black cloth hung over his face. Staghart started with well feigned amazement, and declared that the similarity was perfect, or at least it only required the shotgun to render it so, a remark that caused another burst of laughter from the crowd outside the building. He also testified that he had assisted in tracing the perpetrators of the robbery. He had taken the trouble to return to the scene of the crime early on the following morning, postponing his journey and leaving the stage at the first stopping-place. He had carefully measured the tracks in the mud, and knew the size of the boots each man wore. Here he gave the measurements.

"Where did you say you were on the night that this stage was stopped, Mr. Staghart?" asked Fogle.

"On the inside of the stage," replied Staghart.

"What time did you board the stage?"

"About two o'clock."

"Where?"

"In Mammoth City."

"Are you sure that you got on the stage in Mammoth City?"

"Well, not exactly in Mammoth City, but not far from it. I walked out a piece and the driver picked me up."

"Now, Mr. Staghart, don't you think it was rather a curious proceeding on your part to walk out of town in a driving rainstorm, and wait until the stage came along to pick you up?"

"I was wrapped up in a heavy overcoat and didn't mind it."

"Oh, you didn't, eh? Mr. Staghart, where were you two hours before you boarded the stage?"

Staghart started, this time with genuine amazement, but the movement was so slight that it escaped the attention of all except Fogle and Inch, both of whom were watching the witness like lynxes.

"Where was I?" asked Staghart.

"Yes, where were you? I think I spoke plain enough," answered Fogle.

"I was at home," replied Staghart.

"At home, eh? Remember, Mr. Staghart, that you are on your oath. Do you swear positively that you were at home two hours before you got into that stage?"

"I do."

"That will do; step down."

The next witness called was Phineas Dodd, a shoemaker. This witness testified that he made the boots worn by the tall robber. He was positive on this point, because they were unusually large, and having viewed the tracks in the mud at the instance of the Sheriff, knew them as his own manufacture on account of their configuration, and the manner in which the heavy nails had been arranged in the soles. He had made the boots to order for Hiram Inch, the prisoner at the bar. Fogle did not question this witness at all, but asked permission to recall the driver of the stage. The request was granted, and the lawyer examined him upon when, where, and how he received Staghart as a passenger, and as every question was objected to by the prosecuting attorney as "irrelevant," and on the grounds that Staghart was not on trial, gained, by counter argument, all the time which he found necessary for the safe arrival of a certain important witness.

The prosecution called the Sheriff, who corroborated the testimony of Staghart and the shoemaker in regard to the tracks in the mud. He also detailed the circumstances of the arrest.

Fogle only asked this witness a few unimportant but somewhat sarcastic questions in regard to whether "this desperate highwayman, only just recovering from a severe gun shot wound, did not make a stubborn resistance when arrested?"

Three physicians were placed on the stand by the prosecution to prove that Inch's wounds were not of such a character as to prevent his being present or assisting at a stage robbery, especially as it occurred within half a mile of his own door.

The prosecution rested at this point, and Fogle called Levi Marks. Nobody was more surprised at this summons than Levi himself, and he mounted the stand trembling with fear.

"Where were you on the night that this stage was robbed, Mr. Marks?" asked Fogle.

"Vere vash I? Shacob und Aberam! I vash mit mine own houses ashleep mit mine own pets, so helup me Moshes."

"How long had you been asleep at the time the stage was robbed, Mr. Marks?"

"Mine Got, Mishter Fogle, you don't make out dot I vash shtael dem stage monish?"

"I didn't say you stole the 'stage monish,' Mr. Marks. I asked you how long you had been asleep at the time the stage was robbed—it occurred about two o'clock, I believe."

"How vash I tole you dot? You shose I vash count der hours und keep mine eyes shut too?"

"Don't equivocate, Mr. Marks, but answer my question."

Here the prosecution objected, failing to perceive the relevancy of the examination. This objection called forth some more sarcastic remarks from Fogle in regard to the witness being his and his right to proceed with the examination as he saw fit.

The objection was overruled by the Court and the question was repeated. Marks finally said that he did not know how long he had been asleep, but supposed that he fell asleep immediately after going to bed, which important circumstance occurred at about half past nine or ten o'clock.

"Did you see Mr. Staghart that night?" asked Fogle.

"I object, your Honor," interrupted the Prosecuting Attorney; "I do not see what Mr. Staghart, in connection with Mr. Marks, has got to do with this robbery. Mr. Fogle has certainly failed to elicit anything from this witness tending to show such a condition of fact."

"Your Honor, I wish to show by this witness that Mr. Staghart's testimony is wholly unworthy of belief, under that maxim of law which holds that testimony false in one particular is likely to be false throughout. I wish to show, if I am permitted to do so, that Mr. Staghart was not at home

two hours before he took his seat in the stage, and moreover that he was in the company of this witness under very suspicious circumstances. I will endeavor—"

"How you foun' dot out, Mishter Fogle? So belup me Aberam, I don't haf notings to do mit der gillin' pizness—Ikesy does dot. I fixes der monish pizness." Marks was in a terrible state of mind, and the great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and even ran down, like Aaron's ointment, to his beard.

"There, you're Honor, you see that this witness does know something after all. I propose—"

"Proceed, Mr. Fogle," interrupted the Judge.

"Then you did see Staghart that night?"

"Yesh."

"Where?"

"On der Pald Mount'in."

"When?"

"In der night dimes."

"At what time of the night?"

"Ve vent oop togedder."

"At what time?"

"About den o'clock."

"What time did you separate?"

"About dvelve o'clock. I doid dot Shtaghardt dot dem noishes vash't no bine purrs, und he laffed mit me. I guess he don't laff no more, py shimminy!"

"No, I guess he don't laugh any more, Marks," said Fogle. The prosecution now, prompted by Staghart, used every effort to shake Marks' testimony, but without success.

"There were some others present at this meeting on Bald Mountain on the night of the stage robbery, were there not, Mr. Marks?" asked Fogle, as soon as the prosecution had ceased their cross-examination.

"Yesh. Dere vash dot—"

"You needn't state who the others were, Mr. Marks," interrupted Fogle. "We shall show who they were by other witnesses. There was at least one other person present, wasn't there?"

"Yesh, dere vash dot—"

"Never mind," said Fogle, waving his hand, "step down."

As Marks left the witness stand a tall, brawny young man, dressed in a heavy overcoat and slouch hat, strode into the court-room. Elbowing the spectators roughly aside, he stalked to where Inch and Fogle were sitting. There was a short whispered consultation between the new arrival (whom none of the spectators present remembered to have ever seen before) and Fogle, after which he walked deliberately to the witness stand and was sworn.

"Your name is—" Fogle waited for a reply.

"Tom Inch," answered the witness.

"What is your business, Mr. Inch?"

"Anythin' I ken lay my hands to," was the ambiguous rejoinder of the young man.

"Where were you on the night that the stage from Mammoth City was robbed?"

"Part o' the time in the brush, an' part o' the time on the road."

"What were you doing in the brush?"

"Puttin' up jobs."

"What kind of jobs?"

"Robbin' jobs."

"To rob what?"

"The stage."

"Where were you when you were in the brush?"

"Purty nigh the top o' Bald Mountain."

"Anybody with you?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Him an' him." The witness pointed at Staghart and Marks, and there was a sensation in the court-room.

"Who do you mean by 'him and him'?" said Fogle.

"Be more explicit."

"Bill Staghart and Levi Marks."

"Anybody else?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"I won't tell you."

"Why?"

"Cause he's a white man, an' I don't blow the gaff on white men."

"Were you present at the robbery of the stage?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing there?"

"Holdin' a gun."

"Anybody with you?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"The white man."

"Was this other man tall or short?"

"Short."

"Are those the clothes you wore when you robbed the stage?"

"Them's the duds I hed on w'en I held thet gun."

"That's what I mean. Whose boots did you wear that night?"

"Dad's."

"Whom do you mean by 'dad'?"

"Hiram Inch—the man you folks call the Singed Cat."

"How did you obtain them?"

"Stole 'em. Mine was wore out."

"Who did you say were implicated with you in this robbery?"

"Bill Staghart, Levi Marks, an' the white man."

"How did Staghart aid you?"

"Told us how much ther was in the box."

"And Marks?"

"Furnished the guns."

"How did you divide?"

"Even."

"One-fourth to each man?"

"Yes."

"When did Staghart and Marks receive their share?"

"Staghart tuk his w'en he came back from Kelsey's Flat whar the stage stopped."

"One-fourth?"

"No, one-half. He 'lowed thet he'd give Marksey his sheer w'en he got to town. I don't know w'ether he did or not."

"Are you friendly with your father?"

"No, him an' me's pison."

"Then why did you come here to testify, and in his favor?"

"Cause I'm white, thet's why; an' Bill Staghart's played it too low down in this yer business. He'd no call to hev the ol' man pulled on the grudge he had agin him. Mebbe he thought I'd let him cinch the ol' man 'cause we don't bitch, but he'll slip up on that little game. Ez fer Marksey, he wanted ter seize my dead brother's coffin the other day fer debt, an' egged on a d—d deputy sheriff to insult my mother a doin' it. But I b'lieve thet white-livered skunk, Bill Staghart, 's at the bottom o' the whole bizness, an' mebbe Marksey ain't so much ter blame; but they're runnin' pardons, an' thet settles it ez fur ez I'm concerned."

"Can you prove what you say?" asked Fogle.

"Yes."

"What is your proof?"

"Arrest them two roosters, an' let me turn State's evidence, an' I'll prove it fast enough."

"Take them into custody, Mr. Sheriff, for the present," ordered the Judge; "we'll see about the State's evidence hereafter."

"Now, Inch, what proof have you to offer?" asked Fogle, after Staghart and Marks had been brought forward by the Sheriff.

"Search their houses an' you'll find the swag, I reckon," answered Inch.

"It's a vile conspiracy," shouted Staghart; "I'm innocent as the babe unborn. It's all a devilish plot concocted by that scoundrel there," pointing to Hiram.

"Mine Got, mine rebudations is ruined. Mine Got, how beebles vash lie all der dimes. I vash innohent shust like Mishter Shtaghart," screamed the Jew.

"Mister Sheriff, detail some officer to make a thorough search of the premises occupied by William Staghart and Levi Marks, and if you find any of the stolen property bring it into Court," and the order of the judge was promptly obeyed by an active deputy—Sam Swingle, in fact.

While the officer was absent the prosecution attempted to break down the accusation of Thomas Inch by a rigid cross-examination, but did not succeed, and was still engaged in the hopeless task when Swingle entered bearing in his hands a sack and a box. The box bore the name of William Staghart. Swingle informed the Court that he had found the box in a closet at Staghart's residence, and the bag behind some tobacco boxes in Marks' shop.

"This case requires further investigation," said the Judge. "I remand the parties concerned, including Hiram Inch, William Staghart, and Levi Marks, to the custody of the Sheriff until more evidence is obtained. The court stands adjourned until to-morrow at ten o'clock." And amidst a tumult of excitement, ejaculations, and protestations the prisoners were hurried away.

Fogle was prepared for this move, and by means of a *habeas corpus*, the District Judge, and the testimony of Mrs. Inch, Hiram's daughter, and the deposition of Ikes, succeeded in freeing his client from the clutches of the law, for a short time at least. That night he escaped altogether, for about nine o'clock in the evening a rumor spread through the town (at first vague and doubtful, but finally fully confirmed) that Hiram Inch had closed his last account on earth—that one hour after obtaining his liberty he had been suddenly seized with a fatal sickness, which carried him beyond earthly courts of law and human enemies before medical assistance could be rendered.

As if the good people of Mammoth City had not experienced sensations enough to last them a decade at least, about two o'clock on the morning following the examination of Inch the fire bells rang, and the town sprang to life again expecting to see itself burn down. The crowd of half-dressed men and women, as if by instinct, rushed in the direction of the jail.

Arrived there they ascertained that about half an hour before a dozen of masked men broke into the jail, and before the two keepers could offer any resistance they were overpowered, the keys taken from them, and Tom Inch dragged out of his cell and carried off.

Thinking that Vigilantes had taken the self-confessed highwayman from his place of confinement and executed summary justice upon him, a party scoured the country expecting to find his corpse dangling from some tree. But they were disappointed—they never saw Tom Inch again.

XII.—CORRESPONDENCE.

The next morning the citizens of Mammoth City looked at each other in astonishment. Never since the good old days had the little mountain town experienced such wild and startling sensations. A stage robbery, a shooting affray, the arrest of prominent citizens upon heinous charges, and a jail delivery, all in the short space of a week. As a matter of course speculation was rife, and every gossip, male and female, had his or her theory of the whole transaction or series of transactions. Some held to the belief that Staghart, Inch, Marks, Ikes, and even Fogle, were all concerned at the start in some gigantic scheme of villainy—they intended to steal the town, in all probability, and, having disagreed as to the share which each was to receive, had quarreled, and, as the old adage goes, honest men would get their dues. Just how these conspirators had fallen out, or how the honest citizens were to get their "dues," was not quite so clear. That there had been a clique or combination of cliques there was no doubt whatever, and that the members of these cabals had plotted and schemed against each other was apparent from the recent developments.

Inch dead and Staghart in jail charged with complicity in a stage robbery, the two political conventions must reassemble and nominate new candidates for Sheriff. These nominations were directed as usual by Fogle, although there was a growing suspicion that he was the chief conspirator in the recent events. But as those who were opposed to him could prove nothing satisfactorily against him, they were unable to checkmate his wily machinations.

On the morning after the reported death of Inch, hundreds went to his house to "view the corpse," but most of them were refused admittance by his widow. Only a few quasi friends of the deceased were allowed to see the remains, and although these favored individuals confirmed the report of his death, those who were denied the pleasure of looking at "the Singed Cat without a single life in his carcass" were strenuous in their assertions that it was only "another trick of the old scoundrel."

Hiram's funeral was attended by a large number of the residents of Mammoth City who saw the coffin lowered into the grave, heard the piteous wailing of mother and daughter, and afterward told the whole story to the dapper little insurance agent, who visited the village a second time, to see that everything was regular before paying five thousand dollars to the family of the deceased. He found "everything regular" and the money was handed over to Mrs. Inch, who shortly after sold the rookery and contingent desert for a fair sum, and with her daughter moved away from that locality.

Ikes was not tried for attempting to murder Hiram Inch. The prosecution not appearing to have a strong case the whole matter was thrown out of court by means of a *nolle prosequi*. He proved that he acted in self-defense in the affair with Silas Inch, and a jury acquitted him.

Staghart and Marks were indicted by the Grand Jury, but the cases were continued from time to time, until at last the legal documents pertaining to it were allowed to gather dust in the pigeon-holes of the District Attorney's desk. Some day, perhaps, the case will be tried. No witnesses will appear for the prosecution, and the bondsmen will be released from their responsibilities. As it is, Staghart and Marks are religious in their attendance upon the District Court of the—th Judicial District at each term, carelessly waiting for their cases to be reached and continued.

The following correspondence will probably explain itself:

MAMMOTH CITY, January 19, 18—.

SIMON CALOWELL, ESQ.—Dear Sir:—I have a very important case on hand for March 17th. Could you make it convenient to see me and get the main points, so that you could appear as a witness? You will not have far to travel, as it will be tried in San Bernardino County. All your expenses will be paid. There is big money in it and no danger. Nobody from Mammoth City will be there. Don't fail me if you can possibly be on hand.

Yours, etc.,

HENRY FOGLE.

TUCSON, ARIZONA, February 21, 18—.

HENRY FOGLE, ESQ.:—Engaged to swear on the 18th in a Prescott case. Can't help you. Mighty sorry.

THE SINGED CAT.

Concerning the belief that the spirits of the dead revisit the places familiar to them in life, Mr. Whittier once wrote as follows: "I am not disposed by any means to enter into an argument in behalf of the belief. It does not, however, lack greater and better names than mine in its support. For five thousand years the entire human family have given it credence. It was a part of the wild faith of the Scandinavian worshippers of Odin. It gave a mournful beauty to the battle-songs of the old Erse and Gaelic bards. It shook the stout heart of the ancient Roman. It blended with all the wild and extravagant religions of the East. How touching is that death-scene of Cyrus, as told by Xenophon, when the dying monarch summoned his children about him, entreating them to love one another, and to remember that their father's ghost would be ever at their side, to rejoice with their rejoicing and sorrow with their sorrowing? All nations, all ages, as Cicero justly affirms, have given credit to this ghost doctrine; and this fact alone, Dr. Johnson argues, fully confirms it. The Doctor himself believed in the ghost of Cock Lane. Luther saw, talked, and fought with spirits. Swedenborg made them his familiar acquaintance. Coleridge and his friend, the apostles of the unknown tongues, were spirit-seers. Against so much authority shall we urge the apparently common-sense view of the subject, that the apparition of a disembodied spirit to the sensual organs of sight, hearing, and touch, is a solecism in philosophy—a subversion of all known laws of matter and mind? What will that avail with a man who has actually seen a ghost? Fact before philosophy always. If a man is certain he has seen the thing, there is an end of the matter. Seeing, as the old adage said, is believing. Disbelief under such circumstances would justly subject him to the charge which pious Father Baxter brought against those who doubted in relation to Cotton Mather's witches—'He must be an obstinate Sadducee who questions it.' Doctor Reid says: 'No man can show it to be impossible to the Supreme Being to have given us the power of perceiving external objects without the organ of sense. We have reason to believe that when we put off these bodies and the organs belonging to them, our perceptive powers shall rather be improved than destroyed or impaired.'

The writers of ballad music are always happy in their titles—witness the following which have just appeared at all the music stores: "Darling, slumber while you wake," "I loved thee ere I loved thee," "My fair brunette," "Blow, gentle storms," "List to the noiseless murmur," "Fond memories of days to come," "The silvery winds are beaming," "The forest mermaid," "See, the brimming wine-cup's dry," "Oh, be thy shadow ever bright!" "Saharan boat song," "Oh, ruddier than the lily!" "Tis joy to grieve for thee," "We never met, and now we part," "The babe's farewell to his grandson," "The dumb girl's song," "The gallant fleets of Switzerland," "Now the morning's sun is setting," "Oh, had I wings of a wild gazelle!" "Sweet tresses wreathed in smiles," "Norah, thy closed eyes on me gazing," "In death I'll live for thee," "Oh, play to me the stringless lute!"

The fact that so many fish are dying off the coast of Florida calls to mind the awful prediction of Professor Knapp. From the juxtaposition of certain planets to our earth, he predicts that one-half of the population of the world, including man and all kinds of animals, and even vegetable life, will perish before or during the year 1880. In a lecture delivered several years ago, he said that this desolation would commence by the fishes of the sea dying, and pestilence and famine occurring in more southern latitudes. The famine in China and the yellow fever scourge in the South, and now the fearful pestilence among the fishes in Southern waters, are so many steps in fulfillment of Professor Knapp's prophecies.

A Milford man (says the *Springfield Republican*) stupified by drink and the cold, was found near the Fair Haven Rolling Mill the other night and taken and resuscitated amid the lurid glare of the molten iron and the din of machinery. As he slowly came to and was asked where he belonged, he looked about him in a frightened manner and replied: "Well, when I was on earth I lived in Milford."

AT THE MISSION DOLORES.

Here, on a marble slab, that jointly bears
The dust of ages and their clinging moss,
That quite obliterates the name and dares
To grow and flourish on the carved cross,
I sit and ponder, while the red sun flares,
O'er Saucelito's mountains, and across
The golden gateway to the peaceful sea
Its wondrous shafts of light, shot far and free.

I hear the harmonious voices of the choir,
Swelling or sinking, as they make responses
To Latin matins chanted by the friar
Or droning *Miserere*, which at once is
Replete with sorrow's penitential fire,
Or filled with melodies of old romances.
It fills the Mission's old adobe walls
With sweeter music far than madrigals.

How thick the dust lies on these pioneers!

Like Death, it proves itself a ruthless rider;
On everything alike it still appears,
On ivy leaf or gauze-work of the spider;
On slab, on stone, on tomb or grave, adheres
This stern enveloper, this grim abider;
As though the stern commandment to condemn,
"Return to dust," the dust returns to them.

Sweet songsters carol in the leafy shade
Of laurel bushes or of manzanita,
A charming echo to the music made
By chanting choir or droning Padre Peter.
Dull earth responds, the balmy air is swayed,
The sound of music makes the whole world sweeter,
And here the scene, the solemn place, the time
Make sound triumphant, harmony sublime.

I muse upon the Mission's busy past,

So great a contrast to the idle present;

The adobe walls can not much longer last—

They crumble now, the chapel is senescent;

Its days are numbered and are fleeting fast;

Its old traditions, sorrowful or pleasant,

Slip from the memory far beyond recall,
As yonder lizard slips along the wall.

But these old tablets, nodding each, to each

Shall in the after years their story tell,

In that expressive although voiceless speech,

How much these men accomplished, and how well.

In silent tones these ghostly stones will teach

The solemn lesson, when the brazen bell

Of *Angelus* has stopped its jarring tongue—

When the last vesper service has been sung.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. PERCY VERE.

Apple Blossoms.

I snatched a cluster from the orchard bough,
Rich, fragrant blossoms, "Dearest," low be said,
"Rob not the tree of its fair treasure now:

Wait till its ruddy fruit comes in its stead."

The fair earth slept beneath the moon of May;

I was a girl, and he in manhood's prime.

'Tis said his chestnut locks are tinged with gray,

And my red cheeks have faded since the time.

Ten times hath Autumn lighted up the bills,

And ten times have the blossoms decked the tree;

And now beneath the richly fruited boughs

I tremble wait for him to come to me.

Ah, will he hope to find the sweet May flower,

And mourn the fancy of that bygone hour?

SUISUN, CAL., May, 1878. A. G. C.

Pork and Beans.

Come back, ye well remembered scenes
Of juicy pork and toothsome beans.
When Memory's hand, with loving fingers,
Upon my heart-strings fondly lingers,
I catch the echoes of the lays
That moved our souls in other days,
When first this giant State was born
And gin was fifty cents a horn.
And often by the Yuba's flow
I've watched the crackling embers glow,
And when the flames were leaping hot,
Encircling all the ancient pot,
I've emptied in the luscious bean,
Likewise some pork, a trifle lean,
Like murmurings of distant chimes,
That seem to float from other climes,
Are memories of the long ago,
That rises none divineth where,
And empties, tell us, ye who dare.
We sometimes boiled 'em up with greens.
My friend, please pass the pork and beans.

SAM DAVIS.

John McCullough says there are but three tragic actors in the United States—Booth, Lawrence Barrett, and himself. He says that Booth is an excellent actor, but, like all men who get on the top round of the profession, receives more criticism than he now deserves. "This business of criticism," said he, "is peculiar. There are men now writing me up with sincere enthusiasm who will in a few years hence, if I have better luck, make up their minds that they had better begin to pull me down. That is the only trouble with Edwin Booth. He has had the largest following and the best class of support of any person on the stage, in England or America. It began in his youth, and in his following were scholars, editors, scientific men—all of the very best. He has improved, but, of course, there will be pauses and reactions in every career. It is the same," continued the philosophic McCullough, "with Dion Boucicault, the play writer. I have seen recently a dozen or twenty references to him as played out."

A ruralist seated himself at a restaurant table, recently, and began upon the bill of fare. After keeping three waiters nearly an hour employed in bringing dishes to him, he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh, and whispered, as he spread the bill of fare before him and pointed with his finger: "Mister, I've et to thar, and"—moving his finger down to the bottom of the page—"ef it ain't agin the rule, I'd like to skip from thar to thar."

The Washington *Capital* says: "Mrs. Derby, widow of the famous humorist, Lieutenant Derby, came to Washington some five years since with sixty thousand dollars, all she had in the world. The unfortunate woman, the hands of a real estate broker, and now the inmate of an insane asylum, she and her children are here."

RIDING WITH THE PRIEST.

It was directly after breakfast that I was discovered disconsolate at a window, and Susie hailed me with "Lawks! and didn't you go with the express after all?"

"No," said I, "I didn't. They wouldn't wake me." "Now, that's too bad," said she, with quick sympathy. "Them expressers are as stupid as their own mules, and I always said it." She paused a moment, and then her quick eye brightened. "Father Flaherty's going over the mountain, and you can go—why of course you can go with him. What luck you're in."

"But," I hesitated, "is it just the thing—is it proper, and all that, you know?"

Her face lit up like a blaze, and her two eyes shot flames like volcanoes. "Is it Father Flaherty you're trying to cast suspicions on?" says she. "Indeed, and if you please, I'd sooner trust you with the Father than him with you. It's not you we'll worry about, do you hear now, but it's him." She hurled another look at me and bounced out of the door like an enraged and fluffy chicken, leaving me helplessly floundering about in my mind as to how to recover from this disaster.

The slow morning ticked away by the clock, and Susie evidently had not relented sufficiently to suggest my company to Father Flaherty. So I finally waived all ceremony, and with my conscience "squirming" at the dark insult I had unintentionally offered him I went humbly and put the case to him. His broad red face shone benignantly, and a smile of benevolent width illumined it, and squeezed it into jolly wrinkles as he answered, to my great joy: "Go wid me, is it? That ye may and welcome. It's none so sociable goin' twenty-foive miles, wid no company at all, barrin' yer own self."

So another hour saw us mounted each on a mule, and as we walked our animals through the town the people all came out, both to say good-bye, and to see Father Flaherty, whom they all knew, going off in company with a lady. They crowded around the bridle of his mule, shook hands with him, hoped he'd come again soon, and evidently regarded him with an affection and respect without fear.

As we jogged slowly up the hill I cast a backward look. The town lay upon a pile of "tailings," its one small straggling street following the winding of a little stream that ran from the heart of the very mountain we were ascending. Mountains beetling and frowning on every hand walled the place completely in from the outside world. All the flying rumors that roamed through the life beyond were met, battled, and put to rout, by that firm line of mountains, and only an infinitesimal stream of news was allowed to trickle through once a week by the mule express, and such small drops as could dribble along through the lips of those who cared to ride the twenty-five miles and back. As I looked my last upon the Bar, the hot noon sun had fallen upon it, and turned it a severe and dreadful yellow.

And then I turned forward with a furtive smile just in time to catch the graceful wave of Father Flaherty's large hand in answer to the last flutter of a handkerchief below, that had probably been waiting for us to reach the brow of the mountain. We reached it, disappeared over it, and plunged into the depths of the forest on the other side. Here was I, alone, as it were, with Rome—I, who had nursed Calvinism in my babyhood, and drawn in orthodoxy with my first breath, I was under the solitary protection of a Catholic priest, with every step putting greater distance between myself and other people, and plunging deeper into the solitude of the grand, and lonely, and silent mountains. I trembled in spite of the fears I strove to hush.

Ha! he put his hand in his pocket. Did he mean to attack me at once? Ah heavens! what a relief. I saw the faint blue flame of a match kindle within the shelter of his hollowed hand; then he brought both hands carefully toward his mouth, and a puff of vilest tobacco smoke trailed away over his shoulder and pierced my nostril.

For a time he paid me not the slightest attention, jogging along comfortably pulling at his pipe, and I was beginning to think of attracting his notice by a series of judicious throat clearings, when he suddenly turned in his saddle.

"Ye may make a boast of it if ye like when ye get to the city again, that ye've ridden wid the praste," said he, showing a double row of teeth, "and its the first time, do ye know, I was iver anywhere wid a lady. I wouldn't even go to church wid me mother when I was a by."

I murmured my appreciation of the honor he had done me, and smiled to myself as I thought of the ears that would listen incredulously to that boast.

"And as I'm not accustomed to waitin' upon the ladies, may be ye'd be so kind as to inform me if there's any little attention ye can think of?"

I assured him I should do so, and then asked him if he could take my red shawl, which my own animal objected to having behind his ears, and the gay wrap was transferred to his keeping. He flung it carelessly over the pommel of his saddle, and turned away humming the fragment of a song, puffing at his pipe and jogging along the trail, making such an appearance as no priest surely had ever made before.

"I should like," said I, by way of breaking the silence that followed, "a drink of water, if we could find such a thing."

"In another turn there's a spring," he answered. "I've traveled this trail so often I know it wid me eyes shut. Ye see I go about from place to place through the parish, and I know these mountains loike a book. There's places locked up here, and there, and yonder, and the people are glad to see the praste wanst in a way. I'm welcome wherever I go, and good treatment I get and the best of iver-thing," and then we made the turn and reached the spring, which gurgled ice-cold from a rocky basin it had hollowed for itself. It was a lovely spot. The moisture which the running stream had spread in its vicinity had drawn into existence a bed of verdure and white wild lilies. We were descending a trail which wound around the side of the mountain, and which here disclosed a view of wondrous beauty. A faint milky haze hung above the dark green of the trees below and along the skirts of the cañon like a fringe of smoky cobwebs, and as far as eye could reach mountains piled above mountains, each covered with its army of pines, like stern and gloomy sentinels keeping watch and ward with fold-down brows over these wilds of the North.

"—perhaps?" said Father Flaherty, with interlocking upon his tongue.

With all gravity he held a cup in one hand and a flask in the other, with such a suggestive tip of the one toward the other that the most unsuspicious woman in the world could not fail to understand the drift of his interrogation.

"No?" said he. "Well, I carry it about me, as it's likely to be useful in the case of sickness," and he tipped the flask over so that a pleasant gurgling sound came from its throat, and a pleasant jerky splash from the cup, which he then held under the gushing spring, and carried to his own lips.

After him I drained it, and it still retained a bit of pungency as to taste and smell. I judged it to be brandy.

We set off at a smart canter, which Father Flaherty gradually brought into a mild jog-trot, as he once more lit his pipe, and swayed from side to side, sometimes, as if for very good humor, striking his heels lightly against his mule's ribs, and occasionally expectorating to this side and that. Suddenly he turned again, with one broad hand on the back of his saddle.

"I suppose ye heard the news about Jim Sullivan?" said he.

"Yes," I answered, "I heard the event talked over. I suppose they are really engaged?"

"Oh, yes; promised fast enough, I'll warrant ye, in spite of her knowin' him only the sivin days."

"And when is the wedding?" I ventured to inquire.

"Why," said he, earnestly, "in another fortnight; and that's the worst of it. They'd best contain thimselves and wait fuder acquaintance; they'd best contain thimselves—they'd best contain thimselves," he repeated, wisely and with much emphasis, to my great amusement, and then he plunged into comments on this and that person whom I had met; told anecdotes of them, and his experience with them, though never once, as I judged from the harmless and discreet tales he told, violating any confidence. Thus it happened that I forgot his priestly office and the bosom of Rome, and as we followed the winding trail we were a jolly party, chatting and laughing, till a third person would have kissed the book we were old gossips, dishing up friends as they came to mind.

Along toward the middle of the afternoon he called a halt, and flourished at me in triumph a bundle drawn from the depth of his pocket, and his lips struggled with, and smacked over, the words, "a little lunch," while he sprang from his mule and fastened the bridle to a low-hung bough. I waited for his assisting hand, and sat in my saddle till he should gallantly come to my stirrup. He busied himself with his mule a little longer, and laid his bundle down.

"Well?" said I, with an encouraging smile.

"Well!" he answered, with amazement in his buttermilk eyes, "why don't ye get off the animal?"

It is needless to say that I succeeded in slipping to my feet in a moment after without the assisting hand, and in another short space of time we were seated opposite each other on the fallen pine needles unrolling with expectant fingers the "little lunch," which, he explained, had been handed him by one of those who crowded to his side as we rode away.

"It's a chicken!" he cried, rapturously.

"It's a chicken!" I repeated, in rapturous echo.

"And toast!" he exclaimed, then added hurriedly: "I hope the toast has plenty o' butter, for I can't abide it wid-out." As he spoke he put a bit to his lips, and his eyes took on that far-gazing look which a woman fixes on vacancy when she is "tasting," after the salt and the pepper, the sprig of thyme, and other seasoning have just been cast into the pot. Then he made a wry face as he swallowed his bit of crust with an effort. "Sorry a bit o' butter," said he; "the stuff's as dry as a chip. But, at any rate, the fowl looks tender and juicy enough;" and without more ado he half cut with his jack-knife and half tore with his fingers a wing from the chicken and poked it at me.

"Begorra!" he cried, a moment after, "but the craycher was an old hin, bad luck to it." Notwithstanding which fact we made a respectable meal off the "craycher's" breast, and left not much but the bones behind us as we once more mounted and rode away.

It is a well-known fact that nothing can tap the fountains of good humor in a man's heart like a bit of something to eat. Be he priest or layman, his stomach is bound to act on him and enrich his tongue with pleasantries, and liven his laugh till it sounds like a trickle from a very well of content. Give him then a time-stained pipe between his lips, and no end to the laughs he will laugh you, and the effusions of sprightliness with which he will humor you.

Father Flaherty had his bite to eat and his pipe hanging loosely between his priestly lips, and we began our journey again with everything in our favor. The heat of the noon was well past, too, and just a faint freshening in the air told of the turn of the day and the evening that lay ahead. The buzz and swish of the grasshoppers that haunted the trail were a little less like a drone to the ears and a slap to the mules' legs, and the Father swayed himself in his saddle and widened his nostrils in appreciation of these among the other small things of life; and, after a bit, as we turned and twisted about the path, he began, in his rich accent, to recount his memories of such settlements as the Bar, and they were varied and many. Imagine yourself in the midst of California's grandest scenery, among her mountain wilderness and her bowldered and pine-guarded fastnesses, keeping one ear out for the flit of birds, the wave of trees, the fall of waters, and the other to Father Flaherty as he told of "the shivaree the b'ys gave to Jake Dunnigan after he come home from havin' his weddin' over to Tim Dooley's beyant the Bar. Mary she was a-cryin' an' a-hoodlin' on to Jake, an' Jake was that mad he was like a toorkey gobbler, an' the b'ys a-bangin' an' a-screchin' outside, an' a-whoopin' an' a-fiddlin' on tin pans, till it was like a drame wid a ghost on the bridge ay your nose an' a divil on each ear." Once in so often he said he visited each town within his parish. I could well imagine on what errand after the confessions and prayers imposed at the town we had just left. "Bein' a Protistint," he said gravely, "ye'll not know how the inhabitants up here trate the praste. There's niver a thing too good for him, an' wherever he may go it's the best he'll have. There's no money the praste makes in these parts; food an' bed belong to him wherever he may chance to find himself, an' there's nobody begrudges him a mule to carry him from place to place. Is it the same way the Protistints trate the clergy?" There was a twinkle in his small blue eye as he asked the question, and I answered humbly enough and a little ashamed, that I had no such tales to tell of abundant and never-failing hospitality and generosity to Protestant ministers of the gospel.

"The woman that gave me the fowl," said he after a meditative pause, "she's a good woman now—bad luck to 't'ould hin though!—and a tidy-luckin' woman, too. I s'pose ye mind what a 'squaw-man' is?"

I nodded assent, for I had heard of the beast time and again since I left home.

"Johnny Mackay, he that's her husband, was a squaw-man afore he married to Jinny, an' for all he's a good luckin' man, too, he had the humblest and dirtiest squaw in these parts. She was a Trinity river squaw wid tattoos on her chin an' her cheek, an' Johnny called her Rosy, most like to make game of her. The day before he married to Jinny he bought Rosy a calico gown an' some other stuff, an' she started off on fut for the Trinity agin. Jinny went to kapin' house in the very same cabin nixt day quite calm like."

"Oh, horrible!" I exclaimed.

"He's a jilous man, too, is Johnny Mackay, but Jinny's most discrute, or I don't know what'd come till her. Even as 'tis, he walks in wanst in a while luckin' like thunder, an' he takes out his pistols, an' lays 'em on the table an' says: 'There's death in thim, Jinny Mackay; luck out!'"

The shades of evening were gathering among the pines, the rustlings and movings of the boughs and tree-tops were spirit-like and like the shudderings of one's own soul, when the Father assured me that in another three-quarters of an hour we should reach the mill where I could have supper, and whence I could be carried by wagon, so that I could reach the stage by early morning.

"Mayhap ye've heard of Katty Varney?" said he, taking his empty pipe from his mouth and putting it in his pocket.

"No," I said, watching a star blaze on the mountain-top like a signal, "no, I think I never heard of her."

"Katty Varney was a purty young thing who went to the convint over in Yreka, and well the Sisters spoke of her as long as she was wid 'em. She was the swatest singer iver I heard, an' many's the time I've heard her an' Jerry Black singin' as she was comin' home for the recreation. Jerry was drivin' stage thin, an' whin she come over she'd always sit on the driver's sate wid him, an' the passengers would have a trate thin sure. There's nowhere a bit o' music sounds better than hereaway among the mountains, fur there's echoes that give it back a half dozen o' times. Over an' besides, Jerry was doin' his coortin' wid Katty thin, an' folks used to say it made the both voices swater. At anny rate, an' howiver it was, Jerry was perfectly contint whin he had her an' the way-bill safe by him, wid the reins in his hands an' a full load behind him. But he sung wid her wanst too often, fur a soft-spoken feller on the middle sate tuck a notion to her purty voice an' her purty face, too, maybe, an' he put up where she put up, an' was mighty civil an' polite like, an' flattered her up, an' finally he stopped in her town, an' what should he do but call upon her an' the old lady. The long an' the short of it was that he persuaded 'em both he'd make a great lady of Katty an' prune her voice up till the highest pitch; an' the more fools they, fur they raly belaved him. Katty was to go down to San Francisco to the cousin of her mother's, an' all right an' proper like this soft-talkin' man was to see she had the tachin' an' the opporchunities; an' Katty went, an' they said Jerry niver aven so much as whistled at a chune afterwurds. She sent the old woman letters, an' said she was doin' so finely, an' thin all of a sudden the leathers quit comin', an' the mother niver heard another word from Katty. But Jerry one night, a couple o' years after, was on his over trip to Yreka; an' to pass the evenin' he went into a big show that had come along, an' who should he see, showin' her legs up till her waist, an' with no dress on her neck an' arms, an' flingin' her fate over her own head in a most disgraceful manner, an' singin' a comic song, but the gurl he'd been coortin' most iver since she was a babby. He waited till the show was out an' iverybody had gone, an' went an' climbed on the platform, an' was makin' fur the insides av it when he saw the soft-spoken man a-walkin' around. 'I want Katty Varney,' says Jerry, quite bold.

"There's no sitch lady here," answers he; an' with that Katty comes up, an' the tears had streaked trails through the paint that was on her cheeks, an' says she: 'Jerry, how's the mother?'

"Oh, Katty, Katty!" says Jerry, 'what a place fur ye to be in! Come away home, Katty, an' I'll niver say a word, an' nobody'll iver say a word, an' it'll all be by-gones. The stage goes out in the mornin' the same as it used, an' I'll have ye home by noon in time fur the dinner. The mother's grieved fur ye, an' I've grieved fur ye, Katty, but it's all right now, an' ye'll come home, Katty?'

"I knew how it 'ud be," says she, 'an' I tried to git off from comin' here, but 'twas no use; an' Jerry said she choked up an' hid her face, an' then she kind o' cried out: 'It's too late, an' I can't turn back; don't tell the mother, Jerry.' An' she darted away, an' it's the last he iver heard."

The Father turned himself about on his mule, and I could just see the serious look that had stolen over his broad, red face through the darkness.

"It wasn't the last that iver I heard, though," he said, cautiously, "but I niver told Jerry, fur he knew bad enough widout it. But Katty got down lower an' lower, an' she tuck to thim low cellars they have in the city, an' it wasn't two year ago that she died from the drink an' the fast life she led, a pore, miserable woman. Pore Katty Varney!"

His voice receded to a sharp whisper, and he sighed as he ended the story, and was silent for five minutes, when he said in his old hearty tone: "That's the light in the mill ahead. Come up, Judy!" he chirruped to his mule, and in a twinkling we had drawn up before the door, and were welcomed with the cheery hospitality of the region.

After supper the wagon was made ready for my further journeyings, and Father Flaherty came out to see me off.

"If you should mate Father Gallagher of St. Joseph's, on Tinth Street," said he; then he paused and shook his head, and added, "but bein' a Protistint you'll not be likely to mate him. God bless ye, anyhow. Good-bye. Ye'll not not forgit ridin' wid the praste?"

"Good-bye, Father Flaherty, good-bye," I said. "You may be sure I shall not soon forget you and your kindness. Good-bye!" And I left him standing on the rough little porch peering into the darkness after me as I rode away.

Green be your skirts, O mountains of the north, and white your heads with snow! In memory alone I see your grandeur now. The trail of life is a hard one to follow, and it seldom leads through the scenes the heart loves best.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879.

KATE HEATH.

MUSIC AND ART.

"For Art may err but Nature can not miss."

I suppose that the place of honor belongs of right this week to the Complimentary Concert to Herr Formes, which took place at Platt's Hall on Monday evening, and forined a graceful, and not entirely unworthy, recognition by his friends of the fortieth anniversary of the *début* of this venerable hero of the lyric stage—for this Herr Formes has undoubtedly been. The application of the conventional term "lyric" to the operatic stage may appear paradoxical when referring especially to him, since his talent was eminently dramatic, and he was ranked at one period as quite the finest dramatic singer before the public. But his own career is perhaps the best vindication of the paradox that can be offered, since his "Leporello" was considered to be no less admirable than his "Bertram," his "Marcel" was scarcely a greater success than his "Plunkett," and—as he proved again to us only the other evening—he could sing and act "Falstaff" as well as "Sarastro," and that is saying that he did it incomparably. I think it must be almost twenty years since first I heard him—then already slightly past the meridian of his celebrity—during his first season in New York. It was at the Academy, in the old days of La Grange, Piccolomini, and the Brignoli who had still a voice. Herr Formes sang "Marcel," "Bertram," and "Leporello." These were the only parts I heard from him, but how well I remember the rich quality and sterling *timbre* of that immense voice, that at times seemed almost as though it came from a sixteen-foot organ pipe. I have never since heard anything like it, and never expect to again.

The concert itself, which may be regarded as rather an impromptu affair, and in which everything was done out of that spirit of kindly good nature that in a sense disarms criticism, calls for no extended notice. It was neither better, nor much worse, than hundreds of others. Indeed it presented most of the stereotyped features of the *singer's* concerts (I call them so in contradistinction to *musician's* concerts) with which our public is sufficiently familiar, including the introduction of the juvenile pupil with the small voice, who vocalizes and sings passages and trills with more or less of accuracy—generally less—and is lavishly applauded by the audience—partly out of good nature and partly out of sheer honest stupidity—while at the same time she is recognized by musicians as an unfortunate walking advertisement of a teacher who does not scruple to commit what I consider an act of the grossest injustice in order to extend his notoriety and add to his *clientèle*. There must be some very subtle quality about the flattery of these singing teachers when it can so entirely outweigh the better sense or discretion of the guardians of a young lady as to induce them to consent to her being thus sacrificed. For it seems to me that, be those guardians never so unmusical or inexperienced in these matters, they can not be blind to the fact that the strain upon a young, immature voice, of either public singing or any considerable amount of vocal practice, must necessarily result either in the loss of the voice or its serious injury; and the injury of a beautiful voice should be considered one of the most grievous wrongs that one human being can inflict upon another.

But in cases such as the one under consideration there is apt to result to the pupil a wrong infinitely more serious than even this one; one for which the cure lies far distant, and is reached only through much suffering and bitter, painful experiences; one that it is cruel, almost inhuman, to inflict. It is the destroying of her peace of mind. The hope of some day becoming a great, successful singer is one of the fulfillment of which is simply impossible when nature has not provided the means. This she does in about one person out of every ten thousand—certainly not more—and yet almost every young woman who falls into the hands of these ex-operative *artists* (?) is assured that she has her fortune in her larynx, that she has only to go through a two or three years' course of training to become a great prima-donna, that she is to rival Patti, eclipse Nilsson, and what not else of foolish, idle trash. And the silly girls believe it only too readily; they like to believe it, and their friends with them. They sing, and their friends and their friends' friends applaud; they study (if the cramming of half a dozen operatic parts can be called study) and feed on their ambition until at last they attain a *début*. This, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, is an end of it. They *début* and disappear. But they go back into private life in no enviable frame of mind; they awaken from the debauch of ambition with sore heads and sore hearts, and the cure—if indeed there be one—comes but slowly and after much suffering. Mostly there is no real cure; the malady lingers on and affects the entire after-life, it warps and deforms the nature and leaves its impress upon the character. I have seen scores, a hundred, of these unfortunates, and out of my sympathy and pity for them, have learned to positively abhor the ill-fated ambition that brought upon them this lifelong agony of disappointment.

The musical profession has just suffered another severe loss through the death from consumption, in Oakland, on the 4th instant, of Mr. John P. Morgan, who was at once a very fine organist and an excellent theoretician and composer. Mr. Morgan, during his four years' residence on this coast, had largely identified himself with the cause of choral music, and was known to his friends as a pleasant gentleman of agreeable manners.

I suppose that the Soirées of the Loring Club should be regarded rather in the light of social events than as musical performances of a sufficiently public character to render them subject to criticism. At the same time any evidence of the culture and growth of a taste in a direction so purely healthy can not fail to be a matter of some public interest, and I feel the more warranted in referring to it from the fact that these young gentlemen present every appearance of really striving to do good work, and seem to be doing it under very careful, intelligent guidance. Not that they sing very well as yet—although much that I heard from them at the soirée of last Tuesday evening was very enjoyable—nor are likely to do so without a great deal more of hard study;

but they are *trying* to, and this, after all, is the battle half won. With the fund of fresh, young voices which this club disposes of, and under the sympathetic direction of Mr. Loring, who seems to be in his right place in this work, the future ought to be full of delightful possibilities, and I trust that neither the interest of the members nor the perseverance of the conductor will be allowed to flag until many of these have been accomplished.

If I had any suggestion to make to the conductor of this club it would be to the effect that he errs in endeavoring to make up the programmes for his soirées entirely out of music for male voices, and for this reason: The range of the male voice being limited, and its *timbre* of a very pronounced color—a one-color, so to speak—necessarily restricts composers of male chorus music in the choice of material for treatment, besides controlling to an almost arbitrary degree the manner and form of the treatment itself. As a natural consequence of this condition we have really only a limited *répertoire* of thoroughly good compositions of this class; there are many others that are *nearly* as good, and again an infinity of others that so nearly approach excellence that there is nothing to be said of them excepting that they are not of the best, and yet they amount, in reality, to nothing more than a reiteration—with slightly changed form or rhythm—of the work that preceded them and from which they derive their existence. Now, the selection of an entire evening's programme from the better class of male chorus music must almost unavoidably result in a wearisome monotony, not only of tone-color (as lies in the very nature of the restriction to a single quality of tone), but also of forms and subject matter, since the best—standard—composers, recognizing the natural limitations of the field, have endeavored scrupulously to keep within them, and, indeed, have contented themselves uniformly with the expression of what was logically possible within these limitations, and when they had anything to express that lay beyond them sought for other means of expression. A recognition of these facts—whether conscious or not does not signify here—naturally compels the adoption into such a programme of compositions that will relieve this monotony; and as these, having been written with that special object, and going mostly beyond the logical range of the style, are almost invariably weak—if not really bad—the result is generally one of utter dreariness; we miss the fresh, manly effect of the genuine male chorus, and get nothing new, or even agreeable, in its place. The prettinesses of some modern writers in this field, their trick of surprises and stunning effects, bits of solo, piano-forte accompaniment (an utter absurdity), etc., seem to be made under the pressure of an effort to get away from the legitimate scope of a style of composition in which they have nothing new or fresh to say. The true male chorus should resemble the *Volkstied* in the simplicity and directness of its themes and treatment; but the quarry has been worked out, the tunes all written, and consequently all sorts of meretricious effects have to be dragged in in order to make a taking composition. The things are mostly tiresome; they are rarely music, and still more rarely good music. And if an entire evening of even the best things, of even Krentzer, Weber, Zöllner, and Mendelssohn, is fatiguing—as it undoubtedly is—how much more so is one more than half filled with the palpable straining after novel effects (that are never really reached) of a class of little men who, lacking melody, directness—anything to say, in fact—seek to make amends by that cheaper cleverness that constructs something out of nothing! I believe in sticking to the good things, and to them only; I think it is better to sing only three or four songs of the best; and if there is nothing else with which to make a programme let these three or four songs suffice. They will be only the more enjoyed for not being mixed up with a lot of weak or bad ones.

Mr. Herold's Orchestral Matinées will be resumed on next Wednesday, the first one—fifth of the current series—bringing Beethoven's bright and graceful symphony in B flat (the fourth), Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, and the first three of Schumann's delightful "Sketches from the Orient" in Reinecke's instrumentation. Certainly a very attractive menu.

I understand that Mr. Schmidt is being strongly urged to give us a short supplementary series of Recitals with his quintet, and hope that he will not carry away his interesting family without letting us hear some of the good things that are being rehearsed for the Eastern tour. I believe that many who missed some of the former concerts would be happy to make the loss good if an opportunity were offered.

The Loring Club, in compliance with a generally expressed desire, have decided to repeat their concert on Monday evening next, at Dashaway Hall. S. E.

Providence, it is said (in the Bible, we think), takes note of the fall of every sparrow, but in "enterprise" the daily newspaper can beat Providence, rather. There is one in Chicago that takes note of the fall of every snowflake, and here is what it says of it: "It comes like the first star in the evening sky, and, as it is being made the subject of wonderment, suddenly the upper deep is whitened; and then the roofs, and the sidewalks, and the pedestrians at once become decked alike." This is fine writing; we doubt if Deacon Fitch could do much better himself, though he would not have fallen into the error of supposing a pedestrian can be "decked," as if he were a ship! For it is evident from his peculiar gait that the good Deacon is a sailor.

The following advertisement appears in the London *Athenæum*: "A *douceur* of three pounds will be given to any gentleman who can secure the publication of a short story in one of our popular magazines. Address," etc. We had thought that with the publication of his poem "Farina" in the London *Delectatio Fatuorum*, Mr. Hector Stuart would deem his fame in England sufficiently well established to be let alone. But literary ambition is like the itch, which spreads the wider and burns the fiercer the more you gratify it.

"What," said an interviewer to an unpledged candidate, "do you intend to do if you are elected?" "My goodness," said the poor fellow, "what shall I do if I am not elected?"

OUR SET.

Of course, I was invited to the Loring Club, held at the new Dashaway Hall, on Post Street, and equally, of course, I went, for I can't resist an opportunity to see our set in full conclave, aside from the attraction of good vocal music. I was late, and, with the hall crowded to its utmost capacity, forced to take a back seat. One of the favorites of the selections given was a serenade by Storch, rendered finely; the last song by Mendelssohn, "Love and Wine," the solo part by Charles Dungan, was much appreciated. A solo, "Say, was it Heartfelt," by Maschek, sung by Mr. Renling, was exquisitely rendered, also the encore, "Dear Little Heart." Among those I saw there were the Babcocks, McLanes, Tubbs, Beavers, Talbots, Garnetts, Thorntons, McAfees, Eldridges, Durbrows, Ogdens, Browns, Biancrofts, Wilsons, Coles, Bakers, and a crowd of others. Among the terpsichorean amusements of the younger portion of our set, one of the most enjoyable is the occasional entertainment given by the Durbrow Club, which meets every three weeks, at the residence of some one of the young lady members, the gentlemen of the club furnishing the music. The last party, given on Friday evening, was held at Mr. Thomas Brown's, cashier of the Bank of California; it was a great success. Three more parties close the season, and it is proposed to make the last one a masquerade. Miss Nellie Dore entertained her friends with a dance on Wednesday evening; it was quite an elegant affair, and gave great pleasure to all who participated. There are quite a number of festivities proposed during the coming month: Mrs. William M. Gwin is to give a German about the sixth of February, Mrs. General McDowell, one, also Mrs. Louis McLane. It was said Mrs. Hall McAllister was to give one, but the sad death of Cutler McAllister will probably prevent all gayeties from that family. It almost makes me tremble for fear who of us will be called to go next, for so many of our prominent people were called from among us this last year. There are rumors that the Crocker mansion is to give a most brilliant affair soon; and the third of the Club Assemblies soon give one of their Germans. These last mentioned parties have not been, among some of the young gentlemen members, quite a realization of their hopes; the invitations were so controlled by the lady patronesses that only selections of their visiting lists were honored, and many favorites—even some of the sisters of the proposed members—were neglected. Some of our set of young gentlemen talk of a German soon, somewhat on the style of the one held at Red Men's Hall last year, but one which will give more general satisfaction; that we all remember as a most brilliant affair. Last Monday saw the commencement of gayeties in Washington, which last till Lent intervenes. Receptions are held on Mondays, at the residences of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and other ladies on Capitol Hill; the wives of the Cabinet Ministers and Mrs. Speaker Randall receive on Wednesdays; Thursday is a day set apart for calls through the season. There has been quite a query among the ladies who rule society in Washington whether to admit the beautiful, accomplished, octoroon wife of Senator Bruce within their exclusive circle. All the Southern blood and prejudice of ages barred the door, but it has been decided in the affirmative. She has been honored by calls from several of the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court; also many Senators and Representatives have followed their example. What barriers time and patience will break down. I rejoice that in our republican country true worth and merit should be appreciated. MARY JANE.

In Sunday's *Chronicle*, of December 29th, there appeared, with sensational head lines of "Betrayed and Ruined. Cruel Fate of Mrs. W. C. Ralston's Pretty Swiss Maid," an article so particular in detail of names, events, times, and circumstance, that it bore upon its face the semblance of truth. Marie Hauser was the name of a pretty and accomplished maiden; a vivacious, elfin, beautiful blonde; her father a magistrate of Schaffhausen. Mrs. Ralston stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where she had a portrait of herself and daughter and Marie Hauser, painted in a group by one Enrique M. de Saques, at the studio of Monsieur (or Señor, for he was a Spaniard). Mrs. Ralston, with her little girl and charming companion, had many sittings. Then comes the recital of wiles before which innocence falls; then abandonment, treachery, poverty, birth of an infant, and the usual horrors of a dime novel tragedy. Poor Marie Hauser is ruined. The truth of this original story, written it would seem exclusively for the *Chronicle*, is denied by Mrs. Ralston to this extent: She never had such a maid, nor one at all answering the description in name or person. She never stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. She never had her portrait painted in group with any servant maid. She never knew or heard of any artist, or other gentleman, of the name of Enrique M. de Saques, and in the entire narrative there is no incident which she recognizes, or upon which such a story could be founded. Mrs. Ralston is perplexed to know the motives which make her so frequently the subject of scandal, and asks her friends, if she has any left in San Francisco, to suspend their opinions regarding her conduct till they have some better authority than the sensational lies fabricated to her injury in the interest, as she believes, of a conspiracy to steal her property.

With regard to that tempest in a teapot, the school investigation, we have not yet come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Bolander is a Dutchman, and we suspect Mr. Herbst to be another. It is not the first time we have seen Mr. Bolander turn State's evidence, and as he has, as he asserts, dealt in questions, we should like to propound to him some questions of our own: (1.) Why did he give the questions to Mr. Herbst? (2.) Why does he inform at the present time? (3.) Does he remember the statements made under oath in the Fitzgerald-Klose trial, which he had to retract afterward? (4.) Did he give the questions to Mr. Herbst at all?

To preserve a good joke—Put it in an almanac, or rent it out by the year to circus clowns and negro minstrels. In this way specimens have been kept for fifteen or twenty years.

THE THEATRES OF PARIS.

By C. H. Harding.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

On the Boulevard St. Martin, in the midst of a hard-working population, are the two chief temples of the drama—the Ambigu, and the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin—to the latter of which Frédéric Lemaître and Mélingue attracted such crowds in days gone by. We shall not stop to analyze the composition of those melodramas manufactured by Messrs. D'Ennery, Cormon, and others, wherein are sure to figure a persecuted female, a sanguinary villain, a mother in search of her child, a lover who is always encountering the most fearful accidents by flood and field, and a virtuous rustic who turns out to be the heir to some great estate. Among the most famous of the melodramas played here are the *Bossu*, *Queen Margot*, *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*, *The Courier of Lyons*, and more recently *The Two Orphans*, *Rose Michel*, and *A Celerated Case*. It is rare that the real Parisian public ventures into these distant regions. The Parisian theatre-goer has no great fancy for the drama, and still less for the localities in which are situated these homes of the drama.

Nevertheless, he may frequently be seen at the Châtelet Théâtre, where those fairy extravaganzas he loves so well are being played. Who that has ever been to Paris has failed to go and see such pieces as the *Châtelain de Brabant*, or the *Voyage in the Moon*, with their five or six hundred characters, in costumes designed by Grévin; their trap-doors, gilt and tinsel, marches past, apotheoses, and ballets, with loud orchestral accompaniments? An extravaganza of this kind may cost the management fifty or sixty thousand dollars; but as the piece is calculated to run for three hundred nights the money is freely spent. The more idiotic the piece the greater its chance of success. Sardou once tried his hand at a *féerie*, *Le Roi Carotte*, but he ignominiously failed, the public going to sleep in the midst of the performance. In a word, the real author of a piece of this kind is not the writer, but the machinist, the carpenter, and the costumer.

Let us not pass by without looking in at the Folies Dramatiques. It is here that are played to full houses the nonsensical operas of Hervé, that most eccentric of composers. Hervé, whose *Ceil Crève*, *Chitpéric*, *Alice de Nevers*, and other absurd trifles have obtained such notoriety, writes the words to his own music. As a sample of their brilliancy may be cited a scene in *Alice de Nevers* representing the Court of Catherine de Medicis. An usher announces "M. Molière." "What!" cries Henry III., greatly astonished, "what! Molière? So soon!"

But the hour is advancing, and so we must pass by unvisited the Théâtre Déjazet, the Théâtre Beaumarchais, the Théâtre des Menus Plaisirs, and Théâtre du Château d'Eau, and, returning to the Boulevard, make our way to the Rue de Marivaux, where is situated the Opéra Comique, one side of which is on the Boulevard. The origin of this theatre was the Théâtre de la Foire, where acting took place during the St. Germain, St. Laurent, St. Ovide fairs, held regularly in three faubourgs of Paris. These representations commenced in 1596. Later on the ordinary comedians of the King, now the Théâtre Français, had the enacting of comedies by this troupe interdicted. Thus fettered, they played pantomimes with the accompaniment of an orchestra. In 1715 they were authorized to sing couplets, and Piron composed little pieces for them. The Opéra Comique—for thus it was now called—flourished under the management of M. and Mme. Favart, the latter obtaining a great success in the part of the *chèreuse d'esprit*, which her husband had composed for her. During the second half of the eighteenth century the Opéra Comique played Philidor's and Monsigny's pieces; then followed Grétry's *Le Huron*, *Zémire*, *Asor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, which had the effect of placing the Opéra Comique on a better footing than ever before. Its good fortune clung to it until 1876, when, owing to bad management, it had to close its doors. This was, however, only an episode in its career. The receipts for the year ending March 31, 1877, amounted to \$181,000. The finances of the Opéra Comique were in satisfactory condition, not only while it was located on the spot now occupied by the Théâtre Italien and in its subsequent home on the Place de la Bourse, but also since it took possession of its present quarters in 1840, when it opened with a revival of the *Pré aux Clercs*. Among the most noted composers for this theatre have been Dalayrac, Cherubini, Berton, Nicolo, Boieldieu, Lesueur, Méhul, Ad Kreutzer, Meyerbeer, Gounod, Auber, Adolphe Adam, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Grisar, Victor Masse, and Félicien David. Among the most celebrated artists who have sung there are Martin, Ellevriou, Trial, Ponchard, Chollet, Bataille, Montaubry, Achard, Capoul, Mme. Dugazon, Caroline Duprez, Ugalde Marimon, and Miolan Carvalho. The Government contributes to keep up the theatre by a yearly contribution of \$48,000.

And now let us hasten on to the Bouffes Parisiens, where a piece is being played for the first time—a *première*, as the French say. Frequently as the *premières* occur during the season, they seldom fail to create a flutter of excitement. There is not a member of that small circle of persons who are looked on as somebody in Paris but is anxious to be present at a first night's performance. Numbers of the places on these occasions are occupied by persons who are friends of the author and others who are on the free list. There are but few seats to be bought, and these can only be had by applying at the theatrical agency on the Boulevard des Italiens, where an orchestra stall may cost from 20 to 100 francs. As for the private boxes, those that are for sale are at such enormous rates as only to be within the reach of nabobs from Rio Janeiro or San Francisco. The orchestra is on such occasions occupied by young men and old dandies belonging to the clubs, with preternaturally wide open vests, a gardenia in their button-holes, and a dress coat with silk facings. The manager of the theatre finds this fashionable element a most useful factor in bringing about a first night's success, and hence he regularly sends round to the clubs a few orchestra tickets, which the members are of course glad to avail themselves of. When Theo and Peschard sing, the representatives of the various clubs are sure to applaud the piece with all their might and do their best to insure its success. We notice, among others, the Princes Galitzin and the Marquis de Scépeaux, the Turennes, the Fitz-

Jameses, the Polignacs, Count Hallès-Claparède, a few aids-de-camp of the Marshal, and one or other of the Orleans princes. There sit Vibert, Detaille, Carolus Duran, and other eminent painters; there Sarcey, the well-known critic of the *Temps*, and Vitu, who, immediately after the conclusion of the piece, will sit down and write a column about it for tomorrow's *Figaro*. Here, too, are ministers and musicians, poets and ambassadors, actors and authors—in fact, one compact mass of celebrities of all kinds. In the *balcon* and the *balgnoires* may be seen a number of actresses and a few ladies mixing in general society. In the stage boxes are very likely the wives of some of the wealthy bankers of the capital—the Camondos, Bisschoffsheims, and Heynes—the ladies all sparkling with diamonds.

How difficult it is to amuse such a public as this; and yet it must be amused, or it will let the curtain fall on the last act amid icy silence, and withdraw to the club and supper-room with the elegant expression, "C'est infecte!" and the following Monday the dramatic *feuilletons* will contain some hundred lines or so of criticism in a semi-condemning, semi-condemning tone. No one hisses, but a lack of applause is always rightly interpreted by the management to be equivalent to those sibilant sounds by which a less refined audience would express its judgment on the piece. There are no ladies admitted into the orchestra, the pretext being that their high head-dresses would prevent those sitting behind them from seeing. The real reason, however, is that the gentlemen wish to talk freely on subjects which they could not well discuss in presence of their lady acquaintance. And so the curtain falls, and everyone rushes away to finish the evening at a supper or ball. We shall choose the latter, and so hurry off to the corner of the Rue de la Paix and the new Avenue de l'Opéra.

There stands the National Academy of Music, or, as it is more commonly termed, the Opéra. In the time of Lully (1671) the Opéra was established in the Rue Guénégaud. Thence it passed on (1674 to 1763) to the Palais Royal, where Vestris, Salle, and Camargo were among the famous dancers. On the destruction by fire of the Palais Royal Théâtre the Opéra migrated temporarily to the Tuileries, returning to the Palais Royal on the completion of the new theatre. It was there that Gluck's and Piccini's finest operas were represented. A few years later (1781) the house was again burned down, and the Opéra was transferred to the Boulevard St. Martin. Twelve years later the Opéra was removed to the Rue de Richelieu, a theatre constructed by Louis, the architect who built the Théâtre Français and the Bordeaux Théâtre. There were played the best operas of Grétry, Mehul, Cherubini, Paisiello, and Spontini. After the assassination of the Duc de Berry at the Opéra on the 13th February, 1820, the Government ordered the destruction of the theatre in which the act had been committed, and the architect Debret received a commission to build a new structure in the Rue Lepeletier.

Few persons have forgotten that handsome *salle* where everything was so admirably arranged, and the acoustic properties of which were unrivaled. Unfortunately the outside of the building did not correspond to the interior. In the Rue Lepeletier were first represented Count Ory's *Moïse*, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, Halévy's *Juive* and *Reine de Chypre*, Donizetti's *Favorita*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, *Huguenots*, *Prophète* and *Africaine*, and Verdi's *Don Carlos*. On the 28th October, 1873, the house in the Rue Lepeletier went the way of all theatres, and was destroyed by fire. Fortunately the new Opéra, which had been commenced on the 1st of August, 1861, was by that time nearly completed, and after a season at the Salle Ventadour, the company, under the management of M. Halanzier, was able, on the 6th January, 1875, officially to take possession of the present Temple of Song, which was erected from the designs and under the superintendence of M. Charles Garnier.

It would be impossible to pass over entirely unnoticed a house which, despite the degradation of architecture and sculpture therein manifest, many have pronounced the finest opera house in the world; and first as to the figures: The auditorium, which was modeled on that of the house in the Rue Lepeletier, is somewhat smaller than that of La Scala at Milan, and San Carlo at Naples. Its seating capacity is 2400. There are 2531 doors and 7593 keys in the building. The house is heated by 14 furnaces and 450 grates. Nine reservoirs and two tanks hold over 22,000 gallons of water, which is distributed through some 22,000 feet of piping, while the gas pipes if united would form a pipe nearly 16 miles in length. Electricity for the scenic effects is generated by a battery of 70 cups.

There some eighty dressing-rooms for the leading artists, which have also a small ante-room and retiring-room attached. These apartments are brilliantly illuminated, and contain two looking-glasses affording full length views of the performers. They are likewise supplied with a grate and a register stove. There are about a hundred chorus singers employed, and accordingly there is one dressing-room for sixty male, and another for fifty female chorus singers. There are usually about a hundred supernumeraries—most of whom are engaged simply for those pieces in which they are wanted—but as it is necessary to be prepared for emergencies, the dressing-room of the "supers" has accommodations for nearly two hundred persons. There are some sixty costumers, and from seventy to one hundred carpenters. The male dancers' dressing-room has accommodations for thirty-four persons, while the four dressing-rooms assigned to the *dansesuses* will accommodate about twenty ladies. The *foyer de la danse* is naturally a far more attractive place than the singers' *foyer*, for in accordance with a custom introduced over a century ago subscribers to three performances a week are admitted between the acts to the former. Of course, all the admirers of the stars of the ballet may be found in this *foyer*, which is furnished with three colossal mirrors, one of which is 22½ feet in width and 32½ feet in height, and a chandelier with one hundred and seven burners. Here the ballet ladies may be seen practicing their steps, the inclination of the floor of the apartment being the same as that of the stage. The large *foyer* of the Opéra (180 feet by 42 feet, and 60 feet high) has obtained a certain reputation for its gilt and glitter. It has a rich golden tone, and the ceiling is adorned by Paul Baudry's paintings, illustrative of the arts from their origin to the present time. The mural paintings, also by Baudry, represent "The Judgment of Paris," "Apollo and Marsyas," "The Assault," "The Shepherds," "Jupiter and the Corybantes," "Salome," "Orpheus and the Mœnads,"

"St. Cecilia's Dream," "Paul and David," and "Orpheus and Eurydice." The *foyer* is illuminated by twelve chandeliers, and contains several mirrors, some 2½ feet high. Supplementary *foyers* connect with the chief apartment, and owing to the arrangement of the looking-glasses make the perspective endless. Five large glass doors lead from the *foyer* to the magnificent Italian loggia, whence the view along the boulevards and the adjacent streets is alone worth a good deal.

The stage is 196 feet in height, 198 feet in breadth, and 75 feet in depth. Behind it, in addition to the dressing rooms already spoken of, are a great number of offices, a library, and a room in which the archives (libretti, etc.) are kept. The Opéra house actually cost \$13,000,000 in its construction, and the receipts for the year ending 31st March, 1877, were \$637,855. The prices at the Opéra are high, but owing to the admirable arrangement of the *salle d'attente*, any decently-dressed person may enter the building, and without charge see the most fashionable people of Paris as, after alighting from their carriages, they pass through the room on their way to the boxes. The Opéra, in its decorative features, is typical of the degradation of art which characterized the Second Empire. *Genre* and *chic* are the two terms which will best express the greater part of the ornamentation and architectural "marvels" of the building. The first performance of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* at this new grand national theatre took place in December, 1877. The opera had not been performed since October, 1873, and hence no little interest was excited as to its production here. When first brought out in April, 1865, Marie Sass took the part of "Selika," Marie Battu that of "Ines," Faure that of "Nelusko," and Noudin that of "Vasco da Gama." At this new temple of song, Mlle. Gabrielle Krauss played "Selika," Mlle. Daram was the "Ines," Lassalle played "Nelusko," and Salomon took the part of "Vasco da Gama." The opera was gotten up on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the building. Thus in the ship scene in the third act the entire stage was taken up by the decks of the galleon, with pulleys, ropes, quarter-deck, cabin, and all appurtenances, and this very successful effort of representing with the greatest possible fidelity the object intended alone cost some \$16,000. An immense sum was also spent upon the ballet. The opera proved a great success, M. Charles Lamoureux, the new conductor, being generally complimented upon his success in guiding the orchestra.

The manager of the Opéra house—who is of course a government appointee—receives a salary of \$5,000, with an allowance in addition of \$1600 for house rent, \$1000 for a carriage, and one-half of the profits of the enterprise. These profits have averaged over \$42,000 annually for the last eight years. The government pays for all new scenery, music, etc., and actually incurred an expense of \$363,000 in presenting ten grand operas before a Parisian audience, to wit: *L'Africaine* cost \$60,000; *Faust*, \$39,000; *Robert le Diable*, \$38,000; *La Juive*, \$38,000; *Don Giovanni*, \$38,000; *Le Prophète*, \$35,000; *Les Huguenots*, \$34,000; *Hamlet*, \$30,000; *Guillaume Tell*, \$28,000; *La Favorita*, \$23,000.

The contract of the present director, M. Halanzier, which began in 1871, will expire in December, 1879. According to the terms of the *cahier des charges*, he should bring out two new works every season, one a grand opera with ballet, the other a minor opera or ballet. During the past seven years M. Halanzier has brought out only five new operas, viz.: *La Coupe du Roi de Thule*, *L'Esclave*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Le Roi de Lahore*, and *Polyeucte*. In the matter of ballets he has fallen still further short of his agreement, having presented only three, to-wit: *Gretna Green*, *Sylvia*, and *Le Fandango*. Considering that during these seven years M. Halanzier is understood to have made over \$330,000 of profits for himself, the public has some right to complain that after the Government has assumed nearly all the risk of the enterprise the director should make so inadequate a return for his \$160,000 annual subvention, his large salary, and other allowances. Thus, for instance, when the old Opéra House in the Rue Lepeletier was destroyed, M. Halanzier obtained from the Chambers the neat little sum of \$300,000 in order to restore its scenery and decorations, and when the new Opéra was opened he managed to get another \$500,000 from the Government in order that the scenery and stage appointments might be in keeping with the magnificence of the building itself. Supplementary allowances followed these, so that it is not surprising M. Halanzier should desire a renewal of his contract. The Opéra, which is open three nights a week in summer and five in winter, took in between 1st May and 31st October, 1878, \$416,535 as against \$229,437 during the 1867 Exhibition; the Français made \$248,398 as against \$152,773 during the former World's Show; the Variétés, which in 1867 made \$172,170 out of the *Grande Duchesse*, only cashed \$166,450 in 1878 from that broadest of broad French pieces, *Niniche*. It is possibly for this reason that the management—now that all fear of German susceptibilities being wounded has passed away—has revived the *Grande Duchesse*, with Paola Marié in the rôle of *die grossherzige Grossherzogin*. The once unfortunate Vaudeville, which in 1867 made \$63,578 out of the *Famille Benoiton* and the *Dame aux Camellias*, induced the visitors of 1878 to deposit at its box office some \$79,225 in order to see such pieces as the *Club*, Sardou's *Bourgeois de Pont-Arcy*, and the *Dominos Roses*. Thanks to the *Cloches de Corneville*, the Folies Dramatiques cashed \$121,477 during the 1878 Exhibition as compared with \$35,470 during the 1867 Exposition. As the admissions to the Exposition itself brought in \$2,530,749 as against \$1,966,074 at the 1867 Weltausstellung, it will be seen that the increase of patronage at the theatres was about fairly proportioned the augmented receipts at the Exhibition.

The Opéra employs not less than 95 musicians, 26 male singers, 13 *cantatrices*, 156 machinists, carpenters, and workmen, 40 door-keepers and attendants, and 34 superintendents, besides a varying number of chorus singers, ballet dancers and supernumeraries. The average pay-roll embraces some six hundred names, which is about nine per cent. of the total number of persons employed in the 48 theatres of Paris. Of course a large proportion of these, being minor theatres, the stranger need consider himself under no sort of obligation to visit them any more than the three score and ten cafés-concerts which are sprinkled over the gay city. A visit to the houses we have above described will suffice to convince him that from a truly artistic point of view the leading theatres of Paris are the leading theatres of the world.

THE TRUTH IS BETTER THAN A LIE.

In connection with the death of General D. D. Colton San Francisco has just had a striking instance of the popular love for scandal, and the preference some people seem to have for believing the most absurd lies rather than the sober truth. This gentleman died in his own house, in his own bed, after a sickness of ten days' duration. He was attended by his family physician. He was surrounded by his personal and life-long friends, and every circumstance tended to preclude the slightest possibility of question or mystery touching the cause or circumstances of his demise. Nor were the facts of his death any more open to the world relatively than were his family relations while living. Yet the public, by a strange freak, chose to question the character given to both by those persons best entitled to know the real facts.

General Colton was a man of special prominence in our California life. It is not going too far to say that no man out of high public office, and possibly none in such station, occupied a more prominent position or took up a larger share of public attention than he. His life—public and private—was as thoroughly understood as it is possible to understand the life of any man. He was eminently social in his habits. He entertained his friends and acquaintance, not merely at wide intervals, but with a frequency that seemed to challenge and defy the criticism of his less wealthy or more parsimonious fellow-citizens. His door was always open, and the very light of day shone in upon the domestic life and habits of the family, illumining the inner recesses of the household. Nothing could be hidden. A great number of respectable and intelligent people—gentlemen and ladies of fortune, business men, trades-people, servants, employés, and retainers of every description—had ingress and egress to and from his residence at all times. If all these people did not know the true condition of the family, the relations of its various members to each other, then no man's friends, neighbors, or servants can ever know how he lives. They did know, and they thoroughly agree as to the facts. As to the tender and loving affection of every member of the family to every other member, there is not the shadow of a doubt. It was, and is, the unqualified belief of every friend of the family, from the most intimate to the most casual and occasional visitor; it was, and is, the uniform testimony of every servant and employé, of every tradesman and solicitor, who had any means whatever of forming an opinion, that the relations of the deceased to his wife and children was that of the best and most loving of husbands, of the kindest and most devoted of fathers, and that this was reciprocated to a degree in real life seldom equaled, and never surpassed. To this testimony there is not, we believe, a solitary exception in all the years the family has existed. The closest intimates of the house, those who had a seat at the jambs of the fireplace, were, and always have been, the most enthusiastic in their admiration of what they describe, with unvarying uniformity, as the absolute perfection of the united, devoted, and loving household. Two months ago this family was separated for what was intended to be a short interval. The wife and daughter paid a visit to the Atlantic States, leaving General Colton at home. His apparently well-established health took from the separation every possible misgiving as to a speedy reunion of the family. But in the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, and before they could return—although quickly telegraphed for—the husband and father was seized with what proved to be a mortal illness. The best medical skill was promptly called to the patient's bedside; not merely one, but several physicians, eminent in their profession, and well known as men of probity and honor, stood around him, doing all that human power was capable of doing. All of his personal friends within reach hastened to him. When his case became hopeless, these gentlemen made known to him his condition. With the courage to be expected from such a man, he at once and cheerfully set about preparing for the great change. He made his will, leaving his estate to his wife, at the same time employing his latest dying breath in uttering expressions and leaving messages of regard and affection for her, describing her as the "idol of his heart," the object of his "tenderest and life-long devotion," and died breathing her name. These are facts, authenticated as thoroughly as the death-bed events of any man, public or private, within our knowledge. It is certain that General Colton died of the disease and in the manner described by his physicians. Meanwhile the grief-stricken family were flying overland as fast as steam could carry them, first in the hope of seeing the dying husband and father still alive, and, that hope gone, to attend the obsequies. But steam and lightning were slow when compared to the rapidity of malicious rumor. The poisoned shafts of slander were like the arrows of Xerxes' host—they filled the air.

To enumerate the different calumnies that had already obtained circulation would fill a book. It was gravely stated "that the family had not lived happily together; that a separation was imminent if it had not actually taken place." As if the grief of the wife at being absent at such a time was not enough of itself, malice must add the additional sting of a suggestion that it had been purposely final. But these lies, though bad enough, were not the worst that confronted the afflicted widow at the threshold of her desolated home. The cause of the husband's death was made the subject of hateful and malignant question. "He had not," so they said, "died a natural death." "He had been in some mysterious way taken off by violence." Just how no two of the poison-distributors could, or apparently tried to, agree, but it was whispered about the clubs, and always in a semi-confidential way, that General Colton had been murdered, and that his friends and physicians were trying to keep back the interesting fact from its proper receptacle—the club lunch-tables—and even to conceal it from the lunch-eaters themselves. From the clubs the lie soon found its way to the street corners, and in one case into a second-rate journal. In vain the dead man's physicians denied, asseverated, expostulated; in vain the friends of the deceased pointed out the absurdity and improbability of each of the diabolical inventions, and the utter incongruity of all; in vain they asked what reason anybody had to suppose them or any one of them likely to be guilty of permitting the murder of a friend to go unpunished, and to commit such a crime as the compounding of a felony to accomplish it; in vain they reminded society of what it must know, or at least ought to know, touching the house where it had been

so often entertained, and the household now broken up and rendered desolate. Nothing would satisfy the scandal-mongers. The club-loungers and lunchers still winked and nodded, and whispered as before, and the stories (ever changing in form, according to the taste or ingenuity of the inventor) continued to circulate. That they were ever actually believed by anybody we greatly doubt. They were always too improbable for genuine belief; but their existence produced perhaps the only effect intended by the authors of these lies. They added something, just how much or how little it is difficult to estimate, to the anguish of the only real mourner any man ever has—his wife. She was stung by the doubt cast upon the love of her life, and the stains upon the memory of him to whom it belonged. To the rest of the world the question was idle, whether true or false. It was scandal, and consequently sweet to hear and tell. But to the widow the stories were not mere words; they were weapons wielded with terrific force—poisoned arrows piercing her heart.

If it is any comfort to the slander mongers to know this, let them be encouraged, for they have succeeded. The physicians have no time to follow each story with a specific denial. They have other work to do. They put on record a detailed statement of the facts as they occurred for the benefit of those who wish to know, and there stopped. If anybody would rather believe the truth than a lie they can read it. Time, which sets all things right, will in the end do justice to the memory of General Colton; who, whatever faults he may have had, was certainly a man worthy of his time; a man whose energy and judgment have had as pronounced an effect in the development of California as those of any other named individual, be that other who he may, and for that we owe him something. But besides this, he in his lifetime brought together, set up, and cared for a home and family, that loved him because he was to them all that ever can be contained in the words husband and father. And it is some consolation to know that, whatever the world may say, to these at least his memory will ever be pure and precious.

A "Bit of Color."

A lady correspondent of the East stirs some solemnly sweet memories with the following gentle rhapsody anent autumn in the valley of the Connecticut:

"It is but a few days—so long and lovingly has the autumn lingered with us—since I returned from a woodland walk all aflame with the many-tinted foliage of October. I entered the house 'clothed on' (for the easier carrying thereof, I had wreathed a small forest about throat, and arms, and waist) with golden walnut leaves, the rosy bloom of the maple, the royal oak's imperial purple, and the crimson splendor of the sumac. Only the evening before, the woods (how one loves that old-fashioned plural!) had looked comparatively green; but that morning one might have fancied that a battle had been lost and won, so ominous, so lurid, so wickedly lovely was the bloody red of the poisonous ivy, and that of all its venomous kindred. But no, it was only the gay foot-print of Autumn, following softly after, and pressing out as she stepped the verdant vestiges of her sister, Summer. To eyes accustomed for many years to the more subdued tints of California, the universal, intense greenery of New England had become a little monotonous. But in the blaze of the yearly miracle-play peculiar to these latitudes, I had to acknowledge that the East possessed one preëminent glory denied to the otherwise more favored Occident. A carnival of spirit colorists might have held mad revel in the woods the night before—Fra Angelico, Titian, Correggio, Tintoretto—each leaving behind him his pallet or pigments as he fled at cock-crow. And yet fair Nature in her Eastern harlequin robes seems to me a little loud, after the rich seal-browns and delicate ambers, the snowy outlines and tender blues of the Golden State. Her yellows are a trifle tawdry; her reds, too intense; her purple, slightly theatrical; and her autumnal greens, too garish, verdi-greasy, and slimy, to quite please eyes accustomed to the dignified and solemn verdure of the Californian forests at this season. But the rounded contour of the softly-undulating hills, seen through a veil of ethereal mist, contrasting with the piquant sharpness of the Sierras, and the delicious languor of the atmosphere as a set off to our cruel trade winds, intoxicated me with delight. I loitered along the woodpaths, paved with many-tinted maple leaves, and luxuriated in the sweet habitude of being with a perfect abandon, exclaiming with Concord's sage, 'The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who can clutch it?' Ah! who indeed! Who can clutch the morning-red, vanishing as one gazes; the potable gold of the matchless sunset; the rainbow scarf, flung along the mountain side; the flamboyant auroral pennants that quiver to the zenith? These magnificent phenomena may be seen in their utmost splendor in the Orient of the New World. But we outside barbarians of occidentals are not without our compensations, and one finds as one travels most extensively, that no one locality monopolizes all the beauty of the far-reaching universe."

Mr. Henry Kirkpatrick has a bronze coin of Egypt that he found in New Orleans, two weeks ago, while spading a garden. It bears the inscription "PTOLEMAIUS. S. BASILEUS," "Ptolemy Soter, the King," on the reverse. On the obverse is the head of a shaggy and bearded man. Ptolemy Soter ascended the throne 323 years before Christ, and was the first of the dynasty. The coin is admirably preserved, and is well worthy of mention. But what the old rascal wanted money around New Orleans gardens for, dropping coins that no respectable car-driver would accept, is a dark and miserable misery, Soter speak.

The following pensées are from *La Vie Parisienne*: Women ask of love that it shall make them forget everything or look for nothing. When a woman talks to her reason it is a sign that she is about to listen to her heart. Women generally confound their desire with their interest, hence they make so many errors prejudicial to themselves, thinking that what satisfies them serves them. Women hold more to approbation than to esteem—care less for praise of their good qualities than for obliviousness as to their bad ones. Which is the sorer for a woman, regret at not being understood, or disgust at being found out?

THE OTHER POETS.

A Gray Night.

One shadow slides from the dumb shore,
And one from every silent sail.
One cloud the averted heavens wear—
A soft mask, thin and frail.

Oh, silver is the lessening rain,
And yellow was the weary drouth!
The reef her warning finger puts
Upon the harbor's mouth.

Her thin, wan finger, stiff and stark,
She holds by night, she holds by day.
Ask, if you will, no answer makes
The sombre, guarded bay.

The fleet, with idle canvass hung,
Like a brute life sleeps patiently;
The head-lights nod across the cliff,
The fog blows out to sea.

There is no color on the tide,
No color on the passive sky;
Across the beach a safe, small sound—
The grass-hid cricket's cry.

And through the dusk I hear the keels
Of home-bound boats grate low and sweet,
O happy lights I can not see,
Leap out the sound to greet!

O tender arms I can not touch,
Gather and garner while ye may!
The morrow knoweth God. Ye know
Your own are yours to-day.

I bless you, sitting here alone;
I bless you, sitting in the gray;
For pain and passion pass at last,
As tides ebb down the bay.

And all the colors of the day
And colors of the night are one;
Content, they blend to weave the veil
That hides the setting sun.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The Tyranny of Mood.

MORNING.

It is enough; I feel, this golden morn,
As if a royal appanage were mine,
Through Nature's queenly warrant of divine
Investure. What princess, palace-born,
Hath right of rapture more, when skies adorn
Themselves so grandly; when the mountains shine
Transfigured; when the air exalts like wine;
When pearly purples steep the yellowing corn?
So satisfied with all the goodness
Of God's good world, my being to its brim
Surcharged with utter thankfulness no less
Than bliss of beauty passionately glad,
Through rush of tears that leaves the landscape dim,
"Who dares," I cry, "in such a world be sad!"

NIGHT.

I press my cheek against the window-pane,
And gaze abroad into the blank, black space
Where earth and sky no more have any place,
Wiped from existence by the expunging rain,
And as we hear the worried winds complain,
A darkness darker than the murky shows trace
Invades the curtained room is on our face,
Beneath which life and life's best ends seem vain.
My swelling aspirations viewless sink,
As yon cloud-bloted hills; hopes that shone bright
As planets' vesters-eye, like them to-night
Are gulfed, the impenetrable mist before.
"O weary world," I cry, "how dare I think
Thou hast for me one gleam of gladness more!"
MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Dorothy.—A Reverie.

[SUGGESTED BY THE NAME UPON A PANE.]

She then must once have looked, as I
Look now across the level rye—
Past church, and manor-house, and seen,
As now I see, the village green,
The bridge, and Walton's river—she
Whose old-world name was "Dorothy."

The swallows must have twitted, too,
Above her head; the roses blew
Below, no doubt—and, sure, the South
Crept up the wall and kissed her mouth—
That wistful mouth that comes to me
Linked with her name of Dorothy.

What was she like? I picture her
Unmet for uncouth worshipper;
Soft, pensive, far too subtly graced
To suit the blunt bucolic taste,
Whose crude perception could but see
"Ma'am Fine-airs" in "Miss Dorothy."

How not? She loved, may be, perfume,
Soft texture, lace, a half-lit room;
Perchance too candidly preferred
"Clarissa" to a gossip's word;
And, for the rest, would seem to be
Or proud or dull—this Dorothy.

Poor child! with heart the down-lined nest
Of warmest instincts unconfront,
Soft, callow things, that vaguely felt
The breeze caress, the sunlight melt,
But yet by some obscure decree
Unwinged from birth—poor Dorothy!

Not less I dream her mute desire
To ached churl and booby squire,
Now pale, with timorous eyes that filled
At "twice-told tales" of foves killed;
Now trembling when slow tongues grew free
"Twixt sport, and Port—and Dorothy!"

'Twas then she'd seek this nook, and find
Its evening landscape balmy-kind;
And here, where still her gentle name
Lives on the old green glass, would frame
Fond dreams of unfound harmony
"Twixt heart and heart. Poor Dorothy!

L'ENVOI.

These last I spoke. Then Florence said,
Below me: "Dreams? Delusions, Fred!"
Next with a pause—she bent the while
Over a rose, with roguish smile—
"But how disgusted, Fred, you'll be
To hear I scrawled that 'Dorothy'!"

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1879.

Owing to the absolute impossibility of getting our new title well printed in the large sixteen-page form, we have decided to replace it for a time with the old heading. As soon as arrangements can be perfected the illustrated title page will again appear, heading from four to eight additional pages. With the present size every inch of room is needed for reading matter, which is a consideration outside that of the damaging effect of poor printing.

If we could make the Republican candidate for the Presidency we would name the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, our late Minister to Paris, as the banner-bearer of the party in the next Presidential campaign. If we could declare the President of the United States, to succeed the present incumbent, we would name the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, Senator from New York. We regard Governor Washburne as the most available candidate, and, in event of his election, he would make an intelligent, safe, patriotic, and honest administration. We look upon Mr. Roscoe Conkling as an able, high-minded, and honest-minded statesman, from whom the Republic would take no hurt. We hear him criticised by his enemies (the jealous-minded, small men, who crawl and hiss and bite the heels of gentlemen) as proud, austere, and aristocratic. We have a personal acquaintance with the Senator from New York, and he seems to us proud and haughty, and in his deportment reserved; he has the manner of a gentleman. The time has come when we demand a proud man for President; for pride is a synonym of all the manly virtues. The proud man is brave, is honest, is generous, is just; the proud man is necessarily intelligent. The pride of which we write is that which comes from birth and breeding, from education and association with gentlemen, from consciousness of an honest purpose, and a just ambition to attain the highest honors of the nation, and a resolute determination to wear those honors fitly. The man whom we would elect to the great executive office should be too proud to accept advancement secured by the arts of an intriguing demagogue; he should be too proud to consort with the gutter politicians of our cities; he should be too proud to degrade himself by association with ring thieves and plunderers; too proud to stoop to the mean and contemptible devices that make villains successful and enable base-minded intriguants to prosper in politics; he should be too proud to become the parasite of those in power; he should have the resolute, manly pride that comes from conscious rectitude of purpose, from conscious ability, from absolute self-reliance. We think the Hon. Roscoe Conkling such a man, and should be proud to advance him by our writings, our vote, and our influence to become the chief magistrate of our Republic. We do not think he will be either candidate or President; the times are too degenerate, the people too indifferent, and the Republican leadership too utterly corrupt and selfish to ever aid Mr. Roscoe Conkling to a Presidential nomination. His fate is to be that of Clay, Webster, Seward, and many others who were too great and too ambitious to ever become President.

We rank Mr. Washburne among the level-headed men of America. He is the type of the prairie land: honest beyond suspicion; equal to any position that he has been called to fill; of large experience, great common sense, simplicity of manner; devoid of personal vanity; of good habits; one who if elected President would give the political and party engine a turn back; introduce economy into all the departments of government; endeavor to bring the Republic back to something like its early simplicity of political administration; would at least attempt to choke off thieves that are fastening themselves upon every department of State. Mr. Washburne served for many (we can not state how many) years in Congress. He was Secretary of State for a month

—a foolish little by-play between President Grant and himself which we never understood. He then became Minister to France, serving through the eventful period of the German war, as the result of which the Napoleonic dynasty and empire went down in ashes red with French blood, and out of the ashes of which comes, we prophesy, an enduring republic. In all these official positions Mr. Washburne was honest, in the last he was great; as member of Congress from Illinois there is no stain upon his honor during a long political career. When the war came his patriotism rose to the level of the occasion. He discovered Grant, brought him forward, made him, sustained him, never faltered in courage or counsel, and always looked through the lowering clouds of discouragement and defeat for the bright promise of that sun that brought us final victory and national preservation. We speak from personal observation of Mr. Washburne, when, chosen to represent all the German States, he remained and held the balance of a great trust fairly between warring nationalities, doing justice to German citizens in Paris, clothing them when in danger with the garment of our flag, throwing over them the protection of our shield, feeding the German hungry and warming the German cold, protecting German lives and property against the madness of French jealousy and the hot impulse of French passion. We have seen him at midnight sending off German women and children by railroad; we have seen him by day riding amid the raining shot of Valerien, Issy, Passy, and Montrouge, defending German property from the menace of a communistic mob. We had opportunity to observe how calm and self-poised and brave an American could be when facing the dangers of a siege and the battle of barricades, when two French armies fought in the streets of Paris with artillery, cavalry, and infantry. We were in a position to observe how justly and how generously he treated all sides, and how admirably he carried himself among the contending factions that grew out of the political complications of the period.

During this period Mr. Washburne demonstrated himself more than an ordinary man. From the day that the French Emperor bore his boy to the battle-field to undergo his "baptism of fire," all through the eventful period of the German war and the war of the Commune, Mr. Washburne was placed in positions of great and varying responsibility. The "baptism of fire" became one of blood, ending in the captivity of the sire and the flight of the son. The Empire fell, the Empress took to flight, the Government of National Defense was announced by Gambetta from a balcony of the Hôtel de Ville. The Germans surrounded Paris. Gambetta escaped in a balloon to Tours, to organize a new capital, a new army, a new system of finance. France was conquered, Paris occupied by the German army. The Commune seized authority, the Germans were in occupation across the Seine, the government at Versailles was under Thiers, the army under MacMahon was shelling Paris. The fight of the Commune resulted in the victory of the Government troops. All through long months of excitement and war, Paris starving, France heroic to resist and France humiliated by defeat, Paris wrenched by civil war, the American Minister, flaunting his American flag in the Rue Chio, calmly and prudently administered the affairs of his own Government, those of the governments intrusted to him, steering himself and his embassy safely and with dignity through the dangers of constantly changing authorities. Out of all this came Mr. Washburne, having earned the gratitude of Germany, the respect of France, and deserving the admiration of his own countrymen. When the British Minister, Lord Lyons, fled from the besieged city and took up his quarters in Tours, our Minister stood at his post with those of his own countrymen and of the Germans who had not the ability or the opportunity to make their escape. Every American has a right to be proud of Mr. Washburne's conduct as Minister to France.

Such a man would make an admirable President of the United States, and in event of his election it is our confident belief that he would bring integrity and intelligence to the administration of his office equal to that of any President that has ever honored the position, except, of course, Abraham Lincoln. We except President Lincoln from all comparisons; his intelligence, his patriotism, and his integrity were a miracle of God; his administration a special providence.

Such a man as Mr. Washburne ought to be available as a party candidate. He ought to be fairly and honorably entitled to every vote of every naturalized German or citizen of German descent in America. If there is anything in the Germans' boasted love of Fatherland, if there is any gratitude in the German breast, or any pride of German nationality, they ought, every mother's son of them, to vote for the ambassador and gentleman who, through battle and strife, cold and starvation, stood by the wives and children of Germans when Paris was besieged by German arms. Such considerations as these ought to sink deeper down into the German stomach than all questions of Sunday amusement, keeping open lager beer saloons after midnight, pretty waiters, or indeed any of those other momentous political

questions that are so potent to control the German vote. We know of no good reason why that other great and powerful political faction that has honored our country by choosing it for an asylum should not also give to Mr. Washburne at least enough votes to allow it to come with unblushing cheek to the distribution of spoils, and without embarrassment ask for its share of offices. With the entire German vote cast for Mr. Washburne, it is probable that Americans would be strong enough to hold the balance of power, and secure to him enough electoral votes to overcome a solid Democratic South. It is probable, too, that even the South might see its interest in foregoing its opportunity to draw sectional color lines in the coming Presidential election.

But of course Mr. Washburne will not be nominated; Mr. Conkling will not be nominated; Mr. Blaine will not be nominated. General Grant will be nominated. Integrity with service, statesmanship with learning, eloquence with zeal, will count for but little in a Convention manipulated by devil-fish, whose tentacles are stretched throughout the nation, feeling for spoils and grasping for the loot and plunder of office.

If General Grant is not nominated—and he may not be if the school of devil-fish shall determine that some unknown political idiot, whose record is too obscure to find any blemish in it, is more available—then we may be called upon to save the country under some new and unknown gentleman and statesman, whose virtues and excellencies will be made to appear as the necessity arises for their description and recital.

We await developments. It is rumored that Mr. George C. Gorham is to come with capital, type, and cheek to run a daily organ for our instruction, to *rodeo* the Republican animals and put his brand upon them. It is said that special attention will be given by the politicians at Washington to matters in California; that our four Congressmen and electoral vote are deemed important. It is said that the Federal authorities in San Francisco and in California have already chosen their candidate for Governor; and that the wires are laid and the batteries charged for his nomination; and the bargain made by which a Lieutenant-Governor and a Warden at the prison are to be selected. We hear two names for Congress: one for the San Francisco, and one for the Second District. One will conciliate the *Bulletin*, and one the *Chronicle*. We hear of a bargaining that shall result in a ticket of a compromise character, satisfactory to certain material interests, and acceptable to the ambition of certain political conspirators. We are convinced there is a devilish and deep-laid political conspiracy now being hatched in San Francisco, and only awaiting the adjournment of the Constitutional Convention and the adoption or rejection of its work, to put in effective operation. The parties engaged in it are the same who have twice given the State to the Democracy, who have given San Francisco a Democratic majority, and against whom we have registered a vow that they shall not succeed if we can help it.

Denis Kearny has again made a meddlesome ass of himself. His last act of Celtic impudence was to attend a meeting of the depositors of the French Bank. He had no money in the bank, could not speak the language. He abused in round terms our best French citizens, particularizing offenses against Mr. Gustave Touchard, than whom there is no man of more honorable record in our State. Denis is a cosmopolitan scold, and does not spare his own countrymen. He gives the leather of his tongue to Mr. Myles D. Sweeny, President of the Hibernia Bank, and pours out his indiscriminate blackguardism against the other directors. His sublimest act of insolence was to visit the Tax Collector's office and object to the payment of taxes by checks and certificates of deposits in bank. How long is this ignorant and meddlesome Irish blatherskite to be allowed to blaspheme God and interfere in affairs of which he is as blindly ignorant as the ass that fathered the mule he so cowardly assaulted? How long is this affliction of insolence and arrogance to be meekly endured? How much must the American citizen and the respectable foreigner submit to before they will be allowed to raise the cry, "This demagogue and all his criminal adherents must go?" He should be banished back to Ireland, where he would find a public sentiment and an administration of the laws which an indulgent public opinion does not enforce in this his adopted country. We are impatient of Denis; he talks too much with his mouth. We are anxious to have him act; we are impatient to see the scrimmage; we have never attended a Donnybrook fair; we have never witnessed the lively motion of the blackthorn, nor heard the music of its playful thump upon the Irish scone. We look forward in fond anticipation of seeing Denis and his awkward squad in argument of sticks and stones with the police.

The Constitutional Convention will probably sit in permanence; \$10 a day, with the scrip selling at fifty cents on the dollar, is such an overwhelming pecuniary inducement to a majority of the body that we shall not be surprised to see its sittings prolonged through a hard winter. It is better than one dollar a day on the park with pick and shovel, and not nearly as hard work.

AFTERMATH.

We are delighted in expectation of a toothsome bit of gossip concerning the O'Brien family. We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to a long legal wrangle over a dead gentleman's property, that shall drag the skeleton from the closet, if there was one, and set the friends chattering at the hearthstone. We shall look forward to our daily journals with a new zest for sensational items in double-leaded type and alliteration of words, long columns of scandal in pica, long primer, bourgeois, brevier, minion, nonpareil, agate, pearl, and diamond. The interviewing fiend is already abroad, and, like the miasmatic exhalations of the sewers, he is crawling under bed-room doors, and stealing noiselessly through corridor and keyholes, to listen there and tattle. We are impatient for this new sensation to open. The Colton scandal dies with this issue of the ARGONAUT; the *Bulletin-Call-Chronicle* libel suit, with its nauseous detail of nasty epithets, drags wearily; O'Donnell smells to heaven; Denis Kearney grows flat, stale, and unprofitable. The School for Scandal threatens a vacation. The Duncan failure, escape, and trial, no longer interest us; the Constitutional Convention no longer attracts our notice, as its members have stopped dying; there is an interval of prospective dullness between this and the next election; stocks are down; suicides, murders, rapes, and burglaries are alarmingly infrequent; divorces are too common to interest; swindles, failures, bankruptcies, and flights are only an hour's sensation. What we demand is a good old-fashioned nine days' wonder—a scandal over which we may smack our lips, look wise, and whisper to each other.

We call upon the commercial and family dailies to demonstrate anew the enterprise that has so eminently characterized them in the past. Let reporters of most fertile imaginations, and interviewers of most wiggling and insinuous capacities, be sent abroad to spy into this matter. Let the newspapers be bloody, bold, and resolute; inventive, spicy, and original; then all themasses will read them, and we shall rejoice and be exceeding glad, and our joy and our gladness will be just in the inverse measure of somebody else's shame, humiliation, and sorrow. Their loss is our gain.

Is there not a little confusion in the minds of our municipal officers as to whom they are serving—the public or Mr. Denis Kearney? This person has a habit of stalking into their offices, catechizing them with regard to the way in which they discharge their duties, withholding his approval from their methods, and finally intimating his conviction that they are thieves. Some of them no doubt are, but if they were not also cowardly demagogues, afraid of the sand-lots—and that's worse than stealing—they would kick the Kearney person with considerable energy and lasting effect. We know a public officer is "accountable to the people" (though we do not know what that means), but no private citizen has authority to demand an accounting at his pleasure; that is a right belonging only to the reporters of the daily press, if we correctly understand the law.

San Rafael is to have a beautiful new cemetery, the projector and proprietor of which is Dr. Dubois, a local physician. We hope it will be a long time before the following epitaph may be read there:

Pause, stranger, and regard this bust—
I was Dubois, I now am dust;
But men attain to greatness through
Not what they are, but what they do.
A thousand graves with each a name
Attest my work and fix my fame.

When all the dirty linen of the School Department has been washed, and mended, and aired, and hung up to dry, we hope the attention of our tax-payers will be directed to the pernicious errors and extravagances that have fastened themselves upon our free school system. What was originally contended to the children of the poor as a charity, has now become an insolent and audacious exaction. Society undertook to give a free education in rudimentary English branches to those children of parents who were too poor to provide it, and now the system has grown to an extravagant and exacting political power. The School Department is about the most corrupt of all the departments of the city government. It needs pruning, and the first member to be lopped off is the head. Expenses should be reduced not less than five hundred thousand dollars a year. All the studies of science, classics, higher mathematics, languages, calisthenics, music, drawing, should be dispensed with. All the teachers of cosmopolitan schools, and all the male teachers from Berlin and Boston who have aided to build up this expensive and costly structure should be dismissed from the department, and the whole thing brought back to the simplicity and economy of earlier and better days.

There is neither sense nor honesty in taxing the community to educate the children of the rich; let all that are able educate their own children. We ought to educate the poor; we ought to feed the poor and destitute, if they are hungry, on bread, and meat, and plain food, but not on *pâté de foie gras*, truffles, and champagne. We ought to give poor children a plain, sensible, common English education. If they

aspire to the luxuries of learning, let them toil for them. We do not believe in over-educating. Somebody must work, and all the stuff and nonsense about education making better hod-carriers, sand-shovelers, floor-scrubbers, cooks, wash-women, maids of all work, and menial servants, we do not believe. Somebody must work, and nobody that graduates at our boys' or girls' high schools will ever become a servant. Plenty of these graduates have become hoodlums and worse, but no graduate of the Boys' High School ever become a day laborer if by his wits he could avoid it; and no graduate of the Girls' High School ever willingly attended any baby but her own.

To take any German, Irish, or Yankee child at sixteen years of age, provide it with books, carry it through a course of education and finished accomplishments, in order that it may graduate at the curb-stone, play the piano, or become eligible to the Industrial School or Magdalen Asylum, is a burden we are not willing to bear. It is a system under which society is going to the devil at a breakneck pace. It is an abuse that ought to be corrected, and the first step in the direction of reform is to tear away and destroy all this false sentimentality and spurious demagoguery that hedges in the common-school system. Make the lower schools better; give them more and better teachers; give these teachers a smaller number of scholars; abolish the high schools and cosmopolitan schools; do away with the higher teachers, and let no child be taught at the expense of the public unless its parents and guardians are too poor to educate it. This is the original idea of a free, public common-school system; all the rest is organized stealing.

"Omnium Gatherum," whose so-called "sonnet" we murderously criticised in these columns last week—even going so far as to print it—writes us a good-natured letter, showing that he isn't mad even the tiniest little bit. Confound the fellow! will nothing provoke him? Ha! we have it—go at him with an epigram:

"G." writes very little; 'tis strange, is it not?
I'll tell you the why and the wherefore:
He cares not a fig for his fame as a bard,
And he has not a fig's worth to care for.

The foregoing is not very good verse, but we feel assured that it will somehow remind "Omnium Gatherum" of Byron's—particularly of the familiar lines:

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feathers on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

We have our own reasons for thinking so—one of which is, that our epigram is by "Omnium Gatherum" himself. And it wouldn't be bad either if it were correctly rhymed.

We call attention to this fact in the Reed libel case: Two weeks ago the *Chronicle* very severely commented on the unfair and partial rulings of Judge Louderback. The *Bulletin* is now doing the same thing. While the trial is pending these newspaper litigants are discussing the question, and each in turn censuring the court. Judge Louderback should imprison all the proprietors for contempt. It is a wrong and an insult to our judicial system, and is a most cowardly and contemptible thing for any respectable newspaper or reputable person to do. Thistleton, of the *Jolly Giant*, or O'Donnell, if guilty of the same offense, would be sent to prison. Judge Louderback would do a brave and manly act if he would teach the insolent press a salutary lesson by sending its owners to the county jail. The community would sustain him. Judge Louderback dare not do it, because his election occurs every two years and he stands in fear of the influence of the press.

The *London World* says that Lord Ronald Gower has cleverly executed a bust of the late Mr. H. J. Montague, the actor, but that the expression of the face is rather more serious than that usually worn by Mr. Montague. We presume his lordship has tried to represent "poor Monty" as he would have looked had he known that Maud Granger and Jeffreys-Lewis were going to play at his funeral.

Sunday last was a white day for France, a glorious and triumphant ending of a long, bloody, and eventful struggle. The crimes, the intrigues, the wretched profligacy of the empire went out with the captivity and death of the third Napoleon, the flight and exile of the Empress and Prince Imperial. France is to-day a republic. Sunday's election, in determining the character of the Senate, fixes, we believe, for all time to come, the democratic government of France. Aristocratic birth no longer determines the choice of men who shall govern the French people. Vive la France! Vive la République! we exclaim with all the enthusiasm of a French citizen. We were in Paris on the day when the Emperor was taken prisoner by the Germans; we saw the joy of a people delivered from a usurper who had stolen an empire by perjury and assassination, and maintained it by the bayonets of Turcos. We saw great bearded men embrace and kiss each other in the enthusiasm of their joy at deliverance from the hated dynasty of Napoleon. We have watched the development of republican sentiment from the hour that Paris was permitted to sing the "Marseillaise,"

all through the fight of the Commune, and now sail with satisfaction the final triumph of republican government over church, aristocracy, and political power. Vive la France! Vive la République! Vive Gambetta!

There is but one advantage in "dying rich": it resuscitates many of one's relations who died years before. They come crawling out of their graves as thick as earth-worms after a rain, and they attack the estate as a regiment of Kansas grasshoppers assails a cabbage patch. And then they go back on their own epitaphs, and say that they have all the time been canning salmon at Santa Fé, or herding cats in Siskiyou, or mining for bar soap in Humboldt, or growing door-knobs in Oregon, or doing anything anywhere that there is no money in. But these stories are weak; it is not possible to mention an industry so unprofitable as to produce such destitution as theirs. A man must have been dead—and dead a long time, too—to be as poor as the contestants of a rich man's will.

If there is any day that we respect it is the Sabbath; of all the Christian ordinances that which we hold in highest esteem is the one that says we shall do no work on Sunday. Upon this holy day the bill collector has no authority to annoy us with his importunity; the devil does not pursue us for copy. We wish there were six Sundays in the week instead of one. We never could see the propriety of giving six days to the devil and one to the Lord.

We hold in grateful remembrance the fact that last year, at about this time, when threatened by a dry season, Archbishop Alemany humbly petitioned the divine dispenser of blessings, and the result was abundant rain, plenteous harvests, and a prosperous season. Reverently we suggest that he again pray for rain. It was hinted last year that his grace prayed upon a falling barometer, with clouds overhead, and a warm south wind. The opportunity is now presented to demonstrate the efficacy of prayer against a clear sky and a strong norther.

Probably the most terrible indictment that has yet been brought against General Grant is that of the *New York Sun*, which avers that two years in Europe have turned his head, and "made him a confirmed believer in strong governments, and an imitator of the usages of kings and emperors." We confess it seems to us that a strong government is not necessarily incompatible with national welfare, if it is a good one; indeed, if that is so we should say the stronger the better. A government is so potent for good or evil that when its energies are intelligently organized and beneficently directed every patriot will wish "more power to its elbow." If Grant is a convert to "the usages of kings and emperors" he does not materially differ in that respect from the rest of us. Kings and emperors eat, drink, sleep, work, marry and are given in marriage, play, and do pretty much as men of less exalted station do. In addition to this they have done most of the good governing. Perhaps our contemporary means that Grant is an imitator of *bad* kings and emperors. Well, he was not made so by his tour in Europe, but by his stay in Washington.

It seems almost too ridiculous that in this age and at this period of American life and culture it should be necessary to remind a great journal that "the usages of kings and emperors" are not always and necessarily wicked—that human nature is pretty much the same in a man who is called a sovereign and a man whose title is President. Shall we ever recover from this childish terror and detestation of "crowned heads"—the mark and sign of a republicanism that is but "skin deep" and distrusts itself? Why can't we let the "crowned" heads alone, and do something to improve our own?

General Grant is now stumping Ireland for the Presidency. His speech at Dublin was a most excellent one, and well calculated to catch the Irish vote. Cork is not so complaisant; the Irish have obtained control of the City Council, and they refused to vote the Republican candidate the freedom of the town and a gold snuff-box. The consequence was he refused to visit the town, passed on to the castle and groves of Blarney, where he has gone to kiss the Blarney-stone in preparation for his American campaign when he gets the Republican nomination as a third-term candidate for President of the United States.

It will be rather a blow to the members of the City Council, however, to learn from the cable dispatches to the American press that "General Grant had made up his mind that he could not visit Cork, before hearing of their official action." As for us whose "withers are unwrung" it merely reminds us of Cataline's speech, as reported by the *Oil City Derrick* man:

"Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free
From daily contact with the things I loathe?
And I was about to move out of town anyhow."

They have a saloon in Bodie called "The Argonaut." We hope we appreciate this compliment, if for no other reason, on account of its rarity. There have been no churches named "The Argonaut" we believe.

UNA BODA.

From the Spanish of Emilio Castelar.

I.

The skies were showering snow over Warsaw on a gloomy night. It seemed as if a winding sheet were being woven to protect that corpse—the old city. Everything that hovers about the grave hovers there: cold, silence, loneliness. In its desolate streets there lurked uncouth guards, mounted on small Tartar horses—like birds of prey that darted into that sepulchre. Yet, in the midst of so much desolation, a ray of light was gleaming, an aspiration of love, one of those flowers that find light and life even through the gapings of the tomb. In a large, spacious hall, there could be seen a maiden decking her brows with a wreath of white orange blossoms. It was the nuptial crown which she had arranged for the following evening—the evening of her wedding. She was entering on her twentieth year. Long and golden curls fell over her shapely shoulders like rays of light. Her blue eyes, tinged with melancholy happiness, glittered like a serene sky. Through the snowy whiteness of her complexion the rich veinings of the blood could be traced. She was so graceful, so slender and so elegant, that well could she be said to resemble by the fullness of her brow, the deep blue of her eyes, her aquiline nose, her well-defined lips, her pliant neck, and stately countenance, the statue that represented the genius of her country—that typified Poland. It seems that those enslaved, ravaged countries, in their hours of martyrdom, are wont to bring forth beautiful daughters—the offspring of the most sublime inspirations—the inspirations of anguish. Do we not remember those daughters of Israel who swept their harps under the willows of Babylon, mingling their tears with the waters of a foreign river, who by their dazzling beauty unnerved the persecutors of their country.

II.

The maiden laid aside her crown of flowers after assuring herself that it became her well, and moved toward a window as if she awaited the coming of one longingly expected. At that instant, she saw passing, almost obscured by the drifts of snow, a body of Cossacks loudly reviling and execrating Poland. The maiden retraced her steps with horror and mechanically sat by the piano. She dropped her head on her breast in despair and ran her fingers over the instrument. The piano gave forth a melody profoundly sad, one of those melodies which are the wail of a whole generation, the elegy of the soul of a people. Instantly there appeared at the door an old man, bent and tottering, who with anguish uttered these words: "What dost thou? Thou knowest not that this melody—this canticle of our sires—may cost us our lives?"

"True, grandfather," replied the maiden; "but what is life without our country?"

"I have faith that our country still remains for us," rejoined the old man. "I believe that this people, stoned yesterday like St. Stephen, corrupt to-day like Lazarus, has yet hope."

"Where is it?"

"In God," said the old man.

"And when will God hear us?"

"When we shall have satisfied his justice by our sufferings."

"And yet more martyrs!" exclaimed the maiden, in a painful tone. Two tears, two large tears, rolled down her face like two bitter rivers of sorrow. The old man lowered his voice and said:

"There is still hope if we put our trust in battle. How can there be love when thou embracest a corpse? Why begest, when thou begetest a slave? Cursed be the heart that sacrifices love of country to its selfish passion; cursed be the womb that begets children to be devoured by the tyrant. Thou deckest thyself in thy betrothal veil. Unhappy maiden! Poland's daughters were born in a shroud. Their cradle is a sepulchre. What must their nuptial couch be?" And the old man disappeared.

III.

On bearing these words Maria became dumb and perplexed. But a short time had passed when she recovered herself, and turned her steps toward a picture of the Virgin which sparkled on the walls of the *salon*.

"Mother mine," said she, kneeling, "mother mine, hear me. The mariner, when the clouds darken the stars, when the wind raises the waves and the tempest roars, invokes thee and thou hearest him, and heaven again uncovers the stars, the ocean sleeps like an infant, the tempest turns into a breeze, and the waves curl themselves like the wings of a bird, and the ship comes safely into port. Why succour not this people drowning in a sea of blood? Our houses are pantheons, our couches sepulchres, the altars of our temples stalls of the Tartar horses, thy children the spoils of its fury. This nation is sinking in a sea of gall. When her voice falters she raises her purple and blood-stained hands toward thee, supplicating thy aid. We have already suffered the torments of a crucifixion. We have already slept the deep sleep of death at the foot of our Calvary. Will not the hour of resurrection dawn for this crucified of nations?"

The prayer was interrupted by the appearance of a youth, who entered from without, his heavy coat covered by the falling snow. Maria rose and hastened to meet him. It is impossible that a more beautiful couple could be found in the whole of Poland. Both of them were young, both were fair, both were erect and tall, both had blue eyes. They were alike, but with the difference that the youth had all the strength, all the noble austerity of manhood; and the maiden all the gracefulness, all the delicacy, all the beauty which Goethe calls the feminine ideal. Their hands, their eyes, their breath, their souls were one. For a time there reigned that infinite silence which no human phrase can express—that religious quiet which has ever been the sublime eloquence of love. Had that ecstasy lengthened itself all through the extension of time, it would be celestial beatitude. That magnetism of two glances joined in one desire, that meeting of two souls merged in one idea, that harmony of two hearts beating in common accord, that aroma of two sighs which mingle in one, that union of two lives indissolubly bound together as the soul and the flesh, as the eye and the retina, as the bosom and the breath—ah! that is love. Why not say Love is always selfish—always. It is the sublime self-

fishness of youthfulness; the concentration of life in itself, as if to gather strength, and enlarge itself, and expand into new beings. As has been said by the sublimest of modern poets, Love is the selfishness of two. For it, there are not, in its moments of rapture, either country or humanity; there is nothing but itself; all the earth is the space which the being of his love inhabits, and all humanity is epitomized in the idol of his heart. And this is why Maria was oblivious of everything at that moment: the words of the old man, the grief of her heart, the desolated country, the howl of the Cossack, her prayer, her tears; she could not see the earth from the heaven of her love, encompassed in the blue eyes of her lover, where her whole soul had centred.

IV.

How happy were these moments! The youth cherished the idea of his wedding as the attainment of all his wishes—as the goal of an ambition which he had caressed all his life. He had loved that woman from his childhood, ever since the first feelings had sprung from his soul. A thousand insurmountable obstacles, a thousand impediments, had crowded upon his path. His unutterable love attracted him toward Maria, and yet destiny separated him from her. Finally, after wrestling and struggling, after expending entire years in great despair, he was on the eve of the consummation of his hopes. With impatience he was counting the minutes that were yet lacking to seal with an eternal vow the alliance of two hearts born to love one another—worthy of being blended in one existence. The aspiration of his being at the age of twenty-two years, when all the fancy of the mind is color, all the intelligence light, all the sentiment passion, all the ambition love, was to unite himself with the woman of his dreams. The satellite does not look on the planet, the planet on the sun, the nightingale on its nest, the brook on the sky, nor the sky on God, as that lover looked upon the object of his affection. I, poor narrator of this history, could not divine what he was saying to her; I could not repeat his half-spoken words. The artist has not yet been born who could picture the depth of loving eyes; the musician has not yet been born who could transcribe the note of a loving sigh. Where is the poet capable of repeating the words of a loving breast? Far easier is it to repeat the unending murmurs of the ocean waves. A heart filled with love is the universe. With love, with hope, with happiness the heart of young Ladislao is filled. Both had forgotten the world. What value could country have for them, when the magnet of their love lifted them beyond the earthly sphere?

V.

That rapture, however, was interrupted by the old man, who entered again and exclaimed:

"Love! To love when Poland is trodden in the dust, covered with ashes and blood, to love is a crime. Dost thou not hear the byenas crushing between their teeth the last remnants of the corpse? And art thou happy? Behold, behold!" and he uncovered his bosom; one, two, three, four, five, six scars. "Through these wounds I have poured out the blood of my veins, through them pieces of my heart have leaped out. I have grown gray in Siberia. The weight of my chains has bent me. I am feeble and without strength to live longer, yet I feel I am strong enough to hate. Poland can yet recover herself. If she is to-day the scorn of the world, to-morrow she will be the exterminating angel of tyrants. Ladislao, go and die for Poland. Maria, send him to die. Thy first embrace will be accused because it will beget the soul of a slave. If on the morrow Warsaw fails to rise again in arms, the next day thou wilt be sent in chains arm in arm to Siberia. Let thy bosom hold nothing but hatred; let thy arms be weapons; let thy breath be fire; because I, an old tottering man, who have fallen a hundred times on the battle-field, I am going to die at last on the bosom of my enslaved country."

And the old man made an effort to rise and run as if he were a youth, but his limbs quivered, and he fell on his knees before the image of the Virgin. At that moment there was heard a wild cry of "Long live Poland," followed by loud reports of musketry.

VI.

The youthful Ladislao pointed at the old man, then toward heaven, and drew Maria closely to his heart.

"Art thou going?" asked the maiden.

"I am going, Maria; the country calls me."

"It is but the sound of the wind," said Maria.

"No, it is the din of battle," replied Ladislao.

"O heaven! and what will become of our love?"

"Our love! Would our love," asked the youth, "last only as long as life?"

"To-morrow," said Maria, "to-morrow is our nuptial day."

"My heart tells me," exclaimed Ladislao, "that to-morrow thou wilt be mine."

At this instant another and a nearer report was heard.

"Ladislao," exclaimed Maria, "for God's sake, go not!"

The maiden had not the heart to tell him not to leave her. But she added, as if to deceive herself, "Ladislao, it is the wind."

"No," said the youth, "it is the spirit of the country."

"Farewell; to-morrow, remember," exclaimed Maria, "will be our wedding day."

The youth rushed into the street, and the maiden fell at the feet of her grandfather, before the image of the Virgin.

VII.

For a whole day the battle raged. The blood ran for many a long hour. The sons of Poland have fought anew. All the men have rushed to the battle-field, all the women to the altars. Maria prays and weeps. From the depth of her despair rises a lonely prayer. A new night follows. The din of battle has ceased. The result is not doubtful. Poland struggles in vain, knowing that she is doomed to fall. A dreadful silence hangs over the city. That was to be the night of Maria's nuptials. Her crown of flowers is there, the veil is there; but her lover is not. Maria awaits him, but he comes not; Maria calls him, but there is no answer. The maiden becomes delirious. Where is the battle-ground? Disordered in mind, she assumes the nuptial crown, clothes herself in the veil, and prepares to start. "Where can Ladislao be?" she asks her grandfather, who lies expiring at the foot of the Virgin's picture—expiring with grief and fatigue.

"Blessed be they who die in the Lord!" answered the old man.

Maria comprehends all. The night is dark; the snow is falling. The maiden, robed in white, wrapped in her veil, alone, and in the midst of the fierce storm, resembled the soul of a virgin who returns from heaven. Her temples throb and her heart beats as if she were going toward her bridal chamber. She goes to the outskirts of Warsaw, to the battle-field. She searches eagerly with her hands among the piles of the dead. The shadows are so thick that she can not distinguish the features. Suddenly she hears a moan, which is the last sound of a life drifting into death.

"It is he," cries she, "it is he!"

A ray from the moon pierces the clouds. Maria recognizes the features of Ladislao. They are livid, tinted by the pallor of death. She places her hand over his heart; it beats not. She places her ear over his breast; it is silent.

"Thou hast died," said she. "On this night wert thou to have received my first kiss of love," and she pressed her ardent lips upon those of the pallid corpse. In that kiss she absorbed death.

On the following day the bodies of the insurgent dead were being carried to the cemetery, and among them there was one of a very beautiful maiden enshrouded in her betrothal veil. Did those who buried them know the secret of that death? I can not tell; nor do I know whether the youth and maiden filled the same grave.

THOMAS M. JEWETT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1879.

The Late Mrs. Simson of Texas.

Singular, and affording a curious exemplification of the business-like habits of Americans under all circumstances, is the story told in the Paris *Figaro*, of the 5th of December, by M. Adrian Marx. The gentleman, it seems, dined recently at his club with one of the "richest and most honorable merchants of Kentucky," who spends three months of every year at Paris. It was this Kentuckian who advised "Prevost-Paradol to accept the mission to Washington as an 'advantageous post, sir, especially as you can do a big outside business at the same time.' Conversation having turned upon the recent theft at St. Mark's, one of the others called it "a singular occurrence," and the American gentleman said it was "a good speculation," the managers of which would make at least \$400,000. His auditors seeming surprised, he said—perhaps it would be better to reproduce M. Marx's story in his own words—

"They will manage as did the people who stole in Texas, an hour after her death, the wife of an opulent manufacturer of salt beef."

"What did they do?"

"Formed a company, for it requires a pretty large cash capital to obtain the cooperation of adroit auxiliaries, to elude the vigilance of the police, to keep the books, etc. They issued 500,000 francs' worth of shares like this," and the American rapidly sketched on a page of his memorandum book the following:

Joint Stock Company (capital \$100,000) for	
DEALING IN MRS. SIMSON'S CORPSE.	
(Formed under an agreement drawn up by M. Cok, Notary, under the style of	
JOHN AND CO.)	
One Share, Payable to Bearer.	
No. 10,707.	
Signed by	
WILLIAM, President of the Council of Superintendence of Corpse.	TOMY, Manager of the Corpse.

"Eight days later," said the American, "the capital was subscribed, and the shares had paid a dividend of quadruple their value. A gentleman called on the widower and said: 'Dear sir, it is very disagreeable not to know where lie the remains of a beloved wife, or to think that they are in the profaning possession of bandits. It is a question of money. Let your banker to-morrow take \$200,000 to Peterson's saloon, 104 Sixty-second Avenue, and within a quarter of an hour a cab will bring the corpse to your door.'"

"And the widower accepted?"

"He had to."

"But suppose instead of sending his notary with the money he had sent a platoon of policemen?"

"Such things are not done among us," said the American, haughtily. "Well, they got their \$200,000, and when the corpse, which was brought punctually in a cab, was unpacked the husband started back in terror. Instead of his wife there was the body of a man scarred with innumerable knife-wounds! Almost instantly he received a letter as follows:

HONORABLE GENTLEMAN:—We regret the error we have committed; we sent you the wrong corpse! You must, however, forgive us, the pressure of business being so great. Since your lady has been in our hands we have become much attached to her, and the articles on the subject published in the papers, and the unhappy attempts of the police, increase our interest in her. It will be a sore trouble to have to part with her. However, send \$200,000 to-morrow to 104 Eighty-second avenue, to the bar of the man named Foxon, and this time we pledge you our sacred honor you will have the pleasure of being able definitely to inter the unfortunate woman, the object of the present correspondence.

(Signed)

TOMY,
Manager of the Corpse.

P. S.—You may keep the other body as a reward for your trouble.

"Gentlemen," said the American, "the widower sent the money."

"But," I cried, "it was atrocious."

"No; it was practical."

"You wouldn't say so if such a thing had happened to you."

"That's where you are mistaken. The stolen corpse was my wife!"

The engraver of the Turner illustrations to Rogers' *Italy* and other poems, Robert Wallis, has just died at Brighton, England, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Many other of Turner's works were engraved by him, the "Approach to Venice" being almost his last plate. A few weeks ago a proof impression of his large engraving of "Lake Nemi" was sold in London for \$450.

INTAGLIOS.

The Wounded Knight.

I know of an ancient story:
Heart-wounded there lies alone
A rider of knightly glory,
For faithless his love is grown.

As faithless must he condemn her,
The light of his loving eyes,
And this is his sad dilemma—
His pain he must despise.

He might in the lists declare him,
"Mong riders of knightly fame:
"Now may he for combat prepare him
Who soeth his true love's name."

But to meet him no rider goeth;
In silence they stand apart;
He must turn the lance that he throweth
Against his own accusing heart. HEINE.

From "The New Sirens."

Scent, and song, and light, and flowers!
Gust on gust, the harsh winds blow—
Come, bind up those ringlet showers!
Roses for that dreaming brow!
Come, once more that ancient brightness,
Glancing feet and eager eyes!
Let your broad lamps flash the brightness
Which the sorrow-stricken day denies!

Through black depths of serried shadows,
Up cold aisles of buried glades;
In the midst of river-meadows
Where the looming deer are laid;
From your dazzled windows streaming,
From your humming festal room,
Deep and far, a broken gleaming
Reels and shivers on the ruffled gloom.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Wakeful Lover.

Vaporous, unaccountable,
Dreamland lies forlorn of light,
Hollow like a dreaming shell.
Ah, that from all dreams I might
Choose one dream and guide its flight!
I know well
What her sleep should tell to-night.

At Night.

Good night!
Hear the weary with delight.
Draws the day now to its close,
Busy hands all seek repose,
Till another morning's light.
Good night!
Seek repose!
Let the weary eyelids close.
All the streets grow lone and still,
Save the watchman's whistle shrill.
At night's call both friends and foes
Seek repose.

Slumber sweet.
Each in dreams his longing meet.
He whom love has robbed of peace
Shall in sleep find sweet release.
Him in dreams shall sweetest greet.
Slumber sweet.

Good night.
Slumber till the morning light.
Slumber till the new to-morrow
Comes with its new joy or sorrow.
Fear not: we're in the Father's sight.
Good night. KORNER.

Ede.

No traveler has found that mortal place
Which was the cradle of our garden race;
Where were the Blessed Fields? We search in vain;
Shall earth ever find her Eden-land again?

Know this, when Eve went forth from out its shade
It was no longer Paradise; she made
Its bliss and beauty; then why tears and sighs?
Where woman is she makes a Paradise.

A Preacher.

"And oh, my friends," the Preacher said, "beware,
However smooth and tempting seems the path,
With bowers of cooling shade, the end is wrath;
Here 'tis unsafe, that's dangerous footing there;
But follow me and have no further care;
I'll be your staff, for I am one that hath
Lived long and gathered in life's aftermath—
Experience. I bid you not despair;
Reach me your hands and cast away all doubt;
I'll lead you safe along the glacier's shelf.
You say 'tis dark?' 'Tis noonday, I insist;
Besides, I know each pitfall hereabout.
I know each chasm—just then the Preacher's self
Stumbled and plunged into eternal mist.

Discontent.

Two boats rocked on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree;
One was in love with the harbor,
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor
The winds of fate outbore,
But held the other, longing,
For ever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,
In the shadow of leaf and tree,
With wistful eyes looks ever
To the one far out at sea.

The one that rides the billow,
Though sailing fair and fleet,
Looks back to the peaceful river,
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet
Of the moss-grown shaded shore;
One sighs that it may enter
That harbor never more.

One wearies of the dangers
Of the tempest's rage and wail;
One dreams, amid the lilies,
Of a far-off snowy sail.

The Gay Science.

Here's to the greatest best of all sciences—
Science of drinking, a study divine!
Wine to the evils of life I dedicate;
Fill up a bumper! there's nothing like wine.

Wise of all philosophical colleges,
Ancient or modern, most welcome to me,
That which the virtue of liquor acknowledges,
Passes all systems, whatever they be.

Here's to astronomy! Here's to astrology!
Here's to all arts that the sages can boast!
Everything else is for wine an apology;
All are alike an excuse for a toast.

Friendship and love shall endure to eternity,
Cynics and humbugs may say what they will;
That is my lesson—wherever won't learn it, he
Merits no share in the glass that we fill.

Drink and be merry; the age of frivolity
Fades, and is gone like a midsummer day;
Wine is an emblem of folly and jollity,
Fizzes and sparkles—and passes away!

LINKS OF BRAIN SAUSAGE.

Messrs. Blaine and Kearney will apparently have to divide honors, for it is not easy to say which is entitled to the praise of being the great American plagiarist if it is true, as asserted, that the former gentleman's latest harangue against the South is "conveyed" from one of Daniel O'Connell's speeches in Parliament on the Cork election. Of course the figures, and the language also in places, are changed to suit Mr. Blaine's purpose, but the speech as a whole is said to be essentially O'Connell's and not his.

A writer in a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review* has discussed in a scientific and very sensible way the relation of noise to civilization, and has concluded that men of science ought to study the means of diminishing noise, or at least preventing its present direct attacks on the ear, while the law should be improved and refined in regard to the noises that may be treated as nuisances. Of these we class the exasperating clamor of midnight church-bells as preeminent, and we don't care whether the occasion for the "barbarous din" is Christmas or the New Year. By the way, why did not—we do not wish to find fault, but why did not—Nature give us lids to our ears, as well as to our eyes? Why should we be compelled to hear what we do not wish to hear?

A physician's opinion was published not long ago, that if all the uproar of a large city were to be stopped at a given instant, many people would drop dead from the mere nervous shock of silence replacing the multifarious sounds to which they become used. This may or may not be true; the converse of the proposition is indisputable: if all the noonday noises could be sprung on us at midnight, instead of being broken to us gently by the morning market wagons, the milk wagons, and the lingering hoodlum noisily cursing the rising sun, the sharp transition would lay us out more than usually dead.

There used to be a kind of *lex non scripta* which required the commander of a besieged fortress to sustain at least three assaults before surrendering, no matter how hopeless the defense. Is there some such rule requiring the captain of a sinking ship to take at least one good ducking before consenting to be saved along with the others? They all appear to reject every overture of crew and passengers looking to their rescue, and all "go down with the ship." But somehow they are commonly picked up afterward, and they never jump out of the boat, as they would if to "go down with the ship"—and stay down—were a duty instead of a venerable tradition or dead-letter formality. For our part, we do not see why they should go down at all if they can get away with dry feet after doing all that is possible to save the lives entrusted to their care. Heroism is a virtue, but common sense is not altogether a vice.

President Hayes is said to have a mania for scrap-books, and makes at least one every year. The singular creatures (who ever met one?) who make the literature contained in the Sunday-school libraries would find in these eclectic volumes an inexhaustible mine of suggestion and incident. We feel quite sure that they might all be placed in the hands of the youngest reader, without fear that they would taint his morals; and that, according to the great censor, Mr. Psalm Williams, of the *Bulletin*, is not merely the highest, but the only literary merit worth considering. Psalm never reviewed a book without having one eye on the book and the other on a Sunday-school.

We cheerfully disavow the parentage of that final remark; it is Heine's. Heine says (as nearly as we can recollect his words) that no woman writes a book without having one eye on her work and the other on some man. This, however, he confesses, is not true of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, "who has but one eye."

A writer in the *Toledo Blade* tells "how to cook a husband." The first thing naturally is to catch your husband. Many good husbands, he explains, are spoiled in cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in a pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now it is not supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious, when managed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear, above all let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection and subjection; garnish him with the spice of plesantry, and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation.

Another journalist (we do not just now remember the name of the newspaper that his genius adorns) has invented a machine for penal purposes, the principal operating part of which consists of an enormous band with a particularly hard palm. Its *modus operandi*, as managed by a teacher in the primary school of the period, is interesting and instructive. The school ma'am seats herself at the instrument, with a dime novel in her hand, after placing the condemned urchin in a row within reach of the hoisting apparatus, or ice-tongs; she smiles, touches the snatch-brake with her foot, and the doomed urchin is launched into—if not eternity, he will think so before that hand lets up on him. With a smile playing over her features, she works her tiny hoof, and the avenging hand descends, the boy says his "now I lay me," and the old machine works as though endowed with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. (Care should be taken not to work the machine too rapidly at first, as it may make it too hot—for the boy.) It will only take a moment of treading to make any ordinary boy sorry he enlisted, when he can be dropped, and the next can be snatched. A whole school can be spanked in fifteen minutes if the spanker is anything of a treader. "We make," says the inventor, "different sized machines, suitable for the primary department, the intermediate, the High School, the Normal School, and the State University."

It is not to be supposed that the usefulness of this surprising and pleasing invention is limited to educational purposes. "Every editor in the land," continues the patentee, "will thank us, on his benighted knees, for this invention, as it solves a problem that has disturbed the minds of the knights of the scissors for many generations, viz: How to exterminate the ex-

change fiend, the man who steals exchanges when you are busy writing. The editor can have a machine sitting in his office. In place of the hand of Providence, we screw on a cast iron fist, weighing 700 pounds. If you desire to simply maim the fiend for life, you work the treadle mildly, and merely mash his eyes out, and italicize his nose, and break his jaw bone. But if he is an old offender, and you want to make an example of him, you keep treading, and the pile driver will come down on him like a President on a Postmaster, and break every bone in his body, and flatten him as thin as one of Colfax's vindications."

No doubt the machine imperfectly described above would prove of great advantage to Herr Hans Pfeiffer, author of the following verses, in avenging his commercial and domestic honor, outraged by that unscrupulous peripatetic, "Der Drummer."

Who puts up at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oyslers on der schell?
Und nit der fraukins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it comes indo mine schotter,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt und say:
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesness rightt away?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me "Look, und see how nice,"
Und says I gets "der bottom price,"
Der drummer.

Who says der dings vas eegstra vine—
"From Sharmany, upon der Rhine."
Und sheats me den dimes outt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I good imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route,
Und ven dey games dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who comes around ven I been outt,
Drinks up mine beer, und eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der snout?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he comes again dis vay,
Vill bear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes away?
Der drummer.

TO JAIL FOR LIFE.

Seven miles east of Placerville, in El Dorado County, surrounded by tall pines and spruce trees, is situated the mining camp of Newtown. This was a lively burg from 1849 to 1860. Here the miners in that vicinity gathered together on the first day of the week to discuss the news, obtain letters, papers, and mining supplies for the coming week, to settle miners' disputes, correct abuses, etc. Wrongs were thus righted until 1853, when one Lewis Foster was elected a Justice of the Peace, who was expected thenceforth to administer justice according to legislative enactment. "Lew," as he was familiarly called, was ambitious for political preferment; but "Lew" was a Northern man by birth, and the dominant party Democratic; consequently, his fitness for office at the hands of that party must be established, and he must show that he was "sound on the Democratic goose," or the slavery question.

Such an opportunity soon presented itself. A negro had been somewhat troublesome about the camp, robbing hen roosts, cleaning up miners' sluices by moonlight, and committing other petty larceny acts. Justice Foster had twice sent the negro to jail, and when his term in jail had expired he would return to plunder again. The day after his second discharge from jail, the Constable of the town appeared at Justice Foster's office with Sambo in custody. Justice Foster seated himself in his judicial chair with much dignity, opened his docket, took a look at the prisoner, exclaiming: "What! Is that d—d nigger back here again? What have you been doing now?"

The prisoner answered: "Stealing, they say."
"Well," says the Justice, "have you?"
"S'pose I have," says the negro.
"Do you plead guilty to petit larceny?"
"S'pose I do," says the prisoner.
"Then," says Justice Foster, assuming unusual dignity, "the sentence of this court is that you be taken hence to the county jail at Coloma, and there be confined in said jail during your natural life."

The judgment was duly entered upon the Justice's docket, a commitment made out, and the Constable delivered the negro into the custody of John Buchanan, then Sheriff of the county. The negro was placed in the jail and there remained for several days before the error was discovered, when he was at once discharged.

This act on the part of Justice Foster established his status as a Democrat. He was subsequently twice elected County Assessor for El Dorado County. He filled the office with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people. Some years ago Justice Foster's commitment was filled out, and he taken in charge by the Great Sheriff of the universe, where earthly tribunals have no jurisdiction.

ENOCH N. STROUT.

Perhaps you have heard it before, but no matter. Bob, the dresser of John McCullough, once asked his master to give him a holiday. "Where are you going?" inquired McCullough, as a preliminary. "Going out with my girl, sir." "H'm!" quoted genial John; "going out with your girl, eh? I thought so. Where are you going with your girl?" "Going to see her grandfather, sir," said Bob, readily enough. "She goes to see her grandfather every Sunday." "Where does the old fellow live?" inquired McCullough, sternly. "He doesn't live anywhere, sir," rejoined Bob. "He's a skeleton in Wood's Museum at Bellevue Hospital."

The operation of extracting a Duluth woman's tooth consists in planting one end of the crowbar well down under the roots, and dropping a fifty pound weight on the other end.

The man who makes two trees grow where there was only one before may be a nice sort of a man, but he should be obliged to come around and clean away the leaves in the fall.

The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth, and those of the East Indies to paint them red, while in Cuzter the test of beauty is to render them black.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 9, 1879.

DEAR MADGE:—I believe we were all laboring under a delusion when we thought minstrelsy was played out. Taken in the abstract, perhaps it is. It has at least exhausted its capacity for the production of novelty; but there remains, and possibly will remain, enough people to make up good sized audiences to whom a good minstrel entertainment is the *summum bonum* of human felicity. They were out in full force on Monday night. We went early to see them come in. They say the Eastern ladies consider it *mauvais ton*, as Mrs. Giffory would say, to go to the Minstrels, and I had a quiet constriction of the heart when I entered, the outlook was so decidedly Eastern. But they came tramping in by and by. There was even a bonnet or two from Nob Hill in the crowd—not the state affair, of course. There was a small delegation from Rincon Hill; there was a liberal representation from Polk Street, and a bit of Van Ness Avenue; there was quite a choice assortment of heavy bangs from Happy Valley, and the African quarters on Pacific Street were left comparatively deserted. And upon each and every face was an expression of radiant anticipation and incipient cackination. I have managed to get a great many syllables in there, Madge, but that was what I saw. A howl of gratification ascended to heaven as the curtain rolled up, revealing to the gaze of the crowd a semi-circle of vacant chairs and benches, and a big bass viol, dark and ominous looking, which seemed to threaten tones as hoarse and deep as the growl of a northern bear. The Callender Minstrels abandon the orthodox dress suit and button posy. As an innovation of any kind in minstrelsy is as refreshing as a douche in July, this simple change from the swallow-tail coat to the plaid blouse predisposed the assembly in their favor. They did look rather jolly as they came marching in to the time of "Don't get weary." Negro music is always sweet while it is characteristic. When they came to ballad singing Jack muttered: "Now they give themselves away," and fell to a contemplation of the house. Jack was right. Their sentiment is always spurious when it gets out of its own domain. When they sing their own music I believe they enjoy it themselves quite as much as any one else does, for it was only when they came to "Oh, my, what a gittin' up," or some such dulcet melody, that they forgot their hoarseness—of course, they were all as hoarse as *prime donne*—and set the house to beating time. The troupe is composed of the usual material—an interlocutor of pompous dignity, a tenor who is something of a swell, a basso with a voice ever so many octaves below zero, and a couple of rather good singers who are unclassified. Then there are six end men, three of whom play the tambourine, and three the bones. One of these artists rejoices in a mouth to which the rest of him is a mere adjunct. Chaley Backus would be a mere rose-lipped cherub beside him, and an average shark would abase his defeated head, and gnash several hundred of his teeth before the rival who outstrips him. It would be a very funny affair if he did not think so much himself. But these children of Ham will overdo. That is where they differ from the best of the white minstrels. What a funny thing it is that a negro will smooch himself with burnt cork. I like to see them as black as onyx, but it seems strange that they should be willing to tinge themselves thus darkly after Old Master had shaded them down to écaré. A sable damsel to whom occasionally I offer a cup of coffee refused the cream because "it makes her dark," and I verily believe her scruples are conscientious, but the end men are not likewise afflicted. One of them, in the excess of his emotion, took off a patch of the false hue with a switch of his tambourine, and the native tint gleamed dimly through the black and revealed the tricks of the trade. The feature of the performance is the banjo sextet. It is a sad stretch of the imagination to call the music of the banjo sweet. It has but a stringy, twangy sound at best. Yet it is *sole*-moving. I believe that if she listened to it long enough even an abbess would have a disposition to attempt a Virginny walk round, and to a gallery its music is irresistible. "Did you ever know of a time when hisses, and policemen, and a disgusted dress circle, all combined, could stop the house from beating time when the banjo began?" Strangely enough in this instance the banjo itself does the work, for the leader of the sextet plays "Home, Sweet Home" with variations exquisitely, and—

"Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The listener paused his breath to hear."

It is true they were neither silver nor clear, but they were very remarkable for all that. They gave for an encore the page's song from *Le Petit Duc*, and it sounded queerly enough on those uncompromising strings, but pretty too. It is easier to be pleased with a minstrel show than anything else, for it is an unambitious entertainment; but this is really good of its kind, notwithstanding the bill-posters, which are generally a delusion and a snare. I had thought the crowds at the Minstrels would interfere with the crowds over the way where the merry folks have come back again, with the last installment of their Christmas colds still clogging their voices, and a stale programme to start the new season badly. But it was such a relief to feel that those awful men and those awfuller women of the variety troupe were out of the

way that numbers strolled in simply to enjoy that fact. They are to produce *Horror's* next week. Not a pleasant title, is it? but perhaps, like dreams, it goes by contraries. At all events, I hope it affords Alice Atherton an opportunity to look her best. She has not a spark of natural—what shall I say—burlesquerie, perhaps, but she is so industrious and so technically experienced that what she does goes off well. I like her infantile face. I have seen lots of blue-eyed babies in perambulators look just like her. I admire her dignity. It seems paradoxical that a woman may caper around in red tights and a purple cloak and sing "We're Two Bad Men" with Mr. William A. Mestayer, and still be a dignified woman, but she manages it somehow. The two little Edouin tots come in at the finale this week to dance. Jenny Wren lifted her plump little feet in the most business-like way, but the baby did not display the ease of a veteran. I observed that nature asserted itself over art, and that both father and mother came to an abrupt pause in their own jig to laugh with the house at the babies. The whole party looked so comfortable on the snug little stage again that I am quite certain their colds will soon be cured. They might have given us a new bill, but in that case we should never again have seen Ella Chapman as the naughty "Babe of the Wood," and such a deprivation was not to be calmly endured. Next week everything is to be new. The theatres always run like this. They never take advantage of each other's bills. They all have new attractions at once, or they are all unattractive at once. At the California Mrs. Florence has been wearing new toilets—triumphs in their way, but scarcely such marvels as last week. I presume dressing is as capricious a business as any other of the learned professions. One can not be in the throes of composition all the time, and even toilets must be beautiful by comparison. What a pity that "Bardwell Slote's" abbreviations have become so well known. The audiences have them as pat as the old politician himself, and take the sharp off his point by forestalling him. Fortunately, there is more to "Bardwell Slote" than his gag, or the play would have died the death long ago. I should like to sit near some one from the Cohosh districts and see him recognize the prototype of his legislator. How keenly these character actors must observe to pick up a bit here and a bit there, as they do out of which to form a symmetrical whole. One hardly realizes how completely they change themselves. It is interesting sometimes to sit near enough to the stage to see them disappear into the wings, to see them return suddenly into themselves—that is, when it is an actor like Florence, who, in voice, gait, action, manner, and in the very pose of his head, becomes an altogether different man. I do not observe this of the ladies on the stage, unless once in a while in hearty, natural little body like Maggie Moore. As a rule they do not return into themselves at the wings—not, indeed, excepting in solitude. Women of all degrees are apt to go about in a straight jacket of company manners, but the ladies of the stage, who are of necessity more artificial than all others, do not abandon that artificiality at the wings. If they wear a mincing smile they carry it into the flies. If they have a stiff carriage they do not relax with their exit, and yet, although they are rarely, if ever, themselves, character acting is given over almost entirely to the minority, the gentlemen. How many character actresses can one number upon one's fingers. I can think of two at the moment, but what does it matter. I suppose these things regulate themselves properly according to the period. I see by the bills that they are to bring out *The Green Lanes of England* at the Baldwin next week. That sounds very rural, does it not? The cast embraces the entire strength of the company, even including Bishop, who has been left out so often during the last few months that we would have almost forgotten how to laugh but for a bit of dry-twiggy, crackling humor from Jennings once in a while. I almost forgot to tell you that Barton Hill has gone East for a new company, or at least a part of one, for the California Theatre. They need it. Felix Morris is a good comedian, and Welles rather a promising juvenile. What more can one say in praise of the existing company? And yet the California is so comfortable and so popular a house. The fact of the matter is, public taste actually demands a good company in this house, and the proprietors are becoming struck with the circumstance. Fancy what a treat it must be to go to the theatre in New York with such leading men as Charles Coghlan and Charles Thorne the year round, with Lester Wallace and old Gilbert, with Maud Granger, that delightful little Maud Harrison, or some one almost as nice, to fill minor places, and where such actresses as Ada Cavendish are invited to be leading ladies; where Ward's Diplomacy Company, or such combinations, are likely to drop in almost any moment to pass a week or two. In short, they have so much variety and novelty there that they do not need so good a company as we do. Therefore, good speed to Mr. Barton Hill in his search, and I hope he will rifle New York of its best. They will find a cosy theatre, a handsome stage, and fine mountings to set off their accomplishments. *The Mighty Dollar*, for example, is most elaborately set. The opening scene, the house and grounds of Mr. Dart, with a view of the Capitol in the distance, reminds one of the *Feast of Lanterns*, while the picnic has an elaborate background which may once have been the Hudson, but in this instance is the Potomac. To such base uses may we come. "Obenreizer" next week. So, as often happens, I am once more yours, expectantly, BETSY B.

But presently the clown turned a double-back somersault, and the house was wild with excitement. "There, ma," exclaimed Miss Kellogg, laughing, "you'll admit that I couldn't do that?" "No, I won't!" said Mrs. Kellogg, warming up; "you know well enough you could do it, Clara, if you had on your 'Mignon' suit and nobody was looking."

This, from the London *Athenaeum*, seems to cover the entire situation: "Some persons can think stories, but can not write them; some could write them if they could only think them; very few can do both, and the great majority can do neither."

Mr. Croly, late editor of the *Graphic*, being moved to call Eli Perkins a liar, contents himself with remarking of the said Perkins that "the subjective order of his thought does not correspond with the objective order of the phenomena."

Here is a boy's essay on the Boy: "A boy is an animal; his use is to carry in wood; he is made of bones."

FRENCH BONBONS.

Eloquent free-thinker delivering oration at the grave of eminent free-thinker:

"Thou, noble one, wast not the dupe of vain superstitions. Thou didst not, like so many of the weaker minded, believe in the dishonoring and monstrous inventions of a god and a future state. Adieu, noble friend, adieu; may we meet in a better world than this."

Madame G. calls at a friend's house on a wet day, and her feet being damp, says to her friend:

"My dear, will you let your maid bring me a pair of your slippers?"

"My love," replies her friend—there were several people in the parlor—"do you think my slippers will fit you?"

"Oh, I think so, my darling, if you will tell her to put a pork sole inside them."

"Come, now," said a lady recently to Alexandre Dumas, "who gave you the right to judge us poor women as cruelly as you do?"

"No one gave it to me, madame," said Dumas; "I bought it."

A snob invited a connoisseur in wines to dine with him, telling him that he had laid in some wine that would astonish him.

At the critical moment the host says: "Well, now, what do you think of that, eh?"

"I don't know what you bought it for," says the expert, gently but firmly, "but it isn't that."

Mme. X. calls her servant in a low voice:

"John!"

John makes no reply, and she beckons to him and says:

"Didn't you hear me when I spoke to you a minute ago?"

"Yes'm, but you spoke so low I thought you didn't want me to hear you."

In a mad-house:

"So, doctor, poor M— has been put in your hands on account of mental alienation?"

"Yes, poor fellow!"

"Locked up among the madmen, eh? Dear, dear!"

"Oh, bless you, no. He has played a considerable part in politics, and he and I sat and voted together, and so I could never think of putting him among the madmen. He is in the idiot ward."

Every one is familiar with that form of lunacy where the patient insists on believing that he is a millionaire or an emperor, or something especially grand and glorious.

"How is old Langlumé?" said some one, the other day, meeting a country doctor.

"Poor fellow, his reason has given way; hopeless, hopeless!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. He's mad on the subject of earthly honors—thinks he's a member of the village council."

She wept, the poor laundress, on returning five shirts, where her patron had intrusted her with six, and confessed that she had burned a big hole in the sixth while ironing.

"Never mind," says, kindly, her customer; "Christmas comes but once a year, and that'll be all right. How much do I owe you?"

"Six shirts at 12½ cents each—75 cents."

"But, I say, you burned one of 'em up."

"Well, suppose I did, hadn't I washed it before I burned it? Go along wid ye; trying to chate a poor dissolute widow."

A scientist who had been left in the lurch by a zebra, proceeded to investigate the cause of the animal's superior speed.

"The only difference between the zebra and the horse," he finally concluded, "is this—the zebra is striped; he's a rifled horse."

From that to the discovery of the rifled cannon was but a step.

We translate the following rather singular remarks from *L'Art* of December 1st, in which they appear as the conclusion of an elaborate review of the works of American painters in the Exposition:

"Had the United States only to their intellectual credit the discovery of the lightning rod, the electric telegraph, iron-clad monitor, and other remarkable inventions which we greatly admire, but which are entirely devoid of any artistic sentiment, we would be forced to despair of their future in the field of art. But poetry owes them one of the greatest artists of this age—Longfellow. And among their writers of romance (who are numerous and original, though their style approaches so nearly that of the English romancers that they are properly included in that class) there is at least one whose example appears to us singularly worthy to be studied by their painters; we refer to Mr. Bret Harte, the Dickens of the Placers. Mr. Harte, translations of whose work have made his name well known on the continent, is the painter *par excellence* of the actual manners of America; and his pictures have a color of their own, a local physiognomy, clearly characterized; a personality of design and of composition which makes us recognise them at once as something quite different from English writing, in spite of the identity of the language. Even in him a close observer will perceive certain touches of a special Americanism, rather racy than incorrect. We may have to wait, perhaps a long time, to see the Longfellow of American painting, but we expect soon to see its Bre' Harte."

"If fire," said Mr. Joseph Prudhomme, who had just laid down the paper describing the floods, "if fire is an awful scourge, water is a still more fearful one. You can extinguish a conflagration, but you can not put out an inundation."

A young lady, gazing at her portrait just finished by a rising young artist, remarked: "I look like a canvas-back duck."

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—wealth and fashion of the city.**CALLENDER'S
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They have made a genuine hit....are un- rivalled....adds ano- ther success to the Bush Street Theatre. —Chronicle.	Verdict was one of: unequivocal approval. —Alta. A sensation....Fun; buoyant, characteristic. —Call.
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continued success of the popular comedian
and character actor, Mr.**W. J. FLORENCE,**
Who will appear as Obenreizer in the powerful drama,
NO THOROUGHFARE.
Entirely new and appropriate scenery, mechanical effects,
properties appointments, and brilliant cast.Friday Evening, January 17, FAREWELL BENEFIT of
MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.
THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.Only No Thoroughfare Matinee Saturday.
Monday, January 20—
JOHN T. RAYMOND,
As Pemberton Pembroke in his latest success, RISKS.
47 Seats may be secured at the box office.**BALDWIN'S THEATRE.**THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSER.....ACTING MANAGER.
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GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND.
This (Saturday) Jan. 11, matinee and evening.Sunday, January 12, Benefit of MR. H. M. BROWN
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Franklin Light Infantry in Bayonet Exercises, Loading
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THE LOST CHILD.Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, OURS and
THE LOST CHILD.Monday, January 20th, BENEFIT OF
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LOYAL TILL DEATH.**STANDARD THEATRE.**Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.
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TREASURER.....C. S. WALTON.This (Saturday) afternoon, Grand Ladies Matinee at 2 o'clock.
Gala Matinee to-day at 2 p. m.**BABES IN THE WOOD,**
Or WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?
This evening, last night but one of
BABES IN THE WOOD.Monday, January 13, first time in this city of Mr. Wm.
Gill's delightful extravaganza, in two acts, entitled
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gantly bound in blue and gold, gilt-edged, and handsome
in typography, paper, and general appearance.**READY ON OR ABOUT THE 20TH OF JANUARY, 1879.****FASHION GOSSIP.**Alaska Seals vs. Copper and Behring Island Seals
(Miscalled Russian Siberian Seals.)A statement appeared in the ARGONAUT of Decem-
ber 14th and December 21st, on information from H.
Liebes & Co., furriers of this city, in which it was
stated that the Alaska seal skins are superior to the
Copper Island seal skins (miscalled Russian Siberian
seal), and that the trade recognized the last-named
seal skins as being inferior, and consequently they
were being sold for much less than the Alaska seal
skins at the London sales. It was also claimed that
these inferior skins were being palmed off in this city,
by irresponsible dealers, as a superior article. No
mention was made of any particular establishment.
An article, however, appears in the Sunday Chronicle
of December 22d, headed with "Russian Siberian
Sealskin Saques—A Card to the Public," in which a
rival establishment vehemently denies the statement
appearing in the ARGONAUT, and claims that it re-
flects upon their establishment as having palmed off
Russian Siberian seals as a superior article, and that
such a statement is of a "false, sneaking, jealous,
and unbusiness-like character." It being a matter of
controversy between the two above-named establish-
ments, we give the following correspondence without
comment. It may also be stated that we are informed
by H. Liebes & Co. that the name Russian Siberian
seal skins originated in this city, and the reason of its
use is that the Russian sable being superior to all
other sables, the public might presume that it is the
same with seal skins. H. Liebes & Co. positively de-
clare that the term Russian Siberian as applied to seal
skins is unknown to the trade:"SAN FRANCISCO, December 23, 1878.
"GENERAL JOHN F. MILLER, President Alaska
Commercial Company—Dear Sir:—There are shipped
to London by your Company the great bulk of
the sealskins caught in the Northern Pacific Ocean
both on the American and Asiatic shores. Will you
please inform us of the relative number and value of
the different kinds as determined by the sales in Lon-
don, viz.: of those caught on the St. Paul and St.
George's Islands, and known as Alaska seals, and
those caught on Copper Island, or the other islands
near Behring's Straits on the Siberian Coast.
"Respectfully,
H. LIEBES & Co."To this letter a reply was sent as follows, which ex-
plains itself:"OFFICE ALASKA COM. CO., 310 Sansome St., }
San Francisco Jan. 8, 1879. }
"MESSRS. H. LIEBES & CO., City—Dear Sirs:—
The answer upon your favor of the 23d ult. has been
delayed on account of the absence of the President of
the Company from the city, and we have now the
pleasure to state in reply to your inquiries: First, that
the annual catch of sealskins on the Islands of St.
Paul and St. George being restricted by law is a little
less than (100,000) one hundred thousand, and the
catch on the Asiatic side (of the Islands of Behring's
and Copper) amounts to (30,000) thirty thousand
skins. Secondly, by reference to our books we find,
taking the average London sales for the past three
years, that the relative value of the Alaska seals is
(25) twenty-five per cent. higher than those of the
Asiatic skins coming from Behring's and Copper.
"Yours respectfully,
ALASKA COM. CO.,
"By E. NEUMANN, Secretary."**"The Flagellation of Christ."**Near twenty years ago a large number of old paint-
ings were brought here from Mexico and exhibited at
Platt's Hall; among them was one said to have been
painted by the great Spanish master Murillo; but no
history of the work was given, and its authenticity
was a matter of conjecture. Lately a whole nest of
Mexican Murillos was unearthed by the police, but
our art sharps at once set the seal of condemnation
upon them, and their authenticity seems to be no
longer an open question. Yet a little later there ar-
rives in this city a lady, having with her a painting,
which is claimed to be by Murillo, called "The Flag-
ellation of Christ." It is related by the owner that
the picture has hung in her gallery in Paris for many
years, is well known there, and has ever been ac-
knowledged to be the work of that master; that no
expert, of the many who have seen and passed upon
it, has ever called in question its authenticity. But it
has remained for San Francisco critics to throw a
cloud over its genuineness, and, in a most unintelli-
gent and ungenerous manner, cast slurs upon its qual-
ity. Fair criticism of a work of art is not only the
privilege, but duty, of respectable journalism; but
when it stoops to distort facts regarding its history
and ownership, and make statements as to its quality
which are self-evident falsehoods, every fair-minded
person will naturally wonder what the motive could
have been, and the result is less injurious to the pic-
ture attacked than to the journal which published the
criticism—if such it can be called. It is not neces-
sary to follow these writers and contradict their many
foolish assertions or review their malicious criticisms.
The last attack of this character—nearly a column
long, which appeared in one of the evening papers
last Saturday—concludes by saying, that "the expres-
sion on the face of the Christ is coarse and hardened,
and the physique has all the developments of a prize-
fighter." That part relating to the expression of the
face may be an honest expression of opinion, although
one would have to be very charitably disposed indeed
to concede that such a thing was even possible; but
that portion relating to the physique of the Saviour
admits of no two opinions as to its utter falsity; for
the very slight muscular development and delicate
limbs of the Christ not only give evidence that the
figure bears no resemblance to a prize-fighter, but
that he was unused to manual labor of any sort. And
this is the treatment a lady receives at the hands of a
portion of the press of this city, who comes here an
utter stranger, to dispose of a valuable property, the
authenticity of which has been reluctantly conceded
by the journals from whence these attacks emanate.
It was just such treatment as this lady has received
which caused the resolve on the part of several of our
own art collectors never again to loan from their gal-
leries for public exhibition. Of a superb work by one
of the great modern masters, it was said of the owner
that he better knew how to draw a check in payment
of a picture than how to select it.**Yosemite Cologne.**Mr. H. B. Slaven has been making heavy sales of
that celebrated and exquisite toilet article, during the
holidays, called Slaven's Yosemite Cologne. Its pec-
uliar qualities in delicacy of aroma, and perfect fas-
cination after one has come under its influence, make
it one of the most popular of all toilet articles. Those
who have tried it refuse any other.**BILLINGS,
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For Sale Everywhere.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Dividend No. 68.—The monthly dividend for Decem-
ber, 1878, will be paid on January 10, 1879, at their office,
Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, January 6, 1879.**LEE D. CRAIG,**Notary Public and Commissioner
of Deeds.**TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS,** Search-
ing of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating
of Mining Companies, specialties.
No. 600 MONTGOMERY STREET, N. E. CORNER OF CLAY,
SAN FRANCISCO.

227 Successor to F. V. Scudder.

Closing Picture Sale.Having disposed of their collection of oil paintings
at auction, Messrs. Snow & May will, on Thursday
next, sell on the premises, 21 Kearny Street, their
collection of framed pictures, engravings, photo-
graphs, chromos, and water colors. The offering
will comprise about five hundred works, and they
will be in view at their store and a catalogue ready
from and after Monday morning next, and will re-
main on exhibition day and evening up to the time of
sale, eleven o'clock Thursday.**Fine Volumes for the Library.**Call at A. Roman & Co.'s and purchase for your
library the magnificent edition of Thackeray's works,
elegantly illustrated, also Chapman & Hall's edition
of Dickens in twenty volumes, very finely illustrated.
Then the Sunnyside edition of Irving, in twenty-eight
volumes, and Bulwer's novels in twenty-seven vol-
umes; also the Waverley novels in twenty-five volumes,
will be found just the works indispensable for the
library. Besides, don't forget to call for that excel-
lent work, Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters and
Painting, in three volumes, very highly illustrated.
All the standard works you will find here, in history,
poetry, and biography.Painting on porcelain. MISS RYDER, 26 1/2 Kearny
Street.All the signers of the Declaration of Independence
signed their names with quill pens except one—he
signed his Witherspoon.An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains
at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery
and Sutter Streets.If you want an accurate likeness, a picture in finish
and tone unsurpassed, go to T. H. Boyd's Yosemite
Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.A Whitehall milkman was very mad because some
one bought a quart of milk and then told him to
"chalk it down."Artistic novelties, manufactured from California
quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgom-
ery and Sutter Streets.Dicker Bro.'s Pianos, the leading piano of the
world, at Kohler & Chase's, 137 and 139 Post St.We trust the undermost man in the fight will not
forget that the proverb says that the anvil lasts longer
than the hammer.Children's pictures a speciality at T. H. Boyd's
Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.**STERLING SILVERWARE.**—A large assortment of
elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's,
Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

SUICIDE.

How far is the popular verdict, "Suicide during temporary insanity," a correct one? Nobody need fear any wish on our part to recur to the old stake and cross-road method of burial; but is it not a fact that the prevalence of totally incorrect ideas about the motives of suicides has led, in the majority of cases, to the adoption of a formula which is altogether untrue, and, physiologically considered, absurd? Ancient history—sacred and profane—certainly lends no countenance to the idea that suicide is *per se* an evidence of insanity. Saul and Samson were certainly not mad; nor was Achitophel, who, in mortification at the neglect of his counsel by Absalom, deliberately went home and hanged himself; nor Eleazar, the Maccabee, who, endeavoring to kill the Syrian tyrant of his nation, fell crushed beneath the elephant which bore him in battle; neither was Judas Iscariot. Demosthenes, Thucydides, Mark Anthony, Cleopatra, Cato, Seneca, and Brutus were not mad when they deliberately chose to terminate their lives rather than endure the ills which severally threatened them. Zeno and Epicurus—each characteristic representative of hostile schools of thought—laid it down that suicide was infinitely preferable to the endurance of great pain or disgrace; only Pythagoras opposed it and censured its baseness and cowardice. Pliny not only asserts the right of a man to end his life when it pleases him, but actually thanks the Deity who has given mortals the power thus to end their sufferings. Valerius Maximus and Ælian, writing in the first and third centuries, gave instances of public provision being made by certain communities whereby those tired of life might decently obtain euthanasia. By some Eastern races, at the present day, suicide is held in estimation as a perfectly legitimate method of departing from this world. The "happy dispatch" formerly in vogue in Japan is too well known to need more than mention. In India, even under British rule, suicide is more or less practiced. Surely all the widows who have deliberately ended their lives on their husbands' funeral pyres were not mad?

Let any one read what Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*—or consult the opinions, still more to the point, which Van Oettingen, one of the greatest German authorities on vital statistics—gathers from the vast array of facts and figures he has collated. He maintains that suicide, so far from being an evidence of insanity, is one of the strongest proofs of the individual will; that the possibility of taking one's life is evidence that a man is his own master; that notwithstanding the love of life, the tendency to suicide remains, and the number of suicides in Europe has increased during the past five years from three to five per cent., while the increase of population is less than two per cent.; that the bad deed itself is to be regarded as the ripe fruit which is shaken from the tree by the storms of social life; and that, while myriads have the germ or tendency to suicide in their hearts, it is only developed by circumstances, frequently altogether beyond the control of the victim. Dr. DeBoismont declares that since the beginning of the present century no fewer than 100,000 Frenchmen have committed suicide, and he asserts that less than one-third of the number can with any show of reason be said to have died insane. At one time the suicidal mania broke out so strongly in the army of the First Napoleon that it threatened to decimate his forces, and was only checked by the strong personal appeal of the Emperor to the courage of his troops. A body of men could hardly all go mad together. Calm reflection on the circumstances of suicides which have come within our knowledge fails in any one of them to suggest madness as the cause or excuse; and we are greatly mistaken if the experience of others is not similar. Of course, the real reason of the general adoption of the verdict "Temporary insanity" is the wish to spare the deceased and his friends unnecessary disgrace and pain. Could not this be effected in future by a simple verdict of "Suicide"? It is well to be truthful even when we are obliged to confess ourselves ignorant, no matter if superstition has to suffer for it.

It must be rather embarrassing in Cyprus for the cleanly foreigner, addicted to bathing, if the correspondent of the London *Daily News* doesn't "say the thing that is not" in describing an Englishman's morning experience: He plunges into his bath, but, alas! there is no water in it, they have forgotten that. While he dons a few garments to go out and make his demand, a harsh, squeaking voice at the shutters shouts in Greek, "Mister, mister, six o'clock." A pair of dark eyes may be seen peering through a chink in the shutters, and as the inmate emerges from his room, he finds one of the women intently gazing through the shutter slit. He explains that it is water that he wants, and several of them go off together to bring it. It appears that he forgot to fasten the door as he went back to his bath, for in comes two of the women without any warning, one bearing a tiny cup of coffee. No amount of argument can get rid of them for some minutes, but finally the coffee is deposited on a chair—there is no table—and once more our friend is alone. But he is not left quiet for long, for the eyes continue to appear at the shutters and door until he stuffs up the apertures with brown paper.

A writer in a Boston journal gives some interesting reminiscences of the late Mr. Bayard Taylor. Speaking of the Orient, "That," said Mr. Taylor, "is where we began, whether we are tending, the land of the East. All this talk about Japan and China, the Chinese coming over here, is but the tail of the serpent getting into his mouth again." If I could remember all that he said about California, I could write an encyclopedia. He was so imbued with this question of the procession of the races, that it was a liberal education to hear him talk. He was very much convinced that the beauty of the American people came from intermixture of race; he was very full of the fact. "Such eyes, and complexions, and hair, as our Americans have, and are going to have," said he enthusiastically, "were never seen in the world; and the foot and hand are wonderful. Eve had not such feet as the young New York girl has. The water runs under the instep. The foot and hand must return to perfection before the Greek model comes to us. Cold climates and bad shoes are what have ruined the German foot; it is almost always ugly."

A woman was recently offered \$1,000 if she would remain silent for two hours. At the end of fifteen minutes she asked: "Isn't the time nearly up?"

South African proof-readers die young. The last one succumbed to the description of a fight between the Umbeliniiji and Amaswazizizi tribes.

LITTLE BELMONT FOR SALE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN property, situated contiguous to the Belmont Mansion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms. The property is located in a beautiful valley, with a glimpse view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly improved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements. It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds underlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; gas and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont; water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table, range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted, rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars, inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 322 California Street.

GEORGE W. PRESCOTT. IRVING M. SCOTT. H. T. SCOTT.

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Compressed Engines, Air Compressors, Rock Drills, Portable Hoisting Engines, Marine Stationary and Portable Boilers, Baby Hoist, complete.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE,

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All manufactured by us of the best materials, design, and workmanship, and furnished at lower rates than by Eastern manufacturers.

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

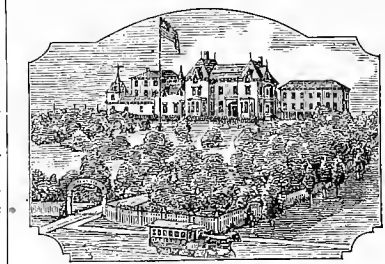
QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. ⁴²⁷ Entrance south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

922 POST STREET.

MME. B. ZEITSKA'S FRECH, German, and English Institute for Young Ladies—with **KINDERGARTEN**

For children from three to six years of age. The next term of this well known Institute (established since 1863) will commence on MONDAY, January 6th, 1879. For catalogue and particulars, address MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

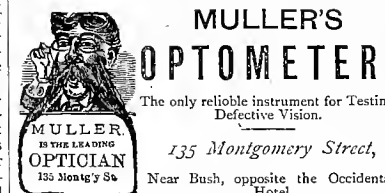
CALIFORNIA MILITARY



ACADEMY.

The next term will commence January 2, 1879.

REV. DAVID McCLOURE, PH. D., Principal, Oakland, Cal.



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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 SHERMAN'S BUILDING,

Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 707)

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 13) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the sixth (6th) day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 5) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. EDEN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SILVER

Mining Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the 18th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 36) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office—203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, California.

ARIZONA SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Unionville, Humboldt County, State of Nevada. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the ninth (9th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 4) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on MONDAY, the thirteenth (13th) day of January, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room No. 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

THE DEL REY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver City, Lyon County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the 17th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of two (2) cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary or Treasurer, at the office of the Company, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

AMT. A. CHAPIN, Secretary.

Office—No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

OFFICE OF THE CALIFORNIA

Mining Company, San Francisco, Dec. 26, 1878.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the California Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, No. 23 Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, on Wednesday, January fifteen, 1879, at one o'clock p. m., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will be closed from January 4th until January 17th.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

S. MAGGIE WHEELER, plaintiff, vs. GIRAD B. H. WHEELER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to GIRAD B. H. WHEELER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—on judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of failure to provide the plaintiff with the common necessities of life, and extreme cruelty by said plaintiff, by the defendant, and that the said plaintiff be allowed to resume her maiden name, to wit: S. Maggie Saunders, as will more fully appear in the plaintiff's complaint herein, to which reference is hereto expressly made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

TILDEN & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CALIFORNIA FARMERS' MUTUAL

Fire Insurance Company

[ESTABLISHED IN 1874.]

Paid up Capital \$200,000
Assets exceed 326,000

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 209 SANSOME ST.

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THOS. FLINT, President.

FERD. K. RULE Secretary.

I. G. GARDNER General Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

— AND —

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS \$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Survevo

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the tenth (10th) day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 60) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifteenth (15th) day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the seventh day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTHA A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—on judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—on judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.


By J. H. PICHES, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COFFEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CHICKERING
PIANO WAREROOMS,
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ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested
to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

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BEST STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC.
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 **PIANOS**
NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.
These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not
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LER CELEBRATED PIANOS.
Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
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SEWING MACHINES.
GROVER & BAKER SEWING AND
Embroidering SILKS, Pure Dye, Full Weight. To
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WAKELEE'S
AUREOLINE
PRODUCES THE BEAUTIFUL
Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the im-
ported article by reason of its freshness and the care used in
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PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.
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DRUGGISTS,
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO
Capital.....\$5,000,000
D. O. MILLS.....President.
WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of Califor-
nia, Boston, Trenton, National Bank, Chicago, Union
National Bank, St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank, New
Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand, London, China, Japan
India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill,
and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and
interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen
Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St
Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno,
Birmingham, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yoo

AT AUCTION

At **SNOW & MAY'S**, No. 21 Kearny Street,
on Thursday, Jan. 16th, at 11 A. M. 500
Framed Pictures on view, and Catalogues
ready Monday, the 13th.
GEO. F. LAMSON, Auctioneer.

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HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and
WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES
and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

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BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only
WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor
is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able
to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad,
thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense
stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fash-
ions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants.....from \$ 4 00
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TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin Pants
from.....\$7 00
White Vestsfrom 3 00
Fancy Vestsfrom 6 00
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Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

CLOTH AND WOOLEN BROKER.
FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,
727 Market Street, 505 Montgomery Street, 18 Kearny Street,
And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francis-
co, Cal., January 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named company, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 17 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Monday, the 13th day of January, 1879. Transfer books
closed on Thursday, January 6, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.
WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francis-
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The Argonaut.

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OLLA-PODRIDA.

We congratulate our fellow-citizens that there is no immediate prospect that the race of lawyers will die out. That large and valuable class of the community is, we are happy to say, on the increase. Mr. S. Clinton Hastings, a most exemplary citizen and excellent gentleman, once Attorney-General of California, and once upon the bench of the Supreme Court, both of which positions he adorned with his learning and varied accomplishments, has laid the foundations of a law college. This was indeed a necessity, as there was a well grounded apprehension that the race was dying out. The same fear has been felt in reference to rats, for it has been observed that when the country is overrun with them they eat each other, and thus reduce their numbers. The fish of the ocean are kept from inordinate multiplication by the fact that the large fish feed upon the lesser ones. The spawn of the salmon is the food for trout. There was a time when the manufacture of a lawyer was not of so easy accomplishment as now. It demanded for material youth of some excellence of parts, some promise of ability, some culture, some learning, some character, and then the process was a tedious one. After the academical or college course came the law lectures, the apprenticeship in the working office, and the exhaustive examination before a bench of judges learned in the law. Then, judges were created from gentlemen and scholars; now, a boy enters a law office to run of errands. He is destitute of any other learning than that acquired at the common school; he learns to write by copying papers. His only study is the Code; his only knowledge of pleading to fill blanks. His first initiation into practice is to serve subpoenas and make returns, to move the court for delay till his master comes in, to bring a suit in a justice court, to follow it to a county court, to be admitted by piecemeal, and finally to dead-beat his way to the roll of attorneys as the tramp crosses the plains on the axle of freight trains. He has never seen an institution of high learning. The principles that underlie the law are to him mysteries that he has never explored. Pleadings are mere verbiage, practice is mere cheek, argument is only forensic bluster. He is a pettifogger and not a lawyer. Of that high honor that in the earlier time was the leading characteristic of gentlemen of the bar he knows nothing; for that integrity that regarded an unprofessional action as impossible he cares nothing. He came to the profession across lots, and not by way of study. It is to him only a money-making industry. Of embracery he has never heard; of evasions, tricks, subterfuges, technical advantages, court rules, and codes, he is master.

Very many of the San Francisco bar who are entitled to write themselves "attorneys at law" are not gentlemen, nor men of learning, nor men of character, nor of nice sense of honor. They do not observe the amenities and courtesies of professional life. They do not understand the rules that govern social intercourse. They do not dress as lawyers. Their deportment smacks more of the political than the professional arena. They are avaricious and greedy; they stir up litigation; they oppress the poor; they blackmail the rich. They mouse for defective titles to land; they plot to foment litigation; they betray their clients by bad advice; they induce clients to enter litigation that they may rob them. Their track is marked by ruined fortunes and domestic dissensions. They are a nuisance to the community, a disgrace to the profession. The Hon. S. Clinton Hastings has established a college of the law. It starts off with eighty-seven students. There are not less than five hundred other students in the various law offices of the city. We are in hope that the "Hastings College of the Law" will correct the evil of which we complain, that it will aid to raise the standard of the profession. It would be a good thing if this mob of ignorant boys who are content to crowd themselves into a profession for which they are in no wise fitted could be driven to the country and made to labor. We have too many lawyers (of the kind we mention). They are, thank God, starving to death. If the Hastings College can produce a superior kind, one that will be able to drive these ignorant, superficial pretenders out of the profession, we shall be glad of it—glad as we are when rats eat rats.

Great discussion is now going on in the Constitutional Convention as to the salary of judges. We hear a vast deal about the English bar, and how important it is to maintain the dig-

nity of the Bench, that the learning and probity demanded for properly performing judicial duties are entitled to a large compensation. Now, this is undoubtedly true, and the English Bench is the very model of resolute independence, thorough integrity, industry, and scholarly accomplishments. We wish our judges were like the English judges. We wish they were their equals in learning and probity. We wish they held their offices for life. We wish our judiciary was not elective, and that the man destined to wear the ermine had not to wade through the filth of primary elections, the slum of nominating conventions, and then to swim the muddy waters of a popular election. It is a rare mind that with poverty at home and an election pending can hold the scales of Justice fairly poised in the presence of public clamor and public prejudice. It is an honest mind that can withstand the temptation of the rich man's bribe, or the great man's favor, when the money of the one or the power of the other comes as a temptation between him and his duty. It is a resolute and heroic judicial character that, in the face of popular opinion or popular prejudice, shall dare to deal justly and decide legally when the same mob that howls to-day votes to-morrow, and when the judge knows that the same passion, prejudice, and misconception that sit scowling around his tribunal will next month have the power at the ballot-box to terminate his judicial career. Our whole system of judicial selection is wrong and bad. To occupy the bench of a municipal or State court enables the incumbent to earn \$2,500 or \$6,000 per annum. It is a political prize. It is put up for a political scramble. It is an elective office.

A is a man of great legal learning; he is a reader and thinker; he has graduated from a learned university; he has a mind disciplined by study; he has had experience at the bar; he is advanced in years; he is well-grounded in principles of the law; he is modest, retiring; is not a politician, has not the power of political combination, does not know how to organize a primary, plant a convention, or secure the favor of ward manipulators. He would make an admirable judge. B is a political adventurer; he has a smattering of law, picked up in police court or justice's practice; he has the gift of gab, can drink, tell stories, chew, and smoke; he is in the vigor of life; he has brass, cheek, dash; he is hand in glove with all the ward loafers, cheek by jowl with all the adventurers, demagogues, and political plunderers that live by party plunder; he will plot in bar-rooms, and "combine" with every vagabond that hangs upon the ragged edge of politics, in order to advance himself to a judicial position. In competition with such a man the modest and learned gentleman has but an unequal conflict—and this is where we are drifting. The same plotting that enables the pound-keeper to succeed and gives him jurisdiction over wandering dogs, stray horses, and vagabond swine, places a good-for-nothing ward politician upon the judicial bench. The first step successfully taken emboldens the criminal magistrate or the justice of the peace to aspire to the supreme bench. Around our judicial positions there are now swarming an aspiring mob of ill-educated, ambitious, legal hoodlums, whose only qualification for judicial place is their ability to get it. It is an evil sign in our political horizon. It is a presage of decay and dissolution. It is a weak spot in republican government that our judicial positions are being filled with the weak, the ignorant, the dishonest. Excepting here and there, the Bench of California is not filled with able, high-minded gentlemen. It is growing worse and worse every year. The better lawyers will not take a judicial nomination to run the gauntlet of a political campaign.

The Bench has lost and is losing its dignity. We can not better illustrate this fact than by calling attention to its relation to the press. The newspaper press comments upon cases pending, discusses the facts and the law of cases while on trial, criticises the court, denounces its rulings, charges it with being controlled and influenced by selfish considerations, threatens the judge with political consequences, and denounces an attorney pleading his case as being a thief and forger; things which if done by the editors of the London Times would send them to prison for contempt of court. A gentleman who can earn a living at the bar, or who has means to exist without a judge's salary, will shrink from putting himself in position to become the butt of a licentious and dishonorable press, as he will hesitate to be dragged through the filth and mire of politics to attain judicial honors,

The question of salary, in comparison with other questions, is unimportant. If political parties can place upon the Bench of this State a lot of illiterate underheads a very small compensation will express our estimate of their value. If the Convention will make the judicial a position for life, to be secured by appointment, to be lifted above the intrigues and plottings of party, and do that which will secure learning, integrity, and industry in the judge's office, we should favor high salaries. There is a great deal of humbug about the pay of judges. If it is too high the office is scrambled for by mercenary knaves; if it is too low the position is likely to be filled by the incompetent and dishonest.

There is one fact that may be profitably considered, viz.: there is only one judge in California at present in office who does not desire a reflection at his present salary. It is also true, as a rule, that the present judiciary receives all it is worth. It is true, as a rule, that the present judges did not earn as much money practicing law as they now get for salary. It is true that they are not overworked, but that, as a rule, they have a very easy, idle life. They have long vacations, short hours of service on the bench, and the taking of cases "under consideration" is a pretense rather than an opportunity of study. If every *nisi prius* judge were compelled to decide a case the hour that it was submitted, it would be better for the litigant than to allow him to hold it under consideration. It should be a misdemeanor, or crime punishable by fine, or, what would be worse, loss of office, for any judge to hold cases, as some do, for months, and even years. We have but a qualified respect for the law as now administered by our courts, and we question sometimes whether the toss of a coin would not as often determine the right of a litigated controversy as the present vexatious, tedious, expensive, and uncertain machinery of our courts.

When gas was \$5 a thousand our bills were not larger than now. When the capital of the gas company was \$2,000,000 it did not pay a larger interest than it now pays on \$10,000,000. When gas was selling at \$3.50 a thousand our bills were twenty-five per cent. less than now at \$3. Mr. Bloomfield, the Gas Inspector, went East at the city's expense to acquire information that might have been obtained by letter. He estimated the cost of manufacturing gas at nine cents a thousand more than the company were willing to sell it for. His salary was \$400 a month for certifying that gas was sixteen-candle power, when everybody knows it is not five; if he estimates wear and tear of conscience he ought to be paid at least \$1,000 a month. His salary was reduced to \$200 a month; then to \$100; and if it should be cut down to ten cents a year he would not resign. The city pays over \$300,000 a year for lighting the streets; coal oil at half the price would give a better illumination. The San Francisco Gas Light Company is an immense imposition; and if the Board of Supervisors renew the contract, it will be strong presumptive evidence that, of the twelve members, seven are dishonest.

England's military glory has finally culminated in a victory over the half-armed, half-organized troops of the Ameer of Afghanistan. By an expenditure of a little money, the loss of one or two young-gentlemanly officers, a few score of Indian soldiers, and General Biddulph's camels, England adds another brilliant page to her history. The more brilliant is this particular historic page because she writes it herself. Her victory over King Theodore of Abyssinia, in which no English soldier received hurt in battle, is another triumph of English arms. The full measure of this triumph may be estimated by imagining a war between American soldiers with arms of precision and Digger Indians armed with bows and arrows; the English fleet bombarding San Juan, and burning the huts of cane thatched with straw; the recent demonstration of English valor upon our Pacific Coast. All these things are illustrations of that prudent courage the cowardly bully exercised who boasted that he knew whose face to slap. We hope to live long enough to see England engage in a war with some first-class power. We have always thought it a great misfortune that instead of our civil war we could not have aired our valor in a brush with England.

"Bryart is hardly cold and now poor Bayard is gone," mused Theresa Corlett; "God knows how will claim Longfellow and me."

A LITTLE GAME AMONG GENTLEMEN.

Showing why Blondin Duval left San Francisco.

Pericles Fanytre was a native Californian; not a Greaser, but belonging to the State by birth. His father was an aristocrat of the *ancien régime*—that is to say, he grew rich on monopoly twelve years ago or more. Ten years stand for a century in San Francisco society, and Fanytre père achieved success just in time to send his only son to the fastest college of New England. The young man hurried faithfully, for he had a career before him and there was no time to lose.

Four years at Harvard; two or three prolonged tours in Europe, with a Fortunatus purse at his girdle; a little playing at medicine among the students of the Quartier Latin of Paris; some curious adventures, and some still more curious love affairs. That was the story of Perry Fanytre's life at thirty.

At the time our story begins Pericles was at the top round of his ladder. He had been at home a year or more; long enough, at least, to win his place in society and to gather around him an admiring company of good fellows—sub-heroes. His personal attractions were rather peculiar: He had a tanned head—like most of his neighbors—perfectly cut features, which he did not disfigure by a beard, and a colorless face, save for a faint olive tint. In short, he looked a handsome apostate monk. He was mysterious; that made him delightful. His dark eyes were inscrutable; his manner never varied, and yet he was never tiresome. Society and draw poker took up so much of his time that of course there was no room in his life for trivialities.

But one morning old John Fanytre blew out his brains. Then he had a whole page in the live paper, and a big funeral. Of course the estate was bankrupt. So the two girls went into fashionable mourning, and, after a suitable time had elapsed, went to Venice for the winter.

Pericles behaved beautifully. Anything in bad taste was so repugnant to him that he refrained from exhibiting the least emotion at his father's funeral; and when a benevolent uncle offered to relieve him of the care of his ten sisters he accepted the offer gracefully, believing that a refusal would wound his uncle's susceptible feelings. He also devoted himself to disentangling the late Mr. Fanytre's business, and the result was that the creditors received fifty cents on the dollar, and were impressed with the belief that even this was owing to the son's generosity.

Perry kept his pleasant little rooms on Shadow Street, and really one could not see much difference in his mode of living; but it came to be whispered about that he had a private income which had come through—well, we'll say through his mother's family.

Part of this—according to rumor—had been devoted to the ravenous creditors; but there was a modest residue, which doubtless sufficed for the quiet little parties in the quiet little rooms, for the losses at "draw," and the quiet little turnout in the Park which could pass any other fellow's if its owner was willing. But Perry was never "fast," never "loud." Really, you would never have known but that he came of the Van Vloodts of New York, or the Winthrops of Boston. He was so sure of himself; he had so much repose; and his chivalry and philanthropy never varied any more than his manner. Perry was a social hero. How he threw all the other young men into shadow at Mrs. Bullion's grand fancy ball given for the benefit of the "Old Woman's Knitting Club."

He was Abelard (by courtesy), and the lovely Mrs. Fessenden, by the merest coincidence, had taken the character of Héloïse; curious, wasn't it? They were old friends, these two, and I fancy that Emily Fessenden knew more of our hero's affairs than anybody else; but then she won confidence everywhere. A pathetic-looking little creature, with wistful brown eyes and caressing ways, whose head held more ambitious plots than a "boss" politician's. She looked ten years younger than she really was, and had slipped so artistically from her widow's weeds into cheerful colors that nobody knew just when to make ill-natured remarks about it.

But she loved Perry with the unreasonable folly of a young girl, and her pale face flushed a trifle when he came near on that memorable night. He looked tired and *distrait*, and dropped carelessly into a seat beside her, after a swift survey of her costume.

"I want your advice, Emily," he said, abruptly. She lifted her eyes with a questioning glance which needed no emphasizing words. "I intend to marry," he went on, rapidly, "and settle down, and be respectable. Shall I not make a delightful Benedick?"—with a harsh laugh.

"Who?" began his companion.

"That is for you to tell," he interrupted. "You know all these princesses better than I. Only remember, I shall sell myself dearly. The truth is, my dear friend, I want money. It is a sad truth, but the merriest men reach it once in a while." Mrs. Fessenden winced a little.

"And women, too," she added softly. Then, smiling gayly as she turned toward him: "Shall we go and pick out the princess who is to make you rich?" and they moved away together.

Two or three hours later Perry ran up the steps which led to his rooms. He stopped a moment on the landing. A bright light streamed through the half-open door, and a murmur of manly voices came out to meet him.

"I'll give myself one more chance," he muttered, and entered the room. Four men in evening costume were playing poker, one of them with the vivacious viciousness of a devotee as yet but amateur. Perry took in the situation at a glance. "Four Injuns," he muttered inaudibly. "I'll take a hand, if I may," he said aloud. "Delighted to have you," said Frank Tidewarden, *alias* "the British Lion." "Of course," said Charley Yerrington. "Certainly," said the others.

Among the players sat Blondin Duval, whose pet name was Blondie, in tribute to his tawny curls. He was less than twenty-six on the night of which I write. Men like Perry called him a "molly-coddle." Misses of sixteen said he was "too young." He might have played "Armand" to "Camille," for as yet the blight of too much knowledge had not touched him. He believed in God, in womankind, in republican government; and he was sitting down to his first game of draw poker.

The fourth man was incorrectly classed under the phras-

ing "Injuns." He was of the class inelegantly named "capper," and of superior rank in his profession. He had once been a fighting editor, and was designated by a rival journalist as a "scribbler to whom pugilism was a fine art, and draw poker an exact science." His name was P. Henry McPatrick. His exact relations with Perry Fanytre have never been determined.

Perry carelessly drew up a chair and sat down directly opposite the quondam fighting editor. By the merest coincidence each of these two players faced a wide pier-glass, in which occasional glimpses of ill-concealed hands—but that is mere gossip; I was not there.

The five-handed game went on apace with varying fortunes and meagre sensation. The British Lion played carelessly, though by no means recklessly, with the assured jauntiness of a man who could afford to lose, and lose he did pretty uniformly. Charley Yerrington played carelessly, too, but there was a dash of method in his madness, a spice of bravado, which generally follows good luck.

Perry was playing abstractedly—it seemed to three of the others. Perhaps he was thinking of the Princess Fanytre that was to be; perhaps he was reasoning out the process by which his *vis-à-vis* won every time he lost. Clearly, he was not outwardly interested in the game. Of the game played by Mr. McPatrick the less said the better. There are mysteries too inscrutable for human penetration; there are emotions too deep for human tears. Mr. P. Henry McPatrick's game in "draw" was the one, and the belief inspired thereby was the other. The rude jargon of the West has designated Mr. Patrick's method as the "hogging game," and I am painfully constrained to acknowledge that for once the rude Western jargon is wonderfully apt.

But of the five players Blondin Duval was the only one thoroughly under the spell of the game. To Tidewarden it was killing time, to Yerrington merely high class excitement, to Perry Fanytre routine, to the "capper" bread and butter; but to Blondin, young, ardent, attuned to pleasure as yet untainted by positive shame, the first sensation was expectation more than realized. He played at first modestly and not unwisely; he lost about a hundred, won it back, and another hundred as well; lost that, and won and lost again.

It was 2 A. M. The British Lion gave a great English yawn and wished himself in bed. Yerrington ventured a witticism at the expense of his wife, and looked up to the ceiling. "Let us play one more hand, gentlemen," said Mr. McPatrick, in his blandest tones.

"Well, if we must, we must," said the novice, regretfully. Perry nodded; was it merely in assent, or was it in veiled signal to the dealer? Perish the ungenerous thought!

Curious, wasn't it, everybody had a playing hand. The British Lion chipped to open the pot, Yerrington raised him five dollars before the draw, and all the others came in. Tidewarden drew two cards, Yerrington one, Perry three; the novice took none. "Five," said the British Lion.

"Pass," said Yerrington, and rose to put on his coat.

"Raise you twenty," drawled Perry in his sweetest society tones. Blondin shoved two twenties into the centre. The capper passed, and Tidewarden laid down his cards.

"Twenty more," drawled Perry.

"Forty better."

"Fifty."

"Better."

"A hundred."

"Lend me five hundred, Charley," said Duval, with a white face, and eyes aglint with excitement. "A hundred more."

"Three hundred."

The novice looked over his hand, once or twice, nervously, as if he doubted his own senses.

"Call you, sir," he said.

The silence, the expectancy, the suppressed excitement, was a study for Hogarth.

Slowly, one by one, Perry laid his cards face upward before him: four aces.

With something so like an oath that I can't trust myself to paraphrase it, Blondin flung down his cards: one, two, three, four kings, and *one ace*! "How is this, sir?" he said, hotly, turning his flushed face to the passive dealer. Mr. McPatrick gingerly picked Blondin's ace from the table and turned over the back. *It was an odd card*! Every one examined it, and it was too plain. The gold lay still on the table glittering in the rays of the drop-light, temptingly, mockingly. Perry put out his hand to draw it toward him.

"A moment, Fanytre, if you please!"

Blondin was very pale, almost wild-looking in his pallor. "Is this just—just the regular thing at draw, among gentlemen?"

"Certainly," said the one-time editorial pugilist, blusteringly.

"I was talking to your employer, sir. I have already paid a fair price for doubting the men who called *you* a blackleg."

Mr. Henry McPatrick's hand was in his pistol-pocket in a moment; but the next moment his muscular arm was writhing in the vice-like grasp of the swart Briton, whose weight was 246 and his muscle proportionate.

"I should not like to soil the pavement by dropping you out of the window, Mr. McPatrick, and so you will please keep very blank still. As for you, Mr. Pericles Fanytre, delicacy forbids me to call you a knave in these rooms, for the laws of hospitality clearly disarm you under this roof. The pot will be divided, sir. I believe Mr. Yerrington agrees with me."

"Yes I do," said Charley.

Was it not "bad form" of Perry Fanytre to color like a school-girl, and say between a snarl and a falsetto scream? "Gentlemen, that money is mine, fairly. Am I responsible for another's blunder? I won that money, and I mean to have it; and if that cub stands in my way, by—"

It was a sherry decanter which the impulsive, but unerring, Blondin flung at Perry's hapless head. It was Emily Fessenden who went into gratuitous mourning for a man quite unworthy of the compliment. It was Blondin Duval of whom the Valparaíso mammas used to warn their daughters: "He has a history, my dears, and such men are dangerous."

SAN FRANCISCO, January 10, 1879. IGNOTUS.

There is nothing which fills the soul of a young man with consternation so much as to take his best girl to prayer-meeting and have the managing elder call upon "our stranger brother for a few remarks and a prayer."

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

The Imprudence of too accurately Forecasting the movements of Frogs.—The Leonine Basso Profundo.—New and Startling Versions of Familiar Scripture Stories, by the author's brother, William.—Studies in Suction: the Exploits of Franky, that's the Baby.—Dogs and Fools.

One time a boy he cot a frog, and tuke and put it in his fathers bed, and jest fore bed time the boy sed to his father: "It's been mity wet wether lately, and the frogs has all been drowned out of the pond, and mebbly some of them big green fellers has cum in the house and gone to bed like fokes."

Then the boys father he loked up from his newspaper and he sed: "Charley," cos that was the boys name, "I gess you better go to bed your ownself, cos yure intleck is a wanderin mity wild agin, and you might do yure self an injury by swollerin the cole skuttle, or buttin yure brains out agiust the sofy piller."

So Charley he went to bed, but after a while he was woke up and see his father standin there with a canule, and his father he sed: "Charley, I didnt pay much atention to wot you was a sayn a bowt frogs, but after I had gon to bed, and I seen things was a beginnin for to turn out jest like you had sed, wy I hollered rite out, cos I was so dlited for to think I had sech a smart boy. Didnt you hear me holler, Charley, didnt you hear yure ole fathers xcamations of satisfy, and feel the house shake wen he arose for to cum and fondle you?"

Then Charley he said wot did his father hav in the hand wich was be hine his back, an the ol man he said "O, thats the fonder."

But my sisters yung man, which tole me the story, he sed that the fonder bore a fancifle re zembalance to a black snake wip.

But the rattle snake, with the castinets onto his tail, is the feller for me, yes, in deed, wen he dont bite. One day Missy, thats my sister, she see a little snake bout 6 inches long in the gardn, an she hollered like pirates.

Snakes is serpents, and eels is fish, but the lion he is the king of beests and his roar is offle!

Once there was a operry man, wich hired fokes for to sing, he was a goin thru the woods and a lion come a long and loked at him, and wipped itself with its tail, and sticked its mane up, and opend its mowth, and rored fritefle, yu never seen sech bellerin! The operry man he sed: "Thats ol rite, thats ol rite, consider yure selluf engaged for the seeson at yure own terms, but I got to be xcused now, cos seven teen barry tones is waitin for me to hear thein." And the opperry man he wakled a way mity lifely, like he was frade the barry tones wuld bust theinselfs a holdin in the sing fore he cude git there.

Mister Pitchel, thats the preecher, he sed: "Billy," thats my brother, "do you know wot for they put Dannie in the lions den?"

Billy he spoke rite up and sed: "Yis, sir," and Mister Pitchel he sed "Wot?"

Then Billy he said: "Cos he snook in under the sho tent without payin."

Then Mister Pitchel he sed: "Wy, William!" And after a while he ast a other time: "Wot made the lions not eat Dannie?" and Billy he sed: "They wude et him if thay had knew he was good to eat."

But I gess if Franky, thats the baby, had ben there he wude put Dannie in his mowth an chewd him a wile any how.

One time Franky was a suckin the end of a ax handle which had been sawd off, and Uncle Ned he see bim a suckin it, and he hollered to me: "Run quick, Johnny, and pull it out, its too late for to save the ax, but the hannel wil do for to rebuke Mose with, wich is the cat, and exort Bildad, thats the new dog, to a better life."

A other time Franky was left a sleep sick and father he went in the room for to luke at him, and wen he cum out mother she ast: "Has he got sech a hot fever like he had?"

Then father he said: "No, not quite, but I gess he wil have agin purty sune, cos he is a usin the fire poker mity viggerously in his inside."

And wen mother she went for to see, Franky was a suckn the black end, but lickerish is the stof for me wen it comes to suckn sumthing.

And now I wil tel you a little story. A man wich was a wood choper he had a big dog, and the dog wude wotch his dinner in a little tin pale wile the man was cutn the trees down, and I can tel you its mity gude fun for to see em fall, but one time one wich ole Gaffer Peters cut down it fel onto, a cow an she had to be et. Wel, one day the man wich had his dinner in a little tin pales dog it et it up its own self, sted of wotchin it for him, and he was mity mad, and waled the dog offle til it was sick a bed. But wen it got cured it et it up a nther time. So the man he put pizen in the dinner wich it was the dogs bizness for to wotch, and took a other dinner without no pizen in it, and hid it a little way of. But bime by he forgot and et the pizen dinner his ownself and hollered wild! Then the dog rose up its bed were it was eatin the other dinner, wich it had found, and looked at the man reel sollem, much as to say: "Pore feller, you dont appear to be no better satisfide wen lme a honest dog than wot you was wen I was a theef."

But the man he didnt take notice, cos bis toes was in his eyes, for the pizen had shet him up like a jack nive.

Uncle Ned he says one time there was a king wich had a cort fole, and one day wen the king was to his dinner he had a reel nice pudden, and the fool he sed: "May it please yure majesty, I have got a carime on my contience, and if yule make that wrasle, the Prime Minster, eat that pudden lle confess."

But the king swore a wicked oth and sed: "You got to eat it yure ownself, you notty pizener!"

So the fool was made eat it every little tiny bit up, and wen it was et he patted hissef onto the stumack of his belly and sed: "The royel suspitchins was unfounded."

Then the king sed: "Wot was yure carime, then?" and the fool he sed: "A treezenable ambition for to eat my masters pudden my ownself."

But you jest ot to see me and Billy eat a raisn feller!

SAN RAFAEL, January 12, 1879.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST VISIT.—I.

Bayard Taylor's last visit to the Pacific Coast was in June, 1870. He came here, encouraged by the success of his early experience in the California lecture field, to make \$2,000 to pay off a debt he owed in Chester County, Pennsylvania. He wanted an agent, secretary, etc., and I was introduced to him as an applicant for that position. My first impressions of Mr. Taylor were most favorable. His manner was cordial and without the slightest approach to haughtiness, or that self-complacency which might be expected in a man who had won so many laurels in the field of letters. We agreed to terms, and Mr. Taylor, Wandesforde, the artist (who had known Taylor intimately in New York years before), Charles Warren Stoddard, and myself, sat down to dinner at the Grand Hotel. Taylor, who had a wonderful fund of anecdote, was delightful. In regard to this accomplishment, during a trip with him, extending over a period of six weeks, I have never passed an hour in his society that was not marked by some anecdote, and I have never heard him repeat the same story twice. San José was our first port of destination; but although we had sent on numerous posters, and advertised largely in the newspapers, the harvest was a very poor one. The subject of the lecture was "Russia and the Russians." It was heavy and uninteresting, and the small audience that heard it went away disappointed. The next morning we started for Santa Cruz. Taylor had a seat outside the stage with the driver, and so entertained that worthy with his experiences in California in '49 that he pulled up his horses whenever Taylor wished to gather specimens of the flowers and shrubs on the way; and this was so frequent—for Taylor was an enthusiastic botanist—that we were more than an hour behind time, and the agent in Santa Cruz believed that some accident had befallen us. The Santa Cruzians were more anxious to hear about Russia and the Russians than their neighbors of San José, and we had a fair house. While here Taylor received a long and interesting letter from Longfellow on the subject of his (Taylor's) translation of *Faust*, which was then in the printer's hands. The poet praised it highly, and made a prediction, which was afterward fulfilled, that it would add more to Taylor's fame than anything he had yet achieved. Taylor was charmed with the spirit of the letter, and as I was then affected with an autograph mania, presented it to me.

At Watsonville we met our Waterloo. It was a drizzling, disagreeable evening. Opposite the hall where the lecture was to take place an itinerant quack was selling patent pills, a cure, he assured his audience, for every disease under the sun.

"Do not let my entertainment," he shouted, "interfere with the entertainment of the other gentleman, who lectures in that hall to-night. It is true that I will heal your bodies, and confer upon you the priceless boon of health; but he will improve your minds, and therefore there is no antagonism between us, there can be no antagonism between us; and moreover, fellow-citizens, there shall be no antagonism between us."

But, unfortunately for the appreciation of the good citizens of Watsonville, the pill-seller's performance did interfere most sadly with the receipts of the lecture. We had a "baker's dozen" in the house, the quack's retainers extended from sidewalk to sidewalk, and the pills went off like the last edition of a newspaper in war time. After the lecture, as we were taking a night-cap at the bar before turning in, the pill-vender entered, a comforter about his throat, and carrying a canvas sack well filled with halves and quarters.

"Put this in the safe," he said to the bar-keeper, in a basso profundo.

"Will you have a drink?" said Taylor.

"Thank you, sir, with pleasure," rejoined the quack, courteously; and then: "Aren't you the gentleman that lectured to-night?"

"I am," said Taylor.

"Then I hope my performance did not interfere with yours. I tell you, sir, it does not do for gentlemen of our profession to meet in these small country towns. They can't stand two entertainments on the same night. Now, we'll have a talk over our respective routes, and arrange it so that we won't clash as on this evening. Your good health, sir," and he swallowed his hot toddy with complacency, and beamed upon Taylor with fraternal regard. This incident delighted Taylor, and he chatted and drank with his professional brother, who was an odd character, until the drowsy bar-keeper shut up the shop.

The next morning we took a long walk to see an old Spaniard who was one of the original owners of this beautiful Pajaro Valley. On this trip Taylor spoke most affectionately of Longfellow, and dwelt upon a visit that Longfellow and he had made to Tennyson four years before. "After a perfect English tea," said Mr. Taylor, "our conversation naturally turned on literature, and Longfellow asked Tennyson what portion of the 'Idyls of the King' was his favorite. 'I will read it for you,' said the poet, and began that passage describing the parting of Arthur and Guinevere:

"I do not come to curse thee, Guinevere—
I whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet."

"Tennyson read in a deep monotone, and seemed much affected. Longfellow was positively in tears. It was a grand, a beautiful piece of reading. After the ladies had retired Tennyson told us an anecdote that was as coarse as any 'gentleman's story' could well be. Longfellow, who can never endure anything of this nature, found some pretext for retiring. Meeting me alone on the lawn he expressed his astonishment that a man of Tennyson's intense refinement could be guilty of such coarseness. I explained it by saying that he required some relief from the strong emotional pitch he had been worked up to in his reading, and had probably found it in this direct contrast to refined sentiment. Tennyson, who suspected that Longfellow did not relish his story, gave the same reason before the conclusion of our visit."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

An Irish waiter at a Christmas gathering at an uptown hotel complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith, it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around his real estate with his hands in his pocket, never darning what a pretty invitashun he'd have to jine you gentlemen at dinner,"

THE UNFAIR SEX.

Lady Thornton, wife of the British Minister, is said to be very domestic and fond of knitting. She is tall and lank, and not given to wearing French toilets.

A brute beast of a man says that when you want to get the best of an argument with a woman of thirty you should lead off with: "Now, then, a woman of your age—," etc.

A charming young thing at a New York school examination, in reading her exercise before a large audience of parents, changed Keats' line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

"Certain circles of Washington official society," says the *Herald*, "are much agitated over the question: 'Which shall first call on the other, the wife of a corporal of infantry or the grandmother of a boatswain's mate?'"

At midnight, in his downy bed, John Turk, of Iowa, was dreaming of how he had locked his two daughters in a room up stairs. An hour passed on, they lowered themselves to the ground, eloped with their lovers, and were next heard of in Chicago.

Of Secretary Eyarts' two daughters, one is a brunette with intensely black hair, and the other a pale, fair-haired New England blonde, the very opposite of her sister. Both are extremely popular in Washington society, and would be if they were anybody's daughters.

There has been the greatest difficulty in inducing the Duchess of Edinburgh to go over and take up her abode in England, even for a few weeks, though the Queen had intimated the propriety and reassuring effect of such a measure. She idolizes her father, and does not love the English Court.

May Fiske is an actress of the vigorous sort, both on and off the stage. In Montreal she was offended by her agent. She threw a water-pitcher at his head, but he dodged it; then she scratched his face, pulled his hair, and was trying to throw him out of a window when the bystanders rescued him.

The beautiful Miss Gabrielle Greeley, daughter of the eccentric Horace, intends becoming a Sister of Mary the Virgin, says rumor; but Mrs. Grundy has frequently so reported, at different times, of this fair maid of Chappaqua. Her aunt, Mrs. Cleveland, sister of Mr. Greeley, is giving literary receptions this winter. No refreshments are expected at these feasts of the soul.

It is related that the Princess Louise, just before leaving England, called at the studio of Mr. Rossetti, the painter whose pictures are "sold from the easel" and never exhibited to the vulgar herd, but it was intimated to her royal highness that the artist was not at the beck and call of princesses. Mr. Rossetti is evidently not in the habit of displaying his courtesy any more than his pictures.

The following "fashion note" from a contemporary makes us blush, but we know our duty and shall not swerve from its performance. It goes: "New sets of flannel chemises, drawers, and skirts are seen at A. T. Stewart & Co.'s in all colors and white, embroidered in delicate colors and in white. The drawers are confined at the knee with an elastic, run in a casing above an embroidered edge forming a ruffle. These sets are intended for wear over the under vests and drawers and the linen or cambric underwear."

Just before a recent concert began at the Crystal Palace the death of the Princess Alice was announced from the platform, and the "Dead March" from *Saul* was played, all up-standing. The greater part of the audience had not heard the unhappy intelligence, and the effect of its solemn announcement, followed by the funeral march, was painful to witness. A great many ladies burst into tears, some went out, and those who remained had frequent recourse to their handkerchiefs, while upon the countenances of all gloom and depression were visibly seated.

Two ladies boarding at the Windsor Hotel, New York, after being on friendly terms, quarreled and became deadly enemies. They both went to Washington to visit, one to the residence of a wealthy Congressman who gives frequent entertainments, the other to the Arlington Hotel. The latter desired to make the acquaintance of the above-mentioned Congressman's family, so as to have the pleasure of attendance at these festivals. There was but one way to accomplish this. It was to boldly ask to see her enemy on a reception day, and to ignore the disagreeable past between them. She did so, and rushed with a Judas kiss to embrace her fair enemy, when Miss S—t very quietly drew back and said: "Madame, you are mistaken; neither myself nor my uncle's family have ever known of your existence until this moment." The assembled guests looked astonished for a moment.

The day before her wedding a Turkish bride is taken to the bath, accompanied by all her friends, and there in solemn ceremony submitted to the ordeal of soapuds and scrubbing-brush. Her hair is made sleek with the oil of the daphne, her nails on feet and hands dyed brown with henna, and her skin *Rachelled* by the application of some pasty preparation. Lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony, and when she at length emerges from the steaming chamber completely got up, she is met by a group of dancing girls, who conduct her to the banquet which closes the day's entertainment. The bridegroom, supported by his male friends and relations, has to undergo, on his side, much about the same ordeal. I was once present at one of these wedding feasts, says a writer in *Truth*, when the question was raised as to whether the bride and bridegroom had ever seen each other. "No, never," answered some of the old folks present.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

The Smiling Dolly.

I whispered to my Dolly
And told her not to tell
(She's a really lovely Dolly—
Her name is Rosabel).
"Rosy," I said, "stop smiling,
For I've been dreadful bad!
You mustn't look so pleasant,
As if you felt real glad!"

"I took mamma's new ear-ring—
I did, now, Rosabel—
And I never even asked her—
Now, Rosy, don't you tell!
You see I'll try to find it
Before I let her know;
She'd feel so very sorry
To think I'd acted so."

Still Rosabel kept smiling;
And I just cried and cried—
And while I searched all over,
Her eyes were opened wide,
"Oh, Rosy, where I dropped it
I can't imagine, dear;
And still she kept on smiling—
I thought it very queer."

I had wheeled her round the garden
In her gig till I was lame;
Yet when I told my trouble
She smiled on, just the same!
Her hair waved down her shoulders
Like silk, all made of gold.
I kissed her, then I shook her,
Oh, dear, how I did scold!

"You're really naughty, Rosy,
To look so when I cry.
When my mamma's in trouble
I never laugh; not I."
And still she kept on smiling,
The queer, provoking child!
I shook her well, and told her
Her conduct drove me wild.

When—only think! that ear-ring
Fell out of Rosy's hair!
When I had dressed the darling,
I must have placed it there.
She doubled when I saw it,
And almost hit her head;
Again I whispered softly,
And this is what I said:

"You precious, precious Rosy!
Now I'll go and tell mamma
How bad I was—and sorry—
And, oh, how good you are!
For, Rose, I hadn't lost it—
You knew it all the while,
You knew I'd shake it out, dear,
And that's what made you smile."
—St. Nicholas.

The Land of Nod.

Far away in the Land of Nod,
Where only in dreams man's foot hath trod,
Dwells the Slumber King on his shadow throne,
Where he patiently sits till day is done.

Then he rises and puts his thinking cap on.
Now, as he thinks, he doth often smile,
And he busily nods his head the while;
Then the dyes of sleep, as he sees them come,
Quickly lay hold of them, one by one,
And fly to the homes of earth, 'tis said,
Where they place a nod on each one's head,
Till the eyes can no longer keep open wide;
The head with the weight turns from side to side,
And little by little doth on them creep
The wondrous blessing of quiet sleep.

But ere the grown folks find repose,
The king's son, Jack Nod, on his tip-toes,
First comes to the children, the cunning elf,
And he brings the sand-man as well as himself.

Then the poor wee people rub, rub their eyes,
Until gentle sleep takes them all by surprise,
And they never can tell of what they can think
Just a minute before their last blinky wink.

Sometimes in the daytime, so I am told,
This same Jack Nod, so cunning and bold,
Throws dust in folks' eyes, the saucy chap,
Which makes them take what is called a nap.

Manners.

I'm often quite sorry about it,
And feel that it's terribly sad,
But though I live long beyond manhood
My manners, I'm sure, will be bad.

In language I seek for improvement,
And strive to the best of my power;
And yet I am saying, they tell me,
"O jiminy!" ten times an hour.

I rush into rooms with my hat on;
I hop on one leg through the hall;
I slide down the balusters madly;
I roll round the floor like a ball.

I speak while my elders are speaking;
And—one thing that greatly annoys—
I'm apt in a general fashion
To treat girls as if they were boys.

But though I'm a boor beyond question,
And want to reform, goodness knows,
There seems to be nothing in manners
As splendid as people suppose;

For sometimes they're worn, I imagine,
To hide what we'd rather not show.
They're like a fine jacket that covers
A shirt all in tatters below.

Now, this is not my case, it's certain,
Although I'm rude, noisy, and pert:
The jacket may be very ragged,
But never you fear for the shirt!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Mrs. Lucy Hooper, in a recent letter from Paris, says that the plot of the play called *The Danicheffs* is from real life, and that the heroine has recently attended several entertainments in that city "in all the brilliancy of her unfaded and wonderful beauty."

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

The event of the week has been the resumption of the Orchestral Matinées under the direction of Mr. Herold, with a very attractive programme, and—I fear—not very remunerative audience. I may be hitting very wide of the mark, but it appears to me that the unattractiveness—let me go further, and say the utterly dreary and desolate air—of Platt's Hall at a morning performance is to a certain extent responsible for the sparse attendance at these concerts; the room is as dark and chill as a subterranean cavern, and it requires somewhat of the heroic quality to sit out a Symphony in it of a cold day. I suppose the stirring Marches that Mr. Herold usually places at the commencement of his programmes to be in a sense intended to counteract this effect; they are certainly exhilarating, and serve to warm up the audience and make matters lively for a little while. But they play sad havoc with the Symphony that immediately follows, especially when this happens—as this week—to be one of the older ones, scored lightly for the brass (without trombones), and in which the charm lies rather in the beauty of the themes and their musical treatment than in effects of sonority or contrasts of tone-masses. Beethoven's fourth symphony, although not of his greatest, is undoubtedly one of his most charming works; it seems to be a loving glance backward from his second period—of which the *Eroica* (the third) may be classed as the first orchestral production—into that earlier style that reached its full bloom of perfection in the second symphony, in D major; it has much of the charm and grace of many of his early works, the same general characteristics of instrumental color, form, and treatment. But without the most tender handling on the part of the orchestra in matters of detail—nicety and accuracy of accent, light and shade, etc.—and the most infallible certainty on the part of the conductor in the suggestion of his *tempi* (especially where the character of the composition requires that they should be slightly varied), this symphony is very apt to prove wearisome and uninteresting; and this is precisely the impression I received from its performance on last Wednesday. It seems ungracious toward an artist of Mr. Herold's extensive knowledge and experience to be constantly finding fault with his *tempi*; it will seem, too, to many readers, like harping unnecessarily upon a matter in which there is nothing to be gained. But I cannot believe this, since it appears to me that in his faulty reading—as I consider it—of these movements Mr. Herold gives a wrong impression of them, and consequently of the entire works of which they are part. When I observe an audience unmoved during the performance of a movement at once so beautiful and soul-stirring as the wonderful *Adagio* in this fourth Symphony, I am convinced that there is some cause for this apathy outside of Beethoven, since what he wrote here it is impossible that mortal should hear and remain unsympathetic, if it be properly put before him. I turn to the orchestra, and the cause of the apathy is clear to me at once; the movement is being taken slightly—only slightly—too fast, and there is a sense of unequilibrium about the performance—not arising from the *tempo* alone, but affecting it, and causing it to appear faster than it really is—that entirely destroys the beauty of the movement, robs it of its repose, its breadth, its placid character, of everything that renders it—as it really is—one of the loveliest pieces of music that we possess. I am aware of the reasons generally given for this hurrying of slow movements: that with an orchestra not fully up to the mark it is advisable to hurry along and get over them; that they are apt to bore the audience, prove tiresome, etc. But I think this is founded upon error. It is precisely when they are hurried out of their true character that such pieces become tiresome; they are deprived of their only charm without receiving any attractive feature in return. There is a deal more to be said on this subject; let us reserve it for another occasion.

The other *pièce de résistance* of this interesting concert—the *Ruy Blas* overture had a good performance, and the stupid Horn quartet, by Schanz, a much better one than it deserved—consisted of the first three of Schumann's "Scenes from the Orient," scored for orchestra by Reinecke. The pieces are originally for the piano forte (four hands) and are quite undoubtedly not only among the best works of their composer but of any composer. I do not think I go too far in calling them the most delicate bit of local color I know in the whole range of musical literature; they are redolent of the perfume of Arabia and full of the charm of the poetry of Hafiz; they are more subtle, and at the same time more exquisitely suggestive, than anything in "Paradise and the Peri." Group together Hildebrandt's sketches, Goethe's "Divan," Rückert's "Makamen," Bodenstedt's "Mirza Schaffy," "Eothen"—in short, the best that we have of painting and literature about the Orient—and you shall not find me, out of all of it, more truthful coloring or more refined suggestion of character and sentiment than in these "sketches." It is a work about which it is difficult to speak temperately or coherently; the only language in which they can be truly described is their own. Even Reinecke's translation of them for the orchestra—beautifully done, and full of the spirit of the original, as it is—fails to convey the full charm of their subtle grace; performed as they were on Wednesday they lose it almost entirely. I do not know but it will be as well to face at once the fact that works of this nature, requiring, as they do, the most refined delicacy of treatment in regard to light and shade, tone, quality, and color, and, above all, a sympathetic appreciation of their poetic drift, are, as yet, and under the existing limitations as to rehearsals, etc., simply impossible for our orchestra, and must necessarily remain so until Mr. Herold can afford to devote more time—that is, a greater number of rehearsals—to their study and preparation. The pieces, beautiful and easy to comprehend as they are, failed to make any impression whatever on the audience; nor did I wonder at it. There is nothing to be gained by entering into details, especially as I hope that—after more rehearsals—we shall hear them again. I speak of the inadequate performance only to beg those who heard them to consider the disadvantages under which Mr. Herold labors in endeavoring to produce music of such difficulty with insufficient rehearsal, and to ask that they will suspend judgment with regard to the pieces themselves until they can hear them properly performed. Surely these "sketches" in their original piano forte, four hands—could not fail to be very in-

teresting to our music-lovers, especially just now, that we are hearing them by the orchestra. Why should not Mr. Schmidt—as it seems to be decided that we are to have another series of soirées—incorporate them in one of his Quintet programmes, played, say, by Miss Alice, and some one of our many excellent pianists? There is something in this well worth considering, and well worth doing, too.

Among the many attractive pictures at present on exhibition at Morris & Schwab's gallery, on Post Street, there are to be seen three coast scenes, which, from their contrast of intention, as well as method and general characteristics, are especially deserving of the attention of those who are interested in these matters. They are the great canvas of De Haas—"A Storm on the Coast of Maine;" a lesser one by Yelland—"Twilight off Cape Ann;" and one still more modest, by Mr. T. R. Harrison, who makes his *début* as a full-fledged artist with a bit of Californian coast scenery, studied from a point near Monterey—the same picture, I believe, that gained for him the distinction of the gold medal at the late *concours* of the School of Design. It seems to me that we have never—certainly very rarely—had on exhibition in this city at the same time three pictures affording a more favorable opportunity for studying the varying standpoints from which scenes of great general resemblance to each other can be seen through artists' eyes, and the art feeling that lies behind them. The theme of the three is nearly identical—a bit of coast, with an open sea beyond—and yet it is hardly possible that three pictures should bear less resemblance to each other than these do. The "Storm" of De Haas is a picture of great power and a quite wonderful fidelity to a phase of nature with which I may as well, at this point, confess myself to be entirely out of sympathy. This lack of sympathy with the subject of a picture undoubtedly exerts its influence over one's capacity for appreciating its merits; certain of them are likely to be overlooked entirely, while others—often great ones to those who are in accord with the feelings of the artist—become positive defects, and cause real distress to the unsympathetic beholder. Mr. De Haas' "Storm" affects me in this way; it distresses me. But in this very effect that it has upon me I recognize a proof of its great power; it seizes upon me with an iron grasp, and turn from it as I will, it forces me back to the storm-lashed rocks and seething breakers. It compels respect, if not sympathy; it will not permit itself to be ignored. My recollection of the great "Storm" by the same artist, which was exhibited here several years since is not sufficiently accurate to enable me to compare the method of the two pictures, but this latter affects me as undeniably the greater of the two. It is simpler and broader; is made up of less material, and appears to be painted with greater power and directness of purpose. It is a great picture, although not a pleasant one.

Mr. Yelland's "Cape Ann" is, on the contrary, a thoroughly congenial and delightful work, so transfused with the spirit of rest and contentment that a mere sight of it brings refreshment to the weary sense. It seems to me that the picture can not fail to impress even the most prosaic beholder with a sentiment of perfect repose, and to one who is sympathetic with the poetic quality from which it emanated—for it is as much a poem as a picture—the spell of this sentiment is so complete and absorbing as to induce an almost perfect forgetfulness of the admirable manner in which it is painted. Out of much good work hitherto exhibited by Mr. Yelland, I think that this picture is by far the best; it is the most perfect expression of the poetry of nature—of the immense power of a mighty force at rest.

Mr. Harrison expresses what he has to say in such a frank, manly way, and with so much directness of aim, that I find it difficult to recognize in him the pupil who has but just been set free from academic tutelage. His picture has not only much of promise for the future, but also of present achievement, and bears the best evidence of close, faithful study of nature. It is, perhaps, a little cold in tone—not a bad fault in a young painter—and formal in its lines, but it is at the same time such a thoroughly healthy bit of painting, such a fresh, breezy rendering of out-of-doors, that I should be apprehensive of the least change of form or mellowing down of color, lest it should endanger the ingenuousness of the artist's statement of the fact as he saw it. This young gentleman seems to have a deal of the best stuff in him, and has in this picture given a promise of which nothing short of great work in the future will be accepted as a fulfillment. Let us see what he makes of it—for with youth and strength the matter is in his hands, whether it is to be an artist or merely a painter!

Following is the letter mentioned in another column, by a writer who no doubt thought himself more competent to deal with the subject himself:

EDS. ARGONAUT:—Will you give us an article rebuking the Protestant clergy for their abuse of the Apostle Peter. My pastor is in the habit, and it is growing upon him. Good, brave old Peter! A fifth rate attorney could successfully defend him before any military or civic court in the world. He was the only one of the Disciples who "had a bit of sand in his craw." The rest "ran like scared hounds" when the trouble commenced. All alone, and unarmed, but believing what his Leader had told him of the success that was to crown their exertions—then was the time to show fight. He disarmed an enemy, and before he was overpowered had made one furious slash at the first head that came near. Although he was outnumbered, his enemies respected him, and allowed him to retire in good order. But his Master and friend was carried off a prisoner. Did he give up the fight? No! With a bravery that has been unsurpassed in history, he followed his Leader into "the jaws of death!" He still believed that some fortuitous circumstance would occur that would, with the promised assistance, enable him to rescue his Master. He was a spy in the enemy's camp. Being there, he was warranted—under all military laws, and under the universal law of self-preservation—to use deceit to avoid detection. More than this, it was his duty, for to himself become a prisoner was not the way to be of service. It is not surprising that the Catholics exalt Peter. He is the one above all others to be intrusted with the key to the gates of heaven. PRESBYTERIAN.

THE THIRD TERM HORROR.

When I was in the city during the excitement, beating some of those fellows in the Stock Board out of their hard-earned coin, I lodged at No. 608. Next door to me, that is in No. 606, was lodged a scientific person. He wore windows on his eyes; smoked tobacco in a pipe; was a smallish man with a Prussian cast of countenance; wore a cap on his head, which cap had only one leaf—should have had two leaves, because he had some forehead behind owing to loss of hair; he went up and down stairs, to second floor, with his head poised backwardly so as to give his "specs" a chance from under his cap-leaf and to keep his pipe-bowl out of his beard; in fact, his entire countenance was beard, pipe, spectacles, and cap-leaf, with a slight dash of red nose. Thus everything about his head indicated the German scholar and Teutonic savant—a slight odor of Limburger cheese only heightening the expression of his profoundly erudite appearance. But No. 606 was not a German, yet was he erudite in a way. Upon closer examination his hands had a certain grimy and claw-like appearance, such as the gas-man and the undertakers have—chemists sometimes have such hands—but he was not a gas-man, nor a chemist, nor yet altogether an undertaker. He had a black tin sign with gold letters, down at the front hall door, and a similar sign on his room door, as follows:

No. 606.
TAXIDERMIST AND OSTEOLOGER.

Putting out from the corner front window, second floor (for his was the corner room on that floor) he had a small whale's lower jaw with a stuffed gull on one side of it, and a skeleton goose on the other, while a stuffed coon occupied the line of the *symphysis murtis*. These melancholy remains announced to the reading and unreading world, as it passes on the street below, that there was business up stairs.

My acquaintance with 606 was formed very slowly but surely. I wanted some stuffing done—I often do. I engaged 606 to do my stuffing. He did it. While he was at it I called in to see him several times, and by degrees, one way and another, I came to know him quite well.

"What do you have in that stout square boxing?" I asked, pointing to it, while he was twisting about at his bench, working the wire attitudes of a rare bird.

He paused in his work, directed the glitter of his spectacles toward the part of the room indicated and replied, as he resumed work:

"That's my little forge where I weld and solder my work. I keep it boxed up like a Dutch emigrant trunk so landlords won't know it, because the thing, though more innocent than a kerosene lamp, is frightful when you call it a forge."

"How large iron or steel can you weld in your forge?"

"About half inch."

"You don't often need to weld that size?"

"Yes I do, though."

Oh, ho! thought I, skeleton keys and burglars' tools—but I only drew my ring of keys from my pocket and asked.

"Do you ever mend keys?"

"Mend keys? Oh, yes—sometimes."

I was going to give him a cracked key and ask him to mend it, but I took a second thought and put the ring in my pocket; if he made keys for burglars the fewer he had of mine the better for me. He went on with his work, and nothing more was said till I asked: "What do you keep in that tall box which stands on end in the dark corner?"

He stopped his work, began refilling his pipe, while he looked at the tall box.

"No!" he said, as he struck a match across the table corner, "I'll not tell you what's in that tall box—ask me something else;" and, putting his pipe to his mouth, went on with his regular work and smoke.

I took a smoke, also, and sat silently watching, as he worked, for some time.

At length he flung the point of the tool he was using into the board his work was on, and said: "Yes, I will;" and, walking over to the room door, he turned the key in the lock; then, coming back to his seat, he added: "On one condition I will tell you all about what is in the tall box over there."

"Name the condition."

"But hold!—first, are you in favor of third terms for President of the United States of America?"

"I am. I'm in favor of whatever comes to pass, because I find it useless to oppose anything; if it ain't to be it won't, or, if it is to be, you can't stop it. Everything that is inevitable, or it would not be."

"That last remark settles it," he said, jumping up with excitement and slapping me gently on the back; "I'll tell you anything you want to know, on condition that you repeat it to the first newspaper man you meet."

"I'll do it," said I, shaking hands with him.

"All right," said he, and he threw back his shoulders to bring his head-lights to bear on my face, and he was going to proceed when I held my hand up before my face, exclaiming:

"Take off those d—d specs."

"My dear sir," he said gently, "I could not do that. You pluck out mine eyes to say so."

"Go ahead, then, specs and all, if it kills me."

"You remember," said 606, "that some years ago there was a great hue and cry about the desecration of the tomb of Mr. Lincoln, the martyred President?"

"I do, I confess it." Because under the glare and glitter of those spectacles I would confess anything.

"Well, they said, the papers did, that Mr. Lincoln's remains were not taken from his tomb. The papers were mistaken, as usual. That is Mr. Lincoln over there in the tall box."

"What!!" I fairly yelled, as the malign light of the spectacles danced like a whirling chromotrope.

"Aye, I will show you."

"O Lord! No, don't—please don't."

"Why! are you a calf?"

"No, sir—oh, no—I'm only a bull—I mean I'm a bear—I don't know what I do mean."

"Well, then stop that shouting, or, there will be another martyr in this room. Sabe?"

FASHIONS IN FINERY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—It is decreed that there shall be no more promenading through square dances, cotillions, quadrilles, and the like, with an accompaniment of a running fire of conversation permitted between partners, but that we must return to the manners of our ancestors, at least in the dance, and do our "steps" according to rule. I fancy it will be very nice, and will have two or three good effects, not the least of which will be that only those who really know how to dance will dare make the attempt in public, and there will be considerably less blundering; hence the performance to onlookers will be decidedly more agreeable, though the list of "wall flowers" may be greatly increased thereby. Round dances, too, will materially decrease in favor, and the new waltz, "The Wave," just now vexing the souls of virtuous Washington correspondents, will drop out of sight in company with its kindred abomination, the "Boston Dip," when the stately Roger de Coverly takes the floor. I can not quite agree with Mrs. Sherman in her diatribes against dancing, but it does seem to me that the graceful and dignified waltz has been infinitely degraded by the so-called improvements of the past few years. In the same connection, I see it is predicted that short ball dresses will also be *en vogue*, as it will be impossible to execute the newly-revived dances with the present burden of dry goods. The distance between the picturesque costumes of our great-grandmothers' youthful days and our own is every day growing less, and we may soon look for a return to quilted petticoats, *bouffant* overdresses, and stately stomachers of a hundred years ago. The panier is steadily gaining ground, and bids fair to supersede entirely the hideously straight-seamed garments of the past two years. Ball dresses, particularly for young ladies, are much worn with a long point at the back, and a plaited front, the necks being cut low, either round or square over the shoulders. In garnitures, white lace is all popular, the newest method of employing it being to lay it flat on the dress, either edge upward, according to fancy, so as to resemble embroidery. In fact, it is used in every conceivable way, on all sort of materials, and on all occasions—black being out of favor except for very old ladies. Were I a spiteful masculine chronicler, I should probably add that, "there being no longer any old ladies in society, the trimming alluded to is no longer seen." Chemille embroidery on garments, or combined with seed pearls and gold and silver thread, on a lace foundation, is the most elegant of the lighter trimmings, though marabout fringes, in black, white, and every other color, as it is now made, and the once popular swansdown, revived, are also *à la mode*, being very stylish and suitable for the rich goods so profusely used. Speaking of laces, I hope to find some of the Genoese Point, so much admired at the East, in our own market before the season is over. Breton lace, another new favorite, is described as being a bobbinet imitation of Mechlin, one marked difference being that instead of being finished on the edge by scallops, it is either edged with small "saw-teeth," or the purll edge maintains a straight outline. Something still prettier is lace that has the veins or outlines of the pattern marked by beads or floss; the iridescent beads are suggested as being specially suited for this purpose. Expensive laces are not so well adapted for this style of ornamentation as the more moderate priced, as the weight of the beads is likely to break the delicate mesh, and effect irreparable injury. For party wear, slippers and other shoes are invariably of the same color and shade as the dress, and are ornamented with buckles or buttons of the Rhine quartz, or else tiny bouquets of suitable flowers. Hosiery in corresponding shades is the correct thing. Evening gloves are still the "Provost," or side-cut, which are found to be unsurpassed in excellence of shape and fit. Four to ten buttons are the fashionable limits. For street wear undressed kid, of roasted coffee color, are the favorites, and white, in the same style, for mourning. Lambkin, an American article, is said to be an excellent quality for everyday wear, and is, moreover, cheap. Foot-wear does not change much at this season. The most popular shoes are the side-button, made of kid the prevailing color of the suit and the uppers of the material itself, which settles the fact of the continuance of the combination costume for the street for some months to come at least. The possibilities of this style are so varied, I wonder the fickle goddess herself does not declare in its favor as a perpetuity. Another goodly fashion is the polonaise, that is still faithful through all the varying years. It is so easy to make, looks well made of pretty much anything, is so obliging in the matter of trimming and drapery, and, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins" in the way of half worn underskirts, otherwise useless. A handsome walking suit is made by combining the jacket, bodice, and vest styles with a slightly *bouffant* overskirt, drawn back, not too tightly, over an underskirt finished with a deep kilt. But is not this simply perfect—a plum-colored cashmere, having a kilt plaited skirt headed by a band of the same in double box plaits, a long, tight-fitting sacque lined with dark fur, say a seal skin, the only ornaments large fur buttons and loops, collar and cuffs of fur? Fur has never been more fashionable than it is this winter; even the coon skin, with us in America associated with the corncake and the cotton-field of Southern negro life, is utilized, having been advanced to a social position second only to the lynx, fox, and sealskin. A new and expensive fur, the Russian cat, is being patronized by those whose pocketbooks will permit the extravagance. I am assured by one of the leading fur dealers in this city that the finer qualities of sealskin have never been so low priced as at present, and—mark this, ye who are yearning after that convenient article of dress—will not, for some years to come, be as reasonable as now. The lighter and more fluffy kinds of fur are largely used for indoor trimmings, wrappers, etc., being furnished with cuffs and collars, and toilet slippers of velvet being bordered to match. It will be a wonder if the present severe winter at the East has not brought back the comfortable and becoming sealskin hoods of fifteen years or so ago. To fulfil its intention, a bonnet should be of only two shapes: the close, hood-shaped, covering the vital points at the back of the neck and the ears, in winter, and a broad brimmed hat, that shades the same parts, in summer. But, alas! things are as they are, in this world, and not as they ought to be. There are, to-day, over seventy-five varieties of the genus flat, and not one in danger of being called perfect, though some are very pretty, not-

ably a style that is a modification of the Gainsborough, that depends on the lavish use of glossy black ostrich tips for its distinguishing feature; and its opposite, a very small, round crown bonnet, that comes well down to the ears, and has a simple ruching of the material plaited up in front. The most modern is one as yet unnamed, high, and narrow across the back, which is finished by a band only, with a brim not worth mentioning, worn close to the head, and a high crown, on which the trimming is massed—altogether a revival, in a mild way, of the fashion of '76 at least. From head coverings to heads themselves is a natural transition. What between bonnets and coiffures, the outside of the average feminine head gives its owner a deal more trouble and thought to garnish than does the inside. Of the two extremes in hairdressing, the latest is that which demands that the hair be laid flat against the back of the head and neck in braids of many strands, held down by ornamental pins, beetles, and what not. This is called according to your ruling fancy, either Egyptian, *Japonaise*, *Chinoise*, or by the general term "Oriental." If the fancy runs to any great extreme, we shall doubtless see our belles promenading Kearny Street, six months from now, bonnetless, *à la* Chinatown; for no civilized milliner can be found to construct a suitable covering for the multitude of skewers and ear flaps that will be sure to follow this beginning. In the opposite extreme, the dressing of the hair high on the head—a fashion now seven years old—there are several pretty modifications. One, the plaiting of the braid in two loops, each of five strands, which are looped crosswise on top, the front hair crimped slightly or woven in water scallops. Crown braids are very fashionable, and deservedly so, as they can be so readily adapted to different styles of face; light, fluffy braids being most suitable to short persons, and heavy, smooth ones to taller. Crown braids permanently crimped and plaited may be had anywhere for \$20. It is known as the *Psyche* coiffure when it has the addition of two short curls at the nape of the neck. In the place of the long-used ginger puffs are now bows or loops of the hair. Sometimes a tuft of short *crêpe-cour* curls is used to fill in the centre of the crown braid. Short, flat curls, made by rolling the hair in a bit of tissue paper and pressing it with flat-irons, are very much worn by young ladies, and are exceedingly becoming to those of advanced years when the face has grown thin or is naturally of the oval type. For full dress all fashions seem to be wrought together, the result being a combination which, an irreverent friend suggests, could be worshiped without breaking the commandment, as it is the "likeness of nothing in heaven above nor the earth beneath." With every style it is impossible to have too much ornamentation—combs, pins, slides, swords, arrows, daggers, lizards, etc. Only for very young girls are the simpler styles yet retained, the principal of these being two long braids, the ends fluffed out about two inches up and tied with bright ribbons. One long, heavy braid to be brought carelessly forward over the left shoulder, after the manner of Nilsson's "Marguerite," is another pretty fashion. This may be further added to by small flowers studding its entire length, deep red or golden hued blossoms being most suitable for dark locks, and white ones for blonde hair. If a braid is added to the crown a small wreath of the same is worn round it. Of course, the character of this depends on the mode of wearing the shoulder braid. The Marie Antoinette switches you see mentioned are woven with silk and mounted on six fine silk cords to be plaited in the stylish chataine braids now worn. There is a pleasant precedent for some of our stores to follow. A Philadelphia house has fitted up a room, well equipped with rocking-horses and other juvenile delights, where mothers may leave their little ones during a day's shopping. Some of our flourishing establishments, particularly those having a large counter trade, would, I should think, find this a matter of more profit than expense, and at the same time call down upon their efforts the blessings of scores of tired mothers and wearied little ones.

LILLIAS DUBOIS.

"Quaint and Curious Volumes."

A lady correspondent (E. O. N. E.) writes us as follows from New York:

"Yesterday I visited the Lenox Library, but did not pass beyond the wonderful old books which it contains. The 'Mazarine Bible,' the first printed book, is there in all its glory. It was done at Mentz between 1450 and 1455 by Gutenberg and Fust. The illuminations, in blue and scarlet, are as fresh as if but just painted. Next comes a Latin Bible, the sixth dated book, and the first edition which contains the name of the printer and the place and year of its execution. I was particularly interested in a copy of the sacred volume printed at Nuremberg in 1477, which contained commentaries, emendations, and interlineations in the autograph of the gentle and sainted Philip Melancthon. His dainty, Greek-looking manuscript, almost blotless, was as fascinating as the marvelous illuminations with which it abounded. Then there were two precious leaves of the 'History of Troy,' the work of William Caxton, and the first book ever printed in English. Its date is 1474. 'Tyndall's New Testament,' the first part of the Bible printed in English, lay near. 'Coverdale's Bible,' the first complete copy of the word of God in English, with its delightfully clear print, must not be forgotten. The first edition of King James' Bible, date 1611, is in the library. I must mention the 'Wicked Bible,' where the *not* is omitted in the fourteenth verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus. The inconvenient little negative was removed by the naughty wife of the printer, one night when everybody else was asleep, and a whole edition struck off before the sacrilege was discovered. They tried to destroy all the copies, but a few escaped the hangman's search. The poor little woman paid dearly for her foolish joke, by the terrible fire-death of that terrible period. The 'Greek Gospels' in manuscript, on paper of the twelfth century, were exquisitely written, and made one sigh to think that so dainty a fashion had passed away. Still more delicious was the Latin Vulgate, on vellum, of the fourteenth century. The marvelous colors of the initial letters absolutely seemed translucent, they shone with such a living luster. The exquisite beauty of the miniatures set between the wide columns of that wonderful penmanship is indescribable. The dead gold, the effably tender blues, the flaming carmines, and the variously unimaginably lovely; the very rainbow itself unbraided to produce them.

I looked for his eyes, and *sabed* immediately.

"Now keep still and I will tell you. Not from any disrespect for Mr. Lincoln did this thing occur; quite the contrary. I loved the man, and twice voted for him. We did not get him the first time, nor the second time we attempted it; but we did get him, and we left another set of lengthy bones in his place."

"Who's we?" I asked.

"Myself and Dr. Crow, acting on behalf of the Third Term Association, G. A. R."

"Ah, just so."

"Our object is patriotic. We wish to preserve the republic. In fact, our watchword is '*Vive la République*.' We saw there was no hope of any more talent combined with virtue in the party for which Mr. Lincoln sacrificed himself, and we early concluded once more to give the old man a chance. I was deputed to prepare him for presentation to the people. First I was ordered to take him on a trip to the various courts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and around the world; but on further consideration I convinced my confederates that such a course would look too much like a mercenary theatric display hence; we abandoned that plan. Then I was ordered to bring him to this coast, and have him prepared for a grand trans-continental tour just prior to the nominating conventions in 1880. I am proud to say"—and he threw himself into a defiant attitude, smiting his chest with a sonorous blow—"that we are ready for the grand spectacle."

"Hurrah for Lincoln!" I shouted on the spur of the moment, and began singing—

"We are coming, father Abram, six hundred thousand more."

"Stop that d—d racket!" I shouted 606.

"I can't," says I; "memory rushes upon me with the 'Old Glory' waving to the breeze."

"Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The boys are marching."

"If you don't stop that music I'll—"

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,"

I sang, waving my hat with growing excitement.

"Stop it," roared 606, catching me by the collar.

I stopped it.

"Now let me show you," as he stepped over and opened the door of the tall box in the corner of the room. "You see, I have fixed this sacred relic of the Republic in such a way that he can sit or stand, but he can not walk. Very good; nobody wants him to walk. Also, he can shake hands and nod his head. He can make a speech, yet not such a plain, kind-hearted, human speech as he once could make, but still about as good a speech as other candidates for the high office have made. Listen:—"

"Fellow-citizens, this is the first time I was ever in this beautiful place. I shall come here often if I get the chance. I thank you all for this hearty reception."

"There, you see, that is the internal working of Edison's invention. I found an Illinois clergyman who has a voice like the deceased, and I got him to do a set of speeches for the phonograph. This is a grand idea—a sort of special providence—for no living man can do anything with our party since it fell into the field of small potatoes. At the proper time we shall charter a train of overland palace cars, send for Schuyler Colfax, Babcock, Pomeroy, James G. Blaine, B. F. Butler, Williams of Oregon, Carr, Sargent, and a host of other deceased and disappointed statesmen. These we will surround by the whisky ring, the land ring, the mail ring, and all other rings—"

"Stop, stop right there!" I exclaimed. "Can you keep Mr. Lincoln's bones quiet in such company?" There was a power of honest indignation in the old man.

"Pshaw! the excitement will carry everything. There will be a grand Pacific Slope 'ovation,' old memories will revive, the bloody chasm will yawn anew in the red light of history, the colored troops will fight nobly; step by step, eye to eye, foot to foot we will once more put down the rebellion, make treason odious, issue greenbacks and bonds by the ton-load, steal them by the armful, point to the glorious record, and preserve the best government God ever made."

"Three cheers! Yi-yi-yi!" I shouted, rushing fearlessly up to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln; but, I added, thoughtfully: "Will Kearney and the sand-pipers support this thing?"

"Certainly; they always go for Bones."

J. W. G.

The third of the Assemblies at Steinway Hall will take place on Tuesday evening next. The managers affirm that the society reporters of several daily and weekly papers have erred in stating that the invitations were controlled by the patronesses; the invitation list was made and controlled entirely by them. As a successful German is an impossibility where the number of dancers exceeds one hundred, the invitations were necessarily limited. The Assemblies are not, as some may suppose, a series of club parties, but are strictly private parties, given by the managers, who invited a certain number of gentlemen to subscribe for the series. The subscription entitles them to equal privileges, leaving the control with the managers, who incur the responsibilities. As the first two Assemblies were thoroughly enjoyed by the subscribers, expressions of dissatisfaction are asserted by the managers to emanate from persons who were intentionally excluded.

The California *Horticulturist* appears to have taken a new hold on life, and is now a really useful and entertaining monthly under the editorial management of Mr. Charles H. Shinn. We are rather glad to observe these signs of prosperity in a publication belonging to Mr. Carmany: it dispels a deucedly uncomfortable faith in the justice of temporal rewards and punishments. If Carmany is permitted to prosper we think we shall pull through somehow.

During twenty-six years of active practice at the bar of San Francisco, the writer of this paragraph was never but twice consulted—professionally—in reference to domestic difficulties between married Israelites, and neither of those cases resulted in divorce.

The man who tries to build a fire with wet wood acts in a damp fuel-ish manner.

THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE SIERRA.

Geological Formation.—The western base of the Sierra Nevada bordering the Sacramento valley is known in this State as the foot-hill region. These foot-hills extend from Redding, at the northern end of the valley, to Caliente, at the southern extremity, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. I am indebted to Mr. A. Bowman, formerly of the State Geological Survey, for the following description of the formation of this portion of the State. He says: "Generally speaking, there are gradually rising low outliers of upper tertiary gravels, sands, and clays all along the western base of the Sierra. They are often capped by volcanic matter, and cut through by erosions—the dry, winding arroyos through the flatish hills that are familiar to every one who has followed along the edge of the Sacramento and San Joaquin plains. These erosions in some places cut down into the middle tertiary, and even into the cretaceous beds; but there is little surface area of the latter. On the plains all is covered up by the recent deposits. Patches occur of middle tertiary and upper tertiary, where denudation has removed great masses of tertiary country, with these exceptions: for example, at Millerton, on both sides of the San Joaquin, a patch of middle tertiary hills about three by ten miles is seen, and at Ione valley, several miles square of steep hills of this period are laid down in slightly pitching beds. The tertiary formations reach away up into the Sierra, in the shape of ancient river deposits. They change at from 300 to 1,500 feet altitude into fluvial deposits; although a large portion of the plains, tertiary to below the present sea level, is also fluvial, interbedded with lacustrine or marine, sometimes apparently in alternate order. The surface areas may be said to change, going eastward, from recent to upper tertiary (pliocene) as the soil belongs above or below the volcanic outflow; and then to the slate and granite formations of the Sierra, extending to the summit. The cretaceous formation shows scarcely any surface area along the base of the Sierra except in Shasta County, although from Folsom north the ravines and canyons expose its edges; especially north of Oroville. At Reading's ranch, and from there north to Pit River, the flat country is all cretaceous, the tertiary being mostly removed by denudation. The same is true of patches between there and Oroville. The patch between Fort Reading and Pit River is about twenty miles square. The foot-hill cretaceous of Butte and Shasta counties is overlaid by the Shasta coal measures which are, I think, middle or upper tertiary; and these again by the upper tertiary formation of the ancient river gravel period, and by the volcanic outflows from the Lassen volcanic chain. No cretaceous rocks have been identified intermediate between Folsom and Tejon Pass. Lithologically the cretaceous beds are much more silicified and compacted than the tertiary. They are the shales and conglomerates found in these regions, while the tertiary are often loose and fragile, and scarcely worthy of classification in the harder category. Both are very regularly bedded and only moderately tilted here; while on the opposite side of the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin they are both tilted and altered—remarkably so in comparison with those on the east side, and in proportion to their age, generally speaking. The older rock formations of the Sierra foot-hills are, in the main, granites south of Fresno River, and slates north. The slate region contains patches of granite often several miles square, and there is between Folsom and the Central Pacific Railroad a larger patch, eight or ten miles square at the least, extending from the valley to near Auburn. The granite region at the south has also patches of slate. Opposite Visalia, at the edge of the valley, are two isolated patches ten by twelve and ten by fifteen miles. It remains only to trace the boundary between the slate north of Fresno River and the tertiary of the valley. Along the line, beginning at the south, are the Buchanan copper mine, Indian Gulch, and Spellings, near the western Mariposa County line; Lagrange, Knight's Ferry, near the Tuolumne line; Telegraph City, Campo Seco, Michigan Bar, and Mormon Island, near the edge of Calaveras, Amador, and El Dorado—in short, a line separating these mountain counties from the valley counties, or very nearly. Further north the framers of the counties did not study the soil. In Placer County, Rocklin on the west and Auburn on the east mark the granite limits; and from there north in Yuba to Oroville in Butte County, the first steep foot-hills of the Sierra are of the slate formation. The flat-bedded, unaltered formations of the foot-hills, described as upper tertiary, rise to very different altitudes in different places. The Oroville Cherokee mesa is, if I remember aright, considerably over one thousand feet above the sea at the Cherokee end. Similar isolated middle and upper tertiary (miocene and pliocene) hills are found left in remnants all along the base of the Sierra south of Oroville, while to the north they are plastered up against the Sierra with a cretaceous base, and preserved by a volcanic capping covering nearly the whole country. The slates and granites extend to the summit of the Sierra, the line between the granites of the south and the slates of the north running slantingly from the point mentioned on Fresno River through the heart of Mariposa County toward Lake Tahoe, in a tolerably direct line."

Climate.—From Redding in the northern end to Sumner at its southern extremity, as has been stated, is a distance of 350 miles. The mean annual average temperature of Redding is 64.15 deg. The lowest point to which the thermometer has fallen since a record has been kept was 27 deg. in December, 1876. Its annual average rainfall is 48.05 inches. Sumner, at the southern end of the valley, has an annual average temperature of 68.29 deg., and an average rainfall of 4 inches. The lowest point to which the thermometer has fallen at this place was also 27 deg., on the same day in December, 1876. There is a remarkable uniformity in the climate throughout the Sacramento Valley. In a difference of five degrees of latitude, between 35 deg. 30 min. and 40 deg. 30 min. only lowers the annual average temperature 4.15 deg. The difference of the annual average temperature between corresponding degrees of latitude in the Atlantic States at an equal distance from the ocean is more than eight degrees. It has been found that the foot hills of the Sierra, up to a height of about 2,500 feet, have apparently the same temperature as places in the valley having the same latitude. It has also been found that with increased latitude there is an increase of rainfall over those places in the valley having the same latitude as, for illustration, Sac-

ramento with an elevation above the sea of 30 feet has an annual mean temperature of 60.48 deg., and an average fall of rain of 18.25 inches, while Colfax, with an elevation of 2,421 feet, has an annual mean temperature of 60.05 deg., and an average annual rainfall of 42.72 inches. This uniformity of temperature and increase of rainfall appears to be the law throughout the whole extent of the foot-hills of the Sierra, with the variation as relates to temperature, namely, as latitude is decreased the temperature of the valley is continued to a proportionally greater elevation. To illustrate, approximately, if the temperature of Redding at the northern end of the valley is continued up the foot-hills to a height of 2,000 feet, then the temperature of Sacramento in the centre of the valley would be continued up to 2,500 feet, and that of Sumner in the extreme southern end of the valley up to 3,000 feet. The increase of rainfall on the foot-hills in the latitude of Sacramento, due to elevation, is about one inch to each 100 feet. South from Sacramento the proportion decreases until at Sumner the increase due to elevation is but half an inch to each 100 feet. This is shown by the record kept at Fort Tejon in the Tehachapi Mountains, near Sumner, at an elevation of 3,240 feet, where the annual rainfall is 19.53 inches. There is no record kept at any point in the hills above Redding, but probably in this latitude the increase due to elevation is about one and a half inches to each 100 feet. The increase of precipitation on the hills at the northern end of the valley gives greater density to the forests, and permits them to grow at lower elevations than in the southern end of the valley. At the same time the difference in temperature is so small that the character of the vegetation of the hills at each end of the valley is not dissimilar. The trees that are found in the vicinity of Redding, at the northern end of the valley, below an elevation of 500 feet, are not found at the southern end until we pass Caliente at an elevation of 1,300 feet. It would seem that the temperature of the valley prevails up the Sierra to an elevation that equals the average height of the Coast Range of mountains. If a line were drawn parallel to the surface of the ocean from the top of the Coast Range east until it met the flanks of the Sierra, it would mark a level on the Sierra below which the temperature would not materially differ from that in the Sacramento Valley. This fact is probably to be ascribed to the prevailing southwest return trade wind which blows over the State from the ocean for more than 300 days in the year. Passing the summits of the Coast Range but small portions descend into the valley; the remainder reach the sides of the Sierra at about the level of the summits they have passed.

Arboreal Vegetation.—At the northern end of the valley, at an elevation of 500 feet above the sea, of the California oaks are found *Quercus lobata*, *Sonomeis chrysolophis*, and *Wiskenii*; of pines, only the nut or Digger pine (*Pinus Sabiniana*); the buckeye (*Esculus Californica*), and chemical (*Adenostoma fasciculata*). This is the characteristic arboreal vegetation throughout all these 350 miles. Its presence everywhere shows increased rainfall over the valley and similarity of temperature to that of the valley. Our pasture oak (*Quercus lobata*) is found at lower elevations, in the valley, but always on moist land or near river courses, proving that it demands, in addition to temperature, the increased moisture. In the southern end of the valley this vegetation prevails at higher elevations, because it there finds the proper temperature and moisture. Wherever on the foot-hills any of the trees named constitute the predominant arboreal vegetation, it is evidence that the temperature is the same as that of the valley, and that plants that can be successfully grown in the valley can be grown to as high an elevation on the hills as these trees abound. If one tree were to be taken as the evidence of this uniformity of temperature it would be Sabin's (the nut, or Digger) pine. It is never seen in the valley or on the hills below an elevation of about 400 feet. It is not found at a higher elevation than that in which the temperature is the same as that of the valley. It is never found in groves, but singly among other trees, yet it prevails throughout these 350 miles of foot-hills. While the vegetation is more dense on the hills at the northern end of the valley, due to increased precipitation, there are also local differences—where there is similarity of soil—due to exposure. Throughout all the lower hills the greatest number of trees is found on gently sloping eastern, northeastern, and northern hillsides, which necessarily are more moist and cool. The southern aspects contain less trees because exposed to the direct rays of the sun and to the full force of the prevailing winds.

Area of Foot-hill Region.—On the line of the Central Pacific Railroad the foot hills commence at Roseville, which has an elevation of 163 feet. From this point to Colfax—elevation, 2,421 feet—in a direct line is a distance of 32 miles. To allow for all possible errors it would be safe to estimate that the width of the foot-hills, where the valley temperature prevails, is 20 miles. This region, therefore, embraces a tract of country from Redding to Sumner, 350 miles long and 20 miles wide, or 4,480,000 acres. The principal towns in this part of the State are Oroville, Nevada, Grass Valley, Colfax, Auburn, New Castle, Georgetown, Placerville, Colma, Jackson, Sonora, Columbia, Mariposa, and Havilah. In the vicinity of these towns, and also near the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, the land is occupied by settlers. It would be using a large figure to state that a half million acres of these foot-hills have been preempted. If we estimate that another million is composed of lands granted to the Central Pacific Railroad Company, ravines, river beds, and lands too rocky or precipitous for cultivation, there would remain nearly 3,000,000 acres of land, all of it timbered, all having abundant rainfall, in a semi-tropical climate, and to which title in 160-acre tracts can be acquired by settlement and complying with the rules of the United States Land Department. Throughout the whole region ever living springs are numerous; and in those parts where there has been placer mining there are many canals from which water by purchase can be obtained for irrigation. The immense precipitation that takes place during the rainy season along the western face of the Sierra passes through this region in streams that are tributaries to the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Within this distance there are fifty-four of these principal streams, whose waters are perpetually adding to the volume of the Sacramento and San Joaquin.

Adaptation to Cultivation.—Every agricultural product that can be grown in the valleys, including the semi-tropical fruits, can be grown with equal facility in these foot-hills.

Ordinarily the land has to be cleared of the trees found upon it, and cultivation must be continuous, for on the whole western face of the Sierra the native trees, when cut or burned down, are rapidly replaced by a new growth of the same kinds. These lands are found to have all of the requisites for the successful growth of orchards. Fruit trees thrive better upon them than on the lands of the valley. None of the many theories advanced as to the cause of the treeless condition of many plains and prairies having ample rainfall seem to be entirely satisfactory, but experience has demonstrated that orchards grow best and thrive with less artificial aid on lands that in a natural condition are covered with trees. The increasing exports of small fruits, such as strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries, from the vicinity of New Castle and Auburn, and their superior size and quality, prove that this region is better adapted to their culture than any place yet found on the level lands of the valley. The peaches of Coloma have a State reputation for flavor and size. The apples of Nevada and Georgetown are equal in size, taste, and keeping qualities to the best imported from Oregon. The Oroville oranges have been pronounced equal to the best Los Angeles. The vine grows with luxuriance and bears abundantly wherever it has been planted throughout all this region. The wines of Coloma have more than a local reputation. Persons competent to judge assert that wine from grapes grown on the foot-hills is free from the earthy taste that characterizes much of the wine of the flat land of the valleys. They also express the belief that if ever wine is to be made in California as light as that from the Rhine, and as free from alcohol, the grapes will be grown in the higher elevations of the foot-hills, where snow falls and remains on the ground a few weeks each season. It is said that the long summers and great heat of the valleys develop the saccharine matter in the grape, which by fermentation is converted into alcohol.

The Lands Open to Settlement.—There is but one Spanish grant in all this region, the Fremont grant, in Mariposa. The land, therefore, can only be obtained from the Government in tracts of eighty and one hundred and sixty acres. A monopoly of the land in large estates is consequently impossible. The character of the country being of rolling and rounded hills prevents the possibility of very large farms. Experiments have shown that the soil is more productive than the dry plains of the valley, but of course it does not yield crops as largely as the deltas and bottom lands of the rivers. It is certainly better and more productive than lands similarly situated in France, Switzerland, and Italy, which now sustain a population of millions. Wood is everywhere to be found, and in this region north of Oroville there is an abundance of water in the streams and springs not yet appropriated. These lands have remained open for settlement because, up to the present time, sufficient Government land could be found in the valleys. The legislation by Congress has been, and still is, unfavorable to their appropriation for agriculture. The river bars and benches of this region originally contained the placer gold mines. Positive legislation by Congress forbade their survey for many years after the State was admitted into the Union. When surveys were ordered the Land Department at Washington was so fearful that they would be occupied by farmers to the injury of the miners that more than one million acres were reserved as mineral land. The placer mines of these foot-hills have ceased to yield gold even at Chinese wages for the past ten years, yet the Land Department at Washington continues the mineral reservation on these lands. The effect of this is to increase the expense of obtaining title from the Government, and thereby the settlement of this region has been retarded. Where a farmer settles on land that has been reserved as mineral by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, the expense has to be borne by the settlers of showing by testimony that his farm contains no mines, and that it is only valuable for agriculture. There are two million acres of these lands on which there is no mineral reservation, and which can be obtained by homestead and preemption as cheaply as were the lands in the valley. It can not be but a few years before the unwise policy of reserving lands as mineral, that in fact are not mineral, will be abandoned, so that these lands can be obtained by settlement, preemption, and homestead as cheaply as other lands. As I have shown, there are more than three million acres of these lands open to settlement—fallow from the flood—waiting for occupants; capable of supporting a population of a hundred thousand people, if they will but cultivate them; situated in a semi-tropical climate, and in all the higher regions free from miasma. One need not be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, to foretell that before many years the agriculture of California will become varied, and cultivation will not be confined to one cereal. Then the foot-hill region of the Sierra will be occupied by a prosperous and happy rural population.

B. B. REDDING.

"Well, old fellow, how goes it?" said kindly the visitor to the invalid, who, extended stiffly on his right side, gazed feebly at him and replied with difficulty:

"Pretty badly."

"Pretty badly, eh? Well, that's bad, but I hope it isn't so bad after all. Have you up again throwing back somersaults, and walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours in less than no time?"

"Oh, no; the doctor says my case is very critical; in fact, when he went out, half an hour ago, he told me to remain lying in this position, for if I should turn over on my left side I'd die instantly."

"Oh, bosh!"

"I tell you that's precisely what he said."

"He didn't mean it."

"Don't you believe I'm as sick as that?"

"No, really, I think he's exaggerating."

"Then I'll prove it to you." (Turns over on his left side and dies triumphantly.)

When General McClellan reads about Dr. Schliemann's excavation and what he is digging up, he turns green with envy as he thinks what he might have done had he gone over that ground for one campaign with the army of the Potomac.

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, {
 FRED. M. SOMERS, { Editors.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

The formation of a "Real Estate Landlords' and Tenants' Association" is a most wise and prudent movement. We can see that great good may be accomplished by such an organization. The following gentlemen are named as directors, and we can not say that there is an objectionable name in the entire list; they are, we believe, without exception, most excellent citizens, active business men, and large property owners. The curious fact in connection with the thirteen persons named is that there is only one American-born citizen, so far as we know. The selection of so many foreigners is undoubtedly due to accident, and we call attention to this fact only because it is a curious one: John Center, Scotch; Charles Mayne, French; Theodore LeRoy, French; J. L. Moody, unknown; L. Sachs, Jewish; N. Van Bergen, German; George W. Grannis, American; J. M. Byrne, Irish; Levi Strauss, Jewish; Claus Spreckles, German; M. P. Jones, English; James R. Kelley, Irish; James Irvine, Scotch. The association has, by strong resolutions, declared itself non-political. This is just what it ought not to have done. Real estate values are suffering from but one cause, and that is alone attributable to political mismanagement. High taxes are the cause of depreciated values. Political stealing and political extravagance of administration are what's the matter. This association ought to be political, and ought boldly to avow its object to be the correction of political abuses, and the reform of the city and State government in the direction of economy. We would suggest arresting the two mistakes; first, by adding to the committee the names of thirteen Americans; second, the prompt repeal of the non-political resolution, and the passage, in its place, of one declaring that the object of the association is to protect real estate and reduce taxation. Let it be anything and everything necessary to bring about the result of honest government. Let the qualification of membership be the ownership of real estate. Let the objects of the association, to wit: reduced taxation, economy of expenditure, and improvement of real estate values, be brought about by every honorable and effective means. If there are members who think this result can be attained by prayer, let a committee be appointed to pray for the thieving politicians, and wrestle with the Throne of Grace to save us from the Street Department; another which shall supplicate the Divine Power to prevent the School Directors from throwing away half a million of dollars in the vain attempt to defeat God's providence by so over-educating stupid boys and girls that they are ashamed of their fathers and mothers and their occupations, and become worthless hoodlums and good-for-nothing lawyers, brokers, and politicians. Every member of the association ought to be a politician of the most active and lively kind. It ought to be a cardinal principle that every member should attend primary elections, all party conventions, get into all the nominating caucuses, go to the Assembly, Board of Supervisors, and Board of Education. It ought to be the dominant, controlling, and most influential of all parties, holding the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats, having enrolled among its members every workingman and mechanic that has a homestead or ever expects to have one. Every savings bank depositor who has money invested in real estate should be eligible to membership; every Republican, Democrat, Protestant, Jew, Catholic, Dunker, Hardshell Baptist, or Mormon who owns real estate should be taken into fellowship.

This association, or political party, ought to become a fixed and permanent power—a political, ecclesiastical, and social power. Women and non-voting foreigners should be eligible to membership. It should have permanent rooms, with one or more capable men as salaried officials belonging to it. It should have a council composed of able men to sit as a deliberative body to consider all questions touching the interest of real estate. It should keep retained the best and ablest lawyers. It should keep a pack of bloodhounds, keen

of scent and quick of foot, to get on the track and hunt to the death with bloody fangs every dishonest political party thief, contractor, and ring plunderer that lives by stealing from the tax-payer. It should elect the Superintendent of Streets, Assessor, Tax Collector, Auditor, Attorney, Recorder, Supervisors, and Board of Education from its own members; should be a committee of the whole sitting in secret executive session to spy out, detect, correct, and punish every man who transgresses in the direction of real property. It should take charge of this question of bad gas, should control water legislation, and, if deemed best, should purchase the Spring Valley Water Company's works and regulate the rates. It should control the Fire Department, and demand from the Governor the right to choose the commissioners for erecting public buildings, for constructing and controlling the public wharves, the public parks, and all other municipal property. It should be *imperium in imperio*—a power behind the throne more powerful than the throne itself. It would embrace a majority of citizens, because a majority own land. It would embrace the wealth of the community, because real estate is the thing of longest and most permanent value. It would embrace the intelligence of the public, because intelligent and prudent people always own lands and lots. It would embrace the best of the community, because, as a rule, it is the provident, the industrious, the sober, the economical, and the respectable who accumulate property, while it is the reckless, lazy, drunken, profligate, and criminal who have nothing.

Any other kind of real estate association than the one we have outlined will not amount to a pinch of snuff. It will not have enough blood in its body to wriggle its tail when the next party convention of political bummers sit down upon it. It will not possess sufficient vitality to smell bad when it is kicked, and killed, and thrown over the fence by the next Board of Supervisors, with its traditional ratio of seven thieves, three honest men, and two fools. It will do as all kindred, non-political organizations do: linger, do nothing, die, and be forgotten. Out of the thirteen very respectable and eminent gentlemen named as composing the Real Estate Landlords' and Tenants' Association there are not more than four men, and we believe only two, who will or can give the matter the time and the attention necessary to accomplish any result. The secretary is a man of no influence, and does not possess the knowledge, push, dash, and daring to find out and defeat attacks on real property. The secretary should be a person thoroughly known, thoroughly capable, and thoroughly in earnest, who has nothing else to do, and who is paid a good round salary. The president, vice-president, and advising council should be gentlemen of wealth and leisure, whose interests are more largely in real estate than in anything else, and who in giving their time to the public would feel that they were protecting and preserving their own interests. There should be retained for the association one or more ambitious, active, earnest young lawyers, and they be allowed to consult with one or more leading senior members of the bar, and these should be paid for their services. The association should exclude from its deliberations and councils all who are not members. It should revise all party nominations for municipal officers first, the council and executive officers reviewing the claims and qualifications of all candidates, and these should, after notice, be submitted to the members of the Association at large for ratification. A ticket nominated by a party convention—Republican, Democratic, or Sand-lot—that had to run the gauntlet of an investigation by the men and women who own the town would be likely to be a good one. In this way, and in this way alone, we can secure an honest, efficient, and economical city government. It would be an association of great effectiveness and great power. It would control the politics, the press, and the public opinion of San Francisco; there would be no Governor, nor Mayor, nor Legislator, or Councilman who would be bold enough to set himself up in opposition to such a body of citizens. Its fiat would be law, and in event of a bad man presuming to steal while in office, he would be shadowed, and followed, and watched for a thief. If the press should, for partisan, mercenary, or selfish motives, set itself up in opposition to the decrees of such an organization, it would be squelched in a summary manner. A resolution withdrawing from any newspaper the advertising patronage of its members would send the boldest commercial journal to its knees, howling for mercy. No Senator representing California in the Senate of the United States, and no member sitting for us in Congress, would have the presumptuous audacity to refuse to do any just thing which such a body would, after deliberate consideration, declare to be for the interest of San Francisco. No ambitious man in the State, looking forward to future honors, would dare to place himself in antagonism to such a Sanhedrim.

Such a movement would realize the principle that property has a right to have a large voice in legislating upon all questions touching its management; that intelligence and wealth have claims to the exercise of greater authority in municipal government than the ignorant and the propertyless. It is the self-protection of those who have something against those who have nothing; it is a shield against socialism run

crazy, and a defense against that kind of communism which prompts the idle and the criminal to steal and take by violence property from the industrious and the prudent. It is a guard against the encroachment of corporations, and builds up a colossal power that may laugh at the insolence of wealth and set at defiance the menaces of combined capital. Such an organized association would be a shield and protection to the men of small means; they would even in the association outvote the more wealthy. The owner of a house would have an equal voice with the owner of a commercial block. It would be democratic, and it would teach the man or woman of small means and limited wealth that his or her interests were identical with those of men of larger capital, and not with the vicious, ignorant, propertyless, and rascally councils of the sand-lot.

There is no better property in the world than real property. There is nothing so fixed and permanent in value as a part of God's earth. There is no place where real values are so stationary as in cities that are prosperous and thriving. There is no city in the world that has been for a generation so rapidly developing as San Francisco; from nothing to the second city of commercial importance in America, from drifting sand dunes upon a desert ocean shore to a great emporium of trade, from nobody to a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, from nothing to a wealth of a thousand millions, this peninsula has advanced in thirty years. It now lies in the great highway of Oriental commerce; its wharves receive the wealth of India, and send it booming across the continent by rail for Eastern and European distribution. Its port is the only practicable harbor upon twelve hundred miles of ocean shore; to it must come all products west of the Rocky Mountains. Of those products, gold and silver, grain and wine, fruits and fish, are inexhaustible. Within the territory belonging to our jurisdiction we have less than a million of people—a space where fifty millions might live in comfort. We have a climate that would give us population if we had a sterile soil; we have a soil and mountain wealth that would give us population if we had a rigorous clime. The peninsula upon which San Francisco is situated has a limited extent; its boundaries are fixed by bay and ocean; its increase in population and wealth is inevitable. No decree of God is more indelibly writ, no prophecy more clearly outlined, than that San Francisco is destined to become a great, populous, prosperous, wealthy city; a city of vast commerce; a centre into which the ships of the deep waters of the Pacific, and the vessels of the coast, will bring their trade; a city to which centres a great railroad system that stretches northward to inexhaustible forests, and southward to inexhaustible mines; and yet our people look blue, and wonder whether real estate is a good investment in San Francisco, are nervous over a depression that results from stock gambling and Democracy; fear that God Almighty, preordination, fate, and destiny, are to be outwitted and defeated by an ignorant Irish drayman with his unwashed mob of Celts and Teutons; that this ragged regiment of sand-lot loafers are to turn aside the world's great current of trade, and arrest the progress of San Francisco, and dry up its current of prosperity.

San Francisco is in a healthy financial condition. It has no bonded debt. The taxes are exorbitant only because we are paying as we go. We are building a system of docks and wharves; we are building an extravagant municipal palace; we are beautifying parks, paving streets—paying today for the future. If we were getting the full money's worth of our heavy taxes we would not grumble. We can reduce taxes just as soon as we can agree to come together, form such an organization as we have described, and look out for ourselves. When we do this there will be no city in America, and we believe none in the world, where a real estate investment will be more desirable or more remunerative than in San Francisco. We are convinced that there is no kind of property where an investment will be more certain and more profitable than in this city. Sudden fortunes may be realized from investments in commerce, mines, manufacturing, stocks, banking, merchandise, or speculation; but the history of the past, both in America and Europe, has demonstrated the superiority of real estate for permanent investment.

Once, some ten years ago, we asked William Duncan, of New York, what was to be the fate of that city in reference to real estate values. Tweed and the other fat vagabonds of the Americus Club were then feasting and fattening off the plundered municipality. His answer was this: "When Tweed and his gang steal half the town we shall wake up and rescue the balance." They did so. Tweed died in prison, others of the gang are now in exile, all in disgrace, and no one now enjoys his ill-gotten plunder. It was an immense triumph, this victory of law over villains. San Francisco has the lesson, and will follow the example of New York City. If it would not wait for rings to strengthen, nor for the issuance of bonds to become a mortgage upon all our property, it will be well to organize now. An organization to prevent fraud, extravagance, and robbery must necessarily be a political one. It takes thieves to catch thieves. It takes politicians to outwit politicians.

AFTERMATH.

In the famous libel case of Reed *vs.* Pickering and Fitch, in which the De Youngs were on trial for not allowing Frank Page to send them to the county jail of El Dorado, the result was a victory for the *Chronicle*, and a defeat for the *Bulletin-Call*. But it was such a diminutive mouse for the *Chronicle's* labor, and such a small baby for the *Bulletin-Call*, that we are not disposed to rejoice over-much with the triumph of the one, or be over-indignant at the misfortune of the other. We should be very glad to see these unhappy journalists reconciled to each other; nothing would so much delight us as to see them forming a happy family, sleeping gently in the same cage. We can conceive of no spectacle that would afford our community a greater pleasure than to see these four gentlemen behind iron bars, drawn through the streets by four horses, after the elephants, camels, giraffes, and other animals, attended by a band wagon, with small boys throwing peanuts at them. It would be, perhaps, equally edifying to see in the same cage a broad-breasted female, dressed as the Goddess of Liberty, sitting between them with a broomstick while they scowled defiance at each other. There ought really to be some variation to the spectacle; we have paid our money now for about eleven years simply to see them throw ink and adjectives at each other.

Our friend Pickering, of the *Call*, says that Judge Louderback is a part owner of the *Chronicle* newspaper, and the *Chronicle* declares that that statement is libelous. How would the innuendoes be framed to show that it is a libel to declare a person joint owner with Messrs C. & M. de Young of the *Chronicle*? Something like this: "And he, the said Pickering, well knowing the atrocious character of said journal, and the notoriously bad character of the said De Youngs, did then and there write of and concerning him, the said Louderback, that he was part owner of the said disreputable newspaper, and a copartner with those desperate and atrocious individuals, the De Youngs," etc.

Certain word-carpenters, who believe the imperfections of their native tongue can be repaired by their native ingenuity, are proposing a new pronoun—of the common gender—in order, apparently, to avoid the awkwardness of saying at a molasses-candy-pulling party: "Let each take hold of his or her end." The genius who has thought out "hesh" (nominative), "himer" (accusative), and "hiser" (possessive), is generally conceded to have struck it a trifle richer than his envious competitors, and is now, we grieve to say, the object of considerable villification. But the advocates of an ideally perfect language propose to secure his fame and perpetuate his noble invention by a monumental brass with his verbal darlings, "hesh," "himer," and "hiser" engraved on it in letters an inch deep.

Of course there are not wanting conscienceless pirates who seek to despoil this reformer of his fairly earned renown by "improving" his idea—as one hen, by simply sitting on the eggs which another has ingeniously devised and laboriously laid, makes the chicks her own. One of these graceless buccaneers of philology sends us the following apparently artless but really crafty lines:

Two pronouns won't suffice—you want a third,
You would-be language menders.
Can you than "hymen" find a better word
To join the opposing genders?

He shall get glory from neither his wit nor his invention,
for we suppress his name.

When, we wonder, will this school feud end? Just now it is a six and six controversy in the Board of Education. If stealing and extravagance can not be carried on by an equally divided board, we hope it will not become reconciled. When, we wonder, will this investigation of school ma'ams come to a close? It is a curious fact that all the female teachers that are charged with getting the questions improperly are young and pretty. Would it not be a solution of this vexed problem just to turn all the nice-looking young girls out of the department, and keep all the sour old maids, wives, and ill-looking widows, trusting they will never err, because never tempted?

Writing in these columns a few weeks ago of the social storm raging on our northern border in consequence of the Princess Louise's order concerning low-neck dresses at her receptions, we used the following language: "In this grave emergency it is hoped that the attitude of our Government may be consistent with a decent and honorable observance of international obligations—until the time comes for more decided action." We thought that sufficiently preposterous to satisfy the requirements of ironical humor. Indeed, we feared we had rather transgressed the limits of literary art by the daring suggestion that a petty dispute in the Canadian newspapers between the Princess Louise's hall porter and the husbands of certain women with bony necks might embroil two nations in a war. But Professor Goldwin Smith has either read our remarks, and with true English stupidity taken them seriously, or with almost American acuteness has independently evolved the view therein apparently expressed. At any rate, he writes regarding the same matter in terms of

severe censure against the new Governor-General and his ceremonious wife, concluding thus: "It is a still more serious question for them whether they will encourage the policy of intensifying the political antagonism between Canada and the American republic, and thereby sow the seeds at once of future disturbance on this continent, and of future enmity between the people of the United States and themselves."

The literary staff of this journal has not, unfortunately, been recently reduced by death, but whenever it shall please an all-wise Providence to remove from among us that tender father, loving husband, faithful friend, and social ornament, our salaried joker, we shall be happy to offer to Professor Goldwin Smith the vacant position. Of him we are confident it can not be said, as of the usual aspirant to preferment in this great and free country: "There is no doubt of his acceptance; it is only a question of capacity."

Mr. Volney E. Howard, of Los Angeles, is, as we have always understood it, a descendant of the best and bluest of the azure-veined who came to England with William the Conqueror. In his veins flows untainted the blood of all the Howards. We have always looked upon him as one of those proud sprouts that, transferred from English to American soil, grew more thriftily than the old tree. In fact, we regarded him as an aristocrat—one of the old nobility—of proud, resolute character, who was as ready to exhibit his moral courage in debate as his physical valor on the field of personal combat. If he is not a demagogue; if he has not enlisted under the banner of the sand-lot; if he has not time again in debate appealed to the lowest passions of the lowest minds—denouncing men because they are rich and enterprising and prosperous, ringing in railroad monopoly and Chinese immigration when they were entirely foreign to the question under discussion, and he knew it, to attain a base victory—then he has been misrepresented by gentlemen who have sat in Convention with him, and who expected of him better things.

An irascible contemporary confidently expects to "assist at the ARGONAUT'S funeral." Yes, if he doesn't die first, for the ARGONAUT will probably live until the conversion of America to the religion of Zoroaster; and among the Parsees it is a funeral custom to lead in a dog and let him have a look at the corpse.

One of our sand-lot statesmen, who mends furniture when at home in San Francisco, but who is now engaged at Sacramento in mending the Constitution, is responsible for the following bit of wisdom. The Bill of Rights was under consideration. When the clause was read declaring against the passage of *ex post facto* laws and laws impairing the obligation of contracts, Mr. Joyce, turning to General Miller, said: "Do you hear that, now, General? Be jabers, I'm opposed to it. I'm ferninst all contracts; it is the only way we can defeat the Superintendent of Strates and the thaving strate contrhactors in San Francisco."

It was the same Mr. Joyce who, when argued with upon the provision taxing corporations, and told that it would drive money out of the State, and that the great foreign insurance companies, English, German, and Eastern corporations, would withdraw their capital from both foreign and marine underwriting, said: "And that's just the thing we want. We'll drive these furniners and their money out of the country, and then we'll compel Mr. Jim Flood to take the \$20,000,000 he has invested in government bonds at four per cent. interest, and make him open an insurance company in San Francisco, and kape the money in the country."

The finest Shakspearcan library in the world was burned the other day in England. It contained eight thousand volumes—one volume of Shakspeare, and seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine volumes of biography, commentary, and criticism. Every lover of literature will deeply regret the destruction of the volume of Shakspeare.

From an article on fencing, in a New York journal, we have pleasure in extracting the following: "There are some excellent swordsmen in the Olympic Club of San Francisco. General McComb, editor of the *Alta California*, used to be known in the fencing school as 'Iron Wrist,' from his power of disarming his opponents." We had always supposed that General McComb disarmed his opponents with his smile, and many times have wondered at the number and malignant persistency of the enemies whom he seemed to be triumphantly subduing.

If we had been asked, after the result of the election of delegates to the Convention had been known, who of all the members possessed the highest moral and physical courage, we should have answered the Hon. David S. Terry. He has been tried in scenes that test the stoutest and bravest hearts. He is of undaunted courage in the assertion of what he thinks to be right. And yet this ex-judge proposed to allow entry upon one hundred and sixty acres of unused private property by any individual desirous to enjoy it, and to have the same valued by appraisalment, condemned, and appropriated to the trespasser. Such a suggestion de-

mands an explanation to every one who has ever esteemed him, and who gave him sympathy when he needed friends. It can not be that the memory of old grievances hangs like a cloud around the brain of this gentleman, and that the controlling impulse of his legislative action is hatred of San Francisco, and a desire to visit the sins of the fathers upon the second and third generations! But his course in the Constitutional Convention is inexplicable upon any more generous hypothesis.

When Charley Lee, a Chinaman, was sentenced to be hanged, the other day, by Judge Bellinger, of Portland, Oregon, he thanked the Judge, and with a bright smile that only the dignity of the court prevented from becoming a merry peal of laughter said: "You have got the wrong man." "That is so," gravely assented the Judge, "but I have passed the right sentence."

Troy Dye kills Tullis in order to administer on his estate, and everybody protests that the motive does not justify the deed. We do not say it does, but there are greater criminals than Troy Dye—the poets, for example, who murder people for the purpose of writing obituary verses on them in the *Call*. The killing is not more criminal, but the verses are. But below this lowest deep of rascality there is a lower deep, as Milton (an indubitable Irishman) hath it. There is a class of miscreants who kill to plagiarize. No sooner does our lively contemporary print an obituary quatrain that has not before appeared in its death-column than the literary thief begins to take action in the matter. He feels the divine fire glowing in his soul; he yields to the temptation, kills a man, and applies that same verse to the corpse. That is how it happens that a particularly charming epitaph has a run of at least ten successive days. The one subjoined ran eleven:

"Our greatgrandmanimy has left us,
For the angels wanted her worse.
'Twas the hand of God that bereft us,
But we have to pay for the hearse."

After such a poetical performance as the foregoing, the following seems even more melancholy from the manner of its execution than from the nature of its subject:

"Mamma, mamma, do not cry,
I'll be better by and by.
So she is, for she took wing
Where the angels sit and sing."

These lines have, as yet, been used but three times—and only in the *Bulletin*. There is a good property in them for somebody.

Speaking of poets, some of them have a habit of sending us their work without letting us know their real names and addresses. So if any one whose verses ought long ago to have been in the paper has not seen them yet, let him try to remember whether he appended his name and residence. If not, the verses were declined because we did not know who he was; otherwise, because we did. There is no question whatever of their excellence: they are ere good.

These poets, by the way, have all gone stark, staring mad on the sonnet. It is so all over the country. The Eastern journals are all ablaze with sonnets, and the Western corruscate back at them. At this office we have the utmost difficulty in compelling the fine-frenzy members of our staff to write anything but sonnets. It is easy enough to discharge the entire poetical staff, but their successors go to work writing sonnets before they are fairly installed. Now we make this proposition in serious good faith: We will publish a full column of original sonnets whenever we shall have received that many that are considered good enough to print. Moreover, we will publish them in what we conceive to be the order of their merit; the best first, the least good last. The writers can have their true names appended or not, at their option. They will get nothing but glory; this journal is not rich enough—no journal is—to pay what a good sonnet is worth, and there is no American coin of sufficiently small denomination to mark our sense of the value of a bad one. Now, if our good friends, the sonneteers, are afraid to come to the test, let them roll down their eyes, tranquilize their hair, disentangle their legs (we are addressing the males of the species) and invoke the muse in trochaic tetrameters.

A correspondent writes: "Will you give us an article rebuking the Protestant clergy for their abuse of the Apostle Peter?" Well, no, we won't rebuke the Protestant clergy—they buy the paper. But they ought really to let up on Peter. He may not have been, as our correspondent neatly expresses it, "the only one of the Apostles who had sand in his craw," but he was true grit. When Lazarus came forth from the tomb, bound in grave clothes from head to foot, it was Peter who bathed his feet with his tears and wiped them with his hair, while all the others passed him by on the other side. When Judas Iscariot dipped his bread in the dish it was Peter who smote off his right ear with a sword. And wasn't it Peter who when the storm arose, and the overloaded ship was about to sink, said he would get out and walk? One must make allowances, but how anyone familiar with the leading facts of Peter's history can abuse him: beats us. He was honest, he was capable, he was available.

AN OPIUM DREAM.

Gaunt and lean, with a sunken cheek,
A wrinkled face, and a lustreless eye,
He sits all day in the market-place,
Nor speaks nor nods to the passers-by;
But mutters and moans with this sad refrain:
"Tis gone and will never return again."

"Why sit you here, in the market-place,
Moody and strange, with a face of woe?
Poor, with not even that pauper grace
That makes of misfortune a pitiful show,
Moaning and sighing as one in pain:
'Gone and will never return again?'"

"What seek you?" He started, like mountain-stream
That leaps from dark gorge to the light of day;
His face grew bright with a strange, wild gleam.
His sunken eye flashed a lustrous ray:
"The power," he cried, "the will, and the main,
To recall what can never return again."

"Once, when the moon was a silver shield,
And the rivers were clad in its glow and gleam,
And the flowers were sleeping in garden and field,
To my soul came the shade of a beautiful dream
That seemed my innermost life-springs to drain,
But 'tis gone, and will never return again."

"'Twas shapeless—'twas like the ungrounded tones
That are melody whole, but a discord apart,
That are moaning, or laughter, or gladness, or groans,
To tell of the rest or unrest of the heart
When the skill of the master arranges the strain;
But 'tis gone and will never return again."

"Not mine was the genius, though longing to hold
That dream in its place with its glory undimmed,
Its halls of diamonds, of pearls, and gold,
Its faces of women so gorgeously limned
That the world in wonder should shout, 'Who is this
That has drawn this rare picture of beauty and bliss?'"

"My soul was in fetters, like a harp where the strings
Are one-half harmonious and one-half unstrung;
Now close on the earth with its dull, sullied wings,
Then broad on the fresh gale of phantasy flung.
They fluttered and failed me; I wavered, then fell
From mountain to valley, from Heaven to Hell."

"The face of the woman's now here, now away—
How can I tell you of bosom or brow?
Of the charm that dwelt in the eye's sunny glow?
If but for a minute its glory would stay,
And the voice of the vision for one moment ring
In my ear, then I know I could triumph and sing."

"The opaline turret, the jewel-paved floor,
I can see—but again, like the rest, it is gone;
I am worn and weary, I would be alone
Where the soul-wrecking struggle should torture no more.
I'd give centuries of bliss for a moment of power
To place within form the shapes of an hour."

He wept, and he trembled, and crouched in the dust,
An impotent dreamer that thirsted for fame—
A moth, filled with eager, unsatisfied lust
To bathe in the splendor and die in the flame;
Still muttering and moaning his sad refrain,
"Gone, and will never return again."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The late George H. Lewes was thought to be plain because he was deeply marked with small-pox, and his features were thin and of late much harrowed with the wear of thoughts and the constant gnawing of the kind of atrophy which at length broke the thread of life. But his countenance was always radiant with intelligence, and his large blue eye was frank and pleasant to look into as deep, clear water. He had fine teeth, also, and with his mobile features and hearty laugh, needed no Hyperion curls on his brow to make him more fascinating than most handsome men. Concerning Mr. Lewes' relations with Miss Evans—"George Eliot"—the English press has preserved a "decent reticence." If any one fancies, however, that this is in consideration regard to Miss Evans' feelings he mistakes the quality of the English journalist's mind; his forbearance is partly because he knows his public will not tolerate personal scandal in its newspaper, and partly because, in nine cases in ten, he lives in a glass house himself. The literature makers of modern England are a lawless lot, as a rule, so far as concerns "pairing." Said a friend of ours one day, as we were comparing notes in London: "Isn't it astonishing how well the disreputable portion of the English people can write?" As compared with their co-workers in America the literary standard of English writers is conspicuously higher, their social distinctly lower. If we were unpatriotic enough we could adduce evidence *ad infinitum*.

"When you put the end of your finger in your ear the roaring noise you hear is the sound of the circulation in your finger. Which is a fact, as any one can demonstrate for himself by first putting his fingers in his ears, and then stopping them up with any other substance. Try it, and think what a wonder of a machine your body is, that even the points of your fingers are such busy workshops that they roar like a small Niagara. The roaring is probably more than the noise of the circulation of the blood. It is the voice of all the vital processes together—the tearing down and building up processes that are always going forward in every living body, from conception to death."

"Here," said the managing editor of the London Times, to a young editor who hadn't learned the ways of the office, "here," he said, handing him twenty-one columns of proof, "you'll have to cut that down; make a paragraph of it." "What is the maximum length of a paragraph?" asked the young man, gazing mournfully at his squib. "Four columns," was the reply, and the young man destroyed the article and left the paper, saying there was no use in staying on a paper that wouldn't allow a man enough space to elaborate a useful thought.

There is much discussion in Paris regarding the disposal of the blackened ruins of the Tuileries, burned during the reign of the Commune. All, however, agree that it should never be rebuilt as a palace. Danton and Camille Desmoulins, while walking in the Tuileries Gardens in 1792, argued regarding the necessary destruction of the building. "So long as the niche exists the saint will return to it," said

SYMPATHY IN BIRDLAND.

Away up in the Sierra is a bit of enchanted land to which Ingomar and I often repaired in the summer time. I left a fragment of my heart there, and in every unrest can close my eyes and in spirit go camping in that peaceful retreat for a serene hour.

An old Virginia rail-fence runs round the blooming low meadows and up over the bold, beautiful line of the pine-covered mountain-tops, inclosing a little country where artists may find a gallery of charming pictures, and poets may rhapsodize and hang odes on hawthornes and elegies on brambles, and every simple heart go dancing with the daffodils.

Not far away is a deep cañon, seemingly filled with molten gold. One can stand facing it and have his gentlest tones and expressions distinctly repeated as if an enchantress were taking the very words out of his mouth.

There is a succession of ivy-wreathed trees that interlace their crowns of foliage, forming irregular arches, in the moonlight, reminding one of the ruins of an old abbey. There are damp glens with balls of violets and frescoes of maiden-hair, and myriads of butterflies and tinkling cascades, and *tétes-à-tétes* of softest moss embossed with vine and russet lichens.

One day we sat under shelter of a great oak reading from *Lucile* till lost in the charm of Owen Meredith's story. The quietude was disturbed by no ruder sound than the occasional distant falling of timber, the song of a bird, the drowsy tinkling of a bell, the murmur of brook and hum of insects. Such a land of sweetness, and purity, and rest! We threw the book aside and looked out on this charming scene before us.

The rich, dark pines, breathing their sweet incense, ranged phalanx-like down the mountain side. The silver firs gleamed in the sunlight and spread their branches as if in blessing. A right royal carpet, iridescent-tinted, redundant in summer bloom and beauty, spread away off to the tall trees that arched and touched their branches, forming triumphal arches through which the flowers had made their spring march from the warm southern exposures.

The sky was a picture gallery of rarest colorings. "Aurora and her Band," "Cupid Kissing Psyche," and the "Sistine Madonna," were sailing along in a sunset direction over the gilded domes of the mountains.

The dream-land, lotus-eating sensation had entranced us into a speechless ecstasy. All care was forgotten in this Happy Valley, in the lap of the grand high hills, where surely no sorrow would ever intrude.

Suddenly near us was the shrill cry of a bird—again and again piercing the air—a motherly anguish in the very tone. I started up, and, behold, the sky was soon darkened with flocks of birds coming from all directions, and circling around, finally alighting on the limbs above and about us. The trees were before long filled with chattering birds of all descriptions. Even those known to be at enmity now sat side by side by the limbf. Butcher-bird and linnet, golden oriole and blue jay, yellowhammer and robin—a thousand birds, it seemed, had come at the alarm of danger.

They had not met to sing in joyful chorus, but all set up a chirping and shrieking, discordant as the wails from broken hearts.

Ingomar sprang up. Thereupon a dozen birds wheeled down and circled about his head, uttering their cries, and imploring him to come to their aid.

"Stand away out in the meadow," said Ingomar to me; "evidently there is some great tragedy being enacted in Birdland; very likely a snake dismantling one of their castles, and very possibly a rattlesnake. Seizing a long, heavy stick, he began his search. Then how noisy, and turbulent, and excited grew the entire party, urging him on to the fray. The orioles' dainty baskets swung from limbs here and there, with tiny, fuzzy heads peeping out, and tremulous little housewives flitting back and forth, and dozens of miniature palaces were snugly tucked almost out of sight of rude eyes up in the forks of oak and sycamore, while lowlier tiny cots were perched on young trees about us—but all appeared undisturbed.

He searched some time in vain, they still filling the air with anxious cries. Presently he exclaimed: "Ah, behold the invader of their peace!"

Near us, about seven feet up a young pine, was a nest. His snakeship, about four feet long and four inches in circumference, was coiled around the tree, his head resting on the nestlings. For an anxious moment the birds ceased their chatter. Cautiously approaching, a quick, hard blow was dealt to the venomous creature, and it fell to the ground. He then carried it on the stick a short distance, and threw it across a big, black log. Then a grand chorus of rejoicing filled the air. Many of the bolder little creatures flew down, and, circling about their enemy, almost picked his eyes as he lay prostrate before them. They scoffed at him, and jeered, and triumphantly wheeled up to the limbs again—gave some thanksgiving and congratulatory notes and scattered homeward. The nest we found covered with saliva, one birdling smothered to death, and one gasping for breath, while three lay less injured beneath. The dead one we threw out; then, cleaning the rim of the nest, we retired to a distance, in order to allow the poor little mother to go to her stricken babies.

She sat near by on a high limb, chirping mournfully. Soon she fluttered down and hopped toward them, finally alighting on the edge of the nest; while the mate sat on a near stump, with his head inquiringly on one side, but at a safe distance from all danger. The precious dame was grief-stricken and full of fear as she realized the ruin in her beautiful abode, and rocked back and forth as if bewildered by the sight.

Presently she gave another cry of alarm. In a short time the entire disbanded crowd returned from all woodland directions, and, perching themselves on the limbs above, joined in the wail.

"What's up now?" exclaimed Ingomar, throwing aside his book; "perhaps that fellow wasn't thoroughly dispatched." Sure enough, upon going to the log, he found his snakeship becoming lively, and essaying to crawl to the ground. Several birds again dashed down about Ingomar's head, and admonished him as if saying, "That's right, give it to him, and fix him for good this time."

He effectually smashed the creature's head, while the re-

joining birds went on, and they circled around, almost sweeping the snake with their wings. Then, at some given signal, they all once more scattered, each to its own nest, or about its pleasure.

It was a very interesting and touching incident of sympathy. Even here, in this lovely spot, we learned there was not immunity from danger and sorrows. A great and terrible trouble invaded a little home. The parents out of anguish of spirit called aloud for help, and all of their kind, within hearing of their voice, laying aside any enmity and leaving their own nests and pleasure haunts, instantly responded to the cry.

This pretty episode came back to me when the great calamity recently afflicted our beautiful South, and they called out in anguish from invaded and desolated homes, when putting aside all petty prejudice, from North, and East, and West, and over the far seas, the loving voice, and encouraging hand, and well-filled purse were extended—one grand wave of sympathy reaching to them from all great hearts, nor leaving till the terrible enemy was entirely conquered.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. RIDINGHOOD.

It was about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, when a youth created something of a sensation by passing through an Alpine village, in a driving snow-storm, carrying a banner upon which was inscribed the strange device, "Excelsior." His brow was sad, but his eye (according to all accounts he had but one eye) flashed like a falchion from its sheath, while he pushed on, looking neither to the right nor left, but not forgetting to call loudly, "Excelsior." At first the villagers thought he had been drinking, and a policeman was started on his track, but finding there was nothing disorderly in the boy's conduct, he was permitted to go his way unmolested. In happy homes the young fellow saw the light of household fires gleam warm and cheery, although coal was away up out of all reason, as it always is in cold weather; above, the spectral glaciers shone, and from his lips escaped a sigh that was heard all over town to this effect: "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "I've lived here for ninety years; I'm the oldest inhabitant, an' I never saw the signs more favorable for a big storm. Besides, the roarin' torrent is wide and deep, and if you get across you can't get back for a week, unless you go around by Rabbit-hash and cross on the bridge. Take my advice, young feller, and stop over night; you'll find the Washington, right over the way, the cheapest house in town. Shall I take your baggage?"

The boy turned up another street, indicating that he intended to climb the hill on the west side of town.

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest your weary head upon this breast." And right here the conduct of the young man became inexplicable. He did not accept the maiden's invitation, although she was comely, but sixteen years of age, and evidently belonged to the best society. He simply said he was in a hurry, and would probably stop the next time he was in town. The maiden passed into the house, slammed the door, and remarked to her mother if she ever offered to assist a man in distress again she hoped she might be blessed. The young lady was quite indignant indeed.

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch!—beware the—" "Oh, give us a rest!" screamed the boy, who was getting out of patience, and the well-meaning peasant retired without completing the warning, which was no doubt something about "the awful avalanche."

At break of day, as heavenward the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft-repeated prayer, they were startled, nay, shocked, to hear a young man shouting "Excelsior," and cursing the country black and blue for being the roughest, coldest, and most forbidding of any he had seen since he left New Jersey.

"How far is it to the next village?" he asked, "for I have something here that will knock the socks off of anything in this country."

With that he passed on, still grasping in his hand of ice that banner with the strange device, while in the other he carried a little tin box labeled, "Excelsior Corn and Bunion Eradicator."

The editors of this paper take a broader view of their duty as journalists than to suppose their mission concerns the minds of their readers alone, and not the stomachs of which these minds are the highest, ripest, and best result. In pursuance of this wider duty we hereby submit the best recipe for making curry that has ever been published in this or any country. The dish so compounded is delicate enough to make one an artist, nutritious enough to make him religious, and not hot enough to make him too orthodox:

Fry in butter to a golden brown some fine shreds of onion. In the meantime, blend in a mortar well and slowly a tablespoonful of curry powder, half a small coconut finely grated, and a small dessert-spoonful of brown sugar, with half a pint of milk (or with cream), and a like quantity of stock. Rub some of the mixture well into pieces of lean fresh meat, shaped according to fancy, and put them with the remainder of the mixture into the frying-pan, stirring all together for ten minutes. Then transfer all to a stew-pan *without a cover*, and set it to *simmer gently* for an hour or more, till the gravy is considerably reduced, adding a little brownings to darken it. A few minutes before serving stir in the juice of half a lemon and a dash of tarragon vinegar, or any other distinctive flavoring, or even a *soupeon* of garlic. Blending the mixture well is the only secret. If the cook will not take this trouble she had better not make a curry. Rice is to be served in another dish, and should be so boiled that each grain is dry and separate. If previously-cooked meat is to be curried, shape it well, and add it to the curry mixture ten minutes before serving up, or only just sufficient time to warm it through, whatever the material may be, as this applies equally to cold fish, etc., and to tinned provisions, some of which may require more time than others. By this method the curry will not be a crude, hot stew, floating about in dull, yellow, greasy gravy, but a delicate *plût*, ingeniously flavored according to taste.

Lord Beaconsfield is occasionally epigrammatic. He was asked, after the recent division in the Lords, "How long he thought the Conservative Government would last?" He answered promptly: "As long as it pleases Providence to spare Mr. Gladstone to the country."

INTAGLIOS.

The Song of the Camp.

[If any reader object to the reproduction here of the following poem it will certainly not be he to whom they are most familiar.]

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the fort to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
Below the smoking canon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dare not speak;
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With stream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

A Ballad of Heroes.

Because you passed, and now are not—
Because in some remoter day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away—
Because you perished—men must say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though it may be above the plot
That hides your own imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarded grasses sway—
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird—though you remain
Without distinction of decay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulse's play;
And men forget the sordid lot
The sordid cares—of cities gray;
While yet they grow, for homelier fray,
More strong from you, as reading plain
That Life may go, if Honor stay—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

L'ENVOI.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurels on your grave again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Bring the Wine.

A FRAGMENT OF AN OLD GREEK DRINKING SONG.

Bring the wine and fill the flagon!
Life is but a little span;
Troubles, like the fabled dragon,
Guard the golden joys of man.
Fill the flagon till it flushes
Like the silver of the seas,
Mirror of the sunset's blushes
Far beyond the Cyclades!
What is care that we should hearken
To its Eleusinian spell?
What is death that it should darken
Life and make the world a hell?
Fill the flagon! Who would sorrow,
When his heart is warm with wine,
Were the Hesper of to-morrow
Doomed no more for him to shine?
Wine is life, and it can fire
Spirits that are dull with pain;
Fill the flagon! Fill it higher,
Twice and thrice, and thrice again!
What are Cytherea's pleasures,
All Athena can bestow,
To the jolly wine-god's treasures
Haloed with divinest glow?
Bring the wine and fill the flagon!
Life is but a little span;
Fate our destined hour ordaineth,
Drink and joy we while we can!

REV. J. H. DAVIES.

[The first version of the sonnet by the late Richard Realf, given below, we published in the Christmas number of the ARGONAUT; the second we find in Colonel Forney's Progress, to which journal it is sent by a correspondent who believes it has not hitherto been in print. It is an interesting literary exercise to compare the two and determine their relative merit.]

I.

Love makes the solid grossness musical;
All melted in the marvel of its breaths,
Life's level facts attain a lyrical swell,
And liquid births leap up from rocky deaths,
Watching the world with wonder. Thus, to-day,
Watching the crowding people in the street—
I thought the ebbing and the flowing feet
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm always,
And that I heard the yearning faces say,
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The autumn leaves
Throbbed subtly to me an immortal tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Soft melodies slid down on me from the eaves,
Dying delicious in a mystic swoon.

II.

I think that Love makes all things musical.
I think that, touched by its deep spiritual breaths,
Our barren lives to blossoming lyrics swell,
And new births, shining upward from old deaths,
Clasp dark glooms with white glories. Thus, to-day,
Watching the simple people in the street,
I thought the lingering and the passing feet
Moved to a delicate sense of rhythm always,
And that I heard the yearning faces say,
"Soul, sing me this new song!" The very leaves
Throbbed with the palpitation of a beautiful tune;
And when a warm shower wet the roofs at noon,
Low melodies seemed to slide down from the eaves,
Dying delicious in a dreamy swoon.

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For San Francisco, Oakland, and Vicinity.



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Through two acts I wondered why *Horrors* was so called. It is true, it contained some ineffably tedious dialogue, which, assuming the good sense of the stage manager, must have been considerably curtailed next night, but that did not suffice to account for its christening.

Like the humor of an exhausted writer, the title is far fetched and very badly strained.

It is finally accounted for, it is true, but one does not like to addle one's brain for two hours over a thing like this. Beside, monosyllabism has become a bore.

"Horrors," strictly speaking, is not a monosyllable, but it has a monosyllabic look on the posters, and it is, therefore, objectionable.

However, as the evening passed, it became very evident that the piece was lucky to have come out of such a hodge-podge with any title at all.

A little line in fine print neatly tucked into the bills runs to the effect that it was written purposely for Mr. Edouin.

What must have been his emotions upon its first perusal! As given, with music and song and dance, action, costumes, and light, it is extremely jolly.

But it must read like the mutterings of a lunatic. As a literary effort it is not sublime.

Mr. Edouin says, "I was only thinking" several hundred times before it comes to his turn to say anything else.

As a matter of course, it was necessary to give him a gag, but it should hardly be necessary to burrow in the depths of imbecility for the weakest one that could be found.

"I was only thinking" will not even pass into the *patois* of the street boy. His good taste and good sense reject it as being meaningless. In matters of this kind his judgment is to be relied upon.

But Willie Edouin does not depend upon an author. This is fortunate, both for the author and himself.

He is a droll fellow, with an infinity of facial expression, and as supple as a rope-walker.

As for the *Horrors* they are simply a full assortment of realistic and ridiculous jim-jams.

Edouin must find it almost as trying as the real article to hold the stage for three-quarters of an hour while they are going on. It is here that he is an artist. Yet it is in the ballet that he makes his hit.

Why is it so supremely funny to see a man give the choice steps of a *première assoluta*?

In this instance, perhaps, it was because he was so exact a reproduction of the Babel-tongued singer, as "la jolite house-keepaire," a little French Mother Bunch in a red silk apron.

Edouin reproduced the red silk apron, etc., and omitted only the French, which the lady supplied with profuse liberality.

She sang a song for us in that queer sketchy way she has, in which one note pierces the dome, and the next becomes inaudible in the wings.

There are some sections of the voice very pleasant to hear, and we would have listened to another verse, but for her most positive declination of the encore.

Now, Miss Searle always accepts an encore in a pretty way, which shows a disposition to oblige without the over-readiness of a bad singer, and every one likes to listen to her.

She has such a pleasant habit of singing the songs we know. It is a treat once in a while to hear good music without being on the alert to catch a new air.

There are three marked elements in her popularity: a purely Grecian nose which makes her face pretty, a half-concealed timidity which makes her manner pretty, and the sacrifice of her operatic education to ballads.

What an acquisition would she not be to opera bouffe if she were an actress.

What a good thing it may be for her that she is not.

She appears on the stage just like the "nicest girl in school," who is always selected to be May queen or fairy queen in the big piece on exhibition day.

How different from little Ella Chapman, who, with her tiny little child-like voice and her more little speck of a trim figure, is yet so well up in the business of the boards.

She is as experienced in her ways as a stage manager. There is perfect fearlessness in those wide open, wide-apart eyes.

What a nimble dancer she is, and as light as a puff of thistledown, but how thoroughly objectionable and redolent of the wizard's hall or the saw-dust ring is that skipping rope afire.

She has a leaning toward this sort of thing, although she is not otherwise unrefined in her manner.

What a pity there is not a future in burlesque.

Louis Harrison might get a slice of it, for he is a light stripling.

He acts 'oo much. All adolescents of this stripe do, but he is amusing and can be forgiven.

It is those who act too much and are not amusing who are outside the pale of human pardon.

He was separated from the time from his companion in arms, Mr. Dixey, a young man whose main talent consists in tying himself up in a true lover's knot quite as rapidly as he would accomplish his morning struggle with a cravat or a shirt opening in the back. They have such a way of casting certain couples together in the theatres that these people actually look odd when apart.

Harrison and Dixey are cast so much together that the Rajah looked lonely in his grandeur.

The Rajah had a brogue.

I will say for Mr. Dixey, that though it was a brogue of peculiarly disagreeable quality, it was as thick as stirabout pudding and as Irish as a bog.

It was oddly incongruous, as was everything. There was a jester who belonged in a latitude many degrees north.

There was a French restaurant, but that may belong anywhere.

It might have been a masquerade ball, for the bewildering varieties of the scene and the utter irrelevancy of any detail. At last the mystery was solved.

The play was Oriental.

No one would have suspected it, except from a slight tendency to that style in costumes.

A consultation with the play-bills also helped the illusion. But it was studded throughout with Yankee "faculty."

That is the true name of the Rice genius.

It is this which utilizes the common jack-o'-lantern, and sets us in a roar over a shadow pantomime.

Given a papier-maché donkey, with a human donkey inside, and they will convulse a crowd.

The commonplace Saratoga trunk is worked into scenic effect.

It becomes a pyramid in *Evangeline*. It is strung out into a procession in *Horrors*.

They use the Pestalozzian school system in their choruses. A wave of the hand, a kick of the foot, a turn of the head, which is nothing as done by one, becomes catching when done by a dozen.

We enjoy ourselves we know not why, and may the Lord have mercy on our depraved taste.

We go home and analyze it, and find we have been prostrate at the feet of Mother Goose; and that respectable and interesting old lady, like the Rice brothers, came from Boston.

She, too, had Yankee faculty.

It is a good thing.

It never strains the intellect to understand.

At the California, when one goes to see "Obenreizer"—why should we say *No Thoroughfare*, when it is "Obenreizer" we do go to see—there is a tension.

I have observed a whole circle watching with feline acuteness to see Florence lose himself, and drop into English just once.

But he never did.

Is it a strain upon him?

His rapid, facile speech, his quick, impetuous movements, his thorough foreignness, forbid the idea.

Even his Swiss garments fit easily and naturally upon him, and among the Alpine peaks he looks to the manner born.

It is not an ordinary class of people who go to see "Obenreizer."

They are familiar with Charles Dickens' deep etching lines.

They know the plotted mysteries of Wilkie Collins.

There is a fascination in the commingling of such a pair of brains, and one likes to trace each incident and character creation home to its source.

Who can not tell that Charles Dickens drew "Sally Goldstraw," and the Foundling Hospital, and that arrant old croaker, "Joey Ladle?"

While who also does not know that if he may have conjured up a "Madame Dor," Wilkie Collins made her dumb, and that if he brought "Obenreizer" into the damps and cobwebs of the Vendale wine cellar at a most dramatic moment, Wilkie Collins took him to the Alpine abyss.

Charles Dickens must have been responsible for the melodramatic female in black—a part which Miss Prescott plays in a semi-lunatic way, which, under the circumstances, is perhaps the correct thing.

It is not so easy to trace "Obenreizer."

There is not the marked print of either hand in his suavity, his treachery, or his one passion.

If "Uriah Heep" or "Mr. Littimer" were specious, smooth-seeming villains, so was "Count Fosco."

After all, it is Florence's "Obenreizer" we go to see, and what a thoroughly satisfying performance it is.

He must be a martinet at rehearsal, for the little nothings which yet catch the fancy go with the smoothness of habit.

That wonderfully picturesque traveling costume is said to be a *bona fide* article, and I can quite believe that he picked up those great lumbering candlesticks from some mountain inn.

They do not look like California Theatre "props."

Mr. Florence is magnificently supported by—the scenery.

Time was in this same theatre when Mr. Florence, in this same play, was put upon his mettle to excel the others.

But then Mr. Pateman was "Joey Ladle," and the very aroma of the genius of Dickens seemed to commingle with the fragrance from the wine casks around him.

He seemed to have grown old with the cobwebs, and rusty with the cask-hoops, and not all the tarlatan cobwebs of Mr. Felix Morris' really artistic make-up could banish the memory of him.

Then, too, Miss Pateman was "Marguerite."

How charming she was.

Off the stage, but a tall, thin, small-eyed, saw-toothed, dun-haired woman.

On the boards, a tall, fair, slender, graceful creature, abounding with vitality, sometimes a breathing vision of loveliness.

Poor metallic Gussie de Forrest!

One can not damn an actress with fainter praise than to say that she is faithful and conscientious.

One might as well say plainly, she tries and tries and never succeeds.

Every effort killed by the ring of that variety-stage voice. Miss de Forrest, alas! was far outshone even by "Madame Dor," for "Madame Dor," in her peasant costume, was striking and picturesque.

Miss de Forrest, in her would-be peasant costume, was not.

What a strange thing, by the way, that whoever plays "Marguerite" plays it in the first act in peasant dress and boasts of her peasant origin, and in the next act and through all succeeding ones puts on a robe of Parisian mode—if she has it—with long trail, and thereafter says nothing more about her humble origin.

It may be remarked of Mr. Wells' personation of "George Vendale" that he disposes of his traveling wrap in a grace-

ful and comfortable way, and one eminently adapted to an Alpine journey.

Really there is nothing more to say about him.

The new playwright is to the fore one more.

Henry Neville—which, gossip hath it, is a mere transparent *nom de plume*—is the new candidate for flaying.

Loyal till Death!

It is a good name, and shows that there is a nice girl in it somewhere.

No one but a woman is ever loyal till death.

And then, paradoxically, She is a French woman.

So at least one would suppose from the names, and from the advertising cartoons where they all wear white wigs, and must belong to the court of some one of the Louis.

The negroes are banjoing and dancing away at the Bush Street Theatre.

They must be doing well, for all their songs are going the rounds.

In point of fact, we are living our lives out to the tune of "Don't get weary, children."

We are to have *Evangeline* again.

I fancy we shall like it better than before.

Its harmless little tunes will not float to us across that wide gulf of space broken only by an orchestral chasm.

I wonder will the ball fringe be resuscitated.

I hope so.

Bed valances of ye olden time make rather pretty petticoats after all.

Then Raymond comes with a new play.

Pembroke Pemberton, Insurance Agent.

Who would think there was anything dramatic in an insurance agent?

But why not?

Insurance policies have become favorite materials in fiction, and the agent must have his perquisites.

Forgive me, Betsy B.

Dashes of French Humor.

"*Lucent Syrups tinted with Cinnamon.*"

An American falls ill at Cannes, where he had gone to spend the winter, and the hotel-keeper anxiously consults the doctor when the latter comes down stairs.

"Well, your American is pretty low; I hardly think he will pass the night."

"Dear, dear: just fancy the harm it'll do my house! Doctor, can't you advise him to go somewhere else? I agreed to have him live here, but I didn't agree to have him die here."

A Southron had been boasting of the exquisite mildness of the climate to a stranger, and that night the snow descended, and the wind blew, and the next day there were drifts a yard deep upon the face of the earth.

"This is a—I mean this is an Arctic region of a Sunny South of yours," says, contemptuously, his friend on meeting him the next morning. "What do you call that, eh?"

"Oh!" says the Southron, "that's snow if you insist upon it, but it isn't cold snow, such as you have up North."

When Arnault's tragedy of *Germanicus* was produced, Martainville, the famous critic, handled it very rudely. Whereupon Captain Arnault, the dramatist's son, waited on him and gave him a frightful box o' th' ear. Martainville summoned him before the police magistrate, who imposed a fine of thirty francs. Placing a one hundred franc note on the clerk's desk the Captain gave the plaintiff a slap on the cheek that fairly made the sparks fly from the filling of his teeth, and said to the clerk:

"Take two out of that, please."

A Turkish naval officer invites a friend to go and spend a few days with him on his gunboat on the beautiful blue Danube and in the Euxine, and his friend gladly accepts the invitation.

When they had reached their destination the officer says to his friend:

"I must get the men down to business; excuse me a moment?"

"Business; what business? By the beard of the prophet, I thought it was a pleasure-trip!"

"Well, so it is, in effect, only, just to give us an excuse for drawing our rations, they've ordered us to grapple for the torpedoes we sunk last year to keep the Muscovite dogs (may jackasses sing on their grandmothers' graves!) from invading our coasts."

Dumas left Naples under peculiar circumstances. One fine morning he printed an article in which he handled the Italian people in a manner more vigorous than courteous.

At eight o'clock the paper came out; by ten Dumas had received thirty challenges; by noon, sixty. At 1 P. M. he called a meeting of the one hundred and twenty friends of his challengers, and said unto them:

"Gentlemen, I leave Naples to-night, and, therefore, have not time to fight all your principals singly. Nevertheless, I am anxious to give them all the satisfaction that is in my power, so as I have the choice of weapons I propose fighting with pistols; your sixty principals will be collected into a group, and on receiving the word, fire a volley at me and I'll blaze away into the crowd."

The proposition was not accepted.

One day at the Café de Foy one of the leading notaries of Paris was criticising severely the conduct of Marshal Marmont, when a gentleman at an adjoining table, with a mustache like a shoebrush, arose and cried:

"Sir, you shall account to me for those words."

"You are Marshal Marmont?"

"I have not that honor, but I am his senior aid-de-camp."

"Very well, sir; my head clerk will meet you when and where you please."

One night at the Theatre of San Carlo, Naples, Dumas the elder found himself chatting familiarly with a stranger, who, when the play was over, said to him, patronizingly:

"I have greatly enjoyed your conversation, sir, and hope to see more of you. If ever you visit Paris call on me. I am Alexandre Dumas."

"The devil you are? So am I!" replied the novelist, with a roar of laughter.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

Murillo had just put the finishing touches to the picture that he had been engaged in painting for the church, San Jorge de la Caridad. The painting represented the ascent of the Virgin to heaven. On a silver cloud upheld by angels stood the Madonna in all her enchanting beauty, with hands crossed on her chaste bosom, and her eyes uplifted, filled with a look of deep devoutness.

Late one evening Murillo went to the church alone. He wished to stop in quiet reflection before his image of the highest and most delightful inspiration, not from vanity, but from holy thoughtfulness, for he felt that he had been chosen by Providence to express in living colors for the children of earth this divine idea.

The evening was peaceful and warm as summer. Odors of oranges and flowers filled the air, and a nightingale was singing in a poplar grove. The clearest moonlight trembled over the place and lit the wanderer's path. Deep in poetical thought, the artist stepped into the dim and quiet church. It seemed to be empty, but, arrived at the end of the smaller passages that led to the choir where his picture was hung, Murillo saw, hidden behind a pillar, a young woman with a flower-basket in her arm kneeling before the Madonna. Soon he heard these words from the rosy lips:

"Holy Mother of God, never did I think thee so ravishingly beautiful; my poor thoughts had not the power to create for themselves anything so lovely. Oh, who then has succeeded in placing thee on the cloud? Him will I offer my heart; on my knees will I creep to his feet and bathe them in tears of joy! Lower thy glance, open thy mouth, and tell me, tell me where shall I find the master!"

"I am the master, what do you wish of me, my good Fiorina? Do you wish, perhaps, to upbraid me for ever having indifferently gone by your flowers?"

"You, beautiful youth, you are the master? Oh, then, place your hand on my head and bless me. Every day hereafter will I offer thee a white lily and a fervent prayer," said Fiorina, dropping on her knees before him. Murillo stooped over the enthusiastic young woman, kissed the raven locks, and bade her not to forget the white flower. He then told her his name and his dwelling-place, bidding her visit him after three days.

With her flower-basket on her arm came Fiorina, according to the agreement. When she saw Murillo, she held out to him a large, silvery white lily, yet moist with the morning dew. Smiling, the master accepted the gift, and taking the giver's hand, he led her before a covered picture, and said:

"I shall here present you, my girl, with a mirror, in which you will find earthly beauty and joy restored, so long as you are inwardly beautiful and good. Look at yourself often in the glass, and thank God so long as you can look without blushing, and without a sigh. Should you wish also to stand, like the Madonna, on the cloud, surrounded by angels—oh, then, see that your mirror is always clear."

Murillo then tore away the curtain, and on the uncovered canvas was a painting of Fiorina and her flowers, beneath which the master had written: "The Pretty Flower-girl of Seville."

Washington has a club of artists who study from nude living models. When the class was formed rooms were rented in the Young Men's Christian Association building. These were fitted up in a suitable manner and at some expense. Gaslights were arranged around the room so as to throw the best light upon the easels of the artist students, and at the same time to show off the model to the best advantage. These necessary improvements were completed last week, and the class at once took possession of the rooms. They had only worked two nights when the Young Men's Christian Association seemed to have become enlightened as to what the artists were doing, and, in holy horror at having naked figures exposed in their building, even for the purpose of art, immediately served notice upon the club, who were forthwith compelled to vacate, and seek other premises. A member of the class says the female models are all women of respectability, who have taken up this because they have no other work. "Sometimes no one but the committee know who the model is. Last winter the female model we had sitting for us wore a mask, and I would not know her on the street were I to see her now." There are applications for membership from ladies, and the gentleman said: "I know of the daughter of a Cabinet officer, another of an honored scientific professor, recently deceased, who are studying privately from living models." As to the moral effect, he said: "The artists come to the class to sketch or paint, and leave. They do not speak to the models, and none of them would ever sacrifice his social position—for all of them are known in society circles—by committing any misdemeanor."

Colonel Forney's new journal, *Progress*, is clearly determined to be "forerhanded" or nothing; but it gives us of the Pacific Coast a character for the same estimable quality, which we fear we do not deserve: "Along the whole Pacific slope the Republicans are preparing to give Grant a welcome, late next year, that will be something like the welcome of America to Lafayette, fifty years ago, alluded to in our Washington letter." This is only premature; we shall probably give Grant that kind of welcome, but as yet we have not begun to knock together the platform and arrange the seats, and no bunting is displayed.

Dan Rice says that the following compose the two principal regrets for mistakes made during his eventful life:

1st. Learning Miss Adeline Patti to swear when she was a little girl in New Orleans, during the time I was teaching her horseback riding.

2d. Encouraging little boys in early times to steal under my tent to see the circus. Experience has proven I was morally wrong, from the fact that when they grew up I had to instruct my men to keep a good look-out or they would steal the tent.

A professor in Cornell, lecturing on the effect of the wind in some Western forests, remarked: "In traveling along the road I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went round."

"No, miss, I never 'sperienced 'ligion yet. 'Ligion is a mighty nice thing fur to handle, an' I don't believe in fessin' 'ligion an' actin' as I does."

Painting on porcelain. MISS RYDER, 26½ Kearny Street.

ENCHANTMENT.

There was an angelic dancer in New York who had recently arrived from England, and delighted the bald-heads in the critic's row, as well as the aspiring young swells, whose highest delight is to get behind the scenes. Her form was the successful rival of the Medician Venus, with that advantage which the poet so beautifully cites:

"No artistic beauty is like nature's own;
She having the advantage, too, of not being stone."

Well, our beautiful coryphée, who was properly named Celeste, to indicate the improper display of celestial loveliness, made havoc with hearts generally—in fact, a holocaust of love—until a certain rich young swell, susceptible, but green, fell so madly in love with her that his fond mamma had to consent to his marrying her, which he did by writing the Terpsichorean angel an official letter, explaining the condition of his heart and pocket. He supposed she was twenty years old; and so she was, to all intents and purposes, for business. As a coryphée she was twenty, because she looked it before the footlights. But marriage demands a close acquaintance; and even angelic brides must prove to a husband that they are real women—strange paradox, that the angelic quality, so entrancing to a lover, should be eliminated by the husband.

In snow white and orange blossoms Celeste looked as if she had been prompted several stories in the seven-story heaven. The groom was enchanted; the new-made mother-in-law resigned. Now it happened, by an accident arranged by the evil genius of Celeste, that the hotel where the couple first stopped on their wedding tour had to endure an obstreperous alarm of fire. Through smoke and flames the young groom bore his lovely bride out in safety. He laid her on a sofa and took her white hand. She had fainted. He dashed some water from the nearest fire engine in her face, and looked anxiously for returning consciousness; but, heavens! what a sight was revealed! It was a woman about fifty years old, and the "make-up" all had vanished. The youth returned to his mamma a sadder, but wiser, boy, and Celeste went the other way with her "settlement."

Gentlemen who "knew Humboldt personally, sir," when the great scientist visited this coast, will be interested in Prince Bismarck's opinion of him, for the Prince seems to have known him even better than they. Says Bismarck:

"In the days of Frederick William IV. Humboldt used to entertain the court by scientific lectures to which no one listened. I, being good-natured, was the only victim to his loquacity. For hours together he would favor us with the biography of some French scholar or architect, in which no one took the slightest interest. He lectured standing close to the lamp, dropping his notes from time to time, and extemporizing some profound remarks. Though no one paid attention, he was visibly elated at hearing himself speak. The Queen sat industriously at her embroidery, entirely absorbed by that. The King looked at engravings, noisily turning over the leaves so as to draw the voice. The young people in the background laughed, whispered, and paid no heed. Yet the scholar went on, murmuring monotonously like a sleepy brook. General Gerlach, who was often present, sat on a little round stool, preposterously unequal to his proportions, and snored. "Gerlach," said the King, on one memorable evening, "sleep, but do not snore." I was the only one who appeared to be listening. Yet even I chewed the cud of my own thoughts until, at last, cold meat and white wine were handed round. Yes, Humboldt was a great talker. Nothing displeased him more than to have to listen to another. On one occasion somebody monopolized the conversation at Court by relating something interesting to all. Humboldt was perfectly beside himself. Grumbling morosely, he piled up his plate with *pate de foie gras*, lobster, cels, and other indigestibles—a perfect mountain of conestibles. I shudder when I think what the old man could swallow. He ate as long and as fast as he could. When he found the gastronomic powers exhausted, no longer master of himself, he made a desperate attempt to get the ear of the company. "On the summit of the Popocatepetl," he commenced; but he did not get any further, the more popular speaker quietly continuing his tale. "On the summit of the Popocatepetl, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea," he began again with loud and excited voice. But he failed this time, too. The other narrator would not be interrupted, nor would the company. This was unprecedented. What a scandalous shame! Humboldt sat down in a rage, and moodily meditated upon the ingratitude of the human race, particularly at Court. The Liberals have been pleased to regard Humboldt as one of their own set. But he was a man who could not live except basking in the sunshine of the Court. The favor of his sovereign was indispensable to him. But this did not prevent his creeping away from the palace to Varnhagen, to gossip and slander with his trusty mate.

Respectable people beyond the Rocky Mountains may be shocked by the Western habit of carrying deadly weapons on the person, but the custom has its advantages, all the same. In San Antonio, Texas, not long ago, a chained Californian lion in a menagerie seized a little girl and undoubtedly would have destroyed her, but the contents of fourteen revolvers in the hands of casual by-standers effectually dissuaded him. The custom (like the *duello*) has also a softening effect on manners. Where men's lives are carried in one another's pocket they think twice before giving needless offense.

Dress modestly; talk sense; don't snicker at every little thing you happen to see; don't spend more than two-thirds of your time promenading the streets; and when you have your photographs taken, try T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street, where the most perfect pictures are taken at wonderfully low prices.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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All the Perisian theatres now give Sunday morning performances.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Extra Announcement.—The I. O. O. Life Insurance Co.

Brief engagement of the eminent Comedian, Mr.

JOHN T. RAYMOND,

Who will appear on Monday evening, January 20th, for one week only, in his world-famous creation,

PEMBERTON PEMBROKE,

The Insurance Agent who takes Risks, in Bartley Campbell's great play,

RISKS,

Or INSURE YOUR LIFE, as played by MR. RAYMOND at the Park Theatre, New York, and principal theatres of this country with unparalleled success.

The play will be produced with entirely new scenery, property and appointments, and a strong cast of characters. Only RISKS Matinee Saturday.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Mr. Raymond's engagement is positively limited to three weeks, and as he intends to produce the great Boston success, MY SON, and will also appear as "Colonel Sellers," next week will necessarily offer the only opportunity of seeing him in RISKS. 25¢ Seats may be secured at the box office.

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BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.

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HORRORS!

OR THE MARAJAH OF ZOGBAD.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.

This (Saturday) evening, and every evening, including Sunday, Mr. Wm. Gill's new extravaganza entitled

HORRORS!

Or THE MARAJAH OF ZOGBAD. New and elegant scenery and superb costumes.

In active preparation, and will soon be produced on a scale never yet attempted in this city,

EVANGELINE.

Seats can be secured six days in advance.

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This (Saturday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, OURS.

Saturday and Sunday evenings, January 18th and 19th, great double bill,

THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND and OURS.

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MR. FRED LYSTER,

Acting Manager, under the auspices of His Excellency GOV. IRWIN, and leading citizens of San Francisco.

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THE SCHMIDT QUINTET,
AND
BROTHER BILL AND ME.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

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GEORGIA MINSTRELS.

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THE GREAT ORIGINAL TROUPE OF NEGROES.

6 END MEN. 20 ARTISTS.

SEATS SECURED AT THE BOX OFFICE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELANGER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY BELANGER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.
JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

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J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.
ANDREW ONDERDONK, Civil Engineer.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The Annual

meeting of the stockholders of the Belcher Silver Mining Company will be held at the office of the Company, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, in this city, on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of January, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., for the election of a Board of Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. Transfer books will close on Monday, January 20, 1879. JNO. CROCKETT, Secretary. San Francisco, Cal., January 13, 1879.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, January 15, 1879.—At a meeting of this Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 39) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, January 20, 1879. Transfer books closed until Tuesday, the 21st inst.

1879.

The Four Reviews

.....AND.....

BLACKWOOD.

AUTHORIZED REPRINTS OF

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, Whig.
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, Liberal.
THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, Conservative.
THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Evangelical.
.....AND.....
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH REVIEW.

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A discount of twenty per cent will be allowed to clubs of four or more persons. Thus: four copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent, to one address, for \$12.80; four copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$48, and so on.

PREMIUMS.

New subscribers (applying early) for the year 1879 may have, without charge, the numbers of the last quarter of 1878 of such periodicals as they may subscribe for.

Or, instead, new subscribers to any two, three, or four of the above periodicals, may have one of the "Four Reviews," for 1878; subscribers to all five may have two of the "Four Reviews," or one set of Blackwood's Magazine for 1878.

Neither premiums to subscribers nor discount to clubs can be allowed, unless the money is remitted direct to the publishers. No premiums given to clubs.

To secure premiums it will be necessary to make early application, as the stock available for that purpose is limited. Reprinted by

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41 Barclay Street, N. Y.

GYPTIS.

A Tale of the Founding of Marseilles.

CHAPTER I.

Many years before Christ there dwelt on the southeast coast of what is now called France, in a little village composed of round, low dwellings of wood and clay, with branches of trees for roofs, a tribe of Gauls, called Segobrigians, under the rule of their kindly chief, Nann.

From out one of the low, round dwellings issues forth the chieftain's daughter, Gypsis, the darling of her tribe, followed by her fair-haired maidens. They leave the thick foliage, and Gypsis leads the way to the seashore. Suddenly she stops and cries: "Edith! Thyra! Aldyth! Enid! see! see! three ships from some strange land; and we will have new robes, armlets of precious stones, ear jewels. What fair goddess hath blest us?"

Lifting one snowy hand to shield her face, she watched the ships glide over the peaceful waters; there she stood, surrounded by her pretty maidens, while the sun's rays seemed to drop gold upon her floating, waving hair, and the azure seas to drift a part of their tender blue into her dreamy eyes. As they watched, the clouds overcast the sky; but too much interested in the ships, they did not perceive until a peal of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning startled them; then the drops came thick and fast, and the thunder peals so loud and frequent, that even the strong hearts of the Gallic maidens beat faster, and they turned, hurrying toward their homes. Only Gypsis stands unmoved. Still watching the vessels, she sees them struggle against the waves. Turning to her maidens she says: "Thyra, go to my father. Tell him of the danger; bid him call the men to aid the strangers. Thou, Edith, and thou, Aldyth, hasten to my dwelling and bring furs to shelter us from the storm. My sweet Enid, thou wilt abide with me till they return."

They hasten to do her bidding, and Gypsis and Enid, unimpaired of their drenched garments, hurry to the very waters' edge, to catch sight of the storm-beaten vessel. They strain their eyes to see through mist and spray. "Dost thou see the three, Enid? Oh, why does not my father come! Run to the hill and call him. Nay, but wait; see that dread billow! How they toss and tremble! Ah! they come nearer; they will surely strike the rocks; let us try to warn them."

They raise their silvery voices, but the wild roar of the tempest laughs back to them in mockery. "Enid, harken; that is not the tempest roar. See, one has struck the rocks! Enid, it sinks, it sinks!"

Suddenly above the storm is heard a voice, "Gypsis, Gypsis, thy father calls thee." Gypsis hastens up the shore. Kneeling before the wild but kindly chieftain, she cries: "My father, thou wilt save the strangers. One of their vessels sinks; hasten, my father, or they will perish; bid thy brave fellows put off the boats."

Nann stops an instant to place his rough hand tenderly on Gypsis, his darling, and then gives hasty orders to his men; and soon they are launched in the wild waters bearing succor to the Grecian men. Now the maidens raise a wild chant—a prayer to the gods to still the tempest. Gypsis watches her father's frail boat (they were of wicker work covered with stretched hides) and she trembles for his safety; but they have reached the sinking ships, the drowning crew are saved. The storm subsides.

Euxines steps upon the shore with his chosen followers, and in brief and courtly words he gives acknowledgment and thanks to Nann for his aid to the shipwrecked crew. Gypsis breathes a low sigh of admiration as at a distance among the women she looks on the handsome Greek. He flashed his brown eyes over the crowd that had gathered to see him land, and meeting the steadfast gaze of the young girl, he thought: "By the great Zeus, there are some fair maids even in this barbarous land." But Gypsis' eyes were instantly dropped, and she hastened home, followed by Enid and her maids.

They sat in the fading light around the fire built in the centre of the room, and they talked of the exciting scenes of the day, the strangers that had come among them, and the gaunts and robes that they displayed. And then they talked of the coming marriage feast that was near at hand, during which Gypsis must (as by ancient custom of her tribe for the chieftain's maiden) present a goblet of pure pressed wine to him she chooses to be her mate.

"Thou wilt surely, Gypsis, give the goblet to thy cousin, Chlodwig," said gray-eyed Thyra. But Gypsis did not answer. She was not thinking of the banquet or of the devoted Chlodwig then; she was wondering why the young Greek's eyes softened so when they met hers on the shore.

CHAPTER II.

Nann, with genial hospitality, invited Euxines and his crew to come to his village and rest until after the marriage feast of his fair daughter, and participate in the festivities, at the same time granting them right of free traffic with his subjects. It chanced, two days after, as Euxines walked among the forests of the River Rhodanus, he came upon that broad, clear stream. Throwing himself down under an oak just where the river wound on either hand, the notes of low music arrested his attention. Up the long reach, through the dripping boughs of laurel and elm, a barge, slowly pushing against the current, gayly decked with painted shields, and more gayly filled with sunny-eyed girls, their fair hair mingling with the sunlight through the branches, tuning their joyous songs to lyre and timbrel, came in view. So beautiful was it that he thought he saw a vision of immortals. "Perhaps naiads and wood nymphs are visiting me," was his first thought, but at once he saw Gypsis' smiling eyes.

The merry party do not see him, but as they pass their melodious boat-song falls upon his cultured ear, and he listens with all his soul; it swells widely and clearly, now low and sweet as the last few notes of the meadow lark, trained to the severe yet delicate Grecian airs. He was entranced. The boat changes its course and darts into an arm of the river, and, touching the grassy slope, the maidens step upon the bank and wander away among the trees and flowers, soon returning with arms laden with fragrant blossoms, seating themselves among the vines. The young Greek, reclining on the bank, scarcely dares draw breath for fear of rudely breaking the charm; the boat lies half hid in a bower of flowering vines.

Enid unbids Gypsis' long hair; Thyra crowns her with a wreath; Aldyth winds her garlands round her snowy robes, while Edith fastens way ferns here and there among the folds. Then they sing, with their white bare arms around her, "Gypsis, Gypsis, the beautiful, is queen, is queen. Gypsis, if thou lookest thus on the banquet day Chlodwig will have many to envy him."

"Thou seemest to be very sure that Chlodwig will be my chosen one," said Gypsis.

"Nay, but of whom else could we think?" they chorused, laughingly.

"I wish my father were not so hasty. I should be content always to be his child and have no other love but his and thine, my fair maidens;" and Gypsis blue eyes were overflowing as she looked up to smile on them all. They again take their oars and soon float through the trees out of sight of the eyes of the stranger.

"So," muttered he, "this is what one hears playing eaves-dropper. I would I had never known their barbarous tongue. Yet, by the gods! Aphrodite's very lips could not drop sweeter music than that fair maiden's speech."

Euxines arose and walked slowly toward the village; the forest had lost its charm; he could think of nothing but Gypsis. "She does not love her wild cousin, but she will be compelled to choose him. Ha!" cried he, fiercely, "were I one of those Gallic fellows I would not let such a tender flower wither under the fierce glance of that barbarous Chlodwig. Methinks I see again his envious glance when Nann did me honor at the shore. It were useless for me, a stranger, to hope for her love;" and he strode away moodily.

It was evening of the same day. Down by the beautiful waters of the Iberian Sea sat Enid and Gypsis. "Thou art sad, dear lady," said Enid; "would I could cheer thee."

"Thou must not talk of comforting, Enid; it is nothing, my sweet."

"Nay, but thou hast been sad for many days. I marked them; 'tis since the dreadful storm. Thou wert not so loath to talk of the coming feast as now. I pray thee, tell thy Enid why this change?"

The girls were aroused from their sad reverie by the soft strains of a lyre, and the music fell upon Gypsis' troubled heart like—

—"The sweet south wind
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

Poor child! She understood not the weary restlessness which possessed her; it was so new. The marriage feast and Chlodwig were alike distasteful. She now thought of complaining even to her chieftain father. It was inevitable fate—she must choose that dread cousin. She had till lately, while yet it was only a fear, tried to put the shadow of it away from her sunny heart; but now it was an impending cloud, and with great dread she prayed the gods that it might roll away. It was not that she loved Euxines; she had scarcely thought of him, save to wonder if those stern eyes would soften as readily when again she met his gaze. But as she listened to the music, it seemed as if Hope were pressing his soft hands over the strings of the lyre and whispering of promised pleasures; and while the delicious strains went wandering on, Gypsis reclined on Enid's shoulder and forgot all sorrow, forgot even Chlodwig. She scarcely knew when the strain ceased, so gradually and gently did it glide into Nature's music—the rustling of the forest trees and the murmur of the ever moving sea. At last she awoke from that dream of delight; rising, she exclaimed: "Enid, bid thee to the hill; see who it is that plays—if it be not a god!"

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CHOW-CHOW.

It was Sainte-Beuve, we believe, who having to fight a duel in a rain persisted in holding an umbrella over his head, protesting that the code of honor did not require him to take the risk of a fit of sickness. He has been outdone, however, by the late Mr. Castrafolles, of Canada. This gentleman, when about to be hanged, the other day, was reminded by the priest that death would come more easily and agreeably if he would take the trouble to remove his collar. "No," said he, "the law has condemned me to be hanged, but I am not going to catch cold if I can help it."

The *Saturday Review* does not appear to believe in the immortality of most of the books that are published nowadays. "When we are asked," it says, "to assign to a book 'a permanent place in literature,' we are reminded of a young gentleman who had once been a clerk in a Government office, and had afterward taken to a literary life as a reporter of cricket matches for some sporting paper. He one day visited his old office, and addressing his former comrades, said: 'What an easy life you have here, you who write mere minutes that live but for a day, compared with the anxieties of a man like myself, who in his work feels that he is writing for all time.'"

We have heard many persons attempt a description of the sensations given them by an earthquake shock, and have noted how almost universally they unconsciously personify the temblor—speaking of it in the terms commonly employed with regard to a living, sentient being. Probably the conception of it as a great subterranean monster is present, more or less definitely, in every mind, and in the following characteristic sonnet, entitled "Earthquake," Mr. Edgar Fawcett, with true poetic insight, has seized upon that aspect of the matter, and given determinate expression to a vague but universal feeling:

"A giant of awful strength, he dumbly lies
Imprisoned among the solemn depths of earth;
The sinewy grandeur of his captive girth—
His great-thewed breast, colossally-molded thighs,
And arms thick-roped with muscle of mighty size—
Repose in slumber where no dream gives birth
For months, even years, to any grief or mirth;
A slumber of tranquil lips, calm-bid eyes!
Yet sometimes to his spirit a dream will creep
Of the old glad past when clothed in dantless pride
He walked the world, unchained by tyrannous powers;
And then while he tosses restlessly in sleep,
Dark, terrible graves for living shapes yawn wide,
Or a city shrieks among her tottering towers!"

The newest thing in favors for the German is probably as fantastic as anything yet devised, but seems to us to require a rather wider and more accurate knowledge of literature than is possessed by the average dancer. It consists of a knot of ribbon with long ends, upon each of which is printed one verse of "The frog he would a-wooing go." The first line of each couplet is printed on the gentleman's ribbon, the second on the lady's, and the two who can make up the couplet are partners.

"Prince Deukalion"—we have not read it—is pretty generally conceded to be the best of the late Mr. Bayard Taylor's poems, as it is the last. "His sweetest song is the last he sings," as is written of the swan. By the way, there is much of nonsense in that myth of the dying swan, and we are disposed to believe that our learned contributor, "Little Johnny," is about right when he says the song is what kills the swan—though it may be the unusual exertion in its rendition, as the theatrical reporter prefers to say.

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property, situated contiguous to the Belmont Mansion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms. The property is located in a beautiful valley, with a glimpse view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly improved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements. It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds underlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; gas and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont; water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table, range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted, rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars, inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 California Street.

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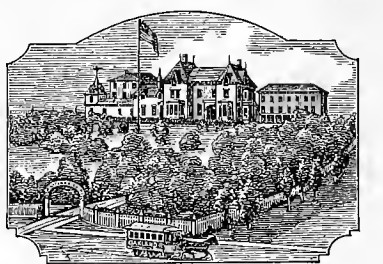
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MME. B. ZEITSKA, Principal.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY



ACADEMY.

The next term will commence January 2, 1879.

REV. DAVID McCURE, PH. D., Principal,
Oakland, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., San Francisco, Jan. 7th, 1879. At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 30) of One (\$1) Dollar per share was declared, payable on Thursday, the sixteenth day of January, 1879.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.
Office—Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., January 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 17 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on Monday, the 13th day of January, 1879. Transfer books closed on Thursday, January 9, 1879, at 3 o'clock P. M.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 13) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the sixth (6th) day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 3) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.
Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

THE DEL REY SILVER MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Silver City, Lyon County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the 11th day of December, 1878, an assessment (No. 3) of two (2) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary or Treasurer, at the office of the company, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twenty-ninth day of January, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. SAM'L A. CHAPIN, Secretary.

Office—No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, Room 24, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

M. E. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.
SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IZETTA GOODHUE, plaintiff vs. STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to STEPHEN GOODHUE, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which special reference is hereby made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. FIDENS, Deputy Clerk.
WOODS & COPPEY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

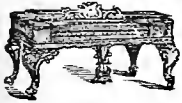
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MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS.

IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY of finish, and durability of polish, they are every way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

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All sizes, suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Families, and Boarding-Houses.

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ARGOSY.

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No Rubbing or Elastic.
The Most Durable.
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THE Automatic SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

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HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad, thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.



TO ORDER:

Pantsfrom \$ 4 00
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Black Doeskin Pants
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The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at Wholesale Prices.

Any length cut, and all kinds of Cloth kept in Stock. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA CO.
OF LONDON.

A Flattering Compliment

—TO—

STEINWAY & SONS.

Academy of Music,
New York, Dec. 28, 1878.
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Gentlemen—Having used your celebrated Pianos in public and private during the present opera season, we desire to express our unqualified admiration of their sonority, evenness, richness, and astonishing duration of tone, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice. These matchless qualities for accompanying the voice, together with precision of action and unequalled capacity for remaining in tune for a great length of time, render the Steinway Pianos, above all others, the most desirable instruments for students of vocal music and the musical public generally.

MINNIE HAUKE,
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ITALO CAMPANINI,
A. F. GALASSI,
G. DEL PUENTE,
J. FRAPOLLI,
A. J. FOLI,
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J. H. MAPLESON.

New York, Dec., 1878.
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Dear Sirs—Allow me to express to you the entire satisfaction I feel in praising your magnificent Pianos. They are the finest and most superior instruments in the world, and I have therefore taken every opportunity, while in Europe, to extol their sterling qualities. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, very sincerely,
MINNIE HAUKE,
Royal and Imperial Court Singer.

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SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

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AUREOLINE**

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Golden Hair so much admired. Superior to the imported article by reason of its freshness and the care used in its production.

PRICE, LARGE BOTTLES, \$2.
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DRUGGISTS,
Corner Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

A very good man—and as a rule we do not like good men—took us to task last week for not having noticed the “great” temperance movement that is now going on in San Francisco. The fact is we did not know there was any movement in this direction; and yet we ought to have known it, because there is always a great temperance movement on foot, only it never moves; or perhaps it is like a river, it never runs by, and the individual who stands on the bank gets weary of waiting for dry land. It is like Colonel Jack Gamble standing on the curbstone of Broadway waiting for the procession to pass. This gentleman informed us that every night Platt’s Hall is crowded—“thronged,” he expressed it—with a mass of earnest men and women pushing on this great temperance reform, and that the press is too cowardly or too indifferent to give it more than a passing notice. Of course we know that the commercial journals, and all of them, are cowards when a reform touches the till. There is not a daily paper in this city that dares to advocate the cause of temperance, for fear it should lose the advertising patronage of the manufacturers, dealers in, and drinkers of alcoholic stimulants. \$600,000,000 worth of liquor is manufactured and drunk annually in the United States—that is, \$15 a year to each man, woman, and child. As an interest, it is more powerful than the General Government. In opposition to it churches and societies are but feather weights. There is no political party that has the courage to be a temperance party. The House of Lords and House of Commons, the Queen and Parliament of England dare not array the Government against the licensed victualers. To speak practically of our own affairs, corner groceries, saloons, whisky jobbers, importers, and manufacturers of malt liquors are a power in San Francisco that—when associated—no ambitious politician and no party dare antagonize.

No intelligent person pretends to doubt that intemperance is the greatest evil of the age, that it is the one great sin that underlies nearly all the others. It is the devil’s own pet vice with which he afflicts the world; it is the whip of scorpions with which he lashes the human race. Poverty, crime, and madness would be almost banished from the world if it were not for this devilish drug, that poisons and destroys the human family. It begets idiots in the mother’s womb, and predestines men and women to become maniacs. The curse is universal. The knowledge of making intoxicating drink is the earliest evidence of man’s inventive genius. There are no people so barbarous, nor so ignorant, that they have not some device for distilling from roots, or fruits, or grains. They all know how to fabricate a drink that will make drunk. There is no time, no historic era, in which this knowledge was not abroad. To-day in California we know, and everybody knows, that our prisons and jails, our houses of prostitution, and our hells of crime, our asylums—deaf, dumb, and insane—and our hospitals, are filled with people because of this traffic in alcoholic drink. We who pay taxes know that six-tenths of the burdens of society come from the same source. We know, and the sand-lot agitators know, and their wives and children know, that it is the primal underlying cause of their poverty and destitution. It is apparent to every observer that the greatest part of life’s burdens and miseries, domestic griefs and dissensions, poverty, distress, and crime, are directly traceable to indulgence in drinks that either intoxicate or befuddle the brain. And yet no civilized nation is strong enough to legislate to prevent the evil, and of those who read this article a majority will dissent from the proposition that there ought to be any legislation to *even restrain* the use of intoxicating beverages. The best men in the community, and the most intelligent, will argue in favor of leaving this thing to regulate itself; will set themselves up in opposition to any prohibitive or restrictive laws upon the subject; while it is an admitted proposition that dissipation kills more men than are destroyed by accident or disease; is more to be dreaded than wars or epidemics, and that its immediate presence in San Francisco is more destructive to life, and more injurious to property, and more prejudicial to the health, comfort, and morals of the people, than all other causes combined.

Yet no one notices it except a sort of goody-goody, half-witted people, who do not drink themselves, and who think they are accomplishing results by sitting down upon the banks of this stream to drain it with a dipper, or to clutch at

the hair of some drowning wretch who is floating by, to rescue him. The great bulk of the community have become callous to this condition of things, and look with utter indifference upon it. The great mass of the unthinking mob have evidently adopted the motto of the incident we related of the Nevada gambler—“They don’t care a d—n what happens so long as it does not happen to them.” Of the clergymen, not one in fifteen gives this subject more than a passing thought. They occasionally fling a temperance suggestion into prayer or sermon; just enough to earn the money that puts sherry into their pudding sauce or brandy into their mince pies. The press—that great lever of public opinion, controlled by its one motive, namely, *to make money*—either takes no position at all or sides with the capital that manufactures and sells ardent spirits. The politician, who would succeed in his ambitious desire to reach a position where it is safe to take things that do not belong to him, does not set himself up in opposition to the corner grocery, where most of the voting is done. The public opinion that comes from an invested capital, the annual production of which is \$600,000,000, is, of course, most powerful. To this, add the influence of the owners of ships and railroads that transport it, the owners of buildings where it is jobbed or retailed, of the merchants, clerks, porters, draymen, who handle it—all these classes, independent of the victims who drink, become a colossal power; a great social and political power, which such movements as are now going on at Platt’s Hall do not in the least degree disturb. It is the attack of a single musquito against a whole herd of wild elephants.

Of course, these people mean well, and they accomplish some good, but the good is infinitesimal as compared with the evil they assault. The powder that is administered to the musquito after he is caught and choked will kill, but what is the practical good of the death. We must not be understood as discouraging the attempt that would rescue one individual from the whirlpool of dissipation, or save one friend from the invading fiend of drunkenness, or prevent one boy or girl from taking the devil of intoxicating drink into the mouth to steal away the brains. What we mean to be understood is this: These temperance movements are vain and ineffectual, because they either do not grasp the magnitude of the evil, or do not go the right way to correct it. The evil of intemperance can only be cured by a great political movement. Its results affect social life; it pervades and destroys society. Public opinion may be wrought upon by the orator or the editor, but there will be, and can be, no other mode of correcting the abuse than through the ballot-box. When the evils of intemperance challenge by their magnitude the attention of the tax-payers, when the amount of taxation depreciates the value of lands and houses, when this burden is felt and property-owners begin to realize that they are supporting the criminals, the sick, the paupers, the insane that the liquor manufacturer and vendor are making, and that the liquor dealer is getting rich just in proportion as he makes other business men poor, then they will begin to wake up to the necessity of some legislation upon the question.

We see no practical results coming from this modern style of temperance agitation. When enthusiastic females form a praying circle around the drunken “Happy Jacks” of our water front, we have no doubt it does them a great deal of good, and does the “Happy Jacks” no great harm. Enthusiastic orators, by force of their eloquence, their magic tones, their strong appeals, and their warm sympathies, may enthuse an audience, draw tears from eyes that are weak from weeping gin, may arouse the sensibilities of women and children, and by dint of perseverance and the sweet oil of persuasion may get a long list of enrolled enthusiasts, who pledge themselves to abstain from the sweet consolation of even sweet cider, but it does not last. It is the kind of reformation that, as a rule, only lasts between drunks, and it does not in any appreciable degree diminish that ever-flowing, ever-swelling torrent of dissipation that is destroying society, and bearing in its turbid, swollen flood millions of human beings to the great ocean of despair. It is, of course, highly creditable to these tender-hearted and sympathetic enthusiasts that they shall rescue here and there a drowning soul, and here and there prevent some one from throwing himself into the seething flood. It is probable that the sporadic agitations to which we refer may help to mould

public opinion, and in time—but, oh, how long a time!—succeed in diminishing the traffic in, and drinking of, ardent spirits, by moral suasion.

Temperance revivals are like the religious revivals that the wandering mendicant evangelists occasionally stir up in our community. Mountebank revivalists convince some very good people that they make some very bad people love God by fearing the devil, and induce them to put forth earnest endeavors to reach heaven because they are afraid of hell. It demands the aid of God to induce the sinner to hate sin. Nothing less than the Divine Power can work the miracle that makes the toper hate his gin. Sometimes the man of strong mind and earnest resolve, through manly pride and love of wife and children, can cure himself of the disease of drink. If the United States of America ever put away from itself this evil; if the American people ever succeed in driving this fiend from their midst, it will be by the exercise of their highest power. It will not be by prayers, or orations, or personal pledges, or eloquent appeals addressed to or in behalf of the dram drinker, but it will be by the exercise of political power through the ballot-box, in securing such laws as will make drunkenness and dissipation impossible; local option and prohibitory laws; laws punishing the man who manufactures and sells alcoholic drink, as we now punish the man who sells poison without a label, or who imposes deleterious drugs upon the consumer; laws that will make the gin dealer bear the burdens that he imposes upon society; laws that will tax the manufacturer of alcohol for the cost of supporting the paupers and criminals he makes; laws that will wrench, by licenses, from the corner grocery and the fashionable saloon enough money to compensate society for its cost in supporting their victims. Or, what is better, and what we hope in time will be accomplished, a law that will punish by fine and imprisonment, by confiscation of goods, and loss of personal liberty, every man who manufactures, or who retails alcoholic drinks. If alcoholic stimulant is necessary, let the Government manufacture it, and in every community let there be one licensed druggist of unquestionable character to dispense it under the severest rules, and at a cost that would enable only very rich men to indulge in the peculiar diseases that would demand a prescription of gin cocktails, rum punch, whisky skin, or brandy straight.

Such a law, properly enforced in the United States of America, would, in ten years, make it the wealthiest nation in the world. It would add \$1,200,000,000 annually to the wealth of our community. It would save other and uncounted millions in dispensing with prisons, asylums, hospitals, and poor houses. It would cheapen bread and meat, multiply the luxuries of life, bring the necessities of food and clothing within the reach of four hours’ daily labor, and would dispense with half the courts and send to the exile of honest labor half the judges and lawyers. It would multiply the pleasures of domestic life and divide the cares, burdens, and anxieties that now oppress every man’s existence. It would steal away half the preachers’ vocation, and half the churches might be turned into school houses. It would be death to the whole tribe of small politicians that now infest our cities, and would, if such a millennium of intelligence could be brought about, give the ARGONAUT a large circulation and a first-class advertising patronage. *But it won’t come.* That is, it won’t come this year; and while the male readers of the ARGONAUT who peruse this long article will admit that it is true, two-thirds of them will wash it down at Collins’ or the Pantheon, nodding to each other, “Here’s luck.”

A young man in Boston received a bequest of \$25,000. He had been poor, and the sudden acquisition of wealth rather turned his head. He began to spend the money in reckless dissipation, in spite of the efforts of his father to restrain him, and kept on until only \$11,000 was left. The father begged that this remainder might be given to him for safe-keeping, and the son, being then ill from long drunkenness, and very penitent, readily complied. The father put \$10,950 into a pocket in his shirt, and started out to spend the other \$50 in a frolic. That night he slept on a bench in a barroom, and in the morning every cent of the money was gone.

It is sad to see so many walk in the dark themselves who carry lanterns for others.

WHO WAS HE?

He looked exactly like the "Senator" of the never-to-be-forgotten "Dodge Club," and it always seemed to me a startling paradox that he should be the mildest man I ever knew. Perhaps it was because I shared the popular prejudice against slayers and purveyors of meat, and was looking for a blood-thirstiness which did not exist. And truly, he wasn't a butcher at all; only the man who drove the butcher's canvas-covered wagon thrice a week to all the back doors in the neighborhood. And because we lived "ten miles from a lemon," we not only accepted patiently his mutinous lamb and tough steaks, but were glad to converse with him on the weather and kindred topics.

The Senator—for so I dubbed him in our family circle, and to this day I don't know his real name—had a soft voice and a vivid German accent, which made his remarks rather pleasant than profitable; but he won my gratitude by sundry bony attentions to my Scotch collie, and my admiration by his imperturbable self-possession, so I was more than willing to believe that his indistinct utterances were replete with wisdom.

For nearly two years our faithful Senator had made his tri-weekly visit, come rain or shine, and we had, in that time, become vaguely attached to him, just as any creatures of routine become attached to the wheels and bolts of their treadmill. He disposed of two or three superfluous dogs for us—that made our bond of union. I always felt a little queer about those dogs, too. Why should a meat-vender be so willing to take useless dog-flesh into his possession? The "Czar" was all right, he was wanted to stand guard; but "Pug," the fat little puppy—do you think?—could it be? But no—perish the dark suspicion! At any rate, I won't believe the Senator had anything to do with the disposal of my canine favorites.

One day Aunt Susan came in with a portentous air. "Our butcher is going away."

We all looked up with the gaping wonder which over-spreads a rustic face at the slightest hint of "news." Without speaking, we said, "More, more."

"He has made a lot of money in Sierra Nevada," this sensation-monger went on. Our interest deepened.

"A lot of money" was delightful. It left room for the wildest fancy. In an instant, the "Senator's" bank account shot up into the millions' column. Besides, we had held a few blanks in the same lottery ourselves, and that seemed to give us a sort of hold on the man who had won a prize. But we were all glad to hear of our solemn friend's success, and were only withheld by modesty from rushing out to congratulate him.

The next week, a young fellow with a face like a plum-pudding, jumped down from the canvas-backed wagon, and Arcadia knew the "Senator" no more. But, in the mean time, the most gorgeous rumors were afloat. He had made fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, five hundred thousand dollars! There was no limit to the speculations, for the Senator had been discreet. The story with its variations made a nine days' wonder, and then something else took its place.

About a month later, I was crossing the court of the Palace Hotel one day, with my friend Mrs. Vivienne, when I caught sight of a familiar face. I did not know the suspiciously new tweed suit, but surely that profile was the Senator's. We passed close by him. I turned to look again, and my surmise became a certainty. At the same moment I fancied that a gleam of recognition came into his eyes, and I bowed hurriedly. One could do no less than bow to a man who had just come into a fortune, even if the man had once served one with rib-roasts. Of course we make a distinction. In Arcadia we speak to everybody we meet (except the tramps), but we leave our Arcadian courtesy behind us when we go into fashionable society. Mrs. Vivienne's curiosity was roused at once. "Who's your lean friend?" she asked, in careless travesty of Beau Brummell's famous question. I think I must have blushed a little, for I was a trifle embarrassed at my own condescension, and weak enough to care what Mrs. Vivienne would think. She opened her pretty eyes very wide. "You may as well make a clean breast of it," she laughed. Whereupon I recovered my self-possession.

"It's a romantic episode," I said gravely. And on the way out to the park I told her the whole story.

"If we meet him again you shall introduce me," she declared when I had finished.

"Cui bono?"

"I shall bring him out in society. We need a sensation. He shall furnish it."

"But you don't know—I don't know anything of the man's antecedents," I expostulated.

"Antecedents!" repeated this singular woman, scornfully, and then she laughed—a little, gurgling laugh. "Why, you dear old fossil, who wants to know anything about a man's antecedents when he is prosperous? Nobody, in polite society. We leave that for sensational newspapers like the *Daily Wasel* and that kind. We 'nice people' know better than to begin digging up 'antecedents'; in fact, we cover them decently with mould whenever we see them sticking out. In the bosom of our families of course we can talk about our neighbor's grandfather, but nowhere else. You say your butcher was an honest butcher and never made sausages out of tabooed material?"

I stifled my misgivings regarding Pug, and bravely said, "Yes."

"Good. Nobody need know of his former occupation. I shall create a pedigree for him. Objections are useless. Now let us talk of something else." And we did.

I confess that I was more amused than concerned at Mrs. Vivienne's wild freak, for I never expected to see the man again. But fate was against me; for the very next time I called to see my madcap friend she begged me to go with her through some shopping ordeal that must be endured that day. As we stepped into the elevator, behold—the Senator! Mrs. Vivienne pinched my arm maliciously. "Quick—now," she whispered.

Then it suddenly flashed across me that I didn't know his name.

"Ah, how d'ye do?" I murmured, by way of a starter. The Senator bowed unsmilingly, and his lips moved, but I heard so sound therefrom.

"Are you living in the city now?" I said, blandly.

"Ye-es," he answered, with a soft prolongation which gave the word the form of half a dozen affirmations. Another cautionary pinch. We were nearly to the bottom now.

"Ah—Mrs. Vivienne, let me present Mr. Grimm," I stammered, with a happy inspiration drawn from his preternaturally solemn countenance.

As we stumbled out into the gloomy vestibule Mrs. Vivienne took possession of Mr. "Grimm," and before we reached the carriage had asked him to call on her. I must have looked as helpless as I felt, for, as we drove away, my companion laughed till she cried, and then dried her eyes charmingly with her tiny be-scalloped handkerchief. "Now, we shall see what we shall see," she said, triumphantly.

I tried to remonstrate with her—I lay much unction to my soul when I remember that—but my words were all thrown away.

"I am so glad you don't know how much he is worth," she murmured, in the very midst of my harangue; "it gives me such a wide field for my imagination." And then I stopped. What was the use of arguing with a woman like this?

"Well," I said, finally, "the man will never come to see you, but at any rate I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"Not all the perfumes of Arabia could cleanse you from complicity," she said, with a cool inconsistency worthy her sex. "I shall hold you responsible for your friend." And so we parted.

I knew "the king could do no wrong." Brave and fearless as was Mrs. Frank Vivienne, her eccentricities never made her "fast." Born in the purple, she was sure of her position. She did not have to clutch at Mrs. This, or That's skirt-hem to hold herself up, or play at the pretty social game of "follow the leader" to keep in the fairy ring. Her husband was rich and adored her; humoring her whims with a grave enjoyment which included perfect trust of his wife. She had a clever little head, and was an insatiable character-student, but her thirst for new subjects to dissect led her into many an awkward predicament.

She held in cool contempt the surface-show and struggles of the new-born aristocracy, for she was a sturdy little republican herself. And the moths fluttering around her saw only the flickering, wayward flame; they could not know what a steady glow burned at its heart. That there are so few women like her must be my apology for waxing enthusiastic.

Certainly there was nothing very praiseworthy about this last freak, and I was thoroughly out of patience when, two or three weeks after our conversation, I finished reading the following letter:

DEAR T.:—I am a happy woman, for I'm having my own way. Mr. Grimm took dinner with us yesterday, and I carried him off to Mrs. Pennington's party afterward. They are comparatively new people, and I thought it best to see how he would float in a pond before launching him out on the big, frothy ocean. Any friend of mine would be welcome at Mrs. P.'s. In fact, solecisms of manners or morals rather impress than disgust them with the fashionable world. Isn't it delicious? Not that Mr. Grimm ever does anything dreadful. He is surely correct in his department, and altogether quite charming. Such a placid creature couldn't blunder if he tried. I know you hate details, so I won't tell you *how* I came to have my own way. But one thing I must say: Frank, always the perfection of husbands, has been in this matter more than usually adorable. My interest in my millionaire grows with every hour, like Jack's beanstalk. He is mysterious. I don't try to find out anything about him. I don't want to know. It would destroy all my illusions. I confess that at first I felt a delicacy in mentioning roast beef to him, and I positively shuddered when Frank spoke of taking a stroll through the markets, but Mr. Grimm merely nodded and stroked his beard. "Ye-es, dey is ferry purty, de markets," he said slowly, in the most unembarrassed manner. I don't believe anything could disconcert that man. He's the embodiment of repose. Talk of the refining influence of "birth and culture!" My protégé sweeps away those musty traditions in an hour. I must admit that he doesn't shine in conversation, but—"silence is golden." To-morrow night we go to the Art Reception together. Shades of Raphael and Da Vinci, preserve us! No, I'm not tired of my whim, but I know that you are tired of me; so I baste to sign myself, Yours, contentedly, R. V.

What an anomaly a woman is, I thought as I refolded the dainty, perfumed sheets. When her life is already overcrowded with interest and amusement, she must, forsooth, take in hand a barbarian to tame. However, I thought I had a clue to the enigma, and my next letter from Mrs. Vivienne proved me correct in my conclusions.

I am still enjoying myself immensely (she wrote). Mr. Grimm is now the center of a shining circle of admirers. Mrs. Trellis is angling for him for one of her *petite* daughters; in fact, the fish are nibbling all along the line. And I have not one conscience pang—not one. These harpies of society who make the air pestilent with their obsequious breath, with their fawning, and flattery, and gossip, are so unpleasant to me that I take an innocent pleasure in seeing them discomfited, as they undoubtedly will be in this case. I shall take care of that. You know that if I should propose a game of "hop-scotch," as a choice evening recreation, they would swear it was the most graceful thing ever invented; and all because my family thread is gilded as far back as my great-grandfather. The aristocracy of republicanism is certainly a very curious one.

But I began to tell you about my friend, Mr. Grimm, and not to lecture on social problems. Return we now to our muttons. I am quite sure that in a previous state of existence our friend was the seneschal of some solemn, mediæval German baron, and assisted at all the funeral and marriage rites of the ancestral castle. He accepts all our attentions with a dignified—what shall I call it?—forbearance, which wins my highest respect. He comes often to see us, but is never intrusive. He sighs much, whether from dyspepsia or unrequited love I have not yet discovered; and he sits and looks at me in a melancholy way for half an hour at a time. Strange to say, it doesn't annoy me; perhaps because I don't regard him as a real personage at all, only a creation of my own idle brain. Yours, R. V.

P. S.—Of all the young ladies in our galaxy of beauty, who do you suppose has most impressed Mr. Grimm? No less than poor little Nora Kelsey. And I think the child is actually flattered by his evident preference. She leads such a dog's life with that old Mogul of an aunt of hers that almost any fate would seem bright beside it. She is a pretty, lovable girl, without stamina enough to break loose from her fetters. But such girls grow desperate sometimes, and to their minds there is only one solution of their difficulties—marriage. I'm afraid—

And so the letter ended. I was "afraid," too, but just then circumstances compelled me to take a trip to the South, and I had no time to interfere even if I had chosen to do so.

I was gone a month. On my return I found some very queer news awaiting me, and also a letter from Mrs. Vivienne, which I give entire:

MY DEAR CHILD:—I am about to confide to you a secret. Guard it religiously. Mr. Grimm has proposed to Nora, and she has accepted him! (What would I not give for that proposal *verbatim*, but there is no use in wishing for impossibilities.) My mind is at present a mixture of emotions, but I have given the happy pair my benediction and you must do the same. Nora is *not* strictly "in love," but Herr Grimm is placidly devoted, and I dare say they will be happier than two-thirds of the "romance" couples.

By the way, I must endeavor, before the wedding, to discover his real name. We must have approached it somewhat in sound, else he would not answer to it so readily.

How the Trellis girls will gnash their teeth—metaphorically—when

the engagement is announced. Old Mrs. Melrose, the aunt, treats Nora like a princess now; and since Mr. Grimm has been devoted, other men have found out that she is "really a very charming girl, you know." That is so natural, isn't it? I feel so proud to think that I discovered her long ago, but that's only another proof of my superior sagacity. For Nora's sake I must now transform myself into a private detective, and get some statistics of *The Fortune*. Can you help me? He really seems to be a very good man aside from his Jacques-like melancholy.

I've been sounding him on his memories of the Fatherland, but he is rather reticent. Came from near Stuttgart, he says. That reads well, doesn't it? Pray consult the records of M., and let me know the result. Yours, etc., etc., R. V.

I stood not on the order of going, but went at once into Mrs. Vivienne's presence. Found her looking rather *distrain* and uncomfortable.

"Mr. Grimm"—I began, glancing around as if I expected to see him emerging from a window curtain or fire screen.

"Has vanished," interrupted Mrs. Vivienne, impatiently; "gone, departed, floated off, nobody knows where. Have you come to tell me that he has returned to his cart and scales?"

I shook my head despondently. How could I tell her the more dreadful truth?

"Did you get my last letter?" she said, abruptly. I just nodded.

"Well, if you will please stop bobbing your head like a toy mandarin, I'll tell you the rest of the story, and then you can deliver the sermon which I know you are dying to preach. Nora and her *fiancé* had an engagement to go with us to the theatre. We waited until half past eight for them, and then went alone. On my way up to see Nora, early the next morning, I met her coming to me. She had not seen our recreant knight of the cleaver since the appointment had been made two days before. Frack has made inquiries in every direction, but can find no trace of the lost man.

"I am attired in sackcloth and ashes of the deepest penitence, and my only comfort lies in the fact that Nora doesn't seem to feel as badly as she ought. I believe that, in her heart of hearts, she is slightly relieved. But all the same, I'm going to take her to Europe with us. She can never go back to that old woman. We had a scene—really a *scene*—with her yesterday." And Mrs. Vivienne sighed. "We shall only anticipate our departure by a few weeks, for we had intended to start in March, you know.

"One thing, nobody knows of the engagement, so there won't be any unnecessary fibs to tell. For myself, I'm glad that my adventure ended as it did. I had exhausted my study of the German character, and romantic uncertainty is much better than matter-of-fact reality."

How incorrigible she was.

"But I'm sorry," she went on—"don't dare to look as if you thought I wasn't—and I never will do such a thing again; never, never. If your butcher comes back—"

"But he wasn't my butcher," I gasped; "it's a case of mistaken identity. I found out yesterday that our butcher sailed for Germany two months ago, to see his mother and spend his twenty thousand dollars as becomes an honest man. I might have known." I added severely, "that he would have had more sense than to aspire to social distinction in San Francisco."

"Are you quite *sure* that he went?" said Mrs. Vivienne, who had looked at first bewildered and then incredulous.

"I have positive proof," I answered bravely; and then I faltered, "I'm very sorry, but you know I'm so stupid about remembering faces that I might easily make such a mistake."

The truth is, I was perfectly aghast at the wide circle of waves my own tiny pebble had made, and while I was aching to scold the whimsical creature before me, I could not do it consistently, for was I not the primary cause of the mischief?

We sat looking at each other for a long time in silence. At last Mrs. Vivienne said sharply: "Well, if he wasn't your butcher, who was he?"

And I can only echo her inquiry. Q. T. SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1879.

Help!! Henry Worn, a handsome young ex-San Franciscan, has been chased half over the country by a young woman who wants to marry him, and he is pretty nearly worn out. The female Danite's name is Anna Morris, and she is a woman of pluck, who endeavors to enforce her wishes at the point of the pistol. Seven years ago Worn met Anna in San Francisco; she was nineteen years old, had black eyes and blonde hair, boarded on Sixth Street, and captured Henry's heart. He was in easy circumstances, courted her two years, arranged to get married, lavished about \$7,000 on her, and then found out she was false, awfully false. Then he went to New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Louisville, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Detroit, and Oshkosh, but Anna still pursued him, and hunted him out again and again. Then Henry started a tannery in Chicago, only to find her standing on the steps of the post-office when he went in to get his mail. She smiled sweetly, said she wanted him to marry her; would give him ten days to think about it, and if he didn't come to time she'd have his gore. Then they parted. At three o'clock that afternoon they met again outside the Sherman House. She spoke again. He said he wasn't matrimonially inclined; and then she drew a revolver, and held it up so that he could look down the barrel. He seized her arm, and she dropped the weapon, but picked it up again and made off. Worn says he's had enough of this thing now, and is going to stab her through the corset or have her arrested if she ever turns up again.

Two ladies met on the street and one inquired of the other: "Why, you look very happy this morning. What's happened?" "Oh, I've just been up having my fortune told," was the reply, "and the woman says I'm to marry twice more, have diamonds and a camel's hair shawl, and that I can go to the opera six nights in the week, if I want to." "Dear me, I don't wonder that you are happy. But you won't say anything to your husband?" "Oh, of course not. Poor man! He's good to me, and it might hurt his feelings to know that I am going to marry twice more. I think I'll tell him that I'm likely to die first."

We can hardly restrain our tears on reading in a Kalamazoo paper that the icy hand of the pale horse has been laid on one of the best citizens of that unhappy city.

Some mourn more the shame which sin brings than the sin which brings the shame.

IS HE A REFORMER OR A FRAUD?

The patient and observing countryman who reads the city papers must, of necessity, become a little mystified by the numerous and conflicting accounts which he reads of Denis Kearney; and the question naturally arises in our minds, Is he a reformer or a fraud?

He certainly has attained notoriety; and whether that notoriety is to make him famous or infamous is a mystery of the future. The man who can control a great number of people, and compel them to do as he directs, certainly has some element about him which raises him above the common herd of Irish politicians and pot-house blatherskites. Are we not therefore, of the interior, justified in investigating a man who is destined to cut an important figure in the future politics of the State as the representative of his class, either in the councils of the nation or the cells of the penitentiary.

From his first appearance on the sand-lots he has impressed me as being a stupendous fraud. I have heard him there; I have read his speeches; and if he was possessed of the least genius I would confess it and give him credit, for I like the great native genius that makes great men out of those of humble origin; but Kearney lacks everything that tends to greatness. He has never uttered a sentence by which he proposed to relieve the workmen of California. He has never offered a plan to better the condition of his class. He has never intimated the mode or manner of reducing State, county, or municipal expenses. He has never suggested a measure of reform—political, social, or moral; but has contented himself by attempting to influence the passions of an ignorant rabble, and pander to the prejudice of a foolish, blundering, harmless mob.

What would you think, Mr. Editor, if sickness in your family compelled you to call in the most accessible physician to relieve a dangerous malady, and immediately upon his arrival he would commence to denounce the cause of the disease, and members of your family for some omission which encouraged the complaint? You would be apt to say, "Doctor, can't you give us a remedy—we have already discovered the cause of the complaint; we want relief." And if should answer, that "the slimy imps of hell" of your family who did not apply a blister in time ought to be hung, or that "the hellbound villains" who left the door open and exposed the patient to the inclemency of the weather ought to have their throats cut, you would be apt to boot him out of the house, and send for a doctor who had some decency and could afford you some relief. If there is such great distress among the laboring men, and such mighty corruption in public affairs, we want to first know the fact, and then let some honest and capable man point out the remedy; the people are not satisfied with the blundering twaddle of a foul-mouthed ignoramus. They want a man of decency to lead them out of the wilderness of misfortune and corruption.

We are told that history repeats itself, and that great natural causes in all ages produce like results; but I am becoming decidedly skeptical on this subject. I have read with a great deal of care "Gibbon's Rome," in which may be found many incidents which resemble modern events, a vivid picture is drawn of the literary embellishments of the "Augustan age," and the gradual decline and fall of that mighty empire. The plebeians were oppressed—they were slaves—they were finally liberated and given a voice in the management of their government. Great men sprang from their ranks, but I have failed to discover in the ranks of the plebeian, or the vicissitudes of that mighty nation and festering pools of its governmental corruption, a likeness to this sand-lot monstrosity.

Thiers' history of the French Revolution discloses some monsters in human form. St. Just was a sanguinary fiend, but he was brave; Marat was a wild, unscrupulous enthusiast, but he was intelligent; Robespierre and Danton were cruel, but they were great minds dethroned by the blood and madness of revolution; but in all that great throng of erratic Frenchmen there was no prototype for Denis Kearney. And if the maxim be true, we must admit that in all the upheavals of governments, states, and communities, there has never yet been a popular commotion that penetrated sufficiently the sinks and sewers of society to bring to the surface, with its kindred filth, a being like the sand-lot fraud.

We contribute to future history a matchless fraud, without brains, honesty, courage, or common decency; who whines like a whipped cur when incarcerated for his crimes, and trembles for fear of punishment for his offenses against order and society; who preaches sedition on the sand-lots, and vanishes like a fleeing shadow at the sight of a policeman; who crosses the continent in search of money and notoriety, plethoric with wind and conceit, to be kicked and spurned by his fellow-workmen, and return with the disgusting flip-flap of a bursted bladder to beg his daily subsistence from his deluded followers. It is possible that such upstarts have lived before, but space in history was so superior to their individual worth, that they passed into oblivion, as Kearney will, without even a line to perpetuate their nothingness. Yet his utter worthlessness and degradation gives him followers. If he were more intelligent, and could address himself to the judgment of men, his admiring mob would see no virtue in him. As a leader we must deal with him. Odious as it is, his crowd forms a part of the body politic. Our government is governed by numbers, and a demagogue fresh from the Constitutional Convention, or a tramp from the sand-lots, has as much power in the formation of our institutions as the most intelligent citizen. Senator Thurman said a few days since that wealth and intelligence would govern. I doubt if he intended this remark to apply to the sons of Erin. He was speaking of the negro population of the South, and some say superior to the motley crowd that assembles at the sand-lots.

In the country we are anxious to know what the people of San Francisco will do at the next municipal election. Will they sacrifice everything, as they did at the election for delegates for the Constitutional Convention? Shall it be said of a city of unrivaled wealth and matchless intelligence, that a band of tramps control your affairs? And that the "boss" tramp has been licensed to levy a forced loan upon her wealthiest citizens? Defeat this crowd, and Kearney will return to his dray, his mission will be ended, and he can sit upon the "tail of his cart," and contemplate the uncertain greatness of a foul-mouthed, blatant demagogue.

RED BLUFF, January 20, 1879.

A NATIVE.

A DEER HUNT.

While o'er the camp the stars still shine,
Our mustangs breast the steep incline
To where Dark Cañon takes its rise
Along the flanks of Tamalpais.
There each his stand at break of day,
With gun in hand will guard the way.
Far down the sombre mountain's side
A redwood stands in lonely pride,
And there a comrade waits to see
The signal made the dogs to free.
It comes! And plunging headlong on
Go Rover, Sport, and Honest John.
Their noisy rush sounds up the hill;
A moment more, then all is still.
Sharp lined, the light of morning's sun
Creeps down the hillsides one by one.
Below a slope of chenical
A bustling patch of chaparral
Surrounds in part a grassy glade,
By mountain springs all fresh arrayed.
The eye its beauty scarce has seen
When from its midst of vivid green,
As sudden as to magic due,
A lordly buck stands full in view.
His stately head with antlers crowned,
Proud neck, deep chest, and body round,
Clean limbs, smooth coat, and bearing free,
Would thrill a hunter's heart to see.
But bark! A note prolonged and clear,
Though far and faint, falls on the ear.
Again, and louder swells the sound
The cañon's rocky walls resound;
The answering cries reëcho back—
Old Honest John is on the track.
With frightened snort and mighty bound
The swift feet spurn the yielding ground.
Now thickets hide the buck from sight,
But crashing branches mark his flight.
Now to the left his pathway tends—
A shot! A miss! His course he bends
In terror at the dreadful sound—
Bewildered seeks the open ground.
The ready rifle rings once more—
A heavy plunge! The chase is o'er!
SACRAMENTO, Jan. 20, 1879. GEO. CHISHMORE.

The Devil Fishing.

The devil sat by the river's side—
The stream of Time, where you'll always find him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a cosy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count;
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a cheque for a round amount;
An Assemblyman nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish;
And he seemed to know, to a dead sure thing,
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine!"
And he took a drink, somewhat enthused;
And yet a parson swam round the line
That e'en the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing gowns with embroidered hemms,
But still the Dominic made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as lightning.
VIRGINIA CITY, January 22, 1879. SAM DAVIS.

To the Elephant—An Ode.

Grave giant, placid pachyderm,
Tremendous be our every term
What time the timid muse makes mention
Of thine immeasurable distention!
Calm champion of land and sea,
Impervious monstrosity,
The Median king, turned out to grass,
Had gulped his end to see thee pass;
Great Jupiter upon all-four
Had, bellowing, swooned thy bulk before.
Pigmean eye, enormous ear,
What wait they now to see and hear?
Ay, what lone widow's only son
Shall tempt thee next, Revengeful One?
Be our tobacco far from thee,
O mountain with a memory!
Wise mammoth, tell us, we implore,
What brought thee to this Western shore?
At thy last, solemn sprawl of doom,
How shall America make room?
And where's our bard efficient half
To grapple with thine epitaph?

O thou that sleepest perpendicular,
What is thy purpose in particular?
Gray, pagon-pampered ponderosity,
Incomparable in thy callosity,
Beast of the dread, aqueineal pendant,
I fear for that begrimed attendant.
Thy cerebellum yields renown
For simple feat of sitting down.
Grim, ivoryed immensity,
Forego thy "show" propensity;
In awful awkwardness tread on—
To Broddingnagian realms beyond.

Thou capering, circus Chimborazo,
How can unbounded vastness act so?
Rhinceros plus "potamus,"
Colossal, O colossal "euss!"
SACRAMENTO, Jan. 20, 1879. JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

The *Scientific American* has just discovered a new substance called uranine, a single grain of which will color three hundred gallons of water. This will be glorious news to the makers of circus lemonade.

FEMININE FACTS.

It is just as easy to love a rich girl as a poor one.

How did it leak out that Clara Louise Kellogg likes onions?

An engaged girl may safely be called silence—she gives consent.

Mrs. Babbitt wears \$280,000 worth of diamonds. Her husband has the "soap," you know.

Queen Elizabeth had 1,500 dresses at the time of her death. And yet Bessie always dressed ruff.

Tea contains tannic acid, which combines with milk and forms leather; and now we know what makes old maids so tough.

Carrie Cahill challenges any woman to "play her on the banjo for \$100 a side." Why does Carrie want to be played on the banjo?

A boarding house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points—the weak being her coffee, and her strong the butter.

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages, to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

The average woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, twenty-one old newspapers, and two hundred and ten hair-pins.

"Father," said a wishful lass, about sixteen years of age, "I know something about grammar, but I can not *decline* matrimony, nor see the reason why myself and Gilbert can not be conjugated?"

"Mariah! Mariah! please let me in," said a man to his wife, who was looking out of the window watching him trying to open the door with a toothpick. "I sh tread on my key and it's all flattened out."

There is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good as a "nice girl." She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more gorgeous, but these we merely admire as we go by.

A Chicago girl had her ears frozen a few days ago. She has begun making contracts with carpenters to build sheds over them in the spring. It must be known that frozen ears drop off when the sun becomes very warm.

Russian ladies are often inveterate smokers of cigarettes, and at railway stations, and other points of transit, scratch their matches on walls or posts like men. They frequently ask men for a light from their cigars, and are asked in return.

Female artists are invading the domain of art in France in formidable numbers. In 1874 there were 286 female exhibitors at the Salon. There were 312 in 1875, 446 in 1876, 648 in 1877, and 762 in 1878.

A preacher in Kentucky the other Sunday, becoming exasperated, paused in his discourse to say: "Ladies, if you will give me your attention I will keep a lookout on that door, and if anything worse than a man enters I will warn you in time to make your escape."

The wife of Captain Richard Burton, the great traveler, is almost as remarkable as himself. She accompanies him in his journeys. They are now living at Trieste, and every day Mrs. Burton swims two hours in the Adriatic Sea and takes broadsword exercise from a German trooper.

An Oil City young lady is fastidious to a fault. She recently discontinued her attendance at church, and gave as a reason for so doing that the minister's pants were too short for him, and her mind was continually diverted from religious thoughts by a feverish longing to have the abbreviated garments lowered a trifle. The particular thing.

Mrs. H. L. Brinkley, who some years since had an extensive newspaper notoriety, and who since the Brinkley trial has been actress and lecturer, has recently written a book entitled, *A Woman's Thoughts about Men*. The work treats of all sorts of men, and the various subjects are handled without gloves. It deals with sensational topics in a sensational manner.

Girls, if you want to encourage young men, get an album. It's the first thing a bashful young man grabs when he enters a strange house where there are girls. We've seen them look through one until they knew every picture by heart, from page one to General Grant in the back part. It's wonderful what interest a bashful man will take in a girl's grandmother and pug-nosed uncle at the first visit.

A lady named Mary Magui-ah
Had trouble in lighting her fi-ah;
The wood being green,
She used kerosene—
(Pause. Then continue, solemnly.)
She has gone where the fuel is dri-ah.

"Are you the saleswoman of whom I bought this handkerchief yesterday?" asked a purchaser at one of our dry goods stores. "I am the saleslady who served you, madam," responded the reduced Empress in banged hair, long watch-chain and ringed finger, who presided at the counter. "Well," said the customer, "I will take a dozen more, and, as I wish to get them to my wash-lady at once, I will get you to send them to my carriage round the corner. My coach gentleman cannot get to the door just now for the cart of the ash-aristocrat."

The following interesting advertisement is translated from the Paris *Figaro*:

Mme. BOSQUET, r. Gerando, 3.
15 orp. 18 a 26 a., 30 a 400,000 f.
9 Diles. 17 a 38 a., 40 a 600,000 f.
19 Ves. 25 a 55 a., 30 a 700,000 f.

Which is, being interpreted, "Mme. Bosquet, 3 Rue Gerando, has in stock 16 orphans from 18 to 26 years old, with fortunes of from \$6,000 to \$80,000; 9 spinsters from 10 to 18, with from \$8,000 to \$180,000, and 19 widows, 25 from \$6,000 to \$140,000."

SUBURBAN SAUCE.

Served Direct from the Dish by a Society Ladle.

OAKLAND, January 23, 1879.

MY DEAR SUTTER STREET JUNO:—I have made up my mind to write you a bit of a letter, though I know before it reaches you I shall have seen you fifty times. These Oakland mails are such an abomination. I wonder sometimes if the letters for San Francisco are not detained at the post office here and sent over by the first clerk that can be conveniently spared to visit that metropolis; or, perhaps, like one's waste paper, they are kept until a sufficient quantity has accumulated to make it an object to arrange some method for their disposal. Anyway, the matter needs reform. I know you are laughing now, and thinking that I am a trifle vicious and haven't yet quite recovered my equanimity in not receiving in time the V.'s invitation to meet the handsome literary General; but, Juno, I have one thought about that affair that does, after all, console me a little bit. I'll admit, in the first place, the invitation was in itself most satisfactory. It was to me just a huge sugar-plum. I read and re-read it, dwelling with smacking lips over the covert compliment conveyed in its wording. Say, now, Ju., could you have been insensible to the flattery of being told that a man, the most brilliant in town, was being invited especially to meet you? But, in the midst of my Belshazzar's feast, the handwriting on the wall appeared. Vividly there arose before me the scornful, mocking face of the illustrious military scribe on the introduction of two such inconsequents as Brother Bob and I. Such a literary lion as he surely had a right to expect, as the guest of the evening, creatures of equal size to himself. That being his prerogative, I will not question it. I only cavil at the ill-judgment that could have induced the V.'s to thrust Bob and me forward so, and to feel thankful, after all, for the delay in mail which caused our absence. I have come to the conclusion that the trait most to be admired in woman is unconsciousness. If I only possessed that claim I could have gone there serene and unquestioning. Do you know another place where my heart often fails me? It is in running the gauntlet of men that swarm on the Oakland boats, particularly the 4:30 and 5 o'clock trips. They fairly blanch one's cheek, those stony gazes, before the stairway can be gained. Impertinent? Not exactly. They are launched out on a voyage of discovery and are only curious. In fact, they form a sect by themselves—a body of male *Evangelines*. I think we will have to coin a new word for them, and call them "Questers." Now, if one can only keep one's wits about her sufficiently to concede them a good square look into the depths of her eyes, remembering, though, to let the whole indignant soul rise up in arms in that single look, making it impressive and decided, why, I assure you they will not trouble you; they will be satisfied, 'pon honor they will; they only need a little dissuasion, these gentlemen. Their questionable occupation is dignified by the glory that naturally accrues to the successful. In looking about at the swarm of young men on the boat one can hardly believe that the war cry of the Oakland young ladies, that there are no gentlemen here, can have any earnestness about it. It seems like the cry of famine in the midst of plenty. Now there is Nelly Manning—you remember her at school—came pouting to me the other day. Said she: "They talk about the financial outlook being such a miserable one; I think the matrimonial for us girls is twice as dreary and heartrending." That's a fact. We all know it. "A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind" and pitiful. I feel sometimes as though I would put myself in the breach and offer a remedy—issue a call something like this:

Spring Campaign. Rally! Rally! Rally! May 1st, by early dawn, the unchosen fair ones of Oakland will take up their line of march to Lusk's Vineyard, then and there to offer up one rib apiece as a willing sacrifice. From this slim donation it is confidently expected that lovely stock-brokers, and head bookkeepers with adequate incomes, will be divinely reared.

N. B.—Recruits from adjoining counties solicited. The management desires to suggest that when the scene of sacrifice is reached a calm and patient spirit must pervade the ranks, thereby giving the heavenly visitants time to make a detour to Virginia City. The necessity for this measure will be seen when it is understood that the "points" gained there will be more reliable than those obtained at a later date in San Francisco; consequently insuring by this means a more solid basis for the "adequate incomes."

There, Juno, don't you think that a fine plan? Oh, what a royal revenge!—ha-ha!—when too late the society gallants will find all the desirable girls gone, and themselves bachelors by necessity and not from choice. But there is a hitch to all this, and it is just here. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." How will all this go after it is all brought about? To what extent will I be morally culpable, and what position will I hold in the community if the happiness of all concerned is not perfected in this plan? Imagine, if you please, the discomfiture of having one's house besieged like an agency, or a police court, with complaints of this one's husband or that one's wife. The husband, a diviner nature, will be less likely to be the erring one, and you know there is nothing that makes a woman so mad as to have a husband who is always in the right. Then, too, aside from any domestic infelicity they may experience, they will have in business the superior craftiness and worldly wisdom of their own sex to encounter and circumvent. Oh, my poor lambs among the wolves, I perhaps sacrifice ye to benefit my own life! I can think of but one plan that may obviate all difficulty—that it be obligatory for the lady recruits to come around with certificates of shrewdness and amiability, the former to be attested by the State Board of Examiners, and the latter by a member of the family, brother preferred. By the way, Bob says I can whistle for mine. You see in this way congenial and helpful partners can be guaranteed for the men. Of course, in view of the recent disclosures of the fraud in school certificates, this class of testimonial has been brought into great disrepute, but I think by having the original signer for the first qualification indorsed by the Governor, and that of the brother by the brother-in-law, this substantiation being as unprejudiced as any that could possibly be obtained, all objection to my plan can thus be annulled. Nothing, though, can be done until spring opens. Perhaps by that time, Juno, you, too, will be able to join us. I have not much gayety to write you of, Friendly. The last party given was New Year's night—one of the Jackson Street series. I was unable to go; but Bob tells

me it was one of the prettiest parties he ever attended, the music being especially fine, Rhind introducing a sleigh-bell accompaniment to some of his numbers. I understand that the new hall on Twelfth Street is soon to be opened with a German. I have importuned Bob to make himself chummy—spending his money freely with the powers that be—as I desire an invitation! But he exhibits a degree of nonchalance on the subject that exasperates me beyond measure; and I don't dare to indulge in one of my usual tantrums that generally brings him around to my way of thinking, on account of this certificate business. I attended a wedding in San Francisco the other evening. One of the loveliest of your girls was the bride. Think of the horrible fatality that could have led her a few days previous near poison oak. There was, if not exactly death, a good deal of suffering conveyed to those who touched her fair cheek that evening. I could not but smile as the guests, one by one, gave her the usual salutation. My ire, too, was especially excited against several young gentlemen, whose rapacity and audacity in dropping into line more than once I had strenuously objected to. There was an air of fraud and unreality in the constant recurrence of the same individuals that reminded me strongly of stage battles. In the one case, it is taking an undue advantage of the public; in this case the unconscious bride was the one imposed upon. But enough of this communication. For a first attempt at writing down my nonsense I think it will do. Forgiving, as you certainly hope to be forgiven, I am your

MAID OF ATHENS (OF THE WEST).

P. S.—Next week, Providence and the weather permitting, I am going to draw you some pen pictures of the masculine fiats on the afternoon boats. M. O. A.

The *Elite Directory for San Francisco and Oakland*, which has been in process of publication for some months past, is at last completed, and will be ready for delivery to subscribers, through agents or booksellers, on Monday next. It is a handsome book, neatly and cleanly printed on beautifully tinted paper, and gorgeously bound in blue and gold, with edges of gilt. As a society guide and handbook it will prove invaluable to the purchaser. It contains material that will be of every day service, giving as it does the membership of the different fashionable clubs and societies, and calling and address lists, so arranged that changes of residence can readily be made; and having pages for the making out of private invitation, wedding, and calling lists. To condense its numerous points and subjects treated, we append the table of contents:

Noblesse Oblige.	Olympic Club.
San Francisco Society.	Theatre Diagrams—
Reception Days.	California.
Calling and Address List.	Baldwin.
Jewish Address List.	Bush Street.
Oakland Address List.	Standard.
Private Memoranda.	Grand Opera House.
Army Calling and Address List.	Points of Etiquette—
Navy Calling and Address List.	Introductions.
Permanent Guests at Hotels—	Salutations.
Palace.	Calls and Calling.
Grand.	Strangers in the City.
Occidental.	Visiting and Visiting Cards for
Lick.	Ladies. For Gentlemen.
Baldwin.	General Directions, Cards, etc.
Bar Association.	The Kettle-drum.
Art Association.	Parties, Balls, and Germans.
Loring Club.	Dinners and Dining Out.
Berkeley Club.	Breakfast, Luncheons, Supper.
Chit-Chat Club.	Etiquette of Weddings.
Clubs and Club Life.	Opera and Theatre Parties.
Pacific Club.	Theatre Etiquette for Gentlemen.
Union Club.	Ladies' Theatre Invitations.
Bohemian Club.	Miscellaneous Rules.
Occidental Club (Oakland).	Personnel of the Press.
San Francisco Verein.	Church Directory.
Concordia Club.	Public School Directory.
Spanish-American Club.	Shopping Reference.

From this it will be readily seen that the idea is a comprehensive one, and the manner in which it has been carried out can best be determined by individual examination. As a matter of course the book is not perfect, but it is a great improvement on the New York and Brooklyn *Elite* directories, the "Boston Blue Book," and works of similar description now published, and those who give it an examination will, we think, be satisfied, when the difficulties attending the getting of correct information are considered. The book can be had of A. L. Bancroft & Co., A. Roman & Co., and Billings, Harbottle & Co., and from special canvassers. The diagrams of the different theatres, as a matter of reference, are alone worth the price of the book, and this is but one of its many interesting features.

French Courtship.—Even after the engagement, lovers are never left alone; the lady's mother keeps them company; else, what would people say? Worldly-minded mothers find this *à-tête-à-tête* of three a great nuisance; it keeps them at home, and they will often complain that the young fledge-lings talk an unconscionable time. There can be nothing else to ensure; it is the discreetest billing and cooing ever heard since birds were birds. In its wildest excesses it never goes beyond a giggle; and if hands do meet occasionally, it is only under cover of a book, which, perhaps, if we come to the strict necessities of the case, one might hold as well as two. The lover is quite reconciled to this formal wooing, being prepared for it; and it will not last long, for an engagement seldom drags on more than a month. It was even thus with our fathers and forefathers, in so far as we can learn anything of the matter. Nothing can exceed his embarrassment when the chances of the marriage-market throw him into a family, English or American (especially American), where he is expected to make real love. It perplexes, irritates, frightens him; and when discreet friends retire and leave him and the other to themselves in awful solitude, he is embarrassed beyond measure. His theory of marriage is, however, not quite so heartless as may be supposed. It is untrue that he bargains only for money and not at all for love. He simply thinks that, the money being secured, the love is sure to come; and in that belief he is not far from right, since the majority of French marriages are happy ones.

The mind of youth can not remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will gather elsewhere that which is evil.



Though a little cold, as compared with our usual winter weather, the Saturday mornings for the two or three weeks last past have been delightfully bracing, and so many of our society people have taken advantage of the pleasures of the road and the music of the whirling wheels on the park drives. B. and I were out together the other day drinking in the champagne of the atmosphere and the exhilaration of the Cliff House and its surroundings. So clear has the weather been that the Farallones, thirty miles away, stand out distinct against the clear cut horizon line. Another curious feature of this peculiar season and weather has been the extraordinarily low tide, exposing a beautiful beach boulevard, admitting of a drive between the Cliff House and seal rocks—something that is very rarely done. It was such a pretty sight I saw from the sea verandah: the *élite* of the city below on the beach, in their different styles of vehicles. While I met many familiar faces I encountered many new ones. Two bewitching faces in a *coupe*, unknown; black horses; riding high, thus taking all possible advantage of the bracing atmosphere. There comes Mr. Livingston and niece, closely followed by Captain Beard and wife; then the four-in-hand of Mr. Finnegan—a stylish turnout. Here rushes a lovely span; how fast they go; hot in their hurry, and behind them the genial and jolly face of Charles Crocker. The equestrians seem to be having a good time, indeed. Miss Sharon looks happy, and Nickle is entertained. Miss Lord rides a pretty horse, but appears a little timid. Here is a single-footed horse we admire—that lovely Kentucky horse that Jimmy Dumphy rides. Among other equestrians we notice Mrs. Castle, Miss Bancroft, Miss Sedgwick, Miss White, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mr. Banks, Mr. Head, "True Parisian," and our friend Mr. Phenny. Still passing, we see Bob Morrow, Robert Graves and wife (where is our four-in-hand?), Mrs. Hagan and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Low, Mr. C. W. Felton, Mrs. Loomis, Mr. Brown and daughter; Miss Slade, accompanied by Miss Low, in a "Victoria"; Colonel and Mrs. Gray, W. W. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, Captain and Mrs. Taylor, Captain Maddox and wife, Mrs. Judge Sanderson and friend, Fred Crocker and C. Frolich, Ed. Hall and wife, Will Talbot and friend, Captain Burke, Mr. A. N. Rutherford and wife, and, in this carriage, Miss Patton (Palace Hotel), Miss Hanchett, of San José. We miss Mr. Paxton, with his handsome team, and we are asked to inquire where the Palace Hotel people are with their beach wagon? Has hard times affected it and laid it up for repairs?

The third one of those very enjoyable Assemblies took place at Steinway Hall Tuesday evening, and the beauty and wealth of our city were well represented. These parties are a credit to the committee, and we hope they may be continued. The last was considered superior to previous ones in many respects, the attendance being larger and the toilets more elegant. The evident determination of the committee to make the affair a success was shown in the German being led by Mr. Currier. The most handsome toilets were worn by Mrs. Judge Sanderson, Mrs. M. Castle, Mrs. William Freeborn, Mrs. C. Cole, Mrs. M. Gray, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. D. Yost, and Mrs. Newlands. Among the young ladies present were the Misses Cole, Miss Donahue, Miss Hanchett, Miss Sharon, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Bradley, Miss Irwin, Misses Belden, Miss Chapman, Miss McDougall, Miss Crocker, Miss Durbrow, Miss Wood, Miss Davis. The next Assembly is announced for a February date. Mrs. Gwin gives a German next Friday evening.

The question that now seems to be agitating the minds of our society people is the whereabouts of the "Only Jones." Society misses him, and, indeed, the ladies are quite alarmed lest he may never be heard of again. There are many theories concerning him. It is generally believed he has married, and society has no more attraction for him; or perhaps he has gone off somewhere for his health. If so, we hope he will return with renewed strength, and favor us again as of old. It would be a relief to know nothing very serious has happened to him.

Julian Rix and Jules Tavernier have formed an artistic and business copartnership, and in the old Criminal Court room, at the corner of Montgomery and Jackson Streets, have fitted up a studio in gorgeous and true Bohemian style. The chamber, where erstwhile the criminal answered to the plea, is now hung with the trappings and the paraphernalia of art, and the sight is a goodly one. Sketches in color, in black and white, and etchings, and engravings, adorn the walls, subdued by a color that rests the eye. Easels stand here and there and everywhere. A skylight spreads the sunbeams—admitted only from above—and in the even distribution every sketch and creation of the brush thrusts boldly out its beauties and its faults. Then there is a cosy little fire place, a bit of a carpet shut off from the rest of the *atelier* by a figured screen, and oh! so many, many things to interest and feast the vision. It is an old world apartment; a duplicate of something we read about in books and seldom see. It is the nucleus too, this studio, of the artists' colony. Williams, and Straus, and Robinson, and Garibaldi, have already removed to the same building, and if there is anything in picturesque and comfortable companionship the rest will speedily follow. Go and see this studio, you who love, or patronize, or appreciate art and artists. You will receive a genuine welcome, be agreeably entertained and very much surprised and delighted.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The Orchestral Matinée of last Wednesday formed the conclusion of the series, which wound up at a most opportune time, as an extra week is thus left for special rehearsal for the concert announced for Wednesday afternoon, February 5th, which is to assume the form of a celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Herold's first appearance in this city as a conductor. It seems as if the bare statement of the fact that such a celebration is to take place ought of itself to be sufficient to remind all lovers of music of the great debt of gratitude that we owe to this gentleman, who has been our pioneer in the good cause, and I could not add a syllable of suggestion that it be made a great and worthy affair without insulting an entire community that ought to consider itself not only under great obligations to Mr. Herold, but delighted as well, to have an opportunity of manifesting its appreciation of the services that during a quarter of a century he has lavished upon the art culture of this city. Those of us who remember the conditions that surrounded that first performance of the *Creation* under Mr. Herold in the winter of 1853, will, perhaps, more fully appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking than is possible to those later Argonauts who, coming after, found San Francisco already reaping the results of those early labors in the form of an excellent Chorus and Orchestra. But when it is remembered that this early work, that has been so lasting in its influence and so fruitful in many ways, was performed by a youth of barely twenty-three summers, and when, in addition, we consider that this youth has followed up those youthful efforts with all the energy of the best portion of his manhood in an artistic career that has won respect and admiration at home and abroad—I am convinced, I say, that when we recall all these things there will not be lacking in any quarter the feeling that as a mere matter of justice—to ourselves, if not to the recipient of the compliment—this celebration should assume the form of an ovation. I do not know that any programme has yet been decided on, but shall be surprised and disgusted if it does not contain the name of every prominent artist in San Francisco.

They have been doing this week, at Baldwin's Theatre, a new *Gavotte* for orchestra, by Mr. Fred. Lyster—one of the prettiest things of this kind that I have heard. It is no easy matter to compose the music for an old-fashioned dance so as to make it in perfect keeping with the style of the period to which it belongs and yet pretty in a modern sense; but Mr. Lyster has succeeded admirably in doing both of these things. His composition is both a real *Gavotte* and very pretty music.

The Schmidt Quintet is out with the announcement of a last series of Soirées—a farewell before their flitting to the East, with its horrid climate, but (prospectively) paying houses—which will be given at New Dashaway Hall, and begin on February 18th. There are to be but four Soirées this time, with particularly fine programmes, and, probably, better performances than ever, since these excellent artists are incessant students, and have but one standpoint (which is really none at all), viz.: constant improvement. I expect that they will have a large subscription and enormous houses. Their music is so thoroughly delightful that I feel as if I should like to do whatever is in my power to make this, their last season, a great success and a pleasant reminiscence for them. But if I am obliged to confess to my limited influence in that direction, there is one thing, at least, that I can do for them: I can criticise them after the concerts.

The feature of the last Orchestral Matinée—which had a very strong programme—was a new composition, a *Berceuse*, by Mr. H. N. Channey, who, to judge from this specimen of his work, has kept his inspirations all too long (by every note of them, I should say) modestly in the background, and who gave us on this occasion the first proof of his powers as a composer of orchestra music. I am as yet hardly prepared to give an opinion as to the merits of this new work; after only a single hearing of a composition of such profundity it ought certainly not to be expected of me. I can only say of it, that it seemed to please the audience better than either Lachner's *Suite* or Gade's *Overture* (my neighbor at the concert suggested that this probably arose from the fact that the airs were familiar—had been heard before; but as the said neighbor is a musician, and an aspiring composer, I naturally attributed his remarks to envy, professional jealousy, etc.), and that at the request of many subscribers it is to be placed on the programme *en permanence*, and repeated (with an *encore*) at every concert this season. Mr. Gray has already consulted me as to the advisability of publishing immense editions of it, and seems to be in quite a quandary to find suitable persons to arrange it (from the *Score*, naturally) for the piano forte, as a solo, duet, for two or four pianos—eight and sixteen hands—a solo for violin, cello, flute, cornet, horn, oboe, clarinette, bassoon, trumpet, trombone, double-bass, or kettle-drums. I have suggested, also, grand chorus and orchestra with obligato organ, anvils, and cannon, but believe the composer will have to be consulted before this can be done. Meantime—until the *Score* is published—we shall have to content ourselves as best we can; studying it and puzzling over its intricacies during the regular performances, and hoping (praying!) that Mr. Herold may some time be inspired to give it as a concert all by itself, so that we may be enabled to give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of its manifold beauties without being annoyed—or having our attention distracted—by the compositions of Gade, Wagner, or any of those other professional fellows.

One of the most delightful of the many collections of musical compositions that are now being published in book form is a complete set of the *Songs for Children*, by Reinicke, which has just appeared at Gray's, with an excellent translation of the texts. If children are to be taught to sing at all, it is precisely with such music as this that their taste should be cultivated and led in the right direction, and of all great composers Reinicke is the one who has best understood and ministered to the wants of child-nature. He is the Hans Andersen of music, and his book of songs is no less charming than the fairy tales of the Danish poet.

S. E.

AFTERMATH.

The *Chronicle* is authority for saying that on the Chinese New Year's Day nearly all the evangelical preachers paid their compliments and presented their addresses to the Chinese Consul, and gives as a specimen—and the best specimen—that of the Reverend Dr. Thomas Guard, Methodist. Now, we do not exactly see why the evangelical divines should pay their compliments especially to the Chinese. They do not do it to the English, or French, or German consuls. If Dr. Guard desires to "grasp a Chinese hand," certainly, we say, let him proceed to grasp it. If Dr. Guard thinks himself and the Chinese Consul "children of the same heavenly father," then Dr. Guard is a wise ecclesiastical child if he knows the fact. If he thinks "they are formed after the same divine image," all right: we can express no opinion as to the family likeness, as we have no personal acquaintance either with the preacher or the Chinaman. If "the God of Nations designed fraternal intercourse between us and China," we shall most irreverently hope that the Divine purpose will be frustrated. When this Methodist divine attempts to convey the idea that "the gentlemen of the sandlot"—as he ironically terms them—do not express an almost universal sentiment upon the subject of Chinese immigration, because "they are foreigners, and not of Protestant culture and creed," he misrepresents intelligent public opinion—or, to use a more elegant expression, he is "inexact." We are tired of all this sentimental bosh about a common fatherhood, and a common brotherhood, and a common right for barbarian hordes to inundate our continent and overwhelm our civilization. We had hoped this thing was played out by demagogues and politicians, and we protest against its being taken up by evangelical preachers. Such expressions are at this especial time peculiarly inappropriate. We are endeavoring to secure political action, we are beginning to impress statesmen with the importance of this Chinese question, and we are impatient that this sort of sentimentality should be used to grease the track and hinder the car of progress in its up grade.

We received on Monday last a complimentary invitation to attend a matinee reading at St. Ignatius' College of a "Passion Play," by Mr. Salmi Morse. The card was marked:

"ADMIT GENTLEMEN ONLY."

This suggested something naughty, and, of course, we determined to go. A play to be placed upon the stage, with orchestra, scenery and drop curtain, of the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ—a play that shall represent to boys eating peanuts in the gallery the birth of an infant god, the death of the innocents, John the Baptist's head dripping from the salver presented by the dancing Salome to the angry Herodias, the Redeemer's last supper, His agony in the garden, His betrayal, His bearing of the cross to Golgotha, the taking down of His pierced and bleeding body from the tree, His resurrection and ascension—all these seem to us to be far too holy things to be produced by mouthing players to the time of fiddle and flageolet. What beer-drinking actor shall take the part of Jesus the Christ, the son of God? What female that walks the modern stage in San Francisco shall personate Mary, the holy mother of God? And yet this play is sanctioned by Archbishop Alemany, and was on Wednesday approved by a double score of Catholic Fathers, and seems to have the sanction of the church. Well, if it has, we, of course, must be perforce content. The church is wiser than we as to what is good for it. Mr. Salmi Morse, the author of this passion play, is an Israelite, and that seems strange. The play, we think, exhibits scholarly attainments on the part of Mr. Salmi Morse. It is not possible to justly criticise a literary work of this character upon hearing it once read—and it was badly read—by Mr. Morse. The poetry, the chants, and the choruses seemed to us to be good, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of withholding any expression of opinion as to the merits of the composition. As a play it is capable of magnificent scenic effects. Whether it will be put upon the stage in San Francisco, whether it is gotten up for money, or whether it would make money if played, we have no opinion. Whether its playing would be elevating and attended with good results we have no opinion. Passion plays are not new things; they are old. They were sanctioned by the early church. This one may revive the Christian spirit, and increase the popular reverence for divine things; or may bring what we now regard as sacred into contempt. This is, however, for the clergy, and not for the press, to determine.

If any enthusiastic and honest Republican has hoped for any measure of reform to come from within the Republican organization, the ardor of his expectations will be damped by the reflection to the United States Senate of Matt Carpenter and John A. Logan, and of Borie of New Jersey to Congress. Now give us drunken Zach Chandler, then nominate Grant, and the nation will have entered upon its era of final reformation.

Bosqui has just completed a set of chromos from a painting by Thomas Hill, which are a triumph of art for this coast. The subject is a freshly-hooked salmon trout, gasping in a grassy glade, with the shimmer and sheen still on its beautiful, flashing scales. Above the fish, and resting on the bended branches, is the rod and line; and near the reel the gaudy artificial fly that lured the beauty on to the fatal jump. The execution of the work is as near a *fac simile* of the painting as the lithographer's art can give, and excels, in the opinion of competent judges, the best work of the East and the continent. Another chromo, from a painting by Hill—a brood of recently hatched quail—is now in process of printing.

A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman and said to her: "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse," said the other, "don't you know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

It is not good for man to be alone, unless he holds both bowlers and the ace.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

How a Camel is Like a Swan.—The Camel of airy Altitude that Lived in a Low Tent.—A Wicked Generation seeketh a Sign.—Missis Dobby's famous red Hea again illumines this Narrative.—The Author's Sister, the Author's Sister's Young Man, and the Author in Council.—The Mouth of the Hippopotamus comes upon the Carpet.—Prowess of the Rhinoceros, etc., etc.

One time a man wich was a travler he come to a lake, and a caml was a standin in the lake up to the camls belly. Then the man he take out his led pencil and rote into his dory book: "This is the land of the swon. The swon is the biggest bird wich swims the deep, long gracefe nex like snakes nex, and not any tail for to speak of."

Bime bi the caml it come out and woked a way, and then the man he wrote a other time: "The swons legs is 4, and its feets is woppers. Swans is jest like camles."

After a wile there was a natif nigger, and he sed had the man see his camle any were. Then the man he wrote again, the man he did: "Thay call em camls, too. How wonderfel is the works of God, so many jest alike!"

Me and Billy we plade caml, and I was the caml, cos Billy he sed, "You be the caml and Ile be the hunch," so Billy he was the hunch. After a wile I sed I was tired most to deth. But Billy he sed: "I gess yude been lots tierder than wot you are if some feller had been a ridin you."

A man wich had a caml in a sho he stood to the dnor of his sho and hollered: "Wock in gents, only 2 bits for to see the grate caml of Madgigasker, wich wocks the dessert like a thing of life, and wich is so high that its hunch is cuverd with eterne sno!"

Then my sisters yung man he sed: "How hi is yure tent?"

Then the sho man he loked at my sisters yung man a wile and he sed: "The arkiteck wich dsined it is absent putn up a idiet sylum for fellers wich sasses the shoman, and his plans is lock up in the ephalents trunk, but I gess mebbly this tent is bout as hi as the platform wich yure father was gittin down off from time he broke his neck."

Then my sisters yung man he was offie mad, and he tuke of his cote and was a goin for to lick the sho man. But the sho man he hollered back in the tent: "Jim, fetch that caml out here and make him pay his 2 bits, cos theres a yung feller wich is a other sho."

But if I was my sisters yung man I wude hit the sho man on the snoot of his nose, yes, in deed, and holler: "Ime the grate fiter of Madgigasker, and my back is got upper than a camls back, lots of eterne sno and some clouds, too, hooray!" Cos Ime brafe like a sojer wen its a fair fite, no strikn back.

One time a man wich cudent read he cum to Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, and ast him to paint a sine for a sho. Mr. Jonnice he sed wot was the kind of sho, and the man he sed a caf without any hed. So Mr. Jonnice painted a big sine, and it sed:

THE
WONDERFUL HEDLESS CAF.
BEATS ANY THING.
Never See Sech a Site in Yure Life.
4 BITS TO GIT IN.
N. B. The Hed for Sale.

But no boddy wude go in for to see it, and wen the sine was read to the sho man you never see sech a fewrious feller!

Wen the circus was here las time, Billy he went, but I had to sta to home for to mind the baby and I cride, but nex day twas him cride, cos he hurt hissef walkn on his hed, and Sammy Dobby busted hisn throne up a rock for to catch it on his neck. Sammys mother has got a red hed, jest like fire, you never seen sech a redn, and one nite Uncle Ned he was passn her house, and all the peoples was a runnin and hollerin in the street, and Missis Dobby she stood at the windo, and ast Uncle Ned what was up. Uncle Ned he see a brite lite some were, and he hollered to Missis Dobby: "Put out yure hed, cos its a fire!"

Then Missis Dobby she was as mad as you ever see, and she said: "You insultin man, cant I ast a civil question with out I got to be poked fun at for wot I cant hellep?"

My fathers is gray, and my mothers is brown, and Billys is jest the collar of mine, but Missy, thats my sister, she can set down on hern. Her young man he says she is the only woman he ever see wich never had any longer hair fore she had a fever, and it cum out, but I gess her turn is comin, cos wile he was a pullin it, and a rakin his fingers thru it, she was mity red face like she was sick. Hisn is black, and he can wiggle his ears like horses, and make fritefle mowths, and thats the kind of feller for me, but a high potamus mowth is offer than any boddys.

One day him and me and Missy was alone in the parler, and I was a settin on the edg of a chair and he sed: "Johnny, were does it pain you?"

Then I sed wot did he mean, and he sed: "I thot you seemd so uncumfable that mebbly you better go for the dockter, cos if it aint tended to rite away it runs into the collywoddles, wich is fatle."

Then I sed it was only jest cude he tel me how much a high potamus eats to one meal.

Then he loked at me sollem out of his eyes, and hisn is brown, but hern are blue, and after a wile he sed: "Johnny, the stay tisticks is meeger on that pint, but I think it is safe to say that if high potamus eats fokes the feller wich tackles this famly can stand a goodeal of yure sister, but he wil find that jest he losses little tiny bit of you is anuff."

The ri nosy rose he tosses the ephalent on his horn and smiles wicked, but the high potamus is more like Mister Brily, the butcher.

SAN RAFAEL, January 19, 1895.

"Will you not do something for the cause of temperance?" said a vender of teetotal literature. "Now, do you know," was the contemplative reply, "that's what has always puzzled me? Come now, tell me what causes the thing and I'll see what I can do."

IN THE WRONG BOX.

When Eagle Davis died,
I was sitting by his side—
'Twas in Boston, Massachusetts, and he said to me, "Old boy,
This climate—as you see—
Isn't quite the size for me;
Dead 'or livin', take me back, if you can, to Ellanoy."

So I took him by the hand,
But he'd just run out his sand,
And his breath was gone for ever before a word would come;
Then I and other three
Together did agree
In a party for to travel and to funeralize him home.

But Goshen Wheeler said,
As he looked upon the dead,
"Just remark my observation what I say:
That deceased, now glorious,
Was in life a curious cuss,
And something unexpected will happen on the way.

"From the time that he was born
Till he doubled round the Horn
Of Death, all his measurements and pleasures were odd;
And odd his line will be,
As you're registered to see,
Till his walnut case is underneath the gravel and the sod."

It was bitter winter weather
When we all four got together
At the depot, with the coffin in an extra packin' box;
And a friend, with good intent,
A cask of whisky sent,
Just to keep our boats from wrackin', as they say, upon the rocks.

Then a ticket agent he,
Seenin' mournin', says to me:
"Can I get the cards, or help you in your trouble, Mr. Brown?"
So with solemn words I said,
As I pointed to the dead:
"There you'll find, I guess, our pilgrimage and shrine written down."

Then all night beneath the stars
We sat grimly in the cars,
Sometimes sleepin', sometimes drinkin', till the dawn;
And each man went in his turn
To the baggage-crate, to learn
If the box was packin' time with us, and how 'twas gettin' on.

Then all day beneath the sun
Still the train went rushin' on,
While we still kep' as silent as gravestones as we went;
Playin' euchre solemnly,
Which we kinder did agree
With the stakes to build for Davis a decent monument.

'Bout once in every mile
Some mourner took a smile,
But we did no other smilin' as we traveled day or night;
And once in every hour
Some one went into the bower,
And reported the receptacle of Davis was all right.

But when four days were past,
Which we still were flyin' fast,
Goshen Wheeler, very solemn, with expression to us cries:
"Where we are it should be freezin'
And our very breaths a-squeezin',
Whereas the air is hot enough to bake persimmon pies.

"Don't you smell a rich perfume
As of summer flowers in bloom?
'Tis magnolias by yon bumble colored boy.
Now, I never yet did know
That the sweet mag-no-li-o
Grew in winter in the latitude of Northern Ellanoy."

Then said Ebenezer Dotton:
"I behold a field of cotton,
And I wonder how in thunder such a veg'table got here.
I don't know how we're fixed,
But the climate's gettin' mixed,
And it's spilin' very rapidly with warmth, as I fear."

Spoke Mr. Aaron Bland:
"I perceive on yonder land
That sugar-cane is bloomin', correctly, all in rows,
And not to make allusions
To Republican delusions,
But the niggers air a-gettin' all around as thick as crows."

Still we sat there mighty glum
Till along a feller come
And I says, says I, "Conductor, now tell us what it means—
Just inform us where we be."
"Wall, now, gentlemen," said he,
"I reckon we air comin' to the spot called New Orleans."

So we rushed all in a row,
When we got to the depot,
To the baggage-crate, a-wonderin' at these transformation scenes;
And we found out unexpected
That the box had been directed
Not unto Ellanoy, but to a man in New Orleans!

Without carin' if I'd catch it,
I straightway took a hatchet,
And busted off the cover without openin' my mouth;
And I found a grand planer,
Which we'd followed for our banner
All the way from Massachusetts unto the sunny South.

Then I said, "I rather guess
I can see into this mess,
And explain the startlin' error which has given you such shocks.
When that Boston fellow be
Asked the route I'd take of me,
I pinte'd, inadvertent, unto another box."

Now Eagle Davis lies
Beneath the Northern skies,
Where the snow is on the pine tree, while we are with the palm;
But I reckon if his spirit
Should ever come to hear it,
He'll be perfectly contented with the story in this psalm.

C. G. LELAND, in Hood's Comic Annual for 1879.

"Hurrah for the beautiful snow," he cried—
"How brilliant, sparkling, and clear!"
But he soon changed his tune, for a wicked gossoon
Plugged some in the hole of his ear.

Mr. Halliker sent his boy to the grocery with a quarter, to buy twenty cents' worth of cheese, and the boy came back without a nickel of change and the smell of gumdrops on his breath. The skate-strap was produced and explanations demanded. "Father," exclaimed the noble boy, "don't whip me. If you don't want your funds forcibly abstracted, trust the combination to a boy."

THET OERA-LINDA-BOK.

A Remarkable Literary Forgery.

Drusus, the Roman general, found in the year 13 B. C. a tribe of Germans, who were termed by the Romans Frisii, and by themselves Fresen, dwelling on the northwest coast of Germany between the mouth of the Rhine and of the Ems, together with the Batavi and the Chauci, and not far removed from their more northern brethren the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons. Similar to the last named tribes in language, laws, and customs, the principal point of contrast between them and their neighbors may perhaps be summed up in the words of Emmius in *Præf. ad rer. Fris. Hist.*: "The Frisians alone of all the ancient Germanic branches have from the Christian era, and the time of the first Cæsars, retained their primitive abode and name without a change to the present time;" for they did not accompany the other members of the common Gothic stock to the British Isles and elsewhere. Their language has been equally enduring, though now spoken by but a few persons living in certain islands in the German Ocean and in the provinces of East and West Friesland, embraced at present respectively in Holland and Hanover.

The only monuments of their oldest national literature are comprised in their law books. Each district had its laws written in its own dialect, and those laws are interesting not only to linguists, but also to the students of jurisprudence, for their enactments as well as those of the other ancient German tribes are extremely peculiar. The spirit of the hardy Gothic race was such that its members could not brook the idea of imprisonment; all crimes were, therefore, punished by fine or the ordeal. It may then be conjectured that this body of laws of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries is looked upon as a monument of inestimable worth, and that the discovery of any other old Frisian texts would be warmly and eagerly welcomed. Much pleasure was indeed experienced by the learned world at large when in 1872 a work, entitled *Thet Oera-Linda-Bok*, purporting to be written in more ancient Frisian than any theretofore known, was published in Holland, accompanied by a Dutch translation by the learned Dr. Ottema. This remarkable book has for preface an injunction, dated 1256, from Hiddo, surnamed Oera Linda, to his son to preserve the document with the greatest care, because of its containing the entire history of the Frisian people. Another letter follows immediately upon it, bearing date 803, signed by Liko, surnamed Over de Linda, containing a similar exhortation, adding that it must not fall into the hands of the priests, "the greatest enemies to the rights and liberties of the people."

The book consists of two parts—the first written by Adela, "Burchfam," or Borough Lady of the Frisians, and is termed *The Book of Adelia's Followers*; and by a labored chronological reckoning seems to have been written about 558 B. C. The second book, by Appolonia, is assigned to 530 B. C.

The contents of *Oera-Linda-Bok* are in general simply amazing. They set chronology, history, mythology, and almost conjecture, at defiance. Neptune is represented to have been a Friesland Viking whose name was Teunis, and he was familiarly called by his followers "Neef Teunis" i. e. "Cousin Teunis." Minerva, otherwise termed Nyhellenia, was originally a Burgt-Maagd, or Borough Lady, at the town of Walhallagara, or Middleburg, in Walcheren, and went to Athens 1600 years B. C. And a third mythological character named Minno—a Friesland sea king—was Minos, the law-giver of Crete, "who imparted to the Cretans an asebaboek"—code of laws. The history of the Frisian race therein set out at length is equally bewildering. Friso, the presumptive ancestor of the race, fifteen and a half centuries before our era, headed a Frisian colony which he led to India, where they settled in the Punjab, and were known as Geertmen, so called after their priestess, Geert. These men, according to Dr. Ottema, were known to Strabo as Germanes in India, differing entirely from the Brachmanes in manners, language, and religion. It is mentioned, moreover, as a striking fact corroborative of their migration thither, that in the summer the sun at mid-day was straight above their heads. They, therefore, must have lived in the tropics. In this phenomenal hejra, or hegira, of a hardy tribe from the bleak and barren wastes of northern Germany to the heated jungles of the tropical south, the incident most worthy of note is perhaps the fact that the Frisian mariners sailed through the strait which in those times still ran into the Red Sea. A general and minute account of the wanderings of these bold sailors throughout the Mediterranean, and in almost every direction in the then known world, is given with great diffuseness, and cannot be epitomized within reasonable space.

A system of theology is also laid down. The religion is extremely simple, and purely monotheistic. Wer-alda (pronounced Ooralda—Dutch Over-oude, the Over-oid; that is, the infinitely old) is the sole eternal, infinite, and almighty being. Lyda, Finda, and Frya are the three daughters of the earth, and the mothers respectively of the black, yellow, and white races. As such Frya is the mother of the Friesland-ers, and is looked upon and revered as the representative with them on earth of Wer-alda, and the worship consists in the maintenance of an ever-burning lamp by priestesses—vestal virgins. There are moral, general, and maritime laws laid down, which, however, bear little or no resemblance to any to be found in the codices in the old or classic tongue.

It may well be supposed that this "wonderbook," as denominated by some in Holland, and "het monsttrum" by others, would not be allowed to pass for authentic unchallenged. The Dutch Academy of Sciences would have nothing to do with it, but the Friesland Society, delighted and bewildered with this image of the antiquity and grandeur of their race, received it with distinguished hospitality and effusion.

In the introduction to his edition of the book Dr. Ottema gave a labored and ingenious vindication of the genuineness of the document. He and Dr. Reitsma asserted that the text was older and purer Frisian than that contained in the ancient laws; Professor Vittinga saw in it an indication of the writer's intimate acquaintance with the old Frisian tongue; and Mr. De Haan Hettema, the Frisian scholar par excellence, and the compiler of the standard Old Frisian lexicon, an admirable work of its kind, asserted in the *Leeuwaarden Courant*, in May, 1871, that the language of the *Oera-Linda-Bok* was older and more regular than that of the ancient laws above referred to. But in spite of this there were many

who felt convinced that the manuscript was an imposture and a forgery; and yet it seemed impossible to assign it to any definite modern period, or to conceive of a motive for the perpetration of such a monstrous hoax. It was further urged that there were but two or three men living, and they scholars of the highest reputation and character, capable of writing in the dead or classic language of the Frisians.

The account of its appearance, and of how it reached its present status, is as follows: In 1867 Cornelis Over de Linden, Chief Superintendent of the Royal Dockyard at the Helder, gave to Messrs. Jansen, Winkler, and Verwijs the manuscripts of the *Oera-Linda-Bok* for translation, which he said had been inherited and preserved in his family from time immemorial. It was written in characters which were a peculiar kind of uncials or capitals, and a language that he did not understand, and he desired to know its import. Dr. Verwijs recognized the manuscript as ancient Frisian, and made a copy for the benefit of the Friedland Society before referred to, and was of the opinion that it was of great importance, provided that it was not invented for some deceptive object, which he feared. (*Ottema*, pref. to *O. L. B.*, p. 1, Lond. Ed.) On the publication of the text in 1872 the whole learned world was set at variance regarding it, some believing it a forgery, and others, especially the Frisians, considering it genuine. In 1876 an edition appeared in London with English version of the text. The paper of the manuscript is of large quarto size, made of cotton, and very thick, without water mark or maker's mark, made upon a frame or wire web, with not very broad perpendicular lines. Dr. Ottema argued that the paper came from Spain, whose inhabitants learned the manufacture of cotton paper from the Arabs, to whom it became known by the conquest of Samarcand, about the year 704.

One of the most pronounced disbelievers in this book was J. Beckering Vinckers, of Kampen, in Holland, who gave strong reasons for considering it a modern production, and in 1877 published a pamphlet entitled *Wie heeft het Oera-Linda-Bok Geschreven?* (who wrote the *Oera-Linda-Bok*?), completely demolishing the work, showing conclusively that—astonishing as it may seem—it was written by Over de Linden himself, the owner of the manuscript, and that it is, in spite of the learned doctors aforesaid, a hodge-podge, a *mengelmoois* of ancient Frisian, new Frisian, and modern Dutch. *Errare humanum est*. And it is a positive fact, that if a competent linguist will now examine a single page of this *trouvaille* he will find it an amazing farrago of technical, as well as of general construction.

C. Over de Linden was born in 1810 and died in 1873. He had been promoted from the position of ship carpenter to that of dock superintendent; he had been a sea-faring man, and had traveled much. His appearance was that of a man of integrity and honor. It was well known that he was convinced, like his father before him, that he was a man out of the usual—perhaps of noble origin as well. His own words were: "Ik ben een rare," and he was indisputably a remarkable and extraordinary man. He was self-educated, and he educated himself liberally, too, but notwithstanding his varied acquirements he never could attain a thoroughly grammatical style in writing his mother-tongue. He hid from his children his knowledge of other languages, and always said he knew no Frisian. The text of the *Oera-Linda-Bok* contains precisely the same errors in grammar that characterize his known writings in his native Dutch. After his death loose papers of his were found, and among them some small fragments of the same kind of Frisian as appears in the *Oera-Linda-Bok*, and these are conclusively proven to have been written before and not after the appearance of the printed text of the *Bok*, as his children assert.

After his death an auction of his books was held on the public square at the Helder, and among them was a whole library of works on Frisian history, language, and antiquities, mythology, etc., with plenty of grammars and dictionaries. In this list are to be found works in French, English, German, Anglo-Saxon, Old Frisian, Old Norse, Swedish, and Danish—a wonderful library for one employed in the royal marine service of the Kingdom of Holland.

Among his books were found a French and Dutch copy of Volney's ruins, and the extravagant and fantastical views which Volney therein gave to the world regarding the symbolical character of all religions, and which have brought his name into such notoriety throughout the globe, form the basis and groundwork, not only to the *Oera-Linda-Bok*, but also of the fragmentary writings left by this man. The ideas are the same, the modes of treatment, and the characteristics of thought are identical. They are the products of the same weird and fantastic brain that drew its inspiration from that eccentric thinker, Volney.

And, further, the manuscript of the *Oera-Linda-Bok* was not, as he asserted, handed down in his family. It has been proved that none of his relatives ever heard of it, and his accounts of how it came into his possession were conflicting and irreconcilable. He worked, too, very much in secret, and fabricated a *familie-wapen*, or coat of arms, with a Frisian word thereon. He was a man of immense patience and ingenuity, as the great number of ship models left by him attest. The writing of the manuscript uncials must have been the tiresome and patient work of years. He brought the paper for the manuscript from the east on one of his voyages; it was not Arabian, but Chinese paper. Thus did this singular man, as the Hollanders say, "take the learned world by the nose and lead it round the yard."

Gerrit Jansen and the son of Cornelis came to the relief of the reputation of Over de Linden, asserting that the work was above the capacity of the man, etc. This evidence is very weak and entirely inconclusive, and does not materially affect the positions taken by Vinckers. Dr. Ottema was most grievously deceived in the matter, and the last days of that venerable scholar will be embittered by the wrong he has suffered.

One can hardly say which is calculated to give the greatest surprise, the immense and unwearied industry, the research and study, or the unaccountable and incoherent way that this remarkable man chose to speak to the world for the glorification of himself, his presumptive race, and his family. In this, so to speak, inarticulate way his great but misdirected spirit found utterance. When we think of the genius of the man we can but wish that the world had otherwise heard from the superintendent of the royal dockyard at the Helder.

C. SAN FRANCISCO, January 21, 1879.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S LAST VISIT.—II.

After shaking the dust of the Pajaro Valley from off our feet, and this was no small undertaking in its literal sense, we journeyed to Sacramento.

The weather was broiling, but the iced drinks that Mr. Taylor consumed at every stopping place would have cooled the bowels of a salamander.

He had long since given up the prospect of returning home with a two-thousand-dollar harvest in his pocket, and humorously alluded to the astonishment with which his telegram home for more funds would be received.

"I told my wife," he said, "and Anne Thackeray, the author's daughter, who is our guest, that I would bring them back lots of double eagles fresh from the San Francisco Mint, but, alas! I see now they will have to send me the greenbacks wherewith to purchase those beautiful disks. California has grown too old for me, or I for California."

In Sacramento we were fortunate enough to drop upon a financially embarrassed church. Mr. Taylor's services were at once engaged for one night at a hundred dollars.

This was a stroke of luck, and Taylor prayed that in our future journeyings every town might contain one or more poverty-stricken institutions.

At the close of the Sacramento lecture, as the night was too hot to sleep, we sat on the hotel balcony, talking and imbibing cold punches, until the freshness of the morning hours succeeded the disagreeable sultriness.

"My *Faust*," he said, "is weighing heavily upon my mind. I don't much mind what the English and American critics say, for, indeed, I am pretty sure they will receive it with favor, but I confess I look forward with some apprehension to the verdict of my German friends. It is the most earnest work of my life. Do you know poetry has been my ambition? I mean that I would rather write a great poem, one that all should acknowledge great, than win the highest place in pure literature. I have my favorite poems, and recite them every night as good Christians do their prayers. But my gem of gems is 'Josephine,' by Præd. I remember the first time I read it to my wife. She became an immediate convert to its beauty. What! you have never seen it?" and in a sonorous voice, and with admirable pathos, he recited the husband's confession to his wife of the *liaison* of his wild days:

"We did not meet in courtly hall
Where wealth and beauty throng,
Where luxury holds festival,
And wit awakes the song;
We met, where darker spirits meet,
In the home of sin and shame,
Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
But hides his titled name.
And she *knew* she could not be, love,
What *once* she might have been,
But she was kind to me, love,
My pretty Josephine."

"I honor the fellow's pluck," said Mr. Taylor, emphatically. "How many men would dare to mention the Josephine of their ante-conjugal days to the wife. And I am sure she must have forgiven him. What true woman could have withstood the appeal in the last verse:

"Alas! your lips are rosier,
Your eyes of softer blue;
And I have never felt for her,
As now I feel for you.
Our love was like the light snow-flake
That melts before you pass,
Or the bubbles in the wine that break
Before you lip the glass.
You've seen these eyelids wet, love,
Which she has never seen,
But bid me not forget, love,
My poor Josephine."

"The last time I was in London I was introduced to Swinburne. I never saw such a peculiar individual in my life. I thought he had St. Vitus's dance. He never sat in the same position a moment, and his features and limbs kept up a sort of twitching—enough to make a nervous person lose his senses. But, notwithstanding that he is so disagreeable personally, he is England's great lyric bard." Thus Taylor rattled on until the cool breeze promised us a pleasant night's, or rather morning's, rest.

At Stockton the house was good, but Mr. Taylor was tired of the business; and, although he was advertised to lecture in Marysville, he decided to return to San Francisco. One of his pet theories was the Law of Compensation. He bought four tickets in the Mercantile Library Lottery, and assured me that he felt perfectly confident of winning a prize. "For," he said, "that is where the Law of Compensation will most assuredly come in. My lectures have been a financial failure; granted. I buy for a paltry twenty dollars four lottery tickets; go calmly and confidently back to my wizard, and lo! wake up one morning the possessor of thousands, and a more earnest believer than ever in the Law of Compensation."

Afterward, writing from his home in Kennett Square, in reply to a letter from me where I mentioned that some parties had taken steps to stop the lottery and that our investments and hopes were ruined, he says:

"Do you really mean that the lottery is to be prevented? Then what shall we all do? Here I have four tickets, selected under the most propitious planetary aspects, and one of them would have been certain to draw a grand prize. Send me a telegram when the number turns up! Engage a special train; order out the marines to protect the gold! This is the last feather that breaks the camel's back. No lottery! Then where is my 'compensation' to come from? The theory is false after all."

In San Francisco Mr. Taylor delivered his last lecture for the benefit of a church. On that evening he gave a farewell dinner to a few of his friends. Among the guests was one who shall be nameless, but whose attentions to the bottle resulted in muddling him to such an extent that before dinner was over he wept on Taylor's waistcoat, and declared his intention of traveling as far as Omaha to see Taylor properly home. When Taylor retired to his room he invited this friend to go along and refresh himself by a nap on the lounge. He did so, but unfortunately when the grave and pious deacon who was to escort Taylor to the church arrived our friend was wide awake. He would go to the lecture. Taylor took him aside and whispered: "If you only keep straight now, we shall have a glorious supper when this business is over." He did remain tolerably quiet, and we left

him in the vestry, where he promised to sit until the lecture was concluded.

Mr. Taylor was fairly landed in St. Petersburg, and was describing the *personnel* of the Czar, when a deep and strangled snore behind him gave him a considerable start. He looked around, half expecting to see the author of the snort, and then the truth flashed across him that our friend had fallen asleep on the lounge in the vestry, between which and the reading desk was only a thin partition. To those seated in the front pews the effect of those snorts, coming in at the pauses of the lecture, was indescribably ludicrous. It cost Taylor no slight effort to keep his countenance, but he struggled along manfully until, when about half way through, our friend in the vestry ceased. But he was only preparing for a new surprise. He was awake, and was trying to find his way out of the vestry, as we could tell by his boots, which creaked admirably. Creak, creak, he came along some stairway, opened a door leading into the gallery, and poked out his head. About half the audience caught sight of him before he closed the door. Down again we heard him go, then up another stairway, and out another door on the opposite side. This time he was expected, and some four hundred upturned faces greeted him. He banged this door hastily, descended, his boots creaking horribly, entered another labyrinth, and turned up in a few minutes in the organ loft. Everybody was ready for him now, and I candidly believe that if some one were to offer pools as to the chances of the next door he'd appear at, there would be no lack of purchasers. All interest in the lecture was gone. Our friend with the creaking boots monopolized the entire attention of the audience.

On the following morning Mr. Taylor left for the East. He would return, he said, in two or three months with his wife and daughter, and Miss Thackeray, and would show them the Yosemite, the Big Trees, and other California wonders; but he never returned.

Bayard Taylor was essentially the young man's friend: with those who labored in his own profession he had the keenest sympathy. Remembering his early struggles, he was full of advice and encouragement for all who had embraced literature as a profession. He had an immense circle of correspondents, nearly all of whom, he told me, were young people. In a letter to him I said that a friend of his in whom he was much interested had declared to me his purpose of loafing for several years, and waiting for something to turn up. Taylor writes, beginning with a recital of his own troubles:

"When I came home from California I found that the astonishing promise of my vineyard had been ruined by three weeks of rain during the blossoming period. Since then seven weeks of intense heat without rain have withered and spoiled peaches, melons, corn, and almost everything else. I only need boils to be a very good representative of Job. However, I don't lose my courage. I have taken to hard work, and in a few months, D. V., will have retrieved all this misfortune. And here let me beg of you to tell—not to talk of loafing for years to come. What business has a fellow of twenty-two, full of unused energies, developing tastes, and latent capacities, to loaf? You never can get something for nothing in this world. In the fairy tales the prince gets the beauty or the treasure only after incredible daring. There is such a thing as intellectual *bottom*, and the men who have, or acquire it, are they who succeed."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879. DANIEL O'CONNELL.

A Favor to the Press.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—The celerity with which Sharpe and McDaniel were hanged at Mauch Chunk the other day, while the messenger with the Governor's telegraphic reprieve was thundering at the door of the jail, recalls a circumstance in my own experience. Something over a year ago (I won't be too particular about dates, places, and names) it was announced that an execution was about to take place at a certain county seat in Nevada. In pursuance of my duties as a news-gatherer I wrote to an enterprising journalist of said county seat inquiring if I could depend upon him for a telegraphic report of the execution in time for the second edition of the *Daily*. He replied as follows:

"Yours of the 5th instant just received. You can depend upon me for a very full report of the execution of Sam. I am now writing up his history, visiting him in jail daily for that purpose. The Sheriff is my brother-in-law, and I can arrange it with him to have the execution take place in time to send the report for the second edition of the. Truly yours, etc."

My correspondent was as good as his word. Sam—was swung off at five minutes before twelve, and a full account of the execution appeared that day in the second edition of the *Daily*. Was not that little arrangement with his "brother-in-law, the Sheriff," a rather unique specimen of journalistic enterprise? NEWS-GATHERER.

The latest game is called the "Bouquet." Each player in turn supposes herself or himself a bouquet, consisting of three flowers. Then having determined on the flowers, each names them aloud, and the leader writes them down privately, and adds the names of three persons to each list. He then asks each player to what use the flowers named were to be put. The player tells him, and then he adds them to the papers after the names. *Par example*:

Leader—Theresa, choose your flowers.

Theresa—Marigold, Bachelor's Button, and Sassafras.

Leader—I have made an editorial note of all of them.

What will you do with the Marigold?

Theresa—Chuck it out the window.

Leader—And the Bachelor's Button?

Theresa—Crush it in my poetical palm.

Leader—And the Sassafras?

Theresa—Wear it in my raven hair.

Leader—Good. Now, then, Miss Theresa, know that you have chucked Longfellow out of the window, crushed Colonel Jackson in your poetical palm, and worn Hector Stuart in your raven hair. Next.

This time a gentleman, and so the game goes on.

An Irish gentleman of a mechanical turn took off his gas-meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with arithmetical correctness that the gas company owed him \$8.50.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Gold Locks and Silver Locks.

Pupil and master together,
The wise man and the child,
Merrily talking and laughing
Under the lamp-light mild.

Pupil and master together,
A fair sight to behold,
With his thronging locks of silver,
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

Well, little girl, did you practice
On the violin to-day?
What is the air I gave you?
Have you forgotten, pray?"

And he sings a few notes, and pauses,
Half frowning, to see her stand
Perplexed, with her white brows knitted,
And her chin upon her hand.

Far off in the street, of a sudden
Comes the sound of a wandering band,
And the blare of brass rings faintly,
Too distant to understand.

"Hark," says the master, smiling,
Bending his head to hear,
"In what key are they playing?
Can you tell me that, my dear?"

"Is it D minor? Try it!"
To the piano and try!"
She strikes it, the sweet sound answers
Her touch, so light and shy.

And swift as steel to magnet,
The far tones and the near
Unite and blend together
Smoothly upon the ear.

I thought, if one had the power,
What a beautiful thing 'twould be,
Hearing life's manifold music,
To strike in one's self the key;

Whether joyful or sorry, to answer,
As wind-harps answer the air,
And solve by simple submission
Its riddles of trouble and care.

But the little maid knew nothing
Of thoughts so grave and wise,
As she stole again to her teacher,
And lifted her merry eyes.

And neither dreamed what a picture
They made, the young and the old—
With his thronging locks of silver
And her tresses of ruddy gold.

CELIA THAXTER, in *St. Nicholas*.

Last Days.

The long brown beach lies sleeping in the sun,
The hot white noon leans idly to the bay,
Cloud upon cloud, above my head,
Opens the blossom of the perfect day.

There is a color like a living soul
Upon the half-revealed but half-veiled sky;
Glad to sad eyes, reclines the flushed, full tide,
Celestial body that shall never die.

My prayers look out like orphans through their tears;
My heart cries out, O life! O life! for thee.
But One across the water draweth nigh,
Too kind, and so too dumb, to answer me.
ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

Bayard Taylor.

How much the land had loved him it scarce knew,
Till Honor, always tardy in her aim,
Among the nation's foremost set his name;
Then lo! before this honor its full due

Had reaped, while yet the ocean breezes blew
Its prophecy, a second honor came,
Kindling in poets' souls a warmer flame;
From voice to voice, from heart to heart it flew,

His last and noblest poem. "Ah! th' year,"
We said, "hath crowned him with a double crown.
The gods he sings so well have held him dear."
Lo! while we spoke he laid his laurels down.

The gods another costlier gift had brought,
They held him dearer even than we thought.
H. H., in *Independent*.

After the Concert.

My better self, my Stradivarius! we
Have done great things to-night; have helped to bear
On outstretched wings the stream of melody
Up to heaven's portals—it might enter there.

I wonder, loved one, was it thou or I
Who poured our souls forth on the music's strain?
Thou art not living—yet I hear thee sigh,
And sing, and sob, like gods more than us men.

Since he, Cremona's master, worked and wrought
With more than human skill, he surely breath'd
Into his sweet creation speech and thought,
Best of the forest with man's best unwrought.

The master breathed upon thee with the love
That centres in a soul; and lo! I awoke
Thy sweet life-song, attuned in heav'n above,
And, soaring, thus upon the silence broke.

But no! description's vain—we can not tell
The songster's sweetness, nor the sough of wind,
The spring-tide wonder, nor the year's sad knell;
Yet all this joy and sadness here we find.

Yet more! for in its midst, grief of a heart
That knows this life blends with the joy of those
Who know but spirit-life; and thus impart
Heav'n's bliss into the strain that richer grows.

And yet, sweet violin! without me thou wert mute,
And unresponsive in thy velvet nest would lie;
All silent as a long-forgotten lute,
Thus thou without me—thus without thee I.

H. J. O., in *Good Words*.

"The worst that follows
Things that seemed jerked out of the common rut
Of Nature is the hot religious fool,
Who, seeing war in heaven, for heaven's credit
Makes it on earth."
ALFRED I.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, {
FRED. M. SOMERS, {

Editors.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1879.

Pursuing our idea of last week, why should there not be organized a political party based upon the material interests of the country? Government is ordained among men to protect life and guard personal rights. Next to life, property is most sacred. A political organization, having for its principal object the protection of the accumulations of industry and the preservation of property, would naturally embrace all intelligent classes, and contain within its numbers every individual who had not abandoned all interest in life and deliberately planned for himself a career of idleness, vagabondage, and crime. We can conceive of no proposition looking to good government and the welfare of the people that would not come naturally within the scope and purpose of such an organization. There are very few social, moral, or political questions, the consideration of which would not properly come within the objects of a party formed for the protection of property. Such a party would embrace the intelligent and the respectable. It would certainly embrace the industrious and the provident. It would be in natural alliance with every honorable, ambitious, hopeful citizen, who looks forward to the accumulation of wealth as a provision for old age, and it would be composed of all citizens who have, or who expect to have, something.

We can, of course, understand that the demagogue writer, speaker, or politician, who desires to obtain the applause and earn the good will of the propertyless masses, can so mistake the proposition embraced in the idea of a party with property qualification to its members as to make it seem undemocratic. Here is afforded an opportunity to prate of class distinctions, of caste, and political favors depending upon money, to array labor against capital, and to declaim of the oppressions exercised by the one and the burdens borne by the other—all of which, in a government like ours where all are politically equal, and in a country like ours where the avenues of opportunity are alike open to all, is pure, unadulterated nonsense. We can not blind our eyes to the dangers that are growing up in our midst, nor longer hesitate to admit that republican government is not the perfect thing which the enthusiasm of our fathers has represented it to be. We can not ignore the lessons that are daily taught us by the acts of a large and dangerous minority of our electors, nor deny to ourselves the admission that the future of our political and social outlook is far from hopeful. It is in our great cities that this danger is most threatening. It is over our municipal governments that the cloud hangs heaviest and most menacingly.

We do not hesitate to express the conviction that the universal exercise of the elective principle is an error from which we are likely to reap a harvest of ills. It was a mistake to arm the ignorant, the criminal, and the profligate idler with the right to vote. Coupling this mistake with that other and even greater one that invited immigration from abroad without limitation or restriction, and we may accept as probable the fact of a serious conflict before these political privileges shall be brought within the circumference of proper limitation. It is a task difficult of accomplishment to disfranchise any class of citizens. We may expect, when that effort is made, profound resistance; but it must be made, sooner or later, even if attempted at the expense of serious conflicts. There is a natural antagonism between the class that by the exercise of its brain and muscle, by industry, providence, and economy, accumulates property, and that idle, ignorant, vicious, improvident, worthless class that lives by crime. The man of letters, the man of genius, the man with the faculty of business, the man who inherits wealth, or the one who acquires it by his superior powers, is the subject of an unreasoning hatred and jealousy on the part of God's unfortunate vagabonds who have acquired nothing, inherited nothing, who possess nothing, and whose only hope of a bettered condition is to destroy a government that protects property, and to repeal laws that guarantee the private ownership of property. Our form of republican government is an invitation to this class to unite for the purpose of accomplishing their criminal desires by political organization. It gives rule to the majority. The sword and purse are to be controlled by the expression of numbers at the ballot-box. When those who have nothing outnumber those who have something, practical agrarianism follows as a matter of course.

If to-day, in the kingdom of Great Britain, there was unrestricted freedom at the ballot-box, and every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years could exercise an equal privilege of choosing rulers and making laws, how long would it be before royalty, titled families, hereditary legislators, privileged classes, laws of primogeniture and entail, and all laws that recognized property in lands, would be leveled down by a communism bearing arms and exercising political power? And while it is well that we have no kingly dynasty, no titled nobility, no born law makers, no privileged classes, and no laws that hand down great landed estates from father to son, it is not well that we have a system of government that leaves its power at the will of the mob; that presents all its governmental offices as prizes to the throwers of political dice; that makes its civil administration and its military control subservient to ignorant majorities, and allows numbers, without reference to intelligence, morals, or property, to be the arbiters of its destiny.

In treating this subject broadly, and with reference to the possibilities of the future, we are not considering this offensive pustule of our sand-lot as anything more than an indication of temporary derangement. Our troubles are not coming from revolting gladiators, but from political corruption. Our officials, tempted by the spoils of office, are becoming corrupt and extravagant. Relying upon the mass of the unthinking and the ignorant, they are, by effective organization of their own kind, and by the indifference of the non-political classes, gaining an entrenched position, where they may plunder through the pretense of government, and steal under the guise of taxation. It is not from the labor class that danger threatens; it is not the workingman, the industrious citizen, nor mechanic who menaces the peace of our social system or the permanence of our form of government. The industrious man who toils is the ally of the one who by toil has accumulated. He has ambitious hopes of the future—if not for himself, he has for the children he leaves behind him. These men and the men of property—the man of muscle and the man of mind, the sons of labor and the men of culture—are the natural members of the political party we suggest.

Such an organization in protecting property would protect labor; in opening up the emoluments and honors of office present them as prizes for the contest of all honest men; in defending the accumulations of industrious toil keep alive the hopes of labor, make it profitable, advance its wages, reduce taxation, bring the salaries of officials down to the level of workmen's wages. Such a party would not fear to regulate licenses for selling liquor, and would not fear to discriminate between the men who ask a license to keep a wood and coal yard or drive a furniture wagon, and the worthless vagabond who sells beer and gin. It would not hesitate to declare that a police officer should be reduced in his compensation to a price corresponding with that of the mechanic or laborer who performs more and harder work for less pay. It would not hesitate to cut down our common-school system to a sensible regulation for the instruction of poor children in the rudimentary elements of an English education, and would say to those who desired to give to their children a liberal education under the tuition of pedagogues from Berlin and Boston to pay for it. It would be brave enough to compel the Board of Education, and the Board of Supervisors, and the Street Department to stop stealing. It would give to a county clerk, assessor, tax-collector, auditor, recorder, and the whole tribe of officials, a salary commensurate with the amounts paid by banking and commercial houses for clerks and accountants, more than their equals in ability. It would give to judges a compensation according to their learning and talent, and would not reward a second-rate attorney by a judicial position simply because he had not the ability to live by his profession. It would give to the Mayor of San Francisco \$250 a month, and the Governor of the State a similar amount, and if, under the rule, Mr. Bryant or Mr. Irving would refuse to accept the honor, would relegate them back to employments in which they earned less money and worked harder.

With a party composed of tax-payers, whose leading idea would be to pay less taxes, we could secure an honest and an economical administration. We could stop stealing, and this would invite capital to our city, would increase the value of real property, would make an increased demand for labor, would advance wages, would silence that empty-headed ass of the sand-lot from braying his cowardly assault upon a dead mule, violating the sanctity of an honored grave by viciously attacking virtues he has not the intelligence to comprehend nor the honesty to attempt to imitate.

Such a party, bringing together—by the attractions of a common interest—all nationalities and all sects of religious belief, would have the courage to meet the question of sectarianism in our schools, and answer the conundrum propounded by the Reverend Father Gleason, namely: Whether in our common school system there is not something seriously defective, and which calls for immediate reform? Such an organization would have the courage to say to the Reverend Father Gleason, and through him to all the Catholic clergy, that when Government undertook—as a matter

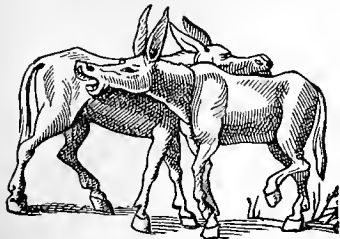
of charity—to educate the poor children of our own and foreign birth in the rudiments of an English education, it did not agree to provide for them either the luxuries of a liberal education, nor to furnish them with the theological education deemed essential—by priests—to their souls' salvation. It would have the courage to say to this gentleman—of priestly robes and of foreign birth—that he betrays a profound ignorance of the scope and intent of our fundamental law when he declares that "a non-secular education is at war with the spirit of our Constitution;" that he makes an inconsiderate declaration, savoring of bigotry, when he charges "that our common schools are, in their nature and tendencies, infidel, godless, pagan, and as such highly injurious to the commonwealth, and subversive of order and civil society." It would say to this most respectable Catholic clergyman that it was no more the duty of our government to teach religion in our common schools than to teach it in our naval and military academies, and that all parents who entertain his opinions are at liberty to withdraw their children from the public schools and turn them over to convent, church, and parochial schools, if they deem it for their best interests. If Catholics—as he says—"have an aversion" for such a system of education, which he pleases to style "godless," and if it is of more importance to teach "the history of the Catholic Church" than to teach the principles that underlie a free republic—freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, and freedom of utterance—then such Catholics have made a grave mistake in seeking an asylum in a land that places these grand ideas paramount to the dogmas of any religious faith, and regards the teachings of the fathers of the Republic as of more importance than the writings of the ghostly fathers of the church.

In such a party—if the Reverend Father Gleason should join it—he might be brought in contact with broad-minded, liberal, scholarly gentlemen, who plead guilty to a want of that blind, unquestioning confidence in the dogmas of the Catholic faith which this ungenerous priest styles "infidelity," and brands as "the meanest and most contemptible of all sects." He might, perhaps, in association with some of the more enlightened of those persons whom he styles "godless, pagan, and infidel," find virtues that now, in his deep-seated and bigoted prejudice, he deems inconsistent with any other than what he pleases to term Christian people. This reverend gentlemen will also pardon us if we have but little respect for opinions which he announces "his willingness to retract most promptly and unhesitatingly if they should not meet the approval of his ecclesiastical superiors," and prefer the organization of a party composed of real-estate owners and men of property, rather than of bigoted churchmen who think religion in our schools the only basis of free government. To membership of the latter party we would be ineligible; to one, the members of which could think for themselves and act for themselves, independent of ecclesiastical control or priestly interference, we would be eligible.

Such a party as we have described might (but we fear it would not) say to the wealthy men, the millionaires of this city, who have so long controlled our politics, corrupted our legislatures, and debauched our whole official life, that when wealth ceases to be conservative it has destroyed its only safeguard. It might (but most likely it would not) say to our money kings, beware of the race of lobbyists and parasites you maintain, lest, when you no longer give, they turn upon you as did the dogs of Acteon and rend you—scattering your vast accumulations and pulling down that wealth they have aided you to amass. It might say to these gentlemen, who, under the excuse of the necessity for self-defense, insist that none but their creatures shall hold office or make laws, that that which protects the poor man's homestead, the widow's mite, would be sufficient to secure the rich man's estate as well, and that which is insufficient for the protection of the one will, sooner or later, prove to be insufficient to protect the other. It might say to them, when you place your followers in office, so that they may do your work and secure you in what you claim to be your rights, your less wealthy fellow-citizens find themselves in the power of your appointments, and that their rights are taken from them in order to increase yours. It might ask them this pertinent question, if wealth is to be dishonest, what is to be expected of poverty?

And finally, such a party might say to these great social and financial powers, we have tried you as rulers of the land and find you wanting in that patriotism and public spirit essential to the government of a free people. You are blind to all save the gratification of your avarice. You are unable to perceive that your course has brought our community to a condition where capital is terribly alarmed, and industry almost completely paralyzed; that in consequence of it an ignorant and vulgar Irish adventurer and vagabond has been able to make a hero of himself in the eyes of a plurality of the voting population of the city, when you might be, and if fit for the trust would be, the supreme power. In a word, that so-called Kearneyism would be a moral impossibility had you discharged the functions of true conservatism resting upon you, and that the miserable blasphemer who now taints God's atmosphere every Sabbath day in the presence of four or five thousand dissatisfied men would not be able to gather together a score of those who now listen to him.

PRATTLE.



thousands in our midst who would be kept alive by industry; (2) for the sake of common humanity; and (3) for God's sake." The consideration last mentioned is the one which particularly commends itself to the petitioner who wants the contract.

From the *Alta's* one hundred and thirty-third letter on French Wines I extract this brilliant bit of bosh: "A nation of all nations, thrown together as we have been, needs a protective tariff, not only to protect home industry while developing, but to insure proper American pride in American products." This is not the first time the language of the heart has been heard in political economy; the great and good Horace Greeley once advocated a protective tariff on the ground that the mere contemplation of so noble a policy tended to elevate the sentiments and subdue the passions—practically the same argument made by the Hindoo devotee in perpetual session by the wayside, piously studying his navel.

The writer of the letters mentioned (the Honorable Commissioner of the dispatches—the Charley Wetmore of local Bohemian circles) is now on his way home from the Paris Exposition. I confidently expect him to exhibit his "proper American pride in American products" by at once renouncing and forever eschewing the garments made by European manufacturers and tailors ("our despoilers," as he patriotically terms them), and arraying himself in American "protected" goods, forty per cent. higher in price and sixty per cent. worse in quality. Surely no true son of Columbia ("the gem of the ocean") will hesitate to tear from his limbs the livery of foreign—and mostly monarchical—oppressors, and drape himself in the regalia of Freedom, to the cost of which all his countrymen have been compelled by law to contribute something. But they do say that Charley is bringing back a dozen complete suits of foreign-made clothing.

"I do not deem it necessary," writes this Honorable Commissioner, "to apologize for being an American." It certainly is not; he belongs to a class of Americans for whom the necessary apologies are made by Americans of another class—as in feudal times, by an equitable assignment of license to ignorance and responsibility to power, the offenses of the poor were expiated by the baron upon whose estate he lived.

If Mr. Wetmore should be offended by the tone of these remarks, which it is confessed are more contemptuous than controversial (one can not argue against every folly, and I draw the line at protective tariffs), I beg to remind him of another just and fair provision of mediæval law. If struck by a knight, the hind could claim the right of redress, and was permitted to cuff his assailant's shadow projected on a wall. It shall never be said that I refused to the least of God's creatures the satisfaction to which his intellectual standing justly entitled him.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher parades his "extreme gratification" that his words are read and his influence felt over the greater part of the globe.

Beecher, your words survive their parent acts—
"Nest hiding," "ragged edge," and "bottom facts"
Prove how you prospered in your noble aim
To vulgarize the lexicon of shame.

Your influence, withal, has gathered head—
To east and west its dikes encroaching spread;
There'll be, on all God's foot-stool, when they meet,
No clean spot left for God to set His feet.

If, as Mr. Creed Haymond and his fellow-attorneys hold, Judge Fawcett, by accepting a seat in the Constitutional Convention, abdicated his right to pass the sentence of death upon his neighbors, his acceptance of the office of Delegate is to be earnestly regretted. We have but one State Constitution that needs amending, and Judge Fawcett has a large number of neighbors who need hanging.

The proposition to put San Francisco under its own control alarms nobody but the people of San Francisco. We are all shrilly protesting that we are incapable of managing our affairs without assistance from country members of the Legislature, who have, indeed, saved us from ourselves about as often as they have sold us out. The practice has been that when the San Francisco delegation in the Legislature has brought forward a measure to plunder us, the country members have defeated it unless they had themselves some measure in hand for which the votes of our delegation were required. But whenever they could make an advantageous trade they have uniformly delivered us over, bound hand and foot, to our immediate representatives. It is entirely true

that no American city is fit to govern itself, or has ever done so without the most disastrous consequences; but perhaps the intelligent thieves and sovereign ignoramus could suggest a remedy for all that. There is certainly a growing belief among them that education and honor have at present an undue and injurious preponderance in municipal affairs.

When rascals and beggars to law-making fall,
And persons without instruction,
The law-making function is nothing at all
But a process of reproduction.
For laws that ass, pauper, and criminal pass
Make criminals, paupers, and all kinds of ass.

One can hardly help congratulating Pennsylvania on her new Governor, who says in his inaugural address that she will insist on the enforcement of equal rights in every State "as long as her mountain peaks point to heaven and her rivers roll to the sea." From this ominous reference to the threatening direction of her mountain peaks it may be inferred that the principal State in which Pennsylvania is determined to enforce equal rights is the Celestial State—where, certainly, Pennsylvanians are at a marked disadvantage, as compared with the rest of mankind. Hitherto they have not even been accorded the right of entry.

That kind of cheap-and-nasty rhetoric in an official address may be very good poetry—barring metre and rhyme; it certainly is not very good sense. I fear it must be confessed that the quality which most conspicuously distinguishes the American statesman from the statesman of another nationality is his knack at gorgeous gabble. His speeches are like the dear old familiar army letter of the Rebellion Period, which consisted chiefly of an envelope starrily and stripily emblazoned all over with patriotic emblems faultily drawn and crazily miscolored.

The career of our compatriotic statesman is in some respects interesting. He enters public life with the formidable intellectual equipment of a common-school education, and beginning at once to bombard the impregnable defenses of common sense, keeps it up pretty much all the time, unaware that he is doing all the fighting himself, and is finally kicked into political obscurity by the recoil of his gun. And then from the heap of the slain he lifts up his death-rattle, declaring that while the mountain peaks are sharp and the rivers are flat, and the note of the American eagle is each in turn, the intelligent masses of this great and glorious country shall soar in the bright profundity of sovereign equality and free rights. I fall ill of the American statesman, and may the devil's jackasses pasture down his hair.

An owner was wanted the other day at the police office for "two grindstones taken from a Chinaman."

Two grindstones from a single thief!
The tale outruns my slow belief;
Relate no more within earshot of me
These wild romances of lithotomy.

By the way, is it generally known how Captain Lees obtained his promotion to the head of the Detective Police? Officer Smith had captured a Chinaman with a considerable quantity of tobacco on his person. The Chinaman was locked up and the Chief advertised for an owner for the tobacco. No one appeared. The entire force then went on a still hunt among the cigar factories, but no claimant could be anywhere found, and things were looking pretty dark at headquarters; the public had lost faith in the efficiency of its protectors, and a bill was already elaborating in the brain of a well-known member of the Legislature for a reorganization of the force with himself at the head of it. At this alarming "juncture" of affairs Officer Lees, then a simple roundsman, suggested that perhaps the Chinaman was himself the owner. It was the most daring and ingenious "theory" ever propounded; and to the amazement of all it turned out to be correct. From that hour Captain Lees shot up like a rocket until he became Chief Detective and *ex officio* part owner in the *Chronicle*. In the meantime the Chinaman had been sent to the State Prison, where it is the greatest misfortune of his life to have died.

The *Bulletin* heads a leading article: "Municipal Robbery Made Easy."

Is that so, Deacon? Bless me, if it's true,
Newspaper schemes have seen the last of you.

An Eastern journal advises the Republican party to nominate Mr. Washburne instead of General Grant, because the former has the faculty (I should call it a property) of winning men's hearts, while the latter is repellent. The writer requires a column and a half to explain the difference between the two aspirants, but it seems capable of terser statement:

Washburne draws all men's hearts as with a magnet,
But Grant to get them has to use a drag-net.

It is related that at St. Louis, the other day, a Jewish congregation invited a Baptist one to hold religious service in their synagogue. The Christians accepted the courtesy as gravely as it was tendered, performing their usual simple rites to the manifest satisfaction, and probable edification, of the Chosen People, who attended in considerable quantity.

Most of the secular journals of the country have, on the occasion," their homilies suitably infused with the spirit of universal good will and strongly colored with confidence in a near millennium. None have had the self-denial—why should they have?—to abstain from reference to the prophecy of the lion and the lamb lying down together, though in no case has it been made to clearly appear which faith is the lion and which the lamb.

Far be it from me to deride or discourage anything tending to make the devotees of two religions hate one another less ardently than is their immemorial habit; it is only that I am of a less hopeful and enthusiastic disposition than some of my literary brethren, who, as a rule, believe in nothing with so facile, touching, and steadfast a faith as in the immediate triumph of a religion which they have never done anything to advance, except to keep well away from it themselves. In all the instances of lions and lambs lying down together that have fallen under my observation, I have discovered reason to suspect fraud; and it has commonly occurred in the end that if the lion did not slyly tuck away the lamb, the lamb has stood up and openly devoured the lion. It is to be wished things would have the goodness to take a turn for the better in this respect, but the dawn of a better era, which somebody or other is always hailing, is unfaillingly succeeded by a blow that makes us all see stars again.

When lion and lamb have together lain down
Beholders cry out, all in chorus:
"The lamb doesn't shrink nor the lion frown—
A miracle's working before us!"

But 'tis patent why Hot-head his wrath holds in,
And Faint-heart her terror and loathing;
For the one's but an ass in a lion's skin,
The other a wolf in sheep's clothing.

A captain of militia was presented with a sword and its belongings last week, in the presence of a brilliant concourse of similar warriors and warrioresses. I am sorry I have not room in these columns for the whole of the presentation speech, but it expired as follows: "Accept them with our best wishes for your future comfort (comfort is good) and happiness, and in the hope that your sword may never be tarnished or stained save in defending the right, and that after so doing it may be sheathed only in victory." The following spirited couplets are inscribed on the blade:

Unsheathe me not in gastronomic strife—
Pray split your chicken with a carving-knife.
Preserve me virgin for the better killing
Of traitors—Heaven and the traitors willing.
Don't tarnish me in any vulgar brawl—
Nay, better still, don't tarnish me at all.
When Kearney and his myrmidons raise Nick,
Campaign with Mr. Coleman and a stick.
But should some foreign armament attack us,
Resign with John McComb and Major Backus.

The author of the following limpid and lucid lines is Mr. William D. Pollock—not the Pollok who wrote "The Course of Time," but the Pollock who, in the course of time will, I hope, stop writing:

There poverty surrounds the fruitful earth—
Man's paradise, if he desire—
Yet Envy scrawls the record of a birth—
The seething hell of Discontentment's fire.

I neither fully comprehend nor at all deprecate the criminal sentiment of this profane farrago, but, as one of Mr. Pollock's patients, I demand to know how, in an alterniternal quatrain, he has dared to follow an iambic pentameter with an identimetric tetrapody.

"These old poets," said Lepidus, as Horace was in discussion at a Pompeian dinner given by Glaucus, "all fell into the mistake of copying sculpture instead of painting. Simplicity and repose—that was their notion; but we moderns have fire, and passion, and energy. We never sleep; we imitate the colors of painting, its life, and its action. Immortal Fulvius!"

You, too, my Pollock—you have not
(Like Horace, Virgil, and that lot)
The cold simplicity of art
That freezes the impulsive heart.
You burn and throb in wild turmoil—
All heat and color, like a boil.

Passion? God knows you've that throughout,
And God knows what it's all about.
Thy Lepidus, the *Morning Call*,
"Immortal Pollock!" now doth bawl;
To-morrow Lepidus will sigh:
"Who was the Pollock man?—and why?"

They have been having a nice little placer gold excitement down in Los Angeles all to themselves; they dig it out of the streets. It has always been known that the City of the Angels was paved with gold, but it was not supposed that the angels would tear up the pavement.

An aphorism-fiend writes me that love is like a quicksand; if it gets above your middle you'll never get out. I don't know what he means, but a man is a fool to want to get out.

"It is true I am sick, and I have no property," my poor friend Brown remarked, the other day, "but I have something here"—laying his hand on his heart with a tranquil smile—"something that health could not give nor money buy." "Ah! yes, you mean—" "A cancer."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.



PHOENIX CLUB, SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14, 1879.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I am not in the least surprised at the view you are inclined to take of the two letters I have already addressed to you. You are pleased to call my advice impertinent. It may or may not be so. I do not blame you. I used to think exactly the same of much of your advice when I was a boy; but as I have since had reason to see the mistake I made, I am not without hope that you may see yours yet before you visit Beecherland. Let me be plain. The fact is, my dear uncle, that I have reached maturity of judgment in so far as I permit my own opinions to have some weight with me. I have passed the condition of mind in which I believed that gray hairs must always be venerable, and a man was necessarily wise because he had worn his teeth out. When a man gets to that stage his wisdom teeth have gone too; and I have met with too many examples of judgments distorted and depraved, instead of improved and matured by experience—of minds enfeebled and muddled, instead of made clear and strong by development, to respect old men because they are old. Experience has never done anybody any good. It may have had a slight effect while yet it was fresh; but it does not take long to forget the most bitter blow. Does experience ever really cure a stock speculator? There may be one or two cases in which men of strong will have taken a sudden resolution and not sworn off, but simply left off. But in most of those few cases, we will find some stronger impulse than can arise from mere adversity—the love of a woman, be it sweetheart, sister, or mother; the effect upon reputation or position; or some other influence than the mere loss of money or threatened ruin. There is not a man on the street to-day who will honestly in his heart admit that he is a fool for having speculated in stocks, though he hang round Pauper Alley, and his wife and children are starving in a garret somewhere. His experience does not teach him that by honest and legitimate work is the safest and best way to make money. It only teaches him that the chance he lost went to somebody else, by luck, and, as sure as the heavens are above him, his turn will come. If you argue the point with him, his answer is simply that if he had bought instead of sold, or sold instead of bought, he would have made money. Is there any branch of our economy, social, political, or commercial, in which a man learns anything lasting by experience? Circumstances and conditions invariably change, and the experience of one case never meets another. But this is much too like a lecture to be either useful or interesting. I know, in any case, it will not be agreeable.

I did not inform you of the curious discovery I made touching a flirtation between you and a pretty member of the ballet profession some time ago. Your wonderful faculty for keeping such things secret exists in your own imagination only, my dear uncle. In my course of study of human life, it has been my good fortune to have paid severely for a knowledge of human nature before the footlights. If that experience has been dearly bought, at least it has left for me a considerable enjoyment in watching the adventures of others who plunge into the delightful dissipation of making love to stage girls. I know the entire course of sensations from the "impulse affectionate" to the "cold shake." And it is only now, after a few years have elapsed, that I am recovering from the mortification of having been a laughing stock to everybody behind the scenes of several theatres. It is some consolation to know that my follies are forgotten in the engrossing interest attaching to fresh aspirants for conquest in the same direction. It is a most extraordinary feature of male human nature, that a man will spend more time and money to win the passing affections of a ballet girl, than he will bestow in securing the undying love of a pure and virtuous woman. Men will neglect their wives and families to hang round the tinted tights of a painted and padded figure, whose animation extends only to an empty form; whose education has been so neglected that she dare not attempt a word of two syllables; whose tastes do not rise beyond an oyster stew and a *liaison*; and who have so little respect for themselves and their "friends," that they delight their companions with a full and complete account of the flirtation the morning after. And the older the men are, the worse they become. I do not say that women have not ambition to be loved by a favorite actor. We have had cases of that kind. But I am compelled to admit that though there are many handsome men on the stage, few of them bear the daylight on their faces or figures, and "Romeo," and "Hamlet," and "Claude Melnotte," have not much poetry about them when they drop into a restaurant to have a chop and a cup of coffee about noon. But a man may give an actress a dress, a seal-skin jacket, or a hat, and make her look something on the street. When women rise to independence, it will be open to them to give their favorite actor a suit of clothes, and a pair of boots, and dress him up to suit their taste. Then the state of things may be changed. I knew this fair, fairy damsel who enslaved your affections. She was pretty, I admit. She was modest in her way—it was but a small way. I knew her, and I had means of unraveling little secrets about her which, pardon me, I do not mean to tell. Suffice it, I knew of your affection for her, and when I heard that you had sold out Sierra Nevada suddenly, I looked for the ring, which she showed me in due season, I took

her home one evening from the theatre, and on the corner I saw a figure standing which I recognized. You did not know me. I have a coat and hat of whose existence you are entirely ignorant. What was my astonishment—it was my first information of your *escapade*—when she said: "Do you see that old fool on the corner?" I blushed. Luckily there was no one near, and the lamps, you know, are only meant to throw the shadow deeper on the intervening puddles; so she did not see my blushes. I faintly answered, "Yes." "That old fool haunts me like my shadow." I almost fainted. To hear my uncle, who ought to be venerable, called an old fool, and that in the face of his nephew. I let her talk. She told me all, and now I knew where your sudden necessity for a loan of five hundred dollars arose. Let me tell you, my dear uncle, I will not encourage you in your miserable amours by lending you any more money. I saw various gifts, and it may please you to know that you were No. 1 on her list, and that her affections were centered on a member of the company, who drew the ten by head mark and number. I did not think when I wrote you before on something of the same subject that I should find you so willful, so impervious to anything like good advice. But you are getting quite unbearable. Not you only, but many old men like you hang round the girls of the ballet, and surely if you old men do it, young men may justify themselves by your example. You will tell me, of course, that if I maintain these opinions, I should not know so much about it. Between the follies of youth and the criminal weaknesses of age there is a vast difference. And, whereas, in the past there was every allowance made for the capability of old men to guide themselves, and age was permitted in consequence to do what youth was not supposed to imitate, the advance of education has been so rapid that to-day the youth of the world are sharp enough to see that vice is no more permissible in old than in young men. People talk of the degradation, of the immorality, of the stage and its surroundings. My dear uncle, it is to you and your companions in vice that much, if not all, of the immorality of the stage is due. Stage girls perform a very agreeable and pleasing function in society. They give to our boyish minds the ideals of grace and beauty which never fade in after years. They please the eye, and, if viewed—not through an opera glass, but as what they are supposed to be—they heighten the taste. Most of them go on the stage because there are so few occupations open to women. They have no desire to seek more than the small wages they receive. But you and your companions offer to their purity a temptation they can not withstand, and so, the ballet not being in any case conducive to modesty, they fall. What do you leave them? Nothing worth living for save the excitement of the stage and the dissipation in which they hope to end their lives before their charms shall have departed, and left them wrecked and helpless at the mercy of an unforgiving memory. It might be interesting to inquire how far society is responsible for the stigma attaching to ballet girls. By what right is it denied to women to display their figures on the stage when that privilege makes men envious? Who says that a woman's modesty must go when she appears in tights for wages before the public? Society decides it so. And what is society? Society is a class of women who are above the necessity of work for a living; who, being able to remain at home and receive one another, decide that all occupations are low save that their husbands, brothers, and fathers are engaged in; who do not object to show their feet, busts, and even their limbs, if a fashionable masquerade ball gives them an opportunity, but to whom the mere question of remuneration in coin makes the difference between morality and immorality. Society will sanction exhibition on the street of a bust stuffed to an abnormal extent with cotton or other accommodating material. Society will admire a figure fitted tight with patent adjustable charms, adapted to hide anything that is ungraceful, and adorned with a column of hair at sixteen dollars a pound by weight. Society will accept the homage paid to a shape that is entirely unnatural and ingeniously false. But when the ballet girl appears on the stage, society thinks it degrading, even if the charms be natural and the beauty genuine. If we will admit the possibility of the ballet girls being virtuous, and honest, and good, we will have done something to help them to be so. If we will accept the fact that ballet girls are as much necessities as shop girls, or school ma'ams—and in view of the late disclosures there may be many ballet girls who will compare favorably with those whose mission it is to teach our children—we will have given them some encouragement to resist temptation. If we have a community among whom principle is being gradually trampled under foot; if our youth are all too familiar with vices of the worst kind; if the rising generation are being brought up to believe that the possession of money is the sole happiness, and no means necessary to that end is to be avoided on moral grounds; if there is no goal to look forward to but to be rich, and to spend your riches in sensual enjoyments; if honor and honesty go for nothing, the fault lies with you and your fellow old men, whose example should be the guide to us. If you old men gamble and grow rich, and openly indulge in vulgar vices; if you allow the boys and girls at home to see how coldly you treat your wives; if you leave the young to seek companions and haunts which are calculated to destroy their higher impulses and ambitions, you can not wonder if they grow up to be disagreeable in character, vicious in taste, ignorant in mind—in fact, utterly unworthy and dangerous members of society. Leaving you to ponder over what I have written, I am

Your affectionate nephew, WALKER, JUNIOR.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, January 26, 1879.

Artichoke Soup.
Fried Skates.
Broiled Teal Ducks. Potato Croquettes.
Stewed Celery. Green Peas.
Baked Beefsteak. Tomato Sauce.
Vegetable Salad.
Blanc Manger. Whipped Cream, and Quince Jelly.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, and Grapes.

TO BAKE BEEFSTEAK.—Take a large sirloin steak; bone it and spread it with a rich dressing made of bread crumbs, onion, thyme, parsley, and a trifle of garlic (very finely minced); make it into a roll, and secure with needle and thread. After it is nearly cooked, have some stewed tomatoes and strain them into the gravy, with a small piece of butter added.

We hope none of our readers spoiled their Christmas pudding, as through some inadvertency of the printers the half pound of suet was left out of the ingredients.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.

The publishers of the Boston *No Name Series* have carried the plan of anonymous productions into the realm of poetry, in their recent issue entitled "The Masque of the Poets." It was a deft device, doubtless, that of some seventy poems, more or less, to be worn by their authors as a disguise, seeing, that if it be frequently difficult to detect the writer of a prose composition by his trick of style, it must be infinitely more so to assign a particular sponsorship to rhymes. In the present case, certainly, the riddle seems destined to prove an insoluble one—so much so, that however discriminating the reader, it may fairly be assumed he will be quite unable to distinguish the many masqueraders severally from one another in the remarkable similarity of garb they all here curiously wear. The entire collection, on this account, would indeed rather suggest the supposition that they were produced by a single pen—that, too, of one possessing no markedly original or distinctive traits to give it individuality.

Some fifty poets are declared to have been contributors to the volume alluded to, and, with the exception of about a half-dozen names, all of them Americans. To the critical reader of poetry it strikingly suggests a reminder that nothing is more pitifully observable than the monotony of both subject-matter and strain in the rhythmical effusions now superabundantly appearing in the columns of the various magazines of the United States. These productions all have in common a family likeness so strong that they may be said to have been created in accordance with a certain mental conventionalism, which seems to have become tacitly a criterion of the period in that department of literature. Nearly all the writers of poetry, whatever their sex, are now chancing on the same harp-string—of the weakly ideal, the flopping emotional, the diffusive in the sylvan tinsel of flower-beds, mountains and streams, and a reaction against artistic restraints of language and metaphor, giving their effusions the similarity of peas in a pod. Evidently, they adapt their productions to the demands of the magazines after popular models presented for their imitation and emulation. Hence it is that they, one and all, perpetually repeat one another and themselves with a sameness and weakness immensely tedious to those who seek for freshness of manner, finish of touch, as well as a purport in keeping with the progress of the age, in this loftiest department of the pen. The few instances of non-conformity with the existing favorite style—namely, those who write up to some conscientious standard of art, and with the effort to awaken reflection in the ideal realm of legitimate poetry by suggesting its highest themes in the symbolism of verbal metre—meet with little favor at the hands either of critics or magazine editors; and such can only hope to receive recognition from the small class there may be of intellectual and independent minds capable of properly appreciating them. Happily for them, however, this class is all the time growing in numbers and influence. Meanwhile, the magazine poetry, with its utter freedom from relationship to art in methods and purpose, carries the day, and its assiduous authors reap their reward of acceptance in the false taste generally prevalent.

The following stanza is taken, almost at random, from "The Masque of the Poets," where it opens a poem entitled "A Bunch of Wild Flowers."

"Oh, take this perfumed, dewy offering,
Not fairer than thyself, though wondrous bright,
Fanned by the woodland zephyr's balmy wing;
At nature's kindly call, in sweet delight
Of their own beauty, these wild flowers spring!
On what brown, breezy woodland of green height,
In what cool, sylvan glen, or bosky dell,
Thou askedst, have I plucked them. I will tell."

This specimen is, both as to meaning and manner, so completely a repetition, as it were, of the numerous magazine poems published in this country from month to month, that, for all the probabilities of its style, it might quite as readily have been done by any one of their different authors as by any other. Unless—if there be some possible internal favoring of evidence in its nearly inexhaustible continuation of the vein of hopeless rhodomontade through nineteen further stanzas—it might, perhaps, not unreasonably be accredited to the prolific dead-level muse of that rising genius of insipid verbosity, Mr. Edgar Fawcett.

As exceptions, a few poems of undoubted merit and beauty might be selected from "The Masque of the Poets." Yet these also manage to keep the secret of their author's incognito. The single poem in the volume wherein the writer's hand may be recognized with full certainty is "The Marshes of Glynn," which is evidently the production of Sidney Lanier—judging from its melody, and the lack of restraint by which it escapes being withal a genuine work of art.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1879.

Z.

Mr. Vedder, the American artist, explains in a note from Rome to a Paris newspaper, that the publishers of *L'Art* got permission from him to *fac simile* and photograph two of his pictures, and then proceeded to prove by the same that he was no artist at all, and that all the merits discoverable in the reproductions was due to the skill of their own engravers. Whereupon Mr. Vedder observes: "I take no exception to the low estimate of my artistic ability on the part of the critic (it would be impossible for me to *agree* with the critic), but I do protest against this species of trap into which I have inadvertently been drawn, and wish to bring it to the notice of my brothers in art for their future benefit. Whether editor and critic were alone actuated by a sincere regard for the interests of art is not the question. I protest against the methods they have employed."

Deeper and deeper goes the peculiar philosophy of the obituary verse. Here is the latest vegetable:

"Under this sod
And under these trees
Lies the body
Of Samuel Pees.

"He's not in this hole,
But only his pod;
He shelled out his soul
And went up to God."

Men usually follow their wishes till suffering compels them to follow their judgment.

INTAGLIOS.

A Carcanet.

Not what the chemists say they be
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips
And kiss it into pearls!

"If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!" R. H. STODDARD.

Fifteen.

Last Hallowe'en she was just fifteen,
And slim and rosy, with big black 'en,
And all admired each budding charm
At the nightly dances at the farm.

On the earth that day the white snow lay:
All but the father within did stay,
And round the fire-place each one stands,
At the flame warming reddened hands.

By the window was a looking-glass,
Nearer a finger-cage, and the girl would pass,
To smile at her image mirrored there,
Thinking that no one was aware.

But granny spied the trick and cried,
Scoldingly half and half in pride,
"You'd have us think you're watching the snow—
Well, you're not bad-looking as girls now go."

The girl blushed red, and tossed her head,
And, pointing, to the old woman said:
"Is it only now you tell me so?
Some one else told me months ago."

M. MILLIEN.

In the Street.

Upon my road I nightly used to meet
This painted girl at the corner of the street
Offering herself, a ware, to whom would buy.

There was a deep and sheltered doorway nigh,
Where, shivering and weeping from the cold,
Crouched a young girl that penny nose-gays sold.
And the soiled woman I saw hover round
Until the little one was sleeping sound;
Then only gave she alms, with tear-drops hot—
Thou wilt forgive her, Father; wilt Thou not?

FRANCOIS COFFEE.

Palatine Hill.

A wolf-like stream without a sound
Steals by, and hides beneath the shore,
Its awful secrets evermore
Within its sullen bosom bound.

And this was Rome, that shrieked for room
To stretch her limbs! A hill of caves
For half-wild beasts and hairy slaves;
And gypsies tent within her tombs!

Two lone palms on the Palatine,
Two rows of cypress black and tall,
With white roots set in Caesar's Hall—
A garden, convent, and sweet shrine.

Tall cedars on a broken wall,
That look away toward Lebanon,
And seem to mourn for grandeur gone;
A wolf, an owl—and that is all!

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Ye Poet Hys Epitaph.

Thynke not of mee,
that I am in ye graue, and this foole's hande
that graspt a scribblyng quille hath fallen to duste
beneath ye rotted tissue of a shroude.
Catch thou ye daie! go laughynge thro' ye lande,
whyles ye sunne shines for thee; recke not of cloude
nor storm; ne deeme ye worm that gnaws me must
Reuell one daie in thee!

Not for mine eye
ye paynted imagery of a poet's brain,
drawn in thy daie by some lord of songe;
Not for mine ear ye harmonys to break
in unborn yeares from Musicke's conynge trayne;
Albeit if aught of mine hath liued to wake
a chauce response thy reueries among,
Contente mine ashes lye.

J. W. GREEN.

Only Me.

A little figure glided through the hall;
"Is that you, Pet?"—the words came tenderly;
A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
"It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."

The quivering baby-lips!—they had not meant
To utter any word could plant a sting,
But to that mother's heart a strange pang went;
She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above;
And, from that moment, Only Me had place
And part with Pet in tender mother love.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

Night on the Farm.

'Tis dewfall on the lonely farm,
The flocks are gathered in the fold,
The dusky air is soft and balmy,
The daisies bide their hearts of gold.

Slow, drowsy, swinging bells are heard
In pastures dewy, dark, and dim,
And in the door-yard trees a bird
Trills sleepily his evening hymn.

The dark, blue deeps are full of stars;
One lone lamp in the hillside glooms;
A mile away, is red as Mars;
The night is sweet with faint perfumes.

ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

Peach Blossoms.

Pain, Doubt, and Death are over!
Who thinks, to-day, of toil?

The fields are certain of clover,
The gardens of wine and oil.
What though the sap of the North
Drowsily peereth forth

In the orchards, and still delays?
The peach and the poet know
Under the chill the glow,
And the token of golden days.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Love's Farewell.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes—
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

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Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco

BE SURE AND SEE A COPY



When a new play is written by a home author its doom is generally forecast.

There is a lurking local pride which hopes that it may succeed.
There is a gloom of prophecy which foretells that it will not.
This latter is born of experience.

It rarely judges amiss, for what one of our home plays has lived?
It was with both these flutterings of the heart that the friends of the author went to see *Loyal till Death*.

There was a well-dressed crowd on the stage; there was a well-dressed crowd in front; there was high anticipation everywhere.

When the broad, red satin lambrequins swung up in festoons,

"There was silence, as of death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

Naturally this sort of thing can not go on long.
Opinions began to be expressed.

It began to be evident that the characters were well distributed. Mr. Jennings was a "Marquis" of the *ancien regime*; Mr. Herne, as "St. Simon," was his old friend.

All old Frenchman have old friends.

They are like women for chums.

Miss Rose Wood, as "Blanche," was the young wife of an old man.

This is not an uncommon case in any country—where the old men are rich.

Miss Corcoran, as "Amélie," is a gentle, ingenuous, yielding young creature, excepting in the matter of her love.

There, she is adamant.

They all are at her age.

It is astonishing the amount of obstinacy—spunk, they call it themselves—these girls can conjure up when they and their parents do not agree upon the choice of a husband.

"Amélie" is betrothed to "Maurice, who is the nephew of the old "Marquis," and who is beloved by *la Marquise*; "Amélie" is also beloved by "Eugene," another nephew.

Given, a very nice family complication.

Every one wants what he can not have, and no one has exactly what he wants.

This is the touch of nature which makes the world akin.

The family party could not be complete without that delightful old person who is eventually to develop into the mother-in-law.

In this instance she is the one faint spice of comedy which relieves the gloom.

As it chanced, the part fell particularly in Mrs. Farren's line.

Those much trilled r's, those airs and graces of the olden time, sat not less ill than the voluminous tournure of her brocade.

Mrs. Farren was the success of the evening.

As for the play, it moved smoothly and successfully, but slowly, through two acts.

The unhappy "Blanche" declares her love to "Maurice" on that most inauspicious occasion, his betrothal fête.

It was not well done.

"Blanche" is one of those darlings of the novelists—an icy cold, icy calm statue.

This is all very well in a book; but a woman can not go through life like a Spitzberg stalactite.

Ernst Legouvé says every emotion is a jewel.

In the drama each of these jewels requires a setting.

One can not know that a fair-seeming mountain is a volcano unless, according to the geographies, "it spits forth fire and lava."

One can not know that a heroine is seething and boiling with fire and fury when she simply moans, "I love you."

Moans, alas! she whined.

The confession to her husband was much more prettily done.

It is a lesson for young wives who find their affections cantering away in the wrong direction.

But confession does not become a luxury, as Grace Roseberry says, when the confessor is ridiculous.

The quick dramatic instinct of the gallery boy is infallible.

When Jennings was pathetic the gallery boy tittered.

The latter is more fatal than the guffaw.

Is it impossible that a comedian should be pathetic?

Not necessarily, for I once saw Bishop, with all nature against him, move an audience, not quite to tears, but to a consciousness of the tear gland.

He is a great man; he has never repeated himself.

Jennings is not a low comedian, and, therefore, has no right to be ridiculous in the wrong place.

As a matter of retribution, perhaps, he was murdered ten minutes after.

With this episode ended all the originality of the play.

An old man murdered at dead of night—slain in a moment of anger by his nephew.

The inopportune entrance at midnight of the innocent man—another nephew who had been discarded.

The alarmed household find him with the dead man.

He is accused of the murder.

He is cast into prison.

His sweetheart comes to visit him there.

(Did they call them sweethearts in 1780?)

She is to wed another that she may save her lover.

He escapes his prison, etc., etc.

It is not six weeks since we saw *Conscience* on the same stage.

It is not many months since, in another play, we heard James

O'Neill fretting behind the bars, which he burst in a moment of frenzy. He does the same in *Loyal till Death*.

He attempts to brain the keeper with that deadly domestic weapon—a footstool.

The turnkey averts the tragedy by delivering up his coat and hat to "Maurice," who escapes in disguise, but reappears in his gold-laced, arsenic green velvet coat, and point-device from top to toe.

Thenceforth, incidents crowd thick and fast upon each other.

The play is taken from the main characters and passed over to the subordinates.

"Therese," a Breton peasant girl, and the victim of "Eugene," the villain, becomes the hinge of action.

"Eugene," who insists upon calling the family name "Du Sheen," after murdering his uncle, throwing "Therese" over an abyss, and going through a great amount of duplicity and chicanery, is exiled from France.

The lovers fall into each other's arms as the curtain descends, and all ends well.

The play had what the lobbyists call a good send-off.

It was liberally advertised.

It was produced on an exceptional occasion.

The scenery was superb, particularly the salon in the first act.

Even the little prize-package abyss, with a Rixian sunset in the background, looked very tragic, though not very big.

The costumes were beyond cavil.

One forgot the stoic impassability of Miss Corcoran's face while the others are playing in contemplating her pink moiré.

Miss Wood's dress was pretty, but not so characteristic.

Mrs. Farren was a triumph of ancient art.

As for Olive Miss West, she was in such deep and deadly earnest, so fresh from the training mistress, so really talented perhaps—in a way—that nothing of her costume lingers in the memory excepting a new brand of hosiery.

John T. Raymond likes something striking.

His first dress (that must be a wrong phrase as applied to a gentleman's make-up. Costume?—no; toilette?—no; his first rig) is evidently made of bed ticking.

What is his idea? He looks no more like a life insurance man than he does like an undertaker.

He is simply Brother Jonathan, minus the straps, transferred from Nast's cartoons, umbrella and all.

But then Raymond is no more an actor than he is a life insurance agent.

He is simply a funny fellow.

But, per contra, he is exquisitely funny, and therefore we like to go to see him.

He has a ready wit, which he uses *ad libitum*.

Any play will do for Raymond. He will write or talk his own part in.

What earthly connection has he with the play of *Risks*?

At every entrance he may have dropped from the clouds.

Perhaps that is the origin of the life insurance agent.

Natural history does not provide for the origin of the species in any other way.

Risks just escapes being an idyl—an American idyl.

The thread of the story has absolutely nothing to do with Raymond, whom, by the way, no one ever thinks of as "Pemberton Pembroke."

There is something really poetic in the play, crude as it is, until it is broken in upon by this awful life insurance business.

To say truth, it really looks as if some enterprising firm engaged in this line had hit upon a new mode of advertising.

For the unexpected insurance money in the last act is singularly *a propos*.

It puts it into one's head, at the last moment, that life insurance is really a good thing.

A clever dodge.

Raymond has rather a genius for falling upon new plays.

I believe it was he who first introduced *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *Led Astray*, *Colonel Sellers*, of course, and one or two others.

It does not matter a farthing what the play is; he fits himself into it somewhere.

In this way he is an impressario, quite as much as he is an actor.

Hence we are to have *My Son*.

How beautifully *Risks* was mounted!

The picnic ground was really sylvan.

As for the ball-room, it was a welcome change from that much-used arch.

It did not look like the stage ball at all. We caught but glimpses of the dancers whirling past the windows, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves much more heartily than when upon their stage behavior.

I saw the wraith of Kate Dennis' once famous beauty peering through the lace curtains for a moment, and it was startling.

But it turned out to be only one of her pretty daughters, in white satin.

It is not often that women have so complete a mirror of their youth before them.

The humble home of the Newtons was more like the interior of an old country cottage than an American farm-house, an illusion heightened by the English maid-of-all-work.

She was caparisoned like the slavey of the English lodging house.

Her accent was something atrociously bad.

In point of fact, Miss Long has nothing to recommend her for the stage but a pair of handsome eyes.

There are actresses who have not so much.

BETSY B.

Monday, February 2d, the Weathersby's Froliques appear at the Bush Street Theatre in their opera travesties and dramatic extravaganzas.

N. C. Goodwin is with the troupe, which is said to be of a degree of excellence that will capture those who are interested in a *pot-pourri* of fun and mimicry.

Lecocq, the author of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, is drawing crowds to the Théâtre de la Renaissance with his new operetta of *La Camargo*.

Hundreds are nightly turned away from the doors.

The *Amusement World* says: "Barney Macauley's days are numbered, which is to say that the inimitable *Uncle Dan* will leave New York shortly.

His season has doubtless been a satisfactory one, but an offer of \$20,000 from the Pacific side of this great and glorious country is deemed enough to warrant him in exchanging the balmy breezes of California for the severe atmosphere of New York.

There are several reasons why Mlle. Litta is not to marry John Underner, of Cleveland, the principal one being that he has one wife already.

ASSORTED BONBONS.

Comprehensive classification for unmarried men.—One lady to another:

"Where is Mr. Debroun's wife?"

"Oh, he hasn't got any wife; he's a fool."

Watchmaker.—"Excuse me, sir; to get that watch fixed will cost as much as a new one."

Customer.—"Well, you fix it, and I'll give you double what I gave for it."

Watchmaker.—"What did you give for it?"

Customer.—"A swat over the head."

"Two of a kind again," sarcastically remarks a young hopeful whose mother has presented him with twins for the fifth time.

Then he sees a club in the old man's hand, and he hasn't the heart to stay in.

Paris *Figure*: "Politicians are an inferior and despised race. In England, Russia (?), and America they are looked upon as the lowest class of society. In *Philadelphia* they are not even saluted."

"Do you allow your salesmen to lie?" asks an infuriated customer of a pious Boston merchant.

"Certainly not, sir. If you can prove to me that one of my young men willfully misrepresents any article of merchandise to you he forfeits his place at once."

The customer explains his dissatisfaction, and points out the salesman.

"Did you tell this gentleman these paper collars would wash, Mr. Quinn?" said the merchant, in a severe tone, to the anxious salesman.

"Yes, sir," readily answered the offender; "but I did not tell him how they would look after washing."

He was hired over again at an increased salary.

And old gentleman of eighty-four, and his bride, aged eighty-two, enter a railway car and take a seat by the stove. A youth occupying the seat behind swears he overheard the following:

Old gentleman to bride—"Who's a little lamb?"

Bride—"Bofe of us."

The French beat the world for coolness.

Monsieur Deboffe, of Calais, amuses himself by chopping his mistress into exactly fifteen pieces.

He is arrested and brought to the remains. He turns to the *juge d'instruction*. "Yes, I confess killing her," he says. "That, to the best of my belief, is the woman; but I find her a good deal changed since I first met her."

A young and rich Southern lady, with her three children, boards one of the Mississippi steamboats which have the dangerous habit of racing when a couple of them are careering up and down the river.

"Captain, I will make the trip with you on one condition—give me your word of honor that you will not race."

"Madam, I pledge my word."

They start. After half an hour another steamer begins to overhaul the first. The lady rushes frantically to the captain.

"Captain, d'ye see? d'ye see?"

"Yes, madam."

"And will you endure it? Will you allow her to give you the go-by? No, impossible! You will at least try?"

"Heavens! madam," replies the captain, coldly, "I don't race; but if I did I have no more wood to pile on and show her our heels, unless—"

"Quick! quick! What is it?"

"Unless I burn one of your children."

"Very well, captain," she cries, straining her corset over the railing and looking wildly at the advancing steamer; "hurry up. Burn the biggest!"

EPITAPH.

Being in doubt, the woman here that lies,
Whether there a hereafter is or no,
And what it may be like, her Paradise
Took out while here below.

"Sir," said, impressively, a young gentleman who was monopolizing the fire-place—"sir, I was born the son of a poor but honest miner, and before I was twenty I was the son of a bonanza king."

The Marquis, to restore his family to something like its ancient state, espouses and brings home to his old château a wife, a rich wife, a very rich wife, but as to looks—

They attended church on the first Sunday after their arrival, and the worthy priest of the parish deems it is duty to address some sentences of eulogy and welcome to the newly-wedded pair.

"Yes, Monsieur la Marquis," exclaims the excellent old man, "I say it without fear of contradiction, your new spouse must be one of the holiest and best of women. She must have a beautiful soul, a beautiful soul, for if she did not why should you have married her?"

"Why does Mr. Skinfint, the possessor of so many millions, always travel third class?"

"Because there is no fourth class."

A convict sentenced to death is aroused from his sleep at 4 A. M. and informed that he is to be decapitated in five minutes.

The executioner asks him if he will have something to keep up his courage—some brandy.

"Gimme a quart of brandy, quick!" gasps the condemned man.

"Come, now, I say," says the public func., "anything in reason, you know, but if you drink a quart of brandy you'll be drunk."

"Never mind; it won't have time to go to my head."

A Corsican lawyer is conducting the defense of a murderer on the mainland. Having with care arrayed the facts of the case, he begins his argument:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: It has been fully set forth by the witnesses you have heard that the act of my client was one of private and personal revenge, long premeditated, and prepared for through laborious years."

"We contend nothing else," says the Attorney-General.

"Thank you," says the learned counsel, with warm gratitude, and sits down, to give the Judge a chance to direct the jury to acquit without leaving the box.

The learned Judge promptly sentences the prisoner to death.

PRIZE CULTURE.

Q.—What was Lucifer's lawsuit, and in what particular did it resemble the Vanderbilt case?

A.—Lucifer's lawsuit was a book written by an Italian monk, Giacomo Palladina, of Teranto, A. D. 1382. The demons, for whom Belial is counsel, plead against Christ, who retains Moses. The case is argued with much vigor and spirit, though Belial makes a far better lawyer than Moses. The case is finally left unfinished, which is precisely what has happened to the Vanderbilt case.

Q.—Who was it said that if a certain beautiful woman's nose had been shorter the history of the world would have been changed? And who was the woman?

A.—Pascal said that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the whole history of the world would have been changed.

Q.—What do you think the most remarkable instance in history of great events flowing from a trifling cause?

A.—This is also to be found in Pascal's Pensées. He considers the death of Cromwell, which was brought about by stone in the bladder, as being the greatest instance in history of great events flowing from a small cause.

Q.—Who invented milk punch?

A.—In Solomon's Songs, v., 1, it is to be found the following text: "I have drunk my wine with my milk."

Q.—When did the first rebellion occur?

A.—In heaven, when Lucifer rebelled.

Q.—Who wrote the lines:

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns?"

A.—T. Noel.

Q.—State any point of resemblance between Achilles and the author of the well-known lines:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out."

A.—Achilles was killed by being struck on his heel—as we all know—and Sir John Suckling is said to have been killed by a revengeful servant, who fixed a knife-blade in his boot, so that it would run into him when he put it on.

Q.—Do you believe in the story of William Tell? State your reasons either way, and briefly.

A.—The story of William Tell and the apple is very doubtful. It appears in the writings of no historians of the age, but is found in those who wrote not less than a century and a half later; whereas the same story is to be met with in the folk-lore of almost every country, and in a particularly distinct form among Northern nations.

Q.—What is the origin of the phrase, "getting into a scrape?"

A.—It is an expression used in Scotland, where, in the game of Golf, a rabbit's burrow is called a scrape, and the player whose ball gets into one is in no pleasant predicament.

Q.—Has it ever been settled who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother?" If so, who did write it?

A.—Florence Percy wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and she would not have done so if she had foreseen the extent to which it has been sung and murdered.

Q.—Who first used the phrase "a toad-eater," and what was the origin of it?

A.—The Spaniards called the few Moors who remained as servants in the land of Arragon *mitadilla* (my factotum), because they were so handy and willing. This phrase became our well known "toad-eater."

Q.—Who wrote the lines:

"Here's a cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next who dies?"

A.—Eli Perkins said he did; but he is such a liar that the public credits them to Sergeant Bates.

Q.—When do we first hear of the pibroch, which is now resounding from Halifax to Ottawa, in the history of North America?

A.—In Wolfe's assault upon Quebec a regiment of Highlanders was ordered to charge, but without the pibroch, as no noise was desired. They were unable to do so, however, wit out their favorite music, and broke. When this was told to Wolfe he said: "Let them play, in God's name!" which, being done, the Highlanders carried all before them.

Q.—The Marchioness of Lorne asked me to ask, since the loss of the *Princess Alice*, the origin of the expression, "Who set the river on fire?"

A.—"He will never set the river on fire" is properly "He will never set the Thames on fire." The *temse* was a corn sieve which was worked in former times over the receiver of the sifted flour. A hard working, active man would not infrequently ply the *temse* so quickly as to set fire to the wooden hoop at the bottom, but a lazy fellow would never set the *temse* on fire.

Questions in Brief.

1.—Where was Moses when the light went out?

2.—Why do the summer roses fade?

3.—Who stole Stewart's body?

4.—Who invented buckwheat cakes?

5.—And why?

6.—Who was the author of the quotation:

"Shake not thy gory locks at me—
Thou canst not say I done it!"

7.—How much did the man who struck B. Pater-son strike him for?

8.—Who first wore a chest-protector? And what was there peculiar about his great-grandmother?

9.—What is the origin of the custom of licking a postage-stamp?

10.—Why are five-cent shins charged at the rate of five cents apiece? And in what respect does this compare with the battle of Agincourt?

11.—Why is it advisable to wash one's self, and who first used water for this peculiar purpose?

12.—Little Bo-Peep, she lost her sheep, and didn't know where to find them. How is this fact connected with the well-known fable of Bryan O'Lynn?

13.—Has the Marquis of Lorne a strawberry-mark in the small of his back? And if not, why not?

14.—The Princess Louise bought a tin teapot the other day, in Ottawa, for 25 cents. She did, indeed. Supposing she did, what then?

15.—Are there any authentic cases, in history or traditional mythology, of baked snowballs?

16.—If Dick's father were Tom's son, what relation was Dionysius the Pig-Sticker to Eli Perkins?

17.—What is the origin of doing in Turkey as Turks do? And how many thousand idiots regard the use of the phrase as intensely humorous?

18.—Who killed Cock-Robin? What grounds are there for believing that the Sparrow lied? And was the Sparrow married?

19.—What peculiar animal supplies the place of the bed-bug in Kamtschatka?

20.—Who was the original Great American Pie-Biter of Hornellsville, and were his duties performed in a perfunctory manner, or did he bite the plate?

21.—How do you construe "Kipsiphomat eph-laneigan kutsileusthain?" And is kutsileusthain in the acrostic perfect or is it web-footed?

22.—What was "the light of other days," and why did it light out?

23.—In how many years from now is it probable that the news of the Mexican war will reach Philadelphia?

24.—Who was Dion Bouicault, and what was he king of?

25.—If you saw a man chasing a jack-rabbit with a pink rosette on his left ear, and the jack-rabbit ran up to a third-rate carpenter who had lost five wives by a small-pox, the last one having been regarded by some physicians as merely a case of virulent varioloid; and the carpenter afterward joined the greenback party and took to drink, thereby causing a depreciation in the breadstuffs market equivalent to the cosine of a—b+c=d, and inducing the aunt of the Governor of Winnebago to elope with a giraffe from a circus which had previously gone into bankruptcy by means of fraudulent affidavits procured from a moon-eyed leper in the Jews' quarter of Bagdad, it being an off-year for watermelons and rather inclined to the horizontal, with Italian fluting along the edges, would you consider that man insane?

A Kiss in the Dark.

Which I wish to remark,
That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark
When it leaveth a stain:
And a maid who strikes quickly her colors
When pressed, I shall never maintain.

It was a "surprise,"
When the fair ladies went
To kill time, while it flies,
With their beaux, who were bent
On having a social reunion.
At the cost of—well, more than assent.

Just here let me say
To the ladies below,
Who in polka display
Their fantastic light *toe*,
That their husbands, upstairs, also poked—
Yes, ladies, you well may cry "Owe!"

If the husbands but knew
How their wives flirt below,
They would be to them—glue;
For they'd stick to them so
That the popinjays all would look elsewhere,
Nor want for a tip of the toe.

In the waltz I embraced
A fair maid with soft eyes.
Oh, the size of her waist
Made me waste many sighs;
And I likened her cheeks to red roses,
And whispered, "Sweet love never dyes."

Then together we strayed
In the light of the moon,
Where I kissed that sweet maid;
She pretended to swoon,
But her faint was a feint, so I kissed her
Again, for I relished the boon.

Back again on the floor,
With my sweet at I danced,
While the people there wore
Merry smiles, as they glanced
At my partner, so stayed—in her manner—
And at me, so completely entranced.

When my love turned around
I was shocked at the sight;
Where the roses were found,
One had met with a blight;
While a cheek was still blooming and rosy,
The other was fearfully white.

From my good-looking lass,
Filled with fright, I straight flew
To a bad looking-glass,
Where I gazed; then I knew
That my nose, which was formerly turn-up,
Was radish—bright crimson in hue.

Which is why I remark,
That a pleasure in vain
Is a kiss in the dark
When it leaveth a stain;
And a maiden who runs when you kiss her
Is fast—which I eye maintain.
H. C. Dodge, in *Puck*.

It was the proprietor of an American lunch counter who said: "I care not who makes the laws of the country, if I may make its sandwiches." And he finished hammering out the bottom of one, welded the upper crust down to it, brazed the edges, tempered it, and laid it in the sun, and filled out a blank burial permit while he waited for the next customer.

The average man will sit passive in a barber's chair and unmurmuringly submit to having his countenance veneered with soap suds and thumped with a wad of hog-bristles; but if his wife should accidentally spatter him with a dish-cloth all the recording angels in the land couldn't do justice to his remarks.

Of all sad words by pen or tongue,
The saddest is, "I've lost a lung."

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The average small boy's ambition is to be a trapper, a pirate, or a song-and-dance man. "When I wath a little boy," lisped a very stupid society man to a young lady, "all my idea in life was thentered on being a clown." "Well there is at least one case of gratified ambition," was the sharp reply.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself hath said,
"This is eighteen and seventy-eight,"
When he a letter had to date?
If such there be, go, mark him well,
That man is lying sure as 2 and 2 make 4.

Who was it that alluded to Joaquin Miller as the "poet lariat?" On that must ang his hopes of fame.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The new cook book, "How to Get a Good Dinner," should be in the hands of every tramp.

Painting on porcelain. MISS RYDER, 26½ Kearny Street.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Within the last few months the changes of location in the piano trade have been marked. The most prominent is the removal of the Hazelton Bros. Piano Agency to the elegant and extensive ware-rooms, 647 Market Street, Nucleus Block. These rooms have a frontage of nearly forty feet on Market, and run through to Stevenson Street, a distance of one hundred and seventy feet, making the largest piano room in the city. The Hazelton pianos have always been considered among the best, but since their triumph over all competitors at the Great International Exhibition at Philadelphia they have rapidly grown in popular favor. At the Centennial they received the highest award for elastic touch, singing quality, delicacy and power of tone, and excellence of workmanship. As evidence of the great durability of these celebrated instruments we were recently shown a piano which had been rented nearly ten years, and which had earned over eight hundred dollars, and yet showed but little wear. Mr. Eaton has also in stock a large assortment of the J. P. Hale Pianos, celebrated for power and brilliancy of tone, durability, and moderate price. Any of these pianos will be sold at cash prices on the easiest instalments, and old instruments taken as first payments. This is the only strictly piano house on the coast, as Mr. Eaton has facilities possessed by no other firm. The public will find it to their advantage to patronize him.

What can give more satisfaction to a stern "parent" and his better half than to contemplate the lovely features of their amiable offspring as photographed by Mr. Boyd's Lightning Process, at the Yocsonite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street.

Validity of the Mutual Life Insurance Company's New Policies Affirmed.

This question has been passed upon by some of the most eminent lawyers of the day, among them being Messrs. Dwight Foster and P. W. Chandler of Boston, Leonard Scott of Chicago, and others, whose opinions are summed up as follows:

First—That the course of action in reducing the premiums is clearly within the power of the Company.

Second—That the contract of insurance to the new member is, beyond question, valid and binding.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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Mining Company are now prepared to offer special inducements to capitalists or actual settlers for a profitable investment in their attractive town site and mine, situated in the Santa Cruz Valley, in that portion of Southern Arizona acknowledged by all sanitary and descriptive writers to be the ITALY OF AMERICA.

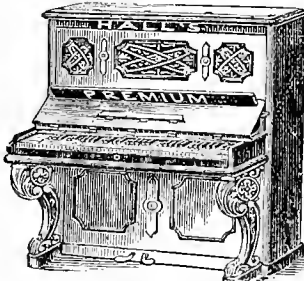
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YELLOW JACKET SILVER MIN-
ing Company.—Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada. Principal place of business, Main St., Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Company, held on the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 31) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Main Street, Gold Hill Nevada, or to James Newlands, Transfer Secretary, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office—Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.



NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

LEE D. CRAIG,
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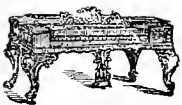
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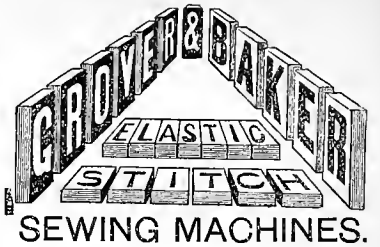
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VOL. IV. NO. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Thursday, the 23d of the month just past, being the birthday of an intimate friend, I was invited to a dinner given to celebrate the occasion. The repast was excellent in every particular, and the company sat until after ten o'clock. When the cloth was removed we continued at table with our host, discussing various topics, and occasionally sipping at some specially fine old Pedro Ximenes sherry, of the vintage of 1842. When we rose to go home, which we did at midnight, the sherry bottle was empty, and some other bottles besides. I remember, though rather vaguely, that, while tasting the wine, we discussed local and State politics, and particularly the so-called "workingmen's movement" in California. My friend, according to my recollection, did not wholly agree with me as to what I claimed would be the inevitable result of the election in September, namely: the utter defeat of the whole thing, and the triumph of the Republican ticket. He insisted that such a result was by no means a foregone conclusion. He asserted, as his opinion, that there was enough general distrust and dissatisfaction with politics in this State to afford capital for at least one victory for Kearney; and that, let the old parties conduct themselves with ever so much discretion, still this would prove to be an off year with them both, and the workingmen would carry the day. I remember that this conversation was still going on in a desultory way as the brandy and sherry bottles ran low; and when it came time to depart my friend took the positive stand, that it made no difference what happened, Kearney would carry the State and in five years would be "Dictator!" And when I rose to grope my way to my carriage, I had still ringing in my ears the last words of our host, "Kearney Dictator!" I am not able at this moment to remember just how, or at what time, I reached my bed, or precisely in what manner I managed to undress or get into it. I am convinced, however, that to some extent at least I did both, for on the morning of the 24th, which was the very next day, I awoke in my own bed, with my boots still securely upon my feet, and my best overcoat buttoned about me as a temporary substitute for a nightgown. I give these details only in order to show the accuracy of my memory; for what I have to relate is the very singular dream that I had on the night of the 23d, after leaving my friend's house; a dream which I have no doubt, if not absolutely produced, was certainly greatly influenced, by the conversation I had with my friend over the sherry, and especially by his final remark about Kearney being Dictator. My dream was so vivid that it seemed more like a vision than a dream, yet, in this matter-of-fact age, I must treat it as a dream. I dreamed that matters turned out just as my friend had predicted, and in my mind I saw it all. The two old parties held primary elections just a week apart. Colonel James Gannon managed them both. They were conducted under the Porter Primary Election Law, Registrar Kaplan and the Election Commissioner attending personally at the polls, to see that every voter was duly sworn, and that there was no tampering with the ballot-boxes. The primary elections of the Republican and Democratic parties being, as I said before, only one week apart, the same management was sufficient for both; the same headquarters, the same organization, paid for out of the same fund; the same printed tickets for both elections, and the same patriots distributed them, on the respective election days, for both Democratic and Republican primaries; and, lastly, the same voters cast their ballots at both elections. It was altogether in the usual, customary way; was very economical, very quiet, and the result very decisive. I dreamed that I voted on both days, and each time for men sound to the core upon all the great measures of reform demanded by the people. In my dream the Republican Convention was held first in order of time at Sacramento, and was acknowledged to be the most harmonious party assemblage ever held in that city. Not a ripple of discord disturbed its placid surface. It was called to order by Mr. Abell, and Marcus D. Boruck was duly elected Secretary. After the organization was perfected, a Committee on Platform and Resolutions was appointed, composed mainly of the party leaders; which committee at once proceeded to the apartments of Mr. Stow, for consultation and stationery. In fifteen minutes they had agreed upon the principles to be enunciated during the approaching canvass, and reported them back to the Convention in due form. The report was read at the desk by Mr. Boruck, in his best manner. I

can almost repeat its exact words. The platform began as usual, by "pointing with pride" to the glorious career of the time-honored and historic party of freedom and human rights [cheers]. It reminded the people of the State that the party had suppressed a gigantic rebellion, had freed four million slaves, and given all of them the ballot, and many of them offices [more cheers]; had resumed specie payment, redeemed the human race, and saved the nation. Having said so much as to its acts in the past, the platform proceeded in the customary form to declare the unalterable purpose of the Republican party to regulate, control, and, if necessary, abolish all corporations and monopolies [cries of Oh! Oh! and Good!]; to reduce the rates for water and gas [cheers and laughter], so that every family could have all it wanted; this, with the old and time-honored plank providing for retrenchment and reform [cheers and uproarious laughter], and in favor of Grant and a third term [tremendous and continuous cheering], ended the report of the committee. Just as the chair was on the point of putting the question to the Convention upon the adoption of the report, Mr. Stow arose in his place, and called the attention of the body to the omission of the customary denunciation of all subsidies to railroad and other corporations, and, making a ringing speech against the principles of subsidies in general, and against railroads in particular, moved that the report be amended in this particular. The Convention was enthusiastic, and the motion was carried amid a storm of applause. The platform was then adopted as the principles of the party, and the Convention proceeded to ballot for candidates. As usual in such cases, all candidates of doubtful integrity, or who were unsound upon the vital questions of the day, were defeated. Care was taken by the managers of the Convention that only enemies of corporations were nominated. All in the least suspected of a leaning toward those institutions were incontinently and without any ceremony knocked on the head. It is enough to say that everybody at the Convention, as well as all connected with politics throughout the State, agreed, with the utmost unanimity, that there was a certain ring about the platform that had never been equaled in any previous party platform. And as for the candidates, it was universally admitted that, putting aside their intense and bigoted hostility to all corporations and monopolies—which many thought they carried to extremes—it was the best and soundest lot of men ever nominated for public office on this coast. The Convention then adjourned, with three cheers for the ticket. One week after—which time passed in my dream with the rapidity of thought—the Democratic Convention was held. Like the Republican, it was characterized by the most perfect good feeling, and was otherwise a model Democratic Convention. It was presided over by Colonel E. J. Lewis of Tehama, and Colonel Ryan of San Francisco was the Secretary. The platform was everything that could be desired by the most uncompromising and life-long Constitutional Democrat. It began by a declaration "that the Convention pointed with lofty pride to the career in the past of the grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson." [Here the entire Convention rose to its feet *en masse* and cheered for more than five minutes.] It reiterated and renewed the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of "'98 and '9," as the cardinal faith of the national Democracy. [More cheering.] It avowed its undying hostility to all corporations and monopolies, and pledged its candidates to a reduction of freights and fares on the railroads [cheers and cat-calls], as well as the rates for water and gas. [A voice: "Bully for you!"] and laughter.] It declared the Democratic party to be the friend of the poor man [more cheers]; and after putting in a plank upon retrenchment and reform, and another for hard money, with some other common-places, proceeded to nominate its ticket. The ticket was of that character that always had in the past satisfied the average Democratic voter, and, there was every reason to presume, would poll the full party vote. In my dream the election seemed to drift down and take place as rapidly as events in a dream can occur. The election was held, and the result announced. To my terror, both Democratic and Republican tickets were swept out of sight, and Kearney carried the day by overwhelming majorities. This appalling event seemed to come upon me like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. I was unprepared for such a result, even in a dream. I can now see that it broke in upon the current of my dream, for subsequent events did not seem to follow each other with regularity, as they had before. This shock to my faculties evidently broke in

upon and disturbed my vision, if I may so call it, or at least my recollection of it, and a period apparently of several years seemed to elapse before I could comprehend what was going on around me. The first distinct recollection I have in my dream was after the Kearney Government had been in the plenitude of its power for some time. The principles of the new movement were thoroughly engrafted in the law, and Kearney's title to the dictatorship was established beyond question. From that point onward all comes back to me as I write as plain and as vivid as the occurrences in one of our most public streets at noonday. I seemed in my dream to accompany Dictator Kearney wherever he went—just how, whether by walking or riding, I can not quite explain; but I saw all that took place, and have an impression of it far more powerful than we usually get in dreams, and altogether like a waking event. I thought Dictator Kearney had moved the capital of the State from Sacramento to this city, and had installed his government temporarily in the Nevada Bank, until the City Hall could be completed—a thing somewhat delayed by a recent decree fixing the duration of daily labor at one hour each day, so that citizens could devote the other twenty-three to sleep, recreation, and intellectual culture. I somehow found out that all property in the State had been divided equally among the free citizens—a term confined exclusively to the original Kearneyites—giving to each individual, according to the estimates for the fiscal year at the time of my dream, the sum of seven dollars and a fraction over nine cents in money or personal property, and a tract of land of one hundred and sixty acres in extent; and a decree had been promulgated making it a crime, punishable with death by a hempen rope, to possess any estate (real or personal) beyond that amount. This distribution of property had been confined, however, strictly to those citizens who had been favorable to the Kearney movement and voted that ticket. All others were under disability as to holding any property whatever. Nor was the one hour a day system of labor allowed to extend to these malignants. All persons who had opposed the movement originally were themselves respectively compelled to work whatever number of hours he or she had before the new Constitution claimed to be the just limit of a day's labor. Among other important changes that had been brought about, under the new order of things, was the disposition of the railroads and the gas and water works. These had all been taken possession of by Dictator Kearney, and held by him in the nature of crown property—he operating them, and taking the earnings for his own private use. He had also taken possession of all the fine residences on Nob Hill, occupying that of Governor Stanford as his palace, and allowing his Cabinet officers to live (while in office) in the others. The former mansion of Charles Crocker was occupied by Robert Ferral, the Minister of Public Justice; while Clitus Barbour, the Lord Chancellor, lived in the Hopkins mansion; and the Colton residence was now the residence of General McComb, the Secretary of War. The other fine houses in the city had been portioned out to various Cabinet Ministers. I dreamed that I attended at one of Dictator Kearney's official levees, and saw him receive the reports from heads of departments, as to the administration for the preceding month. I will relate what occurred, for my memory was powerfully impressed with it: Dictator Kearney sat upon a raised platform at the back end of the main room, which in Flood & O'Brien's time, before the distribution of property, was occupied as a bank. His appearance did not seem in my dream to be much changed from his old sand-lot make-up, except that he had on a clean paper collar. On his right hand, but standing lower down, was placed the Secretary of War and Commander of the Army, Field-Marshal McComb, dressed in the uniform of a marshal of the French Empire under Napoleon I. I learned in my dream—just how I do not quite recollect—that this gentleman, though formerly belonging to the malignant class, had, in consequence of his military renown and experience in the art of war, been pardoned and his disabilities removed. In front of the Dictator was his Council of State, seated at proper intervals at a long table. This Council consisted of the various heads of departments and the judges of the courts. The Dictator opened the audience by announcing that he would now hear the reports. At this the Minister of Finance, Henry George, arose and addressed the Dictator. He wished and obtained consent to submit his annual report, and proceeded to do so. "It was with deep regret," so he said, "that he found

pelled to report at the end of this, his second year of office, that there was absolutely no money in the treasury whatever. It was empty as a poor box, and likely to continue so. The causes that had brought about this depleted condition of the public strong-box were numerous and complicated. He would at this time only attempt to point out the most apparent. He would commence by reiterating what he had said more than once before, that the only proper subject of taxation was land; that if taxes could not be raised upon land, it was better not to raise them at all. He then reminded the Dictator of the decree making it a capital offense for a citizen to own more than 160 acres of land, or \$7.09 of personality. Now [continued the great financier] when it is remembered that the distribution of property has given to every man, woman, and child in the State \$7.09 in coin, and 160 acres of land, leaving a vast amount of acreage still unappropriated, mark the result upon taxation. Unless citizens pay up voluntarily, which as yet they do not seem disposed to do, we have no mode of enforcing the collection of taxes. We can not sell lands for delinquent taxes. The purchaser would be hanged the next day for holding more than the laws permit—a treatment which our citizens strongly object to. The Sheriff would come to him with a deed in one hand and a hemp rope in the other, and the consequence is purchasers at tax sales do not come forward. That is how we stand on taxes; and while I feel the utmost confidence in the soundness of my theories on taxation, I would like the judgment of the Court on the best way of getting the taxes into the Treasury." Minister of Finance George having finished, the Minister of Police, Wm. T. Coleman, rose with his report, smiling and happy. Mr. Coleman had the honor and pleasure to report that within the week just past the last Chinaman on the coast had been, through the instrumentalities of chief detective in the Chinese Department, F. A. Bee, dragged from his hiding-place in a kitchen somewhere about North Beach, and hanged to a hook over the cooking-range where he had been at work, and that at last the Chinese question was settled. The Chinaman was "gone." At this juncture Dictator Kearney ordered Colonel Bee to come forward and receive the thanks of the Workmen's party, and a reward of five trade dollars out of the public treasury, which Mr. George was ordered to pay forthwith. Colonel Bee advanced to the foot of the throne, and, prostrating himself, implored Kearney for the sake of mercy to forbear and not doom him to certain death, as this order would accomplish if unrevoked. The Colonel confessed that he already had in his pocket a sum which, if added to the five dollars, would bring his possessions within the prohibited amount and lead to his inevitable destruction. Upon this statement the order for the five trade dollars was graciously revoked, and the Colonel thankfully retired. Minister Coleman then proceeded with his report. He stated that the late decree abolishing the public prisons on the ground of the competition of the inmates with free labor, and substituting the more economical and expeditious penalty of death by hanging, he had to report the following proceedings under the new law: The number of arrests of free citizens during the months embraced in the report upon charges of working over one hour a day had been 2,873; the number of convictions was 1,129, mostly females, all of whom had been executed except 72, who were in the custody of the executioner only awaiting the completion of a sufficient number of coffins for their interment. The report stated positively that these criminals would be disposed of within a few days. The number of persons arrested for practicing medicine without a certificate from Dr. O'Donnell, the Honorable Minister of Public Health, was 84, of whom 61 had been convicted and hanged, and among whom, he was happy to state, were several notorious and hardened offenders, including Drs. Sawyer, Bowie, Laine, and Keeney, and it was confidently hoped by the end of another month this crime would be substantially eradicated. The number of priests and ministers tried and executed for various offenses within the month was 11, including Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Kip, and that it was apparent that the reformed religion as taught by the Workmen's party would soon have the field to itself. Minister Coleman was most happy to be able to report that the prosecution and punishment of lawyers under the late law to suppress dangerous callings had been carried on with marked activity and success for the month just past, and there was reason to hope that, before the close of the year, that useless and vicious nest of conspirators against the new system would be broken up and destroyed. The number of arrests for this offense within the time embraced in the report was 187. Of these 90 had been tried before Judge Ferral, resulting in the conviction and prompt execution of 46, showing over fifty per cent. of convictions—the best evidence of the zeal with which that branch of the public service is discharged. Early in the month a joint indictment had been found against Citizens S. M. Wilson, Hall McAllister, J. P. Hoge, and Delos Lake, charging them with the crime of being lawyers. The report sets forth that separate trials had been demanded by the accused and accorded, resulting in the conviction of the three first named criminals, who were promptly executed. But, continued the report, in the case of the prisoner Lake the prosecution, although using the most strenuous efforts and calling a cloud of witnesses, was unable to prove the crime to the satisfaction of the jury, which, after hearing the argument of the prosecuting attorney and the charge of the court, brought in a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats. A large number of malignants been executed for concealing property and refusing to distribute under the decrees of State, and the number would be greatly increased but for the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of ropes and coffins. The executions of this class of criminals within the month was found to have numbered 1,344. The report took pleasure in noting the trial and execution of A. M. Winn, for a very aggravated case of holding and teaching the monstrous doctrine that a day's work should consist of eight hours. It was the intention of the Department of Justice to put down and root out this species of offense, still too common, at all hazards. The police were in close pursuit of Colonel Swadley for the same offense, and hoped to be able to make a final disposition of his case by the next monthly report. At this moment I thought in my dream that the sound of buzzs and the clanging music of a brass band in the street was heard, and the proceedings were interrupted by an immense procession filing into the room through the door of the corner of Pine and Montgomery

Streets, who finally took their stand in double ranks along the sides of the building. I soon discovered by the flags and mottoes that this was a procession of workmen, headed by William Wellock, and that they were agitating for a reduction in the hours—or rather minutes—of labor. The agitators held flags, which they waved in the air. The mottoes were various, and I can remember only a few of them. They were such as these: "Thirty minutes a fair day's work." "If the laboring man must devote one whole hour of each day to work, when is he to learn Greek?" "Less time for toil and more for intellectual improvement." "All work and no contemplation makes Jack a dull boy." "None but tyrants will compel citizens to devote one-twenty-fourth part of their time to labor, and none but slaves will submit to it." When order was restored, Wellock addressed the Dictator in a speech an hour long, setting forth the necessity of reducing the minutes of labor, so that more time could be devoted to mental culture, with much sound argument and apt illustration in support of his proposition. Among other things he gave an instance especially in point. It was the case of a shoemaker on Powell Street, who had made a serious miscalculation in the heliocentric parallax of a star of the seventeenth magnitude in Canis Minor, which error he would not have made but for his being rusty in his differential calculi consequent upon the present very excessive duration of the minutes of labor. There was also a blacksmith near the Mission Dolores who was unable, for the same reason, to keep up in oriental literature and Sanscrit poetry with the other members of a learned society to which he belonged. Mr. Wellock declared that unless the hours of labor were reduced from sixty to thirty minutes a day, he feared that the intellectual capabilities of the workmen would not be fully developed. At the close of Mr. Wellock's oration the Dictator promised that the grievances of the people should be inquired into and redressed. The procession then retired, and Kearney adjourned the further hearing of reports till the next meeting, at the same time politely inviting the entire cabinet to a banquet at the Dictator's palace, corner of Powell and California streets, formerly occupied by Governor Stanford. At this the meeting rose, and we all moved out to the street, where Kearney's state carriage stood awaiting him. It was a splendid affair, drawn by six white horses, each ridden by a postilion in powdered hair and knee breeches; and, when we observed closely, as we did, we made the discovery that the postilions were State Senators and Assemblymen who had represented the city in the California Legislature. Tim McCarthy, being the handsomest, rode one of the leaders. Peter Dean had a seat on the off wheeler. General McComb, in command of the escorting detachment of troops, mounted his steed as Kearney and I entered the carriage, and, escorted by a regiment of cavalry, we proceeded up Pine Street to Kearney's palace. On observing the footmen seated on the box, we found that both they and those who stood up and held on by the steps behind were high State officials. Judges Field and Sawyer, with top boots, drab coats, and neat cockades on the sides of their hats, looked exceedingly stylish. When we arrived at the palace and alighted, we found all the servants, in elegant livery, drawn up in double ranks by the entrance, to do honor to the Dictator. As I passed in I recognized among the servants in plush many familiar faces—those I had known in other days. The table-waiters had evidently been selected among the members of the Pacific Club, while the kitchen and wine service seemed to mainly come from the old Stock Board. I noticed Howard Coit standing in an attitude of respect, holding a silver corkscrew in his hand, showing him to be in the responsible place of butler; while the white linen cap worn by Peter Donahue signified that he was now the Dictator's cook. Milton S. Latham, with a silver-plated carving-knife and fork thrust securely in the belt of his clean apron, was proof, at a glance, that Kearney had the judgment and good taste to create the special office of carver, and did not want to have his meat hashed up by incompetent hands. But, not to go into further details, it is enough to say that we entered the palace, and that as soon as the guests began to arrive I took a place near a window and watched them drive up. The equipages were generally in good taste, though occasionally I observed a disposition to gaudy show. The first to arrive was Secretary of War McComb. He drove four bays to an open barouche. His coachman proved to be General McDowell, U. S. A., while holding to the straps I observed ex-Governor Irwin and Honorable Eugene Casserly in the Secretary's yellow and blue livery. Minister of Justice Ferral's turnout was specially dashing—six grays, driven by Judge Crockett, with Dwinelle and Wheeler on the platform behind, in knee breeches and powdered wigs. Minister of Police Coleman was also brought up in good shape; four handsome piebalds handled by ex-Mayor Coon, with Reverend Thomas Guard, in the neat style of a tiger, seated behind on the footman's box. Mr. Beerstecher's four chestnuts were handsomely driven by Mr. Haggin, who brought them up to the door at a slapping gallop, checking them so suddenly as almost to throw Louis McLane and William Alvord, the two portly footmen, over the top of the coach. Clitus Barbour's turnout was not inferior to the best; his carriage was an imperial drag, drawn by six dapple grays, and driven by D. O. Mills, while J. C. Flood and ex-Governor Low, in red jackets, white wigs, knee breeches, and orange stockings, sat peacefully and with carefully folded arms on a raised footman's box, well back of the body of the vehicle. The First Minister of General Elections, William B. Higgins, drove up in elegant style behind six dashing roans, handled by M. M. Estee, with Congressman Davis, in yellow plush, holding on to the straps behind. James Gannon, the Minister of Primary Elections and Chief of the Department of Rough Politics—a portfolio recently created for the present incumbent—came up sober, with four bay Hambletonian colts, driven by Jim Shafter, with General John F. Miller on the box, his arms folded across his breast. About this time the carriages began to drive up in such crowds, and there was so much confusion, that I could not easily distinguish the inmates. I ceased to take notes; and soon after the band began to play, showing that the Dictator had arrived, and we were told to enter the banquet hall. The dinner was magnificent. It makes my mouth water even now to think of it, though only a dream. The guests were the leaders of the new society, and consisted of the Dictator's cabinet officers, and a large number of the supporters of the administration—either original Kearneyites, or converts who had joined since the new

order of things was established. But it is impossible to give a detailed account of the banquet. It is enough to say that it passed off splendidly, and all were delighted with the affair. Speeches were made by Kearney, Judge Hager, Professor McGowan, Stephen Gage, as well as by the various heads of departments—notably Colonel Gannon, Minister of Primaries and Rough Politics—and did not break up till three o'clock in the morning. The following day, I thought in my dream that I paid a visit to the "High Court of Justice," presided over by Honorable Robert Ferral, having learned that some interesting cases would be brought on for trial. We did not arrive in Court until a half an hour after it had been opened. Already several cases had been called and disposed of. When I came in a trial was about closing, three prisoners having just been found guilty of stealing water from the reservoir at Laguna Honda, and Minister of Justice Ferral was putting on the black cap to impose the sentence of the Court as I took the seat kindly offered to me by Judge W. T. Wallace, the Deputy Bailiff of the Court. It was a solemn moment. "Bailiff," said the Minister of Justice to Judge Wallace, "cause the prisoners to stand up." The order was obeyed, and the trembling wretches arose to receive the death sentence, the penalty of their crimes. "Charles Webb Howard, William F. Babcock, and Francis Newlands," said the Court in a solemn voice, "you have been jointly indicted for one of the highest and most heinous crimes known to the law, that of feloniously stealing water from a private reservoir. You have been tried by a jury of your countrymen, all workmen, and have been found guilty. With that verdict, after carefully hearing the testimony, the Court is satisfied. What have you to say why the sentence of the law should not be imposed upon you?" "Please the court," said the dejected and trembling Newlands, "we had no counsel at the trial." "Prisoner!" interrupted the Minister of Justice, with severity, "this claim of counsel but adds to the atrocity of your offense; you must know that the just penalty of death has been long since inflicted upon all known lawyers in this State. If any remain they preserve their worthless lives by careful concealment. In your own case, prisoner Newlands, for the Court knows you, when you were tried for that offense you only escaped punishment by proving an *alibi*. If there are any of that vile profession left they will be wise to keep away from this tribunal of justice." At this, forgetting myself for a moment, I sprang to my feet and offered to serve as counsel to defend these prisoners. "Bailiff!" roared the Minister of Justice, "is this man a lawyer? If so, lead him to instant execution." But Judge Wallace, to whom I had once done a service, saved my life. Bowing with his most urbane and courtly air and smile: "No, your honor, he practiced law once, that is all." "Ah!" said the Minister, unbending his brows and relaxing into a gracious smile, which quite set me at ease, "that is quite another thing. The Court did that once itself." Then turning to the terror-stricken prisoners he continued: "The plea is insufficient to stay the course of the law. Have you anything further to allege?" "May it please the Court," said the prisoner Babcock, "we only took one drink from the reservoir, and we were very thirsty." "Silence!" roared the Minister of Justice, "the law knows no distinction between grand and petty larceny. It awards the same punishment to all crimes. It is as bad to steal a drop of water as it is a million gallons. The water is the private property of Dictator Kearney. But that makes no difference; property must be protected, no matter who it belongs to. Bailiff, remove all these prisoners for execution, and as this is a most aggravated case, let them be hanged forthwith! Call the next case." The next case was the trial of Charles E.—*alias* Philosopher—Pickett, indicted jointly with Leland Stanford, and Charles Crocker, and Marcus D. Boruck, for riotous proceedings at an anti-railroad meeting, held at the sand-lots, on Market Street. There were several other parties under indictment for participation in the same meeting, but the prisoners Pickett, Stanford, Crocker, and Boruck, being the most active and turbulent in their conduct, were held as "ring-leaders," and tried first. A jury having been called and sworn, Robert Robinson prosecuted on the part of Kearney; and after putting in evidence the decree confiscating all the railroads in the State, and reserving them as the private property of the Dictator, he called as the chief witness for the prosecution Mr. Stephen Gage. This witness, after being sworn, went on to testify that on Sunday last he observed the prisoners, and other suspicious characters, hanging about the sand-lots, and feeling sure that they intended some mischief, waited to see what they would do. That soon afterward he saw the prisoners at the bar, acting apparently, however, in subordination to the prisoner Pickett, mount a temporary platform of redwood boards, while the other members of the band gathered about them, as if to listen to what was said. That the prisoner Pickett called the meeting to order, nominated himself as chairman, and declared the motion carried, and then sat down on a box. But the witness when asked stated that no vote was taken on the motion, so far as he could observe. He testified further, that the prisoner Pickett then introduced the prisoner Stanford to the meeting, who proceeded to harangue the crowd. On being questioned by the Court as to the substance of the prisoner Stanford's remarks, the witness declared himself unable to repeat his exact language; but he was willing to swear that he heard the prisoner Stanford declare that freights and fares were both too high; that the railroads as conducted were an odious and oppressive monopoly, and that they ought to be regulated in the interest of the people. On being interrogated as to any expressions of hostility or dislike to the person of Dictator Kearney or his government on the part of the prisoner Stanford, witness, though pressed upon this point, declared that from where he stood, which was at a considerable distance from the stand, he heard nothing of that kind; but he could, upon his conscience, swear positively that the prisoner when speaking did look exceedingly vicious and ugly. At this the Court declared that it had no doubt of this fact, and told the witness to stand aside as the case was fully proved. He then asked the prisoners if they had any testimony to offer in their behalf. The prisoner Stanford stated that being out of employment, with a family to support, he tried to get down to Bakersfield, where he had heard that hands were wanted to work in the harvest field, but that on going to the railroad station he was told that the fare to that point was \$2, which was more money than he possessed. He stated further that the only witness he would offer would be upon that point,

and that with the Court's leave he would offer testimony to show that the fare to Bakersfield by the railroad was \$2. The Court promptly ruled that the testimony was irrelevant and immaterial, and could not be heard; that it could make no difference to the prisoner what the fare by the railroad to Bakersfield was, or anywhere else; that the railroads were private property, and that nothing was better settled in law than that every man had the right to do as he pleased with his own; that if Dictator Kearney, as the owner of the road, chose to charge \$100, or \$1,000, as the fare to Bakersfield, it was his right to do so; that the prisoner had the right of either going to Bakersfield on foot or in an ox-cart, at his pleasure, but he had no right to encourage riot and sedition because the owners of the railroad did not choose to put the fare down to such price as might suit his opinion or necessities. The Court then charged the jury. He carefully reviewed the law touching railroads, and showed that throughout their entire history they had been held to be sacred, and that to criticize them or their management, though not always punishable as now with death, yet had been from the first held to be a very serious offense. The Minister of Justice also instructed the jury that this class of sedition, if not checked now, at its very commencement, would in time lead to the most serious consequences, and recommended them, in the interest of public tranquility, to make an example in this case. The jury found all the prisoners guilty without leaving their seats. On being asked by the Judge what they had to say in extenuation of judgment, the prisoner Stanford pleaded that he was poor and only wanted to get to Bakersfield to work, and that the rates to that place were, in fact, excessive. The Court answered the prisoner severely, saying, "that he ought, as a political economist, to know that railroad fares, like gas and water rates, if only let alone would, like all other matters of commerce, sooner or later regulate themselves. That if the public is dissatisfied with the rates charged, the best way is always to carefully avoid saying anything about it, and just to wait patiently till the evil remedies itself, which it certainly will do if only left unmolested by any outside interference." Here the prisoner asked, humbly, "What is to reduce fares if they are left alone?" The Court answered, sternly: "'The laws of trade' will sooner or later regulate them. All you have to do is to wait." Again the prisoner stated that he was unable to wait till that time, as he wanted to get to Bakersfield to work at harvesting. "Silence!" cried the Judge, drawing on the black cap. "Prisoners, your case is one of the most atrocious and diabolical that has been tried in this Court since it was established. Your actions are simply damnable, and if not rooted out society must be destroyed. The sentence of the Court is, that you be taken from hence directly to the corner of California and Powell Streets, and within twenty minutes be banged in front of Dictator Kearney's palace, an example to all such offenders. Call the next case!" The prisoners were at once led out for execution. Being old friends of all three of them I naturally felt a strong desire to see them hanged. I, therefore, followed out with the crowd, and walked along in the direction of the spot where the execution was to take place. Just as I reached the street I saw in my dream my old mule standing at the corner, all saddled and bridled. In my dream I forgot that the mule was dead long since. I mounted the animal and rode along with the crowd till I reached the scaffold, which was already erected directly under Kearney's window. Just as the prisoners were mounting the steps I caught the Dictator's eye. He was examining the beast upon which I rode. Directly after, I observed him giving a sign to his private police who stood around. Then he called out, "There is a man on a mule, worth \$40! Let him be hanged with the others, and lead the mule to the stable." It was all over with me. In another moment I stood in line with the other four prisoners, with a rope tightly drawn around my neck. Then there was a jerk, the stars flew about before my eyes, and I awoke—very thankful that it was only a dream!

New York society has given birth to a new dance called the "Wave." Beside it the "Glide" is a modest gleam. It knocks "The Dance of Death" perfectly cold. It is a waltz—a wild, wicked waltz. It is made up of hops instead of slides, and the vigorous skips necessary to a successful rendition of this waltz produce an impression upon the minds of spectators that savors a little of indecency. The "Wave," with its violent exertions and eccentric motions, is constantly bringing the bodies of the dancers into contact, and if one can judge from the blazing red color of both partners at the end of the several movements of this dance, the effect of the jostling into each other's arms is anything but moral. A dashing blonde young woman from New York has introduced the dance into Washington, and it promises to be popular in society. To hear the comments made by some of the spectators when this dance was first exhibited stamped its character. It is fashionable in New York, however, and it may have a run throughout the country.

The craze for dime necklaces has broken out, and promises to be a greater scourge than were the dreadful button-strings of ten years ago. The dime necklace is built by levying tribute upon one's friends. A young lady concludes to possess one. She asks every soul that she can call a friend to contribute a dime with his or her monogram engraved upon it. After she collects twenty-five or thirty monogrammed dimes, she has a jeweler string them together, and the necklace is an incontrovertible fact. As it costs fifty or seventy-five cents to have each dime polished and engraved, the young lady with dime necklace intentions is studiously avoided.

Lucy H. Hooper writes that as General and Mrs. Grant were about leaving a Paris reception, the hostess led forward her young daughter and remarked: "General, with Mrs. Grant's permission, I should like to ask of you to accord a favor to my daughter. My grandmother, when a girl of thirteen, was kissed by General Washington, and I should like my daughter in after years to be able to say that she had been kissed by General Grant." The General saluted her.

Some wicked wretch suggests that deacons be compelled to use a bell-punch when they take up collections in church. *O tempora! O mores!*

NO TASTE FOR GLORY.

A Masterpiece by Singleline.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave,"
But what care I whereto the pathway leads?
If I want glory I must go to find it
Where those have found it who are gone before,
Or else remain inglorious; or find out,
Like Stephenson, or Edison, or any other son,
Some route of rattling newness up to fame,
That's what's the matter—and I know it!
But I don't see how glory can be caught
By putting salts of rhyme upon its tail;
Or, slinging ink upon the great white dog,
That sits with deadly eyes at glory's tree
Until he grows as speckled as the brute
That trots with canine ardor by the wheel.*

Yet I want glory. Oh, you need not laugh!
Go back to bed again and ask your dreams
What foolish things "abused the curtained sleep"
When you were snoring on the field of war
In high old triumph. No, don't laugh at me
Until you get your glass house boarded in.

They tell me there is glory to be had
By being a martyr to some holy cause,
But that's played out—flat bursted—
Old Simeon Stylites bursted that.
What glory has old Adam in the fall?
How many thousand years has he of fame?
Where is his dust?—if dust he is.
As well ask him who rolled, in '49,
The wealthy bowlders from the golden brook—
And put bright hundreds in his bottle nose:
"Where is your dust?" He spent it in the having,
His life was like the day—a dawn of gold
That ran to its meridian, then fell
Through burnished wealth of sunset into night.†
And such a night! O man and woman!
You played hell on your first watch, or else
You have been speaking falsely ever since—
And since in such a case is awful.
Since! Since! Since when? Who knows?
I'll swear that I don't.

Oh, no! It will not do.

There is no glory in pale sacrifice,
Nor in the red heat of the hot assault.
The only glory is in standing still—
And that can't be.

To say I lead. What's that?
If, from a mighty river gathers mud
From every source in winter's weeping time,
And bears upon the surface of its swell
The dead wood of the forest in the hills,
I ride a floating drift-log in the foam,
Have I a right to shout, to citizens
Who line the shores to note if I will drown,
"See what a flood I'm pilot of to-day!"‡
Such is the style whereof we heroes make.
Such is Grant and Kearney—I mean Denis—
And such in fact are all the motley host
Of doughty dead ones who, right or wrong,
Left their old scenic garments on the stage—
The sacred duds of duty duly done.

Old Bonaparte, with snow about his feet,
Hoisting his rotten ladder where the light
Of burning Moscow roiled all the sky
And wrote his "Mene teke!" on the clouds—
That's glory, is it? He who wished to mount
Fell sprawl upon himself and died, I think,
Of too much pressure. I thank my stars
That I do not like that sort of thing. Not much.

Birds build their nests and line them soft within,
There sing and whistle while they lay their eggs—
Then silence through the hatching time, and then
More birds, more nests, more laying, and so on
For ever. Such is life. Man does about the same
If he does aught. There's compensation in it,
And, I must say, I've found it oftentimes pleasant;
In fact I think it's bully.

But I see not
The place where glory comes. From Adam down
'Tis the same. To come, to live, to love,
To go. To be good-natured and be clean
In all things if you can be. Finis.

"Go where glory waits thee." Oh, git acout!
What 'r ye giv'n us, Liza Jane? What glory
Was there, in the grave, with Sherman to the sea?
Negro votes and a public debt, returning boards.

Ah yes, returning boards, but not for him—
Perhaps his headstone glorifies a mule
That died for lack of forage on the march,
And left its bones to pad the contract out
For burying the Nation's dead. Oh, bosh!

What's glory to the man who bought Alaska—
Bought it blind? A thousand years of purgatory
Can't bleach that purchase from Ambition's soul.
The Russian bear has chuckled o'er that cheat
Through hibernating dreams a winter long;
And the wild seals, which snooze upon the rocks
Beneath the shadows of the flying gulls,
Lift ever and anon their sleepy heads
To laugh and then lie down again. Oh, glory!

[Well! the fact is: If I can hear anything,
In the next six months, that's at all likely
To recommend glory, I'll send it to you—
Done up in poetry such as this—
Because I know from a remark you made,
That you like it. I mean the poetry.

WATSONVILLE, January 24, 1879.

* These four lines are suggested by Norse Mythology from Sitka, and present a beautiful reason for the peculiar marking of the English coach-dog. Our author had to turn a double fliplop to get these lines in without rhyme. No first-class poet is guilty of rhyme in this new era of verse.

† These nine lines have been much admired by lovers of native talent. They indicate their origin. Their odor, like that of the sage brush, belongs on this side of the continent. In fact, they are autochthonous.

‡ This conundrum is open only to statesmen and warriors. The figure is borrowed from Sacramento, and shipped down here at great expense.

FINAL NOTE.—This whole poem is unusual. It comes very near saying something—and that is high praise, if the author but knew it, in these days of poems on all occasions, as well as of poems for which there is no occasion. This is one of the latter—but is not had of its kind.

You can get an autograph letter of Daniel Webster for eighty cents. You can also get sixteen glasses of beer. Of course, we'd choose the autograph, but we fear the other ninety-nine would give a gentle rap on the counter and softly murmur, "Beer."

Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines boasts that her wardrobe does not cost as much as \$30 a year.

FEMININE FACTS.

Lucretia Mott has lived to be called a "bon Mott" by the Chicago Times.

"Don't give me a weigh," as the fat woman said when asked to get upon the scales.

Gail Hamilton's chair in Senator Blaine's household at Washington is vacant this winter.

The fashion plates that come from Paris are colored mostly in the prisons by female convicts.

At Vassar some lisping ladies have formed a lisping club. Their principal study will be mythology.

Whether a lady claims a rubber shoe which she has dropped in the mud depends on the number of the shoe.

The ancient Egyptians were educated, thoughtful, and refined, but their women never wore low-necked gresses.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is said to have lost all her animation of manner and to be singularly cold and quiet.

A young man recently told his auburn-haired darling that she had red hair. She settled the business by saying "it is false."

Mrs. Bayard Taylor is German. She is very accomplished, and it is said that she burns the midnight oil. She will write a biography of her husband.

A colored woman who sat down on a beehive to watch the progress of a fire in Russellville, Kentucky, left her seat before the close of the entertainment.

Ilma di Murska, at a concert in New York, recently, actually sang "My Grandfather's Clock," and was permitted to escape after the performance uninjured.

Senator Sargent's two daughters have both studied medicine, and the elder, having been graduated, is practicing her profession at the Freedmen's Hospital, in Washington.

Miss Anna Dickinson's new play, *Aurelian*, will be brought out next April, with Mr. John McCullough in the title rôle. Miss Dickinson is to play with him, taking the part of "Queen Zenobia."

Olive Logan says that the duchesses, marchionesses, and other noble ladies who write to her by penny-post, can't spell, and don't understand grammar, although they are charming in face, form, and manner.

Baroness Mary Itulak Artymowska, twenty-five years of age, and moving in the best Russian society, has just been banished to Siberia for forgery, fraud, and bribery, leaving debts to the amount of 2,000,000 roubles.

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied: "I would if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

A lady eighty years old was out coasting with her granddaughters and the rest of the little girls in Burlington, Iowa, one evening last week. She said she "didn't use to do it in Old Virginia" when she was young, but it was grand old sport.

"Yes," said a young lady, who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my part, I am so easily decomposed."

In the *Sphinx* Sarah Bernhardt wears a ball dress of pale yellow satin, with an embroidered apron to match; the basque terminates with a fringe of lime blossoms, and the train is looped up with guelder roses and bronze chenille leaves; the sleeves are mere strips of lime blossoms.

When Emma Abbott appeared in opera at her old home in Peoria, Illinois, she wrote to a local paper, extending an invitation to all friends, "especially the girls with whom I used to romp and make mud pies," to come and see her in her dressing room at the close of the performance.

London has a club that rivals Sorosis. The prospectus announces that the "tariff" is moderate. The world at large wonders what the "tariff" means. Sorosis is an expensive club. The ladies belonging to it are generally fashionably dressed, there are fortnightly lunch parties at Delmonico's, etc., and in the winter, evening entertainments which wind up with a ball.

Mrs. Madison is probably the only lady who, after leaving the White House as its mistress, received up to the time of her death the same attention as when its queen. Many now in Washington remember how the crowd, including all the diplomats, always went from the White House to call on Mrs. Madison, who, when she was past seventy years old, used to receive in a low-neck dress, and always wore a turban. Such crowds called on her that the visitors were obliged to pass out the back door while others entered by the front.

A Wisconsin girl put on trousers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tired out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundland dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scooped out a hollow in the snow, lay down in it, and made the warm dog lie on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest parts of her body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not very severely frostbitten. "With two or three more dogs," she said, "I would have got along very comfortably."

"Ophelia" writes to ask if sacred history mentions card-playing. Certainly, my dear girl. Moses "led" for the children of Israel, and when the latter got to Jordan they "passed." Solomon "ordered up" the temple, Balaam "held a jack," and the seven priests before Jericho took the city by playing their seven trumpets. In the beginning of the world God "made it," and held the first pair, but Satan "led" off, took the first trick, beat Adam and Eve out of "bawlers," and played the deuce generally. I is only to add that when Eve lost, and was compelled to "heave" "ace high."



SUBURBAN SAUCE.—A MASCULINE QUINTET.

MY DEAR JUNO:—I think Oakland can claim the precedence for a freak of nature existing in her midst over any zoological garden or menagerie under the sun, stocked as they may be even to repletion with their calves two-headed, or their fowls four-legged. She has, Juno, a Pythias and his four attendant Damons. This little curiosity can be seen any day pacing the deck of the five o'clock boat. Pythias himself generally takes the lead, and in close proximity follow the Damons four. One perhaps caresses a hand, another has linked an arm in his, a third holds reverently a corner of the long ulster he wears, and the fourth treads closely on his heels. Round and round the boat they go in this order. I have watched them often, and I confess also to having listened to their conversation, and in consequence I have a panegyric to offer in their praise. Never did a mother bird in her downy nest in the tree-top give evidence of more tenderness and devotion to her birdlings than do these gentlemen to their beloved master. Oh! the cooing, the twittering, and the soft love-notes they breathe in his ear. Oh! the eagerness they exhibit to serve him—ever and anon darting from his side, to return speedily with their grain of information, or dainty tit-bit of a cigar or cigarette to refresh him with. In the midst of so much that is sordid, calculating, and changeable in this world, it quite revives ones faith in human nature to know of beings so steadfast in their affections, so unswerving in their fidelity, as these Damons. My reliability as a chronicler demands, though, that I attest to the fact that in their intercourse with each other they infuse an amount of bitterness, gall, and wormwood that seems incredible. Long, hard, and vindictively has the contest waged, and yet the solution to the mooted question of who is his most intimate friend—the *Damon par excellence*—appears to be as far distant as ever.

As to Pythias himself, he is certainly a very nice, deserving gentleman, hailing from New York; in presence tall and commanding, straight as a reed, tidy in dress, and agreeable in manner. Though generally liked, his acquaintance are at a loss to understand the species of wild adoration that seems to possess his companions in regard to him. Believe me, Juno, by this I in no way wish to detract from that excellent gentleman's reputation. In addition to the attractions I have already enumerated, he possesses other fine traits, for instance: He is very pastoral in his tastes, preferring all simple country sports to the more unhealthy excitements of city life. As regards our sex, he is a perfect Chevalier Bayard, the humblest woman he meets with on his travels inland always receiving the same courtly, deferential treatment from him. Indeed, he carries his affability and self-abnegation to that extent that he has been heard to express much preference for the society of the lowly. I am willing, as you see, Juno, to concede him many virtues and accomplishments; but I do not think, and others agree with me, that the most roseate view of his character and attainments that could be taken would suffice to account for the extraordinary affection the Damons exhibit for him. I think the solution to the mystery must be found in these other parties. I read once—I forget exactly where—that intense devotion is not as often excited by the superior qualities of the idealized object as by the capabilities of certain natures for self-sacrifice and life-long devotion. Let us consider the Damons; and the better to do so please imagine a tournament. Enter for the list our four Damons—a banker, a commission merchant, an ex-grain king, and a lumber dealer.

Knight No. 1, the banker, passes in review before us, mounted on the cream-colored pacer from the Fourth Street stable. His manly form appears to fine advantage; a better idea of his grace has been obtained at certain *soirée dansante* when he has given his creditable imitation of Palladino and de Rosa. This gentleman is very accomplished, singing and dancing divinely. In business life he has gained the confidence and admiration of all who have dealt with him. His corporation (the bank) has known many changes and misfortunes. Among its employés, defalcations and depositions have been rife. He alone, towering like a beacon-light, remains staunch and incorruptible. He is supposed to draw his inspiration from Casabianca, the smile of heaven, and the approbation of his dear Pythias.

Bow your head, Juno, reverently and admiringly before genius and beauty, for here comes now on Beach's "Bob" Oakland's Apollo Belvedere, the commission merchant. The honor of sheltering this brilliant intellect is jealously claimed by both Front and California Streets. This is not to be wondered at when it is understood that his business capacities are said to be of a high order, and his personal appearance and accomplishments are known to be beyond reproach. As a diversion outside of business life he dips into poetry, metaphysics, and belles-lettres, and plays the rôle of lover, german leader, poet, actor, and theatrical manager. In the contemplation of a being so versatile as this, one is moved to question the wisdom of Providence that showers all her gifts on certain individuals, leaving others so poor and unfavored. A little of the ability that is concentrated in this quite man would, if distributed there, redeem a fair proportion of the inmates of an idiot asylum. Great curiosity is expressed in this community to see if in the drama the same brilliant success will follow this gentleman's efforts as has, heretofore, in all the other branches of

literature that he has attempted. It is regretted, at the same time, that there is already a lien on the title, "Loyal Till Death." A biographical drama bearing this title and coming from his pen would create much pathetic interest, as his loyalty to a life-long love is well known here. Our Apollo enhances, if such a thing can be possible, his natural charms by very fine dressing. Bob tells me, the other frosty morning not long ago, he appeared on an early boat in a combination ulster that was, to use Bob's words, "just tip top." It looked (he tells me) at first like two distinct garments, but on closer investigation was found to be but one, and cut on the Eastlake model.

That falcon eye, that eagle crest of yon majestic rider who now draws near us belongs to the ex-grain king. Well may you say, with bated breath, he looks the monarch he once was. Behold his coat of arms—the crouching lion; observe his royal smile, the sweet imperialness of manner, as he guides his milk white steed—and 'tis his own, too, Juno—by us. Saw you ever a more kingly person? I throw thee nay. Could you have but sat, as I have done, on Sabbath days in the Alameda church, listening to his superb *vox humana* rolling from the organ loft—quavering, darting, flashing through vaulted arch; could you have but witnessed his dramatic fervor, his masterly impersonation of an impotent rage in "Saratoga," you would cry with me, "blessed" be the fatality that deposed him from his kingly eminence, for in the operatic arena he will achieve a fame and glory that will last through all time and eternity. Amen.

A clatter of hoofs, a whirl in the air! Bravo! speed on, my gallant Damon! Yes, 'tis he, Juno, the brightest jewel of them all—the lumber dealer, who, seated on his roan trotter, is now flying past. His speed precludes the possibility of your viewing closely that kindly, beaming face, that indicates so plainly the noble, philanthropic nature that dwells within. Ah! that I had words with which to paint the sort of glorified estimation in which he is held by certain members of the community for his indefatigable efforts in behalf of the Free Reading Room some few years since. An unpleasant rumor is afloat on "Change" respecting the honesty and probity of this gentleman, and it is to the effect that his family larder is constantly replenished by the neighbors' fowls, who, after being coerced and importuned by offers of grain and seeds from him to visit his premises, are then and there, in violation of the laws of hospitality, shot down in cold blood. I am glad to be able to pronounce this story a base fabrication.

And now, my dear Juno, having considered these wonderful phenomena individually and collectively, I regret to say that I feel hardly satisfied with the result. Have my words conjured up before you warm, pulsating human beings, or have they simply sufficed to arouse a desire to see what is yet a mere suggestion? If so, you shall have the opportunity some day when you come to pay me a visit. Bob says at harvest time the sight is most beautiful. Then the Creek boat, by which the "freak" is ferried across, is laden with new-mown hay. Pythias, with his unerring pastoral instinct, soon scents this freight, and, followed by his band, goes quickly to commune with it. With a spring they are up on the sweet pile, all but the commission merchant, who not being agile is helped by dear Pythias from above and a deck hand from below. With this assistance he too is soon landed up by his brethren, and there they sit in sweet companionship all the way over. May I consider it settled, then, at next harvest time you will be ready to view our curiosity, or do you prefer the peripatetic view, on the five-o'clock boat, which is to be obtained now? Write, dearest, and let me know.

Your own MAID OF ATHENS (OF THE WEST).
OAKLAND, January 30, 1879.

New York society is just now absorbed in a new social feature—the introduction of four o'clock teas, an imported London fashion, adopted almost of necessity, because of the growth of the city and the difficulty of paying the requisite attention to a large circle of friends. Cards are issued for the tea on a specified day, and ladies go either in walking dress or more elegant evening array, to spend more or less of the hour from five to six. Occasionally a string band enlivens the scene, and dancing is allowed to the young people as a sort of dessert; but the simple entertainment of tea, cakes, and ices is not intended to interfere with the home dinner of the guests. Ladies who can not have all their friends to a formal dinner thus discharge their social obligations, and prominent strangers in the city are often entertained at teas. Mothers thus "bring out" their daughters. The young lady's name is put on her mother's card of invitation, and she is introduced to society supported by a bevy of young girls. The fashion of giving balls at Delmonico's is also adopted by the best people, who either have too limited accommodations at home or sensibly object to having their houses torn up. The cost of such entertainments—an item which every woman will be glad to know—is from \$3,000 to \$5,000. This innovation on the old established customs of calls and calling would be very popular here in San Francisco if properly introduced and kept up. Something of the kind is needed to mould society and keep it together; and where there is so much hotel life as obtains here, a social rendezvous of this description would be a boon to those who dislike the frigid and formal reception.

The people—the gentlemen, at least—who saw Mrs. Scott Siddons when she appeared here, will not be surprised to hear that during her recent visit to the Sandwich Islands, a native fell in love with her, and wanted to buy her from her husband. But they will be disgusted at the price offered—only a bunch of bananas.

The Boston Herald is of the opinion that Niagara Falls never looked handsomer than this winter, and believes that all it needs to make it perfectly grand is to have the trees decorated with dead hackmen.

A man in western Iowa, who is a candidate for three offices, has invented a method of shaking hands by postal card.

Many a man who prays not to be led into temptation would be awfully disappointed if the prayer were granted.

"Quite a cold snap," as the fox remarked when the trap took him in.

SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY.

Something of the pioneer lingers in the manners of all communities that have grown up suddenly into wealth and greatness. It is the same in San Francisco, though there is less of the frontier element in our social composition than we might expect when we remember our small beginnings and our rapid progress. We are the result of the mining camp, and of such rude force and skilled energy as commonly seek fortunes in untrodden regions. Our social life is rich in its coloring, but tropical in its rankness. Our earlier and our later lives are sharply contrasted. When California became part of the nation, San Francisco was a wilderness of sand and chaparral, with a few respectable adobe houses and scattering huts dotting the peninsula at wide intervals. The population was Spanish, with a few adventurous traders from the East and European countries. The De Haros, the Valencias, the Noes, and Guerreros lived in the little village that clustered about the Mission. The Castros, the Estudillos, the Vallejos, the Ainsas, the Bandinis, and the Noriegas maintained rural state on ranches scattered about the bay and at points in the interior. The social amusements were bull-fights and fandangos. Daily life was like the drowsy existence of lotus-eaters. There was little more labor than was needed to procure the two essentials, food and shelter. This silence was rudely disturbed by the advent of noisy, fortune-seeking, gold-hunting Americans, who began to come in large numbers in 1849. Few women came with them. Those in pursuit of gold scattered through the mountains; those who desired to obtain wealth without delving for it established themselves in trade, or sought labor in the city. Life in the mining-camps has been depicted vividly, if not always with strict fidelity, by Bret Harte, and has been described a thousand times in public prints and in discourses before Pioneer societies. Vice and crime flourished so rankly in the city as to make the swift judgment of the Vigilantes a blessing. The American women first seen in San Francisco were wives of soldiers. A few merchants' wives came in 1850, and a few more in 1851. Places to shelter them were not numerous. One of the first houses suitable for feminine entertainment was the hotel at the corner of Kearny and Commercial Streets, kept by Messrs. Hart, Joyce & Sullivan, which was burned in the fire of 1851. In 1850, vessels landed at the wharf at the corner of Clay and Sansome, from which point the settlement extended westward up Clay, Washington, and Sacramento Streets. One of the first hotels which could pretend to be fashionable was the St. Francis, at the corner of Clay and Dupont, which furnished good entertainment and made extravagant charges therefor. It was not much patronized after 1852. At the corner of Pike and Clay was a hotel kept by Henry Gordon Walton, whose intellectual wife was the author of the poem read at the celebration of California's admission as a State, on the 19th of October, 1850. On the opposite corner was the Garrett House, kept by Zeke Wilson, afterward landlord of the Portsmouth, on Portsmouth Square. These hotels entertained most of the male representatives of our aristocracy in the first two or three years of the city's history. The Oriental Hotel, a large and convenient place of public entertainment for those primitive days, was built in 1851 at the intersection of Bush, Battery, and Market Streets. For six or seven years it was the centre of fashion and sociability. Among the ladies who were its permanent guests were Mrs. Ira P. Rankin, Mrs. R. J. Vandewater, Mrs. Jacob Underhill, Mrs. Squire P. Dewey, Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. Henry Haight, Mrs. Robert Wakeman, Mrs. Frank Page, Mrs. A. A. Ritchie, Mrs. Henry Payson, and Mrs. Dr. Hitchcock, the mother of Mrs. Howard Coit. The Tehama House, at the corner of California and Sansome streets, where the Bank of California stands, was a rival of the Oriental Hotel, though having a different patronage. Its corridors were brightened by the uniforms of dashing army officers, and loud with the disputes of politicians. Captain U. S. Grant came from his post at Trinidad, in Humboldt County, and, unaware of his future greatness, in Mexican sombrero and serape, smoked the pipe of peace in contented taciturnity on its front steps; and "John Phoenix," the first humorist of the Pacific Coast, was for a long time its respected guest. There were many other army officers who were its frequent patrons, among them General Sherman, General Wool, General Clark, Colonel Anderson, Colonel Graham, Colonel Benjamin Beal—a great wit, Captain Whiting, Captain Folsom, Captain Gibson, Captain Burns, and H. A. Leonard, Army Paymaster for many years. The famous Mrs. Greenough and her daughter, and the handsome Mrs. Samuel Ward, were guests of the Oriental during the winter of 1854. The Brannan House, at the corner of Bush and Sansome, the Rasette House, which stood on the site of the Cosmopolitan; and the International, at the corner of Kearney and Jackson streets, were more or less noted as abodes of wealth and elegance during the same period. None of these hotels ever achieved the position so long and so honorably maintained by the Oriental. The gay society of those early days danced to the music of the military and naval bands, had its assemblies, and listened, at Mr. Thomas Maguire's theatres, to the singing of Kate Hayes, Biscaccianti, and Madame Anna Thillon, and to the ravishing strains of Ole Bull. The sexes were hardly in proportion, there being in attendance at these pioneer operatic performances perhaps one lady to twenty gentlemen. There were fashionable boarding houses in the city, at which some of the bachelors of the period were entertained. At Mrs. Leland's, on California Street, near Kearny, might be found Judge Botts, Judge Thornton, Governor Low, and Judge Hoffmann; either then, or not long afterward, the wearers of these titles. At Mrs. Pettit's, next door, could be seen a pleasant set, of which Judge Heydenfeldt, Judge Woodruff, and Mr. Derby, a Boston gentleman of some fame, formed a part. An agreeable group of ladies and gentlemen made its headquarters at a large boarding house built by Henry Meigs, at the corner of Broadway and Montgomery streets. The list of guests and visitors included Charles Webb Howard, then a young Green Mountain boy, with face as round and red as a Vermont pippin; Edward Gould and his wife, A. J. Moulder, and Mr. and Mrs. Tobin. In 1852 society began to crystallize. Its first efforts at local aggrandizement were on Stockton Street, north of Washington, where—

[NOTE.—For a continuation of this article, see *Elite Directory*—the above being the first three pages only of a long society résumé.]

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The programme for the matinee of next Wednesday—Mr. Herold's silver wedding, as it were, with our orchestra, since it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of his taking it in charge—has been announced, and consists of Schubert's unfinished symphony, the *Leonore* overture, No. 3 (for which, many thanks in advance), the *Danse Macabre*, Von Weber's *Fidel* overture, and the march from *Tannhauser*, all for orchestra. Besides this, there is to be a *scena* from *Il Guarany* (the same that she sang so beautifully at the concert of the Christian Association), with orchestral accompaniment, and a *canzonetta* by Haydn, sung by Mrs. Henry Norton. A magnificent programme, truly, and one worthy the occasion. Everything points toward a crowded house and a brilliant performance.

Willhelmj is coming! Mr. Gray has received a telegram from Mr. Strakosch announcing the speedy arrival in San Francisco of this famous violinist, who has been turning the heads of Eastern audiences and critics, and who will undoubtedly fiddle us out of all claim to a symmetrical adjustment of anything excepting our ears. The preliminary announcement says nothing of the artists who will accompany the great violinist ("greatest living," Strakosch calls him, which, however, I will venture to qualify by a prefatory "one of the"), but it is to be hoped that it will be either a better "support" than I see advertised for his late Eastern concerts, or none at all. San Francisco will not endure a single great artist surrounded by sticks—witness our treatment of Wieniowski—unless, indeed, those sticks are taken from her own wood-yard. Then they may be as rotten as they like; indeed, sometimes I fancy that the poorer they are the better their chance of success.

The subscription for the coming season of Quintet Concerts is well under way, and the prospect for a delightful series of thoroughly musical evenings, excellent. Among the novelties in preparation for the first concert are Schumann's "Scenes from the Orient" for piano-forte (in which Miss Schmidt will be joined by a very talented young local pianiste who has not yet appeared in public), and the latest quintet, for piano-forte and strings, by Rubinstein. This work is making the rounds of the Eastern and European concert programmes, and is hailed as one of the master's finest productions. If Mr. Schmidt happens to be at a loss for a quartet number that will certainly be very welcome to all of his old subscribers, I can help him out by suggesting a grouping together of Bach's lovely *Aria* and the posthumous C minor movement of Schubert. They were both exquisitely played last season, and I think I know of a score of people who will be ready with a subscription at once for the sake of hearing them again.

One of the most interesting features of the very attractive programme announced by Mr. Herold for the matinee of next Wednesday is a contrasting at one performance of three great orchestral compositions of such entirely dissimilar character as the third *Leonore* overture of Beethoven, the B minor symphony of Schubert, and the *Danse Macabre* of Saint Saens. We have here grouped together the apotheosis of dramatic expression, in the Beethoven overture, the most perfect lyric grace, in the symphony of Schubert, and, in the *Danse* of Saint Saens, probably the extreme of what has hitherto been attained of *bizarerie* in thematic as well as harmonic and instrumental treatment; I may say, indeed, that the French composer has in this work gone beyond the conditions prescribed by either good taste or the natural laws of art, one of the first (indeed, the first) of which is that the art-work should be beautiful in itself, seeking to express only what can be kept within the limits of the beautiful, and calling to its aid only such forms of expression as shall lend a higher and more plastic grace to the thought that is to be embodied. The Beethoven overture has always stood to me as one of the finest examples in our literature of the wonderful self-poise of a truly great artist-mind; it is unquestionably a work of immense dramatic force and expression, wonderfully concise in form, clear in handling (logical treatment), and vivid in instrumentation. And it is always beautiful. From the first note to the last it is beautiful—supremely beautiful—music, perfectly coherent, perfectly logical, perfectly enjoyable. The work of Saint Saens, on the contrary, is never really beautiful. It is exciting in its piquant harmonies (dis-harmonies, rather) and peculiar themes, and extremely interesting in its instrumentation. But it is a nervous irritation, rather than a piece of beautiful music; it is a sensation, rather than a work of art. One has but to listen to it after the tenderly graceful symphony of Schubert (holding oneself well in hand, however, lest the very atmosphere of the thing intoxicate, and steal away one's better judgment) to be at once fully convinced that if the one is music the other is not—that if the one belongs within the domain of art, the other has its proper place *somewhere* beyond. The *Danse* is a great, an interesting piece of work, but so are, also, Walt Whitman's poems, yet we should hardly call them poetry. S. E.

Wilhelmj, the great fiddler, passed through Oil City yesterday, with his \$5,000 Stradivarius violin, on his way East. A *Derrick* representative was delegated to interview the renowned artist, with the following result:

Reporter—How do you like this country thus far?
Wilhelmj—Very muchj, indeedj; itj isj aj greatj countryj. Ij havej seenj aj greatj manyj thingsj herej thatj surprisedj mej, andj inj manyj thingsj Ij thinkj thej peoplej herej arej superiorj toj thej Europeansj. Ij thinkj thisj countryj isj destinedj toj bej aj greatj onej; Ij doj, indeedj.
Reporter—Would you not like to stop off in Oil City and play for a dance on the "flats" to-night?
Wilhelmj—Gooj toj Hellespontj!

Just then the train moved off, which was no doubt a fortunate circumstance for the reporter.

Louis Philippe was paying a visit to a rural burg, where his affable manners so enchanted the Mayor that that worthy magistrate exclaimed in rapture:

"Ah! sire, after all, one thing is lacking. Why, oh! why, didn't you fetch your wife along?"
 "Well, you see," blandly replied the citizen-king, "some one had to stay at home and look after the house."

HULDA.

In a castle built of stone
 Hulda sits and sighs alone.

Since her ill-starred natal day
 Forty years have passed away.

Suitors had she by the score,
 In the palmy days of yore.

Belted knights of high degree
 Came to woo on bended knee.

High she held her stately head—
 I will wed a Prince, she said.

Homeward rode the knights forlorn,
 As she turned from them in scorn.

But the Prince came nevermore,
 In the palmy days of yore.

So she sits and sighs alone
 In a castle built of stone.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 27, 1879.

L. H. FOOTE.

Dead Sea Fruit.

Two women, tall and graceful, proud and fair,
 Came to me in a dream,
 One clad in purple, jewels in her hair,
 Of gracious mien.

The other, wearing on her comely head
 A snowdrop wreath,
 Her robe as white, slow and abashed her tread,
 Fragrant her breath.

The one in purple spake, her voice rang clear
 And strangely loud,
 The while the other modestly drew near,
 Her sweet face bowed.

"I dwell," she said, "within a palace rare,
 Where all night long
 We woo delight, and laugh at tiresome care,
 In wine and song."

"Women, whose glowing eyes are bright and deep
 As tropic seas,
 Speed on the hours, which fools consume in sleep,
 In arts like these."

She danced, as never mortal woman moved,
 To some wild rhyme,
 Which told the victory that those beloved
 Gained over time.

Her garments shed a perfume which oppressed,
 Yet filled the brain
 With longings to caress and be caressed,
 Feeding a flame

That burned in sluggish ardor, none the less
 Because subdued;
 "Come to me," cried she; "come, let this caress
 Quicken your blood."

I kissed her lips—then all was changed, the bloom
 Fleed at a breath;
 She seemed to moulder, filling all the room
 With airs of death.

Her burning eyes waxed glassy in their stare;
 Her voice, a groan
 That thrilled me with the deep, intense despair
 Breathed in its tone.

She of the snowdrop wreath spake clearly then:
 "In moments wasted,
 Have you not mourned, like other unwise men,
 Delights untasted—"

"Mourned because in strong temptation's hour,
 With noble pride,
 You found within your manhood's self the power
 To turn aside;

"Yet when the time had passed, the sin once scorned,
 The rapture lost,
 With deep regret and guilty grief you mourned,
 Soul passion tossed!"

"Canst think yon loathsome, charnel-tainted dust,
 Corruption's trace,
 Is that fair opportunity of lust
 You would embrace!"

"Sweep from thy soul the ashes of desires,
 Keep clean the hearth;
 Upon its altars kindle nobler fires
 In a new birth."

OAKLAND, January 27, 1879.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

For an Album.

How pleasing 'tis to have a book where friends
 May write their thoughts in words both grave and gay,
 In stately verse or sparkling phantasy
 That charms the ear, and then fond memory sends
 To scenes gone by, where oft it sweetly blends
 With some almost forgotten melody.

But if, perchance, in drawing you have skill,
 I'll happy be to see the limner's art
 Adorn my book; or if some counterpart
 You may possess of etching that can fill
 A place herein, please give it, and I still
 Shall thank you for it, and with all my heart.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879.

FRANK BOWDEN.

Mining.

The shaft some thousand fathoms I descended,
 To where stout miners worked 'mid endless night.
 The walls reflected back my taper's light
 As through these catacombs of gold I wended.
 I saw the rocks from where God placed them rendered
 By patient stroke of pick and muscle's might.
 And then I saw the metal fair and bright
 Cleared of the dross with which 'twas willow blended.
 I said, while watching them the quartz refine,
 The poet with these toilers is akin;
 Although a different meed he seeks to win,
 Yet he, instructed by a power divine,
 Selects from thoughts ignoble, mean, and poor,
 The golden ones that ever must endure.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 27, 1879.

R. E. W.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

A ole cat she had 2 kittns, one was a nice feller, but the other it was no count, sore eyes, and one day wile the ole cat was gon the rats thay found her bed, and thay et the wel kittn up. Wen the ole cat she come home and see how it was she was in a mity bad way, and she sed: "The best is always took youngest, if that little feller had ben spared he wude ben the splinddest ratter wich was ever see. Things is orderd with grate injustice in this world."

Mose, wich is our cat, he dont hav no kittins, but he is pretty good at line by the stove, and wen you rub him the rong way in the dark he strikes fire like he was a flint. Billy he ast my father if Moses sparks was lecktristy, and my father he sed: "I gess so, Billy, cos I've oberseed that wen you tred on his tail he is littenin!"

One day there was a offe storm, thunder and littenin, and nex day ole Gaffer Peters he cum over to our hous, and he sed to my Uncle Ned, ole Gaffer did: "Edard, its a sollum thot that in the midst of life we are ded. I had a mity narro escape yisterdy from ben killt by littenin, yes, in deed, a little more an you wude never seen ole Gaffer any more in the flesh."

Then Uncle Ned sed: "In the bones, Gaffer, in the bones," cos Gaffer aint fat, its jest the other way.

But Gaffer he sed: "The littenin hit a tre over on Missis Doppys ranch, and Missis Dobby is my dotter."

Then Uncle Ned he sed: "Bles my sole, wot a dredfle close call! If I was you Ide have Missis Dobby sel that ranch and bi a other one further away."

And ole Gaffer he said he had ben a thinkin of that hisself. But my father he says he dont think that will hellup matters, cos the poetry man says the king of shadders loves a shining mark, and altho Missis Dobby has got a red hed, Gaffer haint got no hair onto hisn, and he mite mebbey get a lick on his own account.

One time there was a feller had bot sum brim stone for to smoke out the gofers in his garden, and the brim stone was in his bed room, but he was in a other town. So one night the littenin it struck a tre in the town were he was, and nex day every body was lookin were it had hit, and the man he sed: "Ide jest like for to know were that littenin struck las time fore it cum here"

The other men thay said wot for did he want to know, and he sed: "I notice a offe smel of brim stone round here were it struck, and I jest wudent be sprised if it had ben hitn my wife."

But Mister Oraferty, wich lives jest round the corner, he hits hisn hisn self with a ax handle wen she dont be good.

Mister Jonnice, wich makes poetry, he knew a man and his wife wich quarld and jawed all the time, and once thay was both tuke sick, and the wife she died but the man he got well. And then Mister Jonnice he rote this poetry about em, and it was printed in the paper, bad spellen and all.

"When Bolivar Gump was departing this life
 He cussed his already departed wife;
 But the river of death he couldn't cross o'er,
 For she sailed him back from the other shore."

Me and Billy we ben readn fairy tales, and I never see such woppers, I bet the feller wich rote em will be burnt every tiny little bit up wen he dies, but Billy he says they are all true but the facks. Uncle Ned sed cude I tell one, and I ast him wot about, and he sed: "Wel, Johnny, as you got to do the tellin lle leav the choice of subjeck entirely to you, jest giv us some thing a bout a little boy that went and sook his fortin."

So I sed: "One time there was a little boy went out for to seek his fortin, and first thing he see was a grate big yello posy on a punkin vine."

Then Uncle Ned he sed: "Johnny, was that the punkin vine wich yure hed once had a bizness connection with?" But I didnt anser, only went on with the story.

"So the little boy he worked into the posy, and croid down the vine on his hans and kanees bout ten thousan hundred miles, till he come bime bi to a dore which he opened and went in and found hisself in a grate big house, offe nice like a kings pallow or a hotell. But the little boy he didnt find any body to bome and went out a other dore, were he see a ocion with a bote, and he got in the bote."

Then Uncle Ned he sed a other time: "Johnny, excuse the ignance of a man wich has ben in Injy and evry were, but is it the regler thing for punkin vines to have sea side resorts in em?"

But I only sed: "Wen the little boy had saild out of site of land the bote it sunk, and he went down, down, down, in the water, like he was tied a round the neck of a mil stone, til he was swollord by a wale, cos wales is the largest of created beings wich plows the deep, but lions is the king of beests, and the American eagle can lick ol other birds, hooray! Wen the little boy was a seekn his fortin in the stumck of the wales belly he cum to a fence, and wen he had got over the fence he found hisself in a rode runin thru a medder, and it was a offe nice country fur as he cude see."

Uncle Ned sed: "Did he put up at the same way side inn wich was patternize by Jonah wen he penetratid to that part of the morl vinyerd?"

But I said: "Bimebi he seen a rope hangin down from the ski, and he begin for to clime it up, a sayin 'Snitchety, snatchety, up I go, 'wot time is it, ole witch?' 'niggers as good as a wite man,' 'fee-faw-fum,' 'Chinese mus go,' 'all men is equal fore the law,' 'blitherum, blatherum, boo,' and all the words of madgick wich he cude think of. After a wile it got reel dark, but he kep on a climing, and pretty sune he see a round spot of dalite over his hed, and then he cum up out of a well in a grate city."

Jest then my father he cum in and he sed: "Johnny, you get the bucket and go to the wel and fetch sum water for your mother to wash the petatoes."

But I sed it was Billys tern, and Billy he sed twasent nn sech thing, and I sed he lide, and he hit me on the snoot of my nose, and we fot a fite, but vickery percht upon the banners of my father, cos he had a stick. Then wile me and Billy was cryin Uncle Ned he spoke up and begun: "One time there was a Grate North American fairy teler—"

But I jest fetched Mose a kick, wich is the cat, and went out and pitcht into Sammy Dobby wich licked me all over. SAN RAFAEL, January 26, 1879.

A MODERN ROBE OF NESSUS.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

"I could tell you," said the Basque shepherd, as he lit his pipe after supper, and drew his stool closer to the fire, at the same time filling a pitcher with red wine from a keg in the corner, and handing me a cup, "I could tell you a story of the great world of society—a story of which I am now the only depository; and it can be no harm to tell it, for all those to whom it relates, including my own Lisette, are dead. Ah, me!" continued he, passing his hand reflectively over his forehead, "the curse of that night's work fell upon her, too."

I had been traveling all day in the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada of Mariposa County, and at night found myself partaking of the hospitality of a shepherd's cabin. My host, despite his rough garb, had the appearance of a man of experience and meditation; and his bearing betokened that though not "to the manner born," he had yet acquired something of that which characterizes the social intercourse of gentlemen by contact or attrition. He took a deep draught of wine, looked thoughtfully in the fire a moment or two, and began:

"You have been in Paris? Twelve years ago? Ah! then you could not have had personal knowledge of the events I am going to tell you about, for they occurred two years earlier, in '64. Nevertheless, you may remember reading in the papers of the day about the burning of the mansion of the Marquis de B., during a *bal masqué*, and the elopement on the same night of Madame la Marquise with a certain Abbé, at that time well known in Paris. Ah! you remember hearing something about it? Well, whatever you may have heard or read was not true. I alone of living men—for even the Doctor, who is now in the galleys, can only suspect what happened—can give you the true story of this affair, for I was a principal actor in it. To tell it will relieve the burden of my mind—that is, if you care to hear it?" politely queried the shepherd. Being assured that nothing could be more seasonable and welcome than a story at such a time, after throwing another log upon the fire, the Basque shepherd began:

I was not always as you see me now, but ill-luck has followed me since I left France. It is true that I am one of the people, but my condition was once much better than it is now.

At the time I speak of I held the position of *valet de chambre* to the Marquis de B., and Lisette was what you call lady's maid to Madame la Marquise. I was then younger than I am now—not more than thirty years old; and Lisette was twenty-five. We had saved our earnings for several years past, and intended to leave service in the autumn and marry, and go back to Béarn, where we had decided to open a hotel—but it was never to be. Monsieur the Marquis was tall, and proud, and rich; Madame la Marquise was tall, and proud, and beautiful, but not nearly so pretty to my taste as Lisette. Monsieur was fifty years old, and Madame was (Lisette told me she found it out from the back of a miniature) thirty-five. Monsieur was fond of gayety, and so was Madame; and to outsiders it must certainly have appeared that they were a very happy, well-matched couple. But we of the household had, of course, opportunities of observing every little thing that went on, and Lisette and I would often compare notes and draw conclusions from what we saw and heard. About three months previous to the time of which I write, Madame la Marquise had fallen out with her father confessor, and taken a new one in his stead. The Abbé R. was as fine looking a man as I have ever seen. He was as tall as the Marquis, but much younger; his carriage erect, his bearing stately, his eye keen, his nose aquiline, with a good-humored smile always playing round the corners of his mouth. He was very kind and pleasant to Lisette and me, always speaking to us when he called, and generally bestowing a five-franc piece on one or other of us, and on one or two occasions even a Napoleon. He used to call very frequently upon Madame la Marquise, who received him in her *boudoir*, which opened by one door into the grand *salon*, and by another into the conservatory. Lisette used to say that she thought Madame must have been committing more sins than usual of late, since it took so much longer time to confess them; but this was only to me, for we were much too discreet to let our thoughts be known at large. The Abbé generally came in the forenoon, when Monsieur had gone down to his club or was amusing himself in the billiard room, for Monsieur troubled himself very little about the religious exercises of Madame. About two months after the Abbé began to pay his visits, Lisette came running into my room one morning very much excited and flustered, saying that there had occurred a grand *émeute* between Monsieur and Madame in the grand *salon*; that Monsieur was walking up and down with folded arms, and stamping with his feet, and looking as black as night; while Madame was reclining on a sofa in tears, her face buried in her hands. Lisette had seen them through the keyhole; and something very unusual and extraordinary must evidently have happened, though we never knew what it was. We, however, connected it somehow with the Abbé, for we noticed that from that day he came no more. For a week after this Madame was very sorrowful and *triste*, while Monsieur remained *sombre* and terrible. Then Madame brightened up all of a sudden, and began to approach and coax Monsieur so assiduously, and in such a pretty, winning way, that Monsieur relaxed his gloomy mood, and soon the whole household knew that preparations were on the *tapis* for a grand masquerade ball, which was to eclipse anything of the kind ever seen in Paris since the golden days of Louis Quatorze; for Monsieur the Marquis was very rich, and not at all afraid of spending his money.

This was in March, and the ball was to take place just before the holy season of Lent, in order, as Lisette said, that the great folks might have pleasant memories to carry them through those dull weeks when they were debarred from the actual pleasures themselves. Our house was one of the finest in the Faubourg St. Germain, and stood alone within its grounds. The grand *salons* were *au premier*, comprising five apartments stretching through the entire wing, Madame's *boudoir* being at the end of the two *salons* which ran along the side wing, opening on to the conservatories. Everything was being turned topsy-turvy. The polished oak floors were waxed in three of the *salons* for dancing, while

the two next the conservatories, furnished with the richest carpets and decorated with a profusion of mural hangings, were reserved for conversation and lounging. I remember all the particulars as well as if it were yesterday. Parterres of flowers and groves of trees were borne in from the gardens. Water-pipes were laid cunningly along the walls and in corners to distribute perfumed spray, and aid in cooling the air. It was the day of the ball, and I happened to be engaged in performing some little offices in the conservatory *salons*, near Madame's *boudoir*, when, fortunately, or unfortunately, I became the participant of a conversation which was going on therein, and which struck me from its peculiarity at once. The dialogue was being carried on by Madame on the one hand, and a male visitor on the other. It was Madame who spoke:

"Then Monsieur is sure there is no risk of detection?" "None whatever, Madame," answered the visitor. "In order to prove to you with what caution and discretion I have executed your commission, I will tell you that I, with my own hands, prepared the fibres; that I then sent the silk to a loom at Lyons, whence the piece was shipped to a *costumier* in this city and made up by his workmen. I have carefully concealed every trace of these several steps, so that in the event of any unforeseen occurrence the chance of collecting the links of evidence in a connected chain are reduced to a mathematical minimum."

"Will Monsieur the Doctor please to explain again the nature and operation of this dress, so that I may be certain to commit no inadvertence?" continued Madame.

"With pleasure," responded the visitor. "The substances with which the fibres of the silk are impregnated are well known to chemists, though not in the combination in which I have used them. The effect of the warmth and moisture of the skin upon these substances is such as to draw out their properties very gradually. Their action, imperceptible at first, manifests itself primarily in a delicious languor, which, in its turn, gives place to aphasia and paralysis of the nerves and muscles. In this condition the subject may be kept utterly helpless, but in full possession of his senses, for about half an hour. The dress must then be removed—be pleased to particularly remember this—or spasms will supervene, actual paralysis ensue, and finally death."

"But surely Monsieur does not suppose that I should allow the last contingency to happen?"

"Certainly not. Your object, as you confided to me, is to keep your friend in a condition of helpless consciousness, or conscious helplessness, while you carry out the object you have in view. So far as I am concerned it is a feature of the masquerade. Nevertheless if the contingency I have referred to should happen, Madame la Marquise may rest assured that the cause of it would ever remain a secret, even to the most experienced physiologist."

"Proceed, Monsieur le Doctor."

"I have so accurately gauged the quantity and strength of the substances which permeate the silk, that death will result only as a consequence of their complete absorption by the pores. Their action being directly on those myriads of nerves the extremities of which underlie the entire surface of the skin, with a counter action on the muscular system, no trace will be left of their presence in the tissues, or any of the secretions. The most skillful and suspicious chemist would be baffled in detecting the least *souffçon* of the substances, either in the silk or in the person, and his verdict would be, 'death from paralysis.'"

"God forbid that it should ever be put to the test," piously ejaculated the Marquise. "Long before then my object will have been accomplished, and orders left with the servant to undress my friend, and to destroy the dress."

"Yes, in that case the dress had better be destroyed. Permit me to thank Madame for the ten thousand francs which I have had the pleasure of drawing from her bankers. May success and pleasure await her in her little experiment with her friend. Adieu."

I stood motionless with surprise on hearing these words, the singularity of which caused them to be so deeply engraved on my memory that I remember them distinctly, even at this distance of time. I could comprehend that they threatened evil to some one who was an object of aversion to the Marquise. But what evil? And to whom? I retreated behind a large porcelain vase in the conservatory, and awaited developments. The door of the *boudoir* opened, and a man whose appearance betokened his business to be that of a *costumier*, with a large bundle of goods under his arm, emerged from the *boudoir* and passed through the *salons* on his way out.

In spite of his disguise, and the way in which his cap concealed his face, I recognized a well-known physician of the *Quartier Latin*, whose character for honesty was as low as his reputation for skill in his profession was preëminent. I was just making up my mind what to do, when a groom of the chambers approached the *boudoir*, intimating to Madame that another *costumier* was in waiting. I determined to remain where I was and await the event. The door of the *boudoir* closed behind a tall figure enveloped in a cloak, the face closely ensconced beneath a slouched hat of exaggerated proportions, but whose *tout ensemble* seemed familiar to me. The lace curtains which veiled the windows of the *boudoir* looking into the conservatory were so carefully drawn that it was impossible to see anything through them, but I could hear the sound of the quick rustling of a dress; and then a sound as of sighs, alternating with another sound which I conceived to be that of kissing; and then the whispered words:

"François!"

"Mathilde!"

I recognized the voice. There could be no doubt about it. It was the Abbé. "Ha, ha! Monsieur l'Abbé!" I thought, "you are a bold man to dare the vengeance of my master in this manner; but, *ma foi!* in spite of your five-franc pieces and Napoleons he shall know it, and then"—[Here the Basque shepherd replenished his tin pannikin with wine from the pitcher, and, taking a deep draught, resumed:]

"The Marquise came to the window, drew aside the lace curtains, and looked cautiously out up and down the conservatory. I crouched more closely behind my vase, and remained unnoticed. She drew the curtains again, satisfied, and retired. A conversation ensued between the Abbé and the Marquise, which has, like the former one, been indelibly impressed on my mind by succeeding events."

"At last," murmured the Marquise.

"At last," responded the Abbé.

"Is everything arranged?"

"Staterooms are secured on *La Belgique*, from Havre, at eight to-morrow morning. We leave Paris at midnight. A carriage will be in waiting at the north door to convey us to the terminus. Once on board we are safe from pursuit. In America our new life begins. Our name is Dubois."

"You have had the money transferred?"

"Yes. Here are the vouchers; and the robe—?"

"Is that of Mephistopheles. It is our friend's selection."

"Nothing could be more appropriate—Mephistopheles outwitted," laughed the Abbé.

"You like the idea of the medicated dress?"

"Admirable! It is a stroke of genius."

"For which we must thank the Doctor. He considered it much more suitable to the purpose than anaesthetics."

"Yes, I see. Mere stupor or insensibility would have taken away the point of the *coup* and robbed your departure of its *déclat*. It would have been a story without a moral."

"I can fancy him lying there upon the sofa, impotent in his fury, incapable of speech or motion, yet appreciating all, while we stand before him leisurely holding our last confidential talk before leaving. *N'est-ce pas drôle, mon ami?*"

"And waving him a last *adieu* as we go out."

"I must at least kiss him once before saying good-bye," plaintively remarked the Marquise.

"And leave orders for his nurse to undress le pauvre enfant, and put him to bed," laughed the Abbé.

I was now all attention, but the voices were lowered, apparently discussing some more confidential matters. I had, however, heard enough to convince me that the dress referred to in the two conversations I had overheard was destined to be worn by the Marquis, for I was already aware that he had decided to appear in the rôle of Mephistopheles. Further than this, I could gather that the Marquise and the Abbé were plotting in concert; that they were evidently on the most intimate terms, and that the Marquis was the object of this conspiracy. The conversation was presently resumed in a louder key.

"And this is your dress, François—a Mephistopheles, like our friend. When he retires to repose here, on my invitation, at eleven o'clock, you will take his place in the *salons*. Your *ensemble* is similar and the personation will be perfect. Besides, it will heighten the effect of our farewell when he sees his place occupied by so flattering a representation of himself," laughed the Marquise.

"If—suppose—ha! ha!—you have, of course, provided against it—some mistake should occur, and the dresses get changed. The notion is not a comfortable one."

"Impossible. *Voilà!* Our friend's suit is adorned with two little crosses of white ribbon, one here on the back of the collar, the other on the left angle of the hose. Yours is free from such embellishment."

"Your providence is delightful."

"An apartment *au troisième* has been assigned you as *costumier*. I will carry your dress thither with my own hands. You will appear on the floor at eleven. If I have occasion to communicate with you our password is '*croix blanc*.' Now go."

"Till eleven, then. *Au revoir!*" and the cloaked *costumier* passed out, presently followed by the Marquise, attired for her daily drive in the Bois.

During the latter part of this conversation my feelings had undergone a revulsion. Disgust and loathing had taken the place of curiosity. Could it be possible, I asked myself, that France—that the world—could produce such embodiments of baseness and malignity? Was it possible that a crime such as was contemplated could be committed for the attainment of any object whatsoever? Was it possible that this could be Madame la Marquise, whom I had known for so many years, without knowing her true character; or had her character become horribly and suddenly perverted and changed? I passed my hands over my forehead to wipe away the drops of perspiration which had gathered on it like dew.

I tried vainly to persuade myself that it was some horrible nightmare. I tried to move, to crawl away, but some deadly fascination that I could not resist nullified the power of my will, and arrested motion. Gradually the contemplation of the enormity of the deed yielded to the desire to counteract and thwart it. This in its turn produced excitement. I rose from the shadow of the vase. I flew to Lisette, whom I found in her room, and she started on seeing me as if I had been a ghost.

"Run!—fly!" I cried; "quick! change the ribbons on the dresses, or we are ruined—lost!"

The poor girl burst into tears, and fell on her knees, invoking the saints for protection. She thought I had gone mad. But I caught her in my arms, and almost carried her along to the *boudoir* of Madame. There lay the two red silken suits of tunics and trunk-hose—both identical costumes of Mephistopheles, except that on the collar and angle of one suit there appeared little crosses of white ribbon.

"Now, Lisette," I cried, "as you value my love—as you value your own life—as you value your hopes of heaven, take a needle and thread, and—quick!—detach these crosses of ribbon from this suit, and sew them in exactly the same positions on the other."

The poor girl trembled and looked at me with a frightened expression, saying not a word, through fear, for she was now thoroughly convinced I was mad; but obeyed me mechanically as speedily as her fright would allow her, and at length the ribbons had changed places on the garments. I then laid the suits back carefully in the same relative positions in which I had found them, led Lisette back to her room, and implored her to calm herself and that I would tell her all in time.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Father of adored one: "Then it comes to this, sir; you have no fortune, you have lost your appointment, you have no prospect of another, and you come to ask for my daughter's hand—and fortune?" "No! Suppose we put it this way: I am unembarrassed by wealth, am free from the cares of business, and my future is irradiated by hope; therefore, this is the crisis when I can best devote myself to your daughter, and enjoy that affluence with which you will crown our love."

WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT.

Special Fashion Letter from Our New York Correspondent.

Fashion was never more lenient than at the present time. Paniers are *en règle*, as are also plain dresses. It is as much the style to wear the hair high as low. One thing seems obligatory, and that is, whichever way the hair is dressed there must be very little of it. Puffs are rather *passé*, although some ladies still cling to them, and as most of them are false, consequently it is very easy for a lady to arrange her own hair without the assistance of a hairdresser.

Large Alsacian bows of black velvet, satin, or gros grain ribbon of any becoming color, are very extensively worn, pinned directly in front, against the puffs or braids. These bows are very becoming, and especially liked by short ladies, as they help to make them look taller. Another beautiful and stylish novelty worn by the ladies of fashion to the opera and very swell dinner parties are turbans made of figured silk handkerchiefs of one color, red being the most in favor.

The favorite shades for evening dresses are peach and lemon, pale turquoise, and a cream tint. Pink is again a favored color, as it combines so effectively with black, brown, and dark green. The trimming most in use is lace of all kinds. It is worn everywhere. Jabots down the front and sides, from the waist down, are seen on the loveliest dresses.

Embroidery of all kinds is worn, and the height of elegance is to have the embroidery worked directly on the dress itself; but this is very expensive, and when the bands of embroidery are neatly transferred, the effect is almost the same. A great number of handsome black dresses were worn on New Year's Day. They are always considered elegant, for young as well as middle-aged ladies. There is a great fancy for black velvet dresses for receptions, and even for evening wear. Rich costumes of black satin, all trimmed with beaded passementerie and fringe, or lace, for the older of the fashionable ladies; while for the younger matrons, black satin in combination with plain gros grain, or watered silk. An exquisite dress is of rich black satin, embroidered in a lily of the valley and fancy pattern, in a dense garland. Three embroidered scarfs cross the tablier diagonally, and form the drapery on the train. The skirt is trimmed around at the foot with triple-clustered box plaiting, headed by knife plaiting arranged in the half-open fan style. A charming combination of velvet, satin, and faille is in the princess style, with a basque in front and square train in the back, the dress being principally of black velvet. The vest and cuffs are of old gold satin, and handsome panels of the same material extend down each side of the skirt in front, and are crossed by three small sashes made of double-faced ribbon, black velvet on one side, and red satin on the other. A *ruche* of red faille, faced with old gold satin, extends round the neck and down the fronts in a line with the edges of the vest, and covers the front seams of the panels. Another similar *ruche* borders the train, and is continued up the side, simulating a *manteau de cour*. A handsome bridal dress of white brocade combined with white satin, has white lace sleeves to the elbow, square neck, round at the corners, and finished with lace ruffles raised upon a wire, and bent over to form a lace collar. The back is cut *en princesse*, but with small side paniers and a trained skirt, of which the trimming is formed of alternate knife plaitings of white satin and *crêpe lisse*, over which the brocade is cut out in vandykes, edged with narrow quilting and *rouleaux* of satin.

A dress to accompany this bridal dress is composed of delicate rose-colored and white brocade silk, and plain *ciel* blue faille. The waist and the skirt, to nearly half its depth, are formed of the brocade, the dress being extended to the requisite length by the blue faille. At the foot the skirt is bordered by a neatly-laid knife plaiting, overshadowed by a shell-like arrangement of the brocade silk, edged with narrow knife plaiting of the faille. A scarf drapery, formed of the two varieties of silk, so covers the skirt as to rob it of the singular and *outré* effect, which might be supposed to attach to it. The trimming is of white and rose-colored lamiré fringe, with tufts of apple blossoms, without foliage, confining the folds of the drapery.

Fur is not yet worn on ball dresses, but it would not be surprising if it does appear, so great is the favor in which it is held this season. It is in its place, one must admit, as a border to a tasteful and comfortable *robe de chambre*, made of some soft woolen material, say of an *écru* shade, not too light. The fur should then be of a pretty brown shade, bordering the dress and sleeves, and forming a graceful collar round the neck; slippers of *écru* velvet, trimmed with fur, to match that of the dress. Speaking of slippers, it must not be supposed that the *chaussure* remains stationary in the movement which inclines fashion toward change. At present, ball shoes are made of the same color as the dress. They are trimmed with small bows or buckles, or else with a very small bunch of flowers—to correspond with those on the dress. When the dress is designed for a dinner, or *soirée* without dancing, the shoes are of black kid, as soft and glossy as a glove; the upper part is cut in bands on the front, which are trimmed with buckles or flowers. In this case, silk stockings are *de rigueur*, and should match the colors of the toilette. When the latter is gray, with pink bows and trimmings, the stockings should be of gray, striped or embroidered with pink, and so on. This style of *chaussure* is also adopted for the ball, but only by those not dancing. For walking and traveling are worn boots of kid, with the upper parts made of a color to match as nearly as possible the toilet. For instance, a traveling dress of plain, bottle-green wool (the half boots are of the same color) and Scotch plaid; the front of the dress is of plain material, with flat puffs, and trimmed with a flounce of the plaid; the back breadths are of plaid, and the basque of plain material, with plaid sleeves trimmed with plaid. A triple cape of the plain, trimmed with bands of plaid, serves as a wrap. The dress is trimmed with bows, not of ribbon, but of bottle-green silk, but from the piece. Long pelisse of bottle-green cashmere, lined with fur.

Short dresses are worn almost exclusively for the street and church, and are often seen at receptions. They will also be worn at balls, if they resume the old style of dancing; for, in order to dance—that is, to take steps, and not merely *walk* through a dance—it is indispensable to renounce long dresses.

C. M. HEATH.

NEW YORK, 116 East Twenty-fifth Street.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

The Mystery.

I saw a wonderful light—
Watching the midnight sky—
Leap suddenly into the voiceless dark,
And as suddenly die.

Was it a golden lance
Into the silence hurled
By the spirit of air?—a new-born star?
Or the wreck of a world?

ALBERT LAUGHTON, in *February Atlantic*.

Fate.

Through the streets of our cities,
With Grief for attendant,
Marches Misfortune,
Stealthily creeping
Round men's habitations,
Knocking at this man's
Portal to-day,
To-morrow at that man's—
But wholly spared as yet has it none.
Its loathed and dreaded
Message, right painful,
Sooner or later
It leaves at each threshold
Whence a living eye looks to the sun.

—Schiller's "Bride of Messina."

A Coup d'Etat.

If little seeds by slow degree
Put forth their leaves and flowers unheard,
Our love had grown into a tree
And bloomed without a single word.

I haply hit on six o'clock,
The hour her father came from town;
I gave his own peculiar knock,
And waited slyly, like a clown.

The door was opened. There she stood,
Lifting her mouth's delicious brim.
How could I waste a thing so good?
I took the kiss she meant for him.

A moment on an awful brink—
Deep breath, a frown, a smile, a tear,
And then, "O Robert, don't you think
That that was rather—*cavalier*?"

—London Society.

Engaged Too Long.

Why do I grieve with summer here?
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir—and not you.

Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes,
Who said, "I love you," first, you see;
This you repeat, and weary me.

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT, in *February Atlantic*.

Sub Rosa.

Under the rows of gas-jets bright,
Bathed in a blazing river of light,
A regal beauty sits; above her
The butterflies of fashion hover,
And burn their wings, and take to flight.

Mark you her pure complexion—white,
Though flush may follow flush? Despite
Her blush, the lily I discover
Under the rose.

All compliments to her are trite;
She has adorners left and right;
And I confess, here, under cover
Of secrecy, I, too—I love her!

Say naught; she knows it not. 'Tis quite
Under the rose. J. B. M., in *Scribner*.

"She was a Beauty."

She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On cardiac conquests much intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooded her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Lill, who date from Hayes,
I hope you'll wear her sweet content,
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

H. C. BUNNER, in *Scribner*.

Science.

While the dull Fates sit nodding at their loom,
Benumbed and drowsy with its ceaseless boom,
I hear, as in a dream, the monody
Of life's tumultuous, ever ebbing sea;
The iron tramp of armies hurrying by
For ever and for ever but to die,
The tragedies of time, the dreary years,
The frantic carnival of hopes and fears,
The wild-waltz music wailing through the gloom,
The slow death agonies, the yawning tomb,
The loved ones lost forever to our sight
In the wild waste of chaos and old night;
Earth's loom, long dream of martyrdom and pain;
No God in heaven to rend the welded chain
Of endless evolution! Is this all?

And mole-eyed Science, gloating over bones,
The skulls of monkeys, and the Age of Stones,
Blinks at the golden lamps that light the hall
Of dusty death, and answers: "It is all."

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Long Ago.

The bark sails slowly over unseen seas,
The coats of youth long faded out of sight;
The gleam that lingered on the last dear height
Lost, as we drift before Life's steady breeze;
Yet, as the ship glides onward, fair green leas,
And wood-crowned uplands, bathed in mystic light,
Show on an isle set in the moonbeams white
Or blush of sunrise. Ghid, we steer for these;
The mirage pales, the mists close thick again.
We see the great gray waves, and nothing more;
And listen, with a yearning, useless pain,
To hear the soft waves whisper on the shore—
Shore of the happy land we used to know,
Ne'er trodden twice in life—the Long Ago.

NEWSPAPER SCANDAL.

Adapted from an Editorial in the "Sunday Chronicle" Changing the Gender.

The Social Gossip.—The mission of the reporter of a sensational newspaper is malignant, and he serves no useful purpose. He issues forth to instigate contention and stir up calamity. No impulse to correct evil, by rebuke or criticism, animates his heart. He is hostile by nature, like the tiger of the jungle or the serpent of the swamp. His patron saint is the Father of Lies, and his lips are imbued with the deadliest poison. Few social circles are sufficiently small to utterly exclude him, and none so exalted as to wholly escape his presence. His purpose is slander or cold deduction, and his remuneration is the misery he causes, and the pain he succeeds in inflicting. He is an abnormal product of the male sex, and is accounted for solely on the principle that where great good exists great evil will be found also. He thrives beside true manhood as the most degraded poverty prevails in the vicinity of unbounded wealth. There is no legal statute ingenious enough to keep him in check, nor any penalty terrible enough to silence him. The leopard can not change its spots, nor can he hope to be other than the viper of society.

The curiosity of this venomous creature is insatiable. He is ever on the alert for unsavory intelligence, regardless of truth or of personalities, and rather than that a breath of slander should not reach his ears, he would travel whole miles on foot, if ordinary means of transportation were unavailable. In the pursuit of information that does not concern him, he has been known to exhibit demoniac zeal. Many a man would achieve fame and fortune if possessed of half the determination he frequently displays when simply in chase of a contemptible fact that is of no actual consequence to him or to any one else. This once obtained, its dissemination and frantic discussion is his subsequent delight. There is no duty imposed upon him by the circumstances of life that is permitted, for one moment, to interfere with his enjoyment of a sensation newly acquired. He marshals its main incidents with dramatic skill, and rolls its minutest detail under his tongue like a sweet morsel.

There are many remarkable traits in his totally diabolical character. He may grow weary of his ordinary vocations. At times life may seem to him flat, stale, and unprofitable, and not worth the grinding ordeal through which most people pass, but he is never too cynical and exhausted to hunt down a new victim. Once start the hue and cry, and, like a sleuth-hound released from the leash, he becomes the incarnation of intensified life. His jade eye flashes with rekindled fires, and his pen is like a mechanism of perpetual motion.

Not all his discoveries and triumphs are achieved by straightforward exertion. No criminal detective of wide local fame is more cunning than he in unraveling a problem wherein concealed guilt may lie, or, what is quite to his purpose, the semblance of it. Day and night, at all hours, and in all companies, will he patiently seek a clew to the mystery that annoys him. He will probe it completely in his own good time, come what may, and in defiance of any efforts to circumvent him. On the trail of a hidden scandal he is remorseless and unerring. There is no treachery he will not be guilty of, no artifice he will not resort to, and no subtlety he will not employ in the hope of accomplishing his purpose. In a pursuit of this description he is invincible.

"I like to gamble with a poor man," remarked a famous Duke; "when he loses it hurts him so." A similar spirit animates the ogre of society. If he finds it delicious to pervade social gatherings, like a plague, and scatter seed broadcast that grow up to poisonous life, this sometimes becomes tame by comparison. His supreme gratification is to steal to the hearthstone where innocence and happiness dwell, and with the sympathetic reluctance of a pitying Samaritan, breathe into the ear of an unsuspecting sister words of dread import that all the years of life will not quell. This is his master stroke of malignance. He watches every quiver and pang of the pierced quarry as the matrons of Rome marked the agonies of dying gladiators. And then he departs, soothing his meager outline of a soul with the reflection that, in addition to the rapture of the affair, he has actually performed a righteous deed.

Some feminine reader, whose thoughts of the male sex are tinged with generosity and romance, may pronounce this pen picture overdrawn, and, at all events, demand of what practical use it is to indulge in such bitter abuse of a mere unthinking man. The picture will care for itself, for the living and moving model of it is to be seen wherever the sunshine and shadows of social life fall. He lives and breathes, and in contrast to honorable men is like the noxious reptile that coils beneath the budding rose. When the long-continued development of his detestable qualities has reached the climax of evolution, he is as hateful a thing as ever intruded into civilized homes. He deserves to be delineated that he may be known at a glance; to be mercilessly excoriated, that he may reap scorn and contempt; to be held up in his most revolting colors, that all who detect his presence may shun him as they would a lurking basilisk. He is the lowest of his sex—baser than the street tramp, whose manly characteristics may be blunted, but are not always destroyed. There is nothing in his whole composition that admits of apology or extenuation; there is nothing to respect, nothing to admire, nothing to excite pity or regard. He is simply a cold-blooded, malicious being, as destitute of charitable instincts as a rattlesnake is. It is a repulsive task to even discuss his abnormal weakness. The advocates of the doctrine of total depravity will find in him a living exemplification of their sombre theory. It is philanthropy and expediency combined to lash him with a whip of scorpions, in the vain endeavor to partly counteract his crime.

Persons who have suffered at any time from the malevolence of this odious monstrosity will find the present article of great value if cut out and preserved.

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

What is even poverty itself that man should murmur under it? It is but as the pain of piercing a maiden's ear and you hang precious jewels in the wound.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, {
 FRED. M. SOMERS, { Editors.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

The Republican County Committee, after hibernating through a rather severe political winter, is showing some signs of returning consciousness. It has put forth a manifesto, and informs the party, among other things, that "the air is instinct with the breath of victory"—whatever that may mean—and that in consequence of this circumstance a primary election will be called, and a strict party ticket put up for municipal officers at the ensuing election. This seems to be dealing with the municipal question much in the old way, and if any real reforms are to be attempted or expected from such a system, it must be upon the theory that the hair of the dog is good for the bite. In matters of national politics, no doubt Republicans in California are in favor of acting with their brethren in the East, and upon national affairs they will act with the national party. But what bearing have national questions upon the local concerns of San Francisco? Suppose the Democrats of South Carolina do use tissue paper for ballots, does that prove that a Republican is a safer man to act as Supervisor from the Twelfth Ward of this city than a Democrat? We ask because we reside in the Twelfth Ward, and our own interests are directly involved. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mr. P. B. Cornwall and his associates are correct in the statement that "the air is instinct with the breath of victory," does that prove that the Republican Superintendent of our streets, for example, is performing that duty better than a Democrat would do it? We think not, and we believe that the average Republican agrees with us. Now, what the Republican voter wants is less party glorification and better local government; less twaddle about "marching to the music of the Union," and one and a quarter instead of two and a quarter per cent. as the annual rate of taxation. Can Mr. P. B. Cornwall and his associates show us how to bring that about? Will his primary election produce it? We gravely doubt that such will be the effect. We have had primary elections in this city for twenty-nine years, and for twenty-nine years our municipal government has steadily been growing worse. If Mr. Cornwall and his committee can give us better men to vote for, men of higher ability and sounder reputation, he can get the votes of the Republicans of this city for his ticket; but, if he cannot, no matter how much he may rant about "the music of the Union," his ticket will be defeated. Whatever else may be in the air, we can tell him that that is, and that if the Democrats or any other organization put up a better municipal ticket than the Republicans, that better ticket will be elected; and in such case, if "the air be ever so instinct with the breath of victory," it will not do the Republican County Committee any practical good, for it will not be their victory.

The Republican State Central Committee has likewise had a meeting. We are glad to see that it is ready to go to hard and legitimate work, leaving the field of grandiloquent flapping to the more sentimental County Committee. If the State of California is to be governed by a Republican administration for the next four years, there is plenty of work to be done, and they can not get about it any too soon. The people must be divided upon the real issues of the day, and marshaled in line like with like. Heterogeneity must cease, and men who think alike must be brought together. Those who favor Kearneyism are going to vote the Kearney ticket. All who oppose that idea ought to be got to vote the other. The position of the Republican party in California at this moment is one of not a little delicacy, and requires the best wisdom and judgment in its councils. We have already reached a point from which we can overlook the coming canvass sufficiently to know that the struggle lies between the Republican party and the followers of Denis Kearney. It is no longer disguised that this man has, so far as Cali-

fornia is concerned, attained the leadership of one of the two political parties, into which all free communities in modern times naturally divide themselves. How permanent this leadership may prove it is needless at this time to inquire. It is certain that it will continue till the next election—and till the next election is as far as political foresight ever attempts to penetrate. To those who think that the success of Kearney and his malcontents would be a calamity to our State we address ourselves, with our views as to the best method of warding off this evil. Our remedy is, for the party to lay aside all concealment and false pretense on the question of corporations and their interests, and to declare a policy with respect to them that it is willing to stand by and maintain. The trouble during the last few years has been that both of the old parties—as well the Democratic as the Republican—have pursued systematically a crooked, and even dishonest, course with respect to the railroads and other corporations. Inasmuch as both parties have always contained a considerable number of voters upon each side of this question, platform-makers and political managers have thought it prudent, in the interest of party success, to make the people believe that they were hostile to the corporations, and at the same time to endeavor to keep in favor with such rich and powerful influences as best they could. The consequence has been that in all the political campaigns the enemies of corporations have had the platform to amuse themselves with, while the corporations, as a rule, have, in return for their influence, been rewarded by the more substantial services of the officers when elected; resulting, as might have been foreseen, in charges of broken pledges, and even corruption and bribery; while the growth of distrust has been steady and continuous, until at last nobody believes in the good faith or honesty of any man seeking an office.

Now this is all wrong. Why may it not be just as honest, and as patriotic, and as statesmanlike to support corporations as to oppose them, always provided the candidate openly announces before the election what course he intends to pursue? Is it not, after all, only a matter of opinion, and nothing more? The managers of the great corporations in this State are citizens like the rest of us, with just as much interest in the public welfare as any, and need good government and honest officials more than the great mass of their fellow-citizens. They are the largest tax-payers in the State, and suffer the most by improvident or dishonest official action. They would naturally, it seems to us, prefer the offices to be filled with the very best men in the community, always provided those men could be depended upon not to be hostile to their interests when once elected. And this would be the case if all candidates would only openly avow their real purposes before election, for then the candidates supporting corporations and intending to be friendly to them would be chosen from among the best men on that side of the question; and surely there must be as good men on that side as on the other. But in the past both parties have conceded that a man who was known to be friendly to corporations must be defeated anyhow, and, desiring party success beyond all things, have chosen their candidates in many cases from the sneaking time-servers and still-hunting element, selecting those who were all things to all men and true to none. Now, it seems to us a self-evident fact that a man who conceals his opinions or purposes upon so important a matter as the rights and interests of corporations, in order to get elected by deception practiced upon voters, is sure to be unworthy when elected. He may, and most likely will, stand by the corporations when they are in power, but is not to be depended upon if they are ever in real need; and besides, at best he is a bad servant, for he is necessarily a dishonest man, and is likely to join any scheme of public plunder that presents an opportunity of private gain. And is it not obvious to the most casual observer that the time when this sort of deception can be practiced has gone by? It should never have been commenced. We think we can see that the enemies of corporations no longer believe in the good faith of either of the old parties on this subject, and that, disbelieving, they have gone over to Kearney and the sand-lot, where they think their views are earnestly taught, and will be honestly carried out. The Democratic party has been destroyed, at least for the present. All the anti-corporationists have left it and joined Kearney, or will do so before election day. Now, is it not certain that all Democrats who sympathize with the corporations will come to the Republican party, and act with it in September next? It seems so to us.

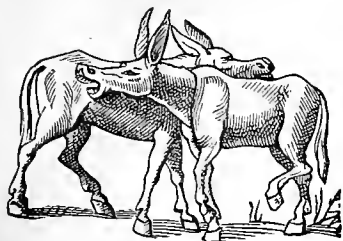
Such being the frozen truth, why is not the logical and sensible course for the party to pursue to put forward the best men to be found, on a platform taking ground squarely in favor of sustaining the railroads and other corporations against any effort to put them under the regulations of a hostile and unfriendly Legislature; and go before the people on an honest statement of their purposes and fight it out on that line. True, it is possible that defeat may be the result. But is it not better to be defeated struggling for what we believe in than elected under a false pretense? That is always supposing that, as a party, we really believe in such a course, which it certainly seems to us that we do. But what we de-

sire above all things is to see the party come out in broad day and state its position, and at the same time provide for carrying out its views if it comes into power. And if the party is really, as some allege, hostile to corporations, let it so decide and we shall acquiesce without hesitation. Some of the best men in this State have been shelved by the Republican party, not because they were favorable to railroads, but because it was known they were favorable to railroads. These men had spoken out their true sentiments, and were rendered unavailable by it, to the great delight and continuous success of the undying race of sneaks and still hunters. If it even resulted in the election of the anti-corporationists, the party and the people, perhaps even the corporations—in the long run—would be better served than they now are, for there are among them many excellent men who are trying to do right, but it does not work that way. They, too, having taken sides, are accounted unavailable, and shelved to make way for the sneaks of another set or following. Let the Republican party take sides and fling out its colors. It makes no difference to us which side it takes, but let it take sides. It is not improbable that a majority of the party are really against corporations. If so, then take that side, say we. But above all things, take one side or the other. Let our platform express the principles we agree upon in unmistakable terms, and let us see to it that the candidates are on that side as well.

At last Congress has taken hold of the Chinese question in earnest, and if the Senate acts as resolutely and as promptly in the business as did the House, the ball we set in motion many years ago will, before the 4th of March, have rolled on to a crowning victory. It is seldom indeed that any individual reformer is able to witness in his own lifetime the complete and final triumph of the principles he was the first to announce to the world, and if we, upon this occasion, indulge in some little self-gratulation for our success in saving, as we have done, the civilization of the country from this Asiatic curse, we are sure our fellow-citizens will not begrudge us a pleasure so honestly earned. It will be remembered—for it is not so very long ago—with what a howl of indignation the supporters of Chinese immigration received the honest outburst of a heart too full almost for the utterance of temperate language when we stated, as we did in the face of the world, that rather than permit this curse to be perpetuated we would apply the torch to the steamships that carried it on. That statement went forth, and was received as the battle-cry of the new crusade. It has been repeated by a thousand imitators, in a thousand forms, and, at last, that which was conceived in the brain of one man has been adopted by the representatives of forty millions of men. We wisely accepted aid from whithersoever it was offered. Peter the Hermit had his Walter the Penniless, and no doubt looked upon his beggarly aid-de-camp always with contempt and often with disgust, as we do with Denis Kearney. But Walter, no doubt, had his uses. He had brazen lungs; he had feet that required no shoes; and a certain amount of ranting and howling is necessary to place the best cause before the people. But when all was finished, history acknowledged the gentleman to have been the true apostle of the great movement, and the name of the blackguard is only known to the more careful student of ancient lore. What reward a grateful people will bestow upon us for stopping the Mongolian immigration it is not yet known with absolute certainty. Most likely the office of Governor under the new constitution will be offered. But that involves a residence in Sacramento—a thing difficult to one of our tastes and habits. When we were younger, and less annoyed by dirt and discomfort, the thing would not have been absolutely impossible. We remember well when we wore a blue flannel shirt and baked our own slapjacks, but we were under two and twenty. And what is not possible to youth? We are older now, and can not endure so much. Our reward will, of course, be commensurate with our work, for a grateful nation will not be gainsaid in its resolve to do us justice, but we trust it will take some other form than that. In the meantime, happy in the consciousness of having wrought a great work, and secure in the good will of the present and the admiration of future generations, we shall rest content let come what may.

Republicans throughout the State are already casting about for gubernatorial and Congressional timber. For the first named office the party in the interior seems to be turning its attention most pointedly toward Honorable George S. Evans, of San Joaquin. Mr. Evans is eminently sound upon all questions that concern the public, and his nomination would give pleasure to us personally and to our patrons. The names of Honorable Horace Davis, Honorable George C. Perkins, and General John F. Miller have been announced as positive candidates for the same place, and their well known conservative views would entitle them to a just consideration at the hands of the Convention. The highest interests of the State would doubtless be subserved by the election of either. For Congress, one or the other of the last named three gentlemen will, in our judgment, be selected. In the event of Mr. Davis not being nominated for Governor, we take it for granted he will be entitled to the indorsement of a renomination for the position he now holds.

PRATTLE.



It is Mrs. Windle who smites the harp loudest this week, in reply to the self-proclaimed conundrum, "What is soul?" To this formidable challenge she has a quantity of answers ready, and she fires them off right bravely, to the unspeakable wrecking of the public intellect and dispersion of the public faculties. Frexample:

"Soul?—The heart you breathe in nature,
Else she had not been,
And her glassing back the feature—
Your without within."

These are noble lines; there are none like them in Shelley. Had Coleridge written them he had been amazed. Even I, pinnacled upon the skymost extreme of Parnassus, with the shades of Shakspeare, Dante, Camoëns, and that crowd, quarreling with Hector Stuart and Bill Pollock for the best places at my feet, have been unable to match them with anything better than this:

Soul?—The part that when you eat your
Poet-meal—a critic, fried—
Pitches (through your singing-feature)
Your inside outside.

"The substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes will be the great issue of the next Presidential contest, and as for me, I shall be found on the side of the People."—*Senator Jones.*

Whenever the terrible struggle's at hand
Of Wheedle-de-bluff against Wheedle-de-blund,
As loyal as e'er to the Pole was the Needle,
You'll find me upholding the standard of Wheedle.

So much for the future—now bear what I think
Of Twaddle-de-worry and Twaddle-de-wink:
On this current question the People, please God, 'll
Ne'er find me deserting the banners of Twaddle.

On Monday last the Constitutional Convention did a wise thing and a foolish one. It struck out of the Bill of Rights a declaration binding the State to remain in the Union forever, under any and all circumstances; that was the wise thing. Such a declaration would never prevent secession, if secession should ever seem right and expedient, but it would give to the act an odious character of bad faith, and the "cause" would be heavily handicapped from the start. The declaration was a piece of ineffable nonsense designed to war-warm the cooling cockles of the Northern heart, and restore the wasted virility of that once lusty sentiment, "Our country, right or wrong"—than which, from his abounding loyalty, that austere patriot, the Hon. Mr. Satan, did never evolve so base a political creed.

The foolish act of Monday's session was the retention of the clause permitting juries to determine the law as well as the fact in trials for libel—an exceptional favor to men of the press to which they have no kind of claim, and which those of them who are honest reluctantly accept. This unique privilege had its origin in the British Parliament. It was intended to serve a temporary purpose in foiling a tyranny which only a peculiar state of the laws made possible just then in England, and which was never possible in America. The odious provision is a mere survival. It had long outlasted its necessity at home when it was adopted here with the same blind and blundering deference to the "wisdom of our ancestors" which makes us still hang our criminals on a Friday and find a verdict of "temporary insanity" when some phlegmatic citizen puts himself to death with conspicuous prudence, foresight, provident regard for the rights of dependents, and punctilious observance of the customary ceremonial rites.

It is easy enough to understand how a now needless law may survive, even for ages, in the country of its origin, through mere indifference or neglect; but how men of fair average intelligence can deliberately import and incorporate into their own legal system laws which are not only needless but unjust, disserviceable, mischievous, inept, and offensive, transcends comprehension. It would be no more pigheaded in us, needing immigration, to send our ships abroad for the living and the dead alike.

From the inaugural address of a President of the nation down to the superfluous buttons on the back of a coat, life is full of these survivals—customs, manners, and things, which had once a practical utility or meaning, but now exist only by sufferance of that dogged lack of thought which so nobly distinguishes human reason from brute instinct. Fix your attention where you will, cast your glance in whatever direction, and you discern something for whose existence there is no better justification than that it existed heretofore. It may be a religious rite, like turning the palms upward in prayer, downward in benediction. It may be a mannerism in art, as an actor opening a stage letter strikes it smartly with his fingers to dislodge the sand supposed to have been used in blotting. It may be a social ceremony, like men-

tioning what was once of capital interest to naked savages—the weather. It may be an office of dignity, as that of surgeon to a regiment of militia. It may be a literary fashion, like writing poetry in "lines," although pronunciation is now so uniform, and metre so well observed, that it would sing itself. Or perhaps it is some material object, like the battlements on a cottage, the band on a silk hat, or General Howard, of Los Angeles, in the politics of this State.

Silkskin is penniless and brainless, but being handsome and amusing is adored by the callow belles of society, and has naturally a lofty opinion of his own worth. Said Chaffwell to him, the other day, mentioning the name of a beautiful, cultivated, and wealthy woman, the wife of one of our most eminent men: "Silkie, my boy, they say she is just savagely enamored of you, and gives herself dead away whenever your name is mentioned in her hearing." "My dear fellow, I beg you to dismiss the belief if you entertain it. You little know the nature of that woman, and I am not myself so conceited an ass as to mistake the character of her preference. It is not love, *mon enfant*, it is not love. It is ambition."

Concluding an account of the dreadful plague of the fourteenth century, in which 70,000,000 lives are believed to have been lost by the disease, a contemporary tranquilly remarks: "Fortunately for the race such terrible scenes will never be witnessed again." In these unholy days one can not, of course, prophesy to advantage unless one is an editor and an idiot; but it really seems as if one might be taken in band early and taught how to be an editor and an idiot without prophesying.

I observe, by the way, that the German and Austrian governments have determined to shut out the plague by establishing a cordon of troops along their entire frontier. I don't altogether approve of large standing armies, but it is only fair to mention this advantage they have over the slender military establishment beloved of the tax-payer. It would be merry to see—what's-his-name—our Secretary of War drawing a thin blue line of brigadier-generals and quartermasters along our northern border to keep off the belly-ache.

Dim, grim, and silent as a ghost,
The sentry occupied his post,
To all the stirrings of the night
Alert of ear and sharp of sight.
A sudden something—sight or sound,
About, above, or underground,
He knew not what, nor where—ensued,
Thrilling the sleeping solitude.
The soldier cries: "Halt! Who goes there?"
The answer came: "Death—in the air."
"Advance, Death—give the countersign."
"I can't." "Then just approach that line—
By G—, I'll take your life!" "What! what!"
Cries Death—"You dare me? I'll be shot
If I don't cross that line!" "You'll be
Shot if you do, my lad," said he.
To change his tone Death thought it wise—
Reminded him they'd been allies
Against the Russ, the Frank, the Turk,
In many a bloody bit of work.
"In short," said he, "in ev'ry weather
You and I've done business together."
The soldier wouldn't let him pass—
"Go back," he growled, "you tiresome ass—
Go back and rest till the next war,
Nor kill by methods all abhor—
Miasma, famine, filth, and vice,
With plagues of locusts, plagues of lice,
Foul food, foul water, and foul gases,
Rank exhalations from morasses.
If you employ such low allies
This business you'll vulgarize.
Renouncing then the field of fame
To wallow in a waste of shame,
I'll prostitute my strength, and lurk
About the country doing work—
These hands to labor I'll devote,
Nor cut, by Heaven, another throat!"

I wonder if it ever occurred to any of the Eastern theatre managers who are complaining so loudly of the ruinous exactions of "star" actors that they need not comply with these exactions unless they wish. These lackwit loobies, the managers, go into an open market, make their own bargains, fail, and then charge the result of their business incompetence upon a "pernicious system" which nobody has encouraged but themselves. If they continue to make disastrous contracts that is their affair; we shall bear their losses with a fortitude which if it do not win their esteem shall at least command their admiration.

Observe, O manager, our grit—
Let him cry out who's baredest hit.
The "stellar system" you pursue
Lies as sea stars, but it makes you.
The difference is—the stars you're eying
Are brighter and more wildly flying.

The following "Cuticles of Cannibal," or "Follicles of Calabash," by Mr. Afflicter A. Spewart, are warranted. If they do not suit they can be exchanged at this office for "Canticles of Caliban"—in manuscript—by a writer of similar name and fame: The Poet thinketh the four-bit piece redeemable, for if after many days he returneth the one you loaned him he expecteth back another. Whoso taketh a dinner every day hath not duly considered that the gorged buzzard doth not sing; but the Poet's vacuity maketh a pleasant noise. When the Poet findeth a hole in the lining of his vest-pocket the days of that garment are numbered; for it is so that he rendeth it many ways asunder for the

possible dime. There is silence in the temple of laws, and a noise of the going of pens, while the poet complaineth that he has dashed off something; but lo! when he hath departed there are heard the voice of a reader and the sound of sin. Folly affecteth a modest manner, but Genius toppeth himself with a smoking-cap, parteth his collar, and saith, Behold! I am Byron. The poet visitationeth the country editor, and saith, Verily, I have written for thee these many years without reward; give me now, I beseech thee, the shameless puff, that thy readers may know it is poetry, else they will say unto thee, This is damstuff—stop my paper. And it is so. The Poet standeth before the mirror and shouteth, Here's luck!—but the goblet hath nothing in it; wherefore he writeth, The flagon flows with the rich red wine. A chew of tobacco payeth the Poet, but a fire-cracker disguised as an editorial cigarette maketh trouble.

CLARA S. FOLTZ, ATTORNEY.

"A lady's admitted to practice, I've heard."
"To practice? No, no, to *profess* is the word;
In law and religion, O learned brother,
Profession is one thing, and practice another."

Thursday last was the day set apart by common consent of good Christians throughout the country for public prayer for the public schools and all institutions of learning. The exercises in this city at the Church of St. Ciprico were of an unusually interesting character. They began with singing by the choir, composed of Mr. E. S. Carr, Jr., the Misses Nagle, Mr. John Moore, and others who, singing veiled, were not recognized. They gave with fine effect the famous hymn beginning—

"Ewald had some little lambs;
He fleeced 'em in a row;
They went each year to San Rafael,
For a new fleece to grow."

The Rev. Mr. Ewald himself then sang—

"There were ninety and nine that safely paid,"

And made a few thoughtful remarks on school reform for the instruction of the Almighty whose aid they were about to invoke. At this point the State Superintendent arose and protested that the divine aid was not required—his Deputy would "see the right thing done;" and Professor Herbst sarcastically replied that the Deputy would at least work by the divine method, for, like God, "she moofs in a mysdereows vay her vonders to bervorm." The State Superintendent's infidel proposition being thus summarily slain by the whimsical buffoonery of a Dutch imagination the whole pious congregation joined in prayer. They preyed on one another.

"If I show my face all the thieves will withdraw,
As imps fly the bishop's crozier,"
Says Kearney. "But, Denis, you darent—the law
Prohibits indecent exposure."

Dr. Stivers, the police surgeon, has for some months been dangerously ill from blood-poisoning, but is now convalescent. In overhauling the dead body of a white woman, the doctor had the bad luck to impale his paw on a broken bone, and after cutting up a Chinaman next day he observed that he had a hand that appeared to be qualifying itself for spanking a young giant. He explains that the virus of the Chinamen must have got into his wound. Doctor, I don't like to bother you, but if your medical judgment is not colored by your political aspirations, and if your skill in diagnosis is not the slave of your race prejudices, perhaps you will have the goodness to state whose wound the virus of the white woman got into. True, the Chinese must go—I know that. The important question is: Shall the white women remain?

It strikes me that this matter (I don't mean the virus) would work into verse tolerably well, under some such title as

ASSIMILATION.
A doctor cutting up, one day,
John Chinaman's abandoned clay
Got, in a scratch upon his hand
(Just how he did not understand),
Some poison from the dear dissected,
Whereby the man was much affected.
But ere he yielded up the ghost
He made this *ante mortem* boast:
For civic fame, no doubt, desirous,
And swol'n with vanity and virus:
"Behold!" he cried, "O statesmen, see
The Chinese problem solved by me,
They need not 'go' (tis hot, I vow
Where this d— beggar's gone to!)
Take 'em in hand; I've shown you how
To absorb them—if you want to."

If Congress passes the bill limiting the number of Chinese passengers a vessel may bring into this port, it ought to be entitled: "An Act to Compel Ship-Building." It is clear the "merchant marine" must be vastly increased.

W. H. L. U.

"O, I love the soldier's life," sings he
And he rubs up his epaulets,
And his long-bright sabre whets;
"But the soldier's death is what worries me."
"Yes, I love the soldier's life, but I wish
That the enemy didn't, too,
For he takes it without ado;
And that is the reason I'm State Milish."

Joe Emmet, the Dutch dialect man, has been committed to an insane asylum at last. Mr. Emmet's peculiar hallucination is that he is an actor.

FATHER CARTER.

A Californian Preacher of the Early Days.

Father Carter was a "hardshell" Baptist preacher. His youth had been spent in the mountains of Carolina. For many years he had not given much promise that his later years would be spent in the clerical profession. He had not indeed paid much attention to religion of any kind, until in a moment of deep emotion he had prayed, and become, to use his own language, "a new critter." His theological attainments were limited; they did not extend beyond the discussion of the question of immersion. His argument on all occasions was, "He went down *into* and came up *out* of the water," and this he would hurl at the heads of his adversaries in argument with the evident conviction in his own mind it was a settler. If it failed the first time, he gathered his stone from the brook, and encountered the Goliath with it again and again. His adversaries were generally forced to yield, at least they were silenced. He was fond of argument—a great controversialist, if not very logical. If his premises were true, if his exegesis of the Bible correct, then it was useless to debate with him at all. He was not always exact in quotation, and sometimes muddled his ideas; but that was the opinion of his enemies, and therefore not entitled to serious consideration. It is reported of him that after his immersion he forced his way into a large concourse with a Bible under his arm, and exclaimed: "I am ready to discuss." At one time living in Oregon, he would insist on arguing with Bishop Scott of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that diocese, until the Bishop even, one of the most genial and self-sacrificing gentlemen in the world, became wearied. One day the Bishop, in reply to his favorite argument, said to him:

"Father Carter, suppose a man was immersed in water all except a small spot on his forehead, would he be baptized?"

"No," replied Father Carter, indignantly.

"But suppose you covered the spot, would he then?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"Well," said the Bishop, "that's just what we do, and, of course, the candidate is baptized."

Father Carter hung his head for a moment as if in deep reflection, and then slowly replied:

"Well, Mr. Scott, that's something wrong about your argimint, but I don't 'zactly see whar it is."

He had but one idea; it became part of his being; it was incorporated in his very nature. He was an enthusiast on the subject of "immersion," and being strong in his own convictions, earnest and decided in expressing them, he influenced others. He gathered around him disciples, even men of higher cultivation than himself. They saw an ignorant man, but an earnest one, and earnestness always has its power. His preaching was an extraordinary compound of emotion, sense, nonsense, misquotation, and confusion of ideas. He certainly put into practice his belief in the right of individual interpretation. His preaching would astonish any city congregation, but it was at least stirring in its character. In the woods, and under the giant trees, and in the log school-houses of California, where he was brought into contact with minds as rude and uninformed as his own, it was that then his emotional nature met a response and carried his audiences with him. A favorite sermon of his he called his "eagle" sermon, and was from a text in Deuteronomy: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them." The writer once heard it, and its general tenor is indelibly imprinted on his mind. After a long-continued preliminary exercise, he began:

"My friends, thar is menny kinds of eagles. They are singular birds—that is, they is quare birds. Thar is the gray eagle, with white bars on his head; thar is the bald eagle ditto, who goes about like a roarin' lion seeking what he may eat up. Thar is the grand old American eagle, whaflops his wings and flies over all creation; and I hev hearn tell of a double-hedder, an Austrian, but I never seed one, and I don't believe thar is one—though that don't signify, fur some of you uns might say you hadn't never seed God, consequently thar wurnt none. But thar is nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Now I onct knowed an eagle—that is, I knowed on him—and her, too, fur thar wur two on 'em, a big rooster eagle and a hen eagle. It wur in the big mountings of Caroliny; and thar they pitched their tents in a tall and towering pine—right in the top—and it hung over a deep purciple, whar it wur in danger of being participated down the purciple when the 'loud-winds did roar on Caroliny's shore.' But it wurnt; fur He calleth His sheep by name, and they foller Him, and the desert blossoms like a rose, and the barren are better than them that beareth children—nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Wal, these here eagles pitched their tent in this waste, howling wilderness, whar they wur as lonely as a solitary snipe in dog-days—down on Coyote Creek, down thar—and the dear little babes in the woods which wur covered by the robin-redbreasts, who sung their funeral hymn. Thar they wur, whar they builded their nests and sot to hatchin' out their chicks.

"Now, when these eagles struck that are spot they went thair whole pile on it; fur it was to thair taste, and it looked as if it had the color big. Fust, they got whar there wur two cross-limbs; then they brought big sticks, and laid 'em carefully round and round until it begun to look sorter like a big balloon careening in the sky, only it was on to a tree; then they put in littler sticks, and littler and littler till bime-by it wur small and compact like. Then they got all the wool, and down, and moss, and soft things, and put 'em down into the bottom, and on the sides of its inside, and made it smooth, and warm, and comfortable like—like unto the man whar filled his barns, and told his soul to be easy and take things nateral like—and laid thair eggs thar—but fur the terrible voice that said: 'Fool, this night thy soul shall be'—that is, he wur to die that very night, and all his nice things wouldn't be enay more use to him—though they wurnt hurt, fur thair eggs were hatched and all thair young uns came out with nary a single feather on them—nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Wal, these eagles and thair young uns in thair fine home, and had on soft clothing like John the Immerser wandering in the wilderness, whar they wur in kings' houses—and the

big uns fed 'em, as parients feed thair little uns—though thar's a commandment agin stealing, which the eagles have to do, but it's thair natur; though that don't signify, fur a man's natur is to steal sumtimes, and he's got to fite agin that natur; fur when I would do good, evil is present—and a man ain't an eagle-bird by chance—nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"When the eagles grew up and had feathers—that is, when they came to the age of 'countability, which is expected of boys and girls like, though eagles' natur is different—then the old eagles wanted them to fly abroad and mount up on wings of eagles, and jine the song that floats around the throne. And that's whar the text begins; fur that's the way the Father up yonder wants us to do when we reach the age of 'countability—to fly upward—to fly upward and jine the band in the narrer way and pass through the strait gate. But they didn't like to leave home, and thair kinned, and thair parients, and seek a country like unto the good old Abraham—

"Whar, oh, whar is the good old Abraham?
Whar, oh, whar is the good old Abraham?
Whar, oh, whar is the good old Abraham?
Safe in the promised land!"

"not knowing whither he went; though we know not whar it is He wants us to go, 'that land of pure delight.' So the rooster eagle gits right among them, and kicks right and left, and stirs 'em, and they begin to feel an awful stirring and want to git away—fur he stirreth up the nest; and sometimes we are stirred up, and the power of sin is felt, and we begin to feel the hot air from below rushin' up like the air from a register—which by the same isn't used in this beautiful land of Californy,

"Whar the wild flowers bloom
All the year round!"

"and hear the devils cry: 'That's my game!' and feel old Satan a grippin' at us; and we git a kind o' scared like, fur he is stirring up his nest; but that ain't enough. We crawl up like the baby eagles and look down, and see the dark purciple; we look up and don't see nothing to stand on up thar, fur we ain't reconciled; and we look around, and the old scurvy pine-tree seems better than nothing, and so they settle down in the soft wool, and down, and comfortable things, and don't think of flying upward whar the bright waters flow, and the rivers of waters clear as crystal, and the tree that shadders the airth, and whar thar's

"Rest fur the weary!
Rest fur the weary!
Rest fur me!"

"and we air afeered to try, because, like the young eagles, we feel we are weak and like little babies in good, and fold our hands and say: 'A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands, when I have a convenient season I'll send fur thee, fur almost thou persuadest me. We haven't tried our feathers yet—our pinions ain't strong—to-morrer may be too late, fur the smoke of thair torment is like unto a weaver's shuttle, it endureth but a little time and then it is gone, and whar are you then? Nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"Then the old eagle goes off and 'fluttereth over her young,' and that brings us to the second pint of our discourse. 'She fluttereth,' she flosses her wings, like unto as you have seen a hawk just gitting ready to pounce down upon a poor field-mouse—though it ain't like that neither, for the hawk flutters in wrath, but the eagle flutters over her young uns in love. Brethren and sisters, she flutters in love just like when you see your dear little ones a treading of the downward path, and your heart flutters and flutters because you're afraid; and she goes above the nest and hollers *squawk*, which when you holler you means to tell 'em to 'take keer,' 'take keer,' only the bird's talk is not like our talk; and they hear that voice, and creep onto the sides of the nest, and see thair fond parients a-flopping of thair wings, and cry with thair little pecked voice *peck*—which means father dear and mother dear, I like to foller you; fur

"I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
I'm bound fur the land of Canaan!
Fur it is my happy bome."

"And they'd like to foller thair father eagle and thair mother eagle as they mount up and look at the shining sun without blinking thair eyes, fur they say that's our eagles' natur—and it's strange how often natur comes in—but a man like unto you and I can't; but I didn't mean these here eyes that we sec with, but the inner eyes that can

"Walk in the light!
Walk in the light!
While it is day,"

"and ain't blinked by the glory, and the shining, and the brightness no more than them thar eagles; but they sec 'em floating on nothing, and don't know they hev got wings and the air can hold 'em up, so they cry *peck*, which means as before said, and look out and want to fly, but they dussent. Brethren and sisters, they dussent, and only see the soft down, and the nice wool, and the good things in thair home here on the airth, and so they snuggle down like unto a man on a cold morning in his bed, while the birds all are a-singing, and all nature is a-carousing the song:

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

"And he's got to stir 'em agin. Nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"So he gits into thair nest, and begins to pick away thair soft things. Fust he takes away thair wool, and cotton, and moss out, and

"The cold wind doth blow,
And if they have snow,
What will the eagles do then, poor things?"

"And the little eagles feel the hair, and the moss, and the twigs underneath ain't as good as the wool and the down, and they look up and want to fly; but they dussent, though they git very oneasy—they dussent until they begins to think hair and twigs better than

"The river filled with blood,
Whar saints immortal reign."

"And that's jist so if we won't fly upward. Then He takes our good things away—our money, our goods, our

chattels, our houses, our farms, our mines, the water that fills our ditches, the gold lead in our claim runs out, and thar ain't the first nugget left. Even then we don't give in, and He takes the little branches away. Oh, my friend, it is sad when He takes the little branches away! But they go, then all we cling to, like them little eagles with thair feet a clinging to the last big stick that war put thar by the big eagles fur a foundation fur thair nest. The eagle hath stirred her nest, she hath fluttered over her young—and that brings us to the third pint of our discourse.

"And now, my dear friends, what does she do? Look, bretheren and sisters, what does she do? Spreadeth abroad her wings. Thar she is right up in the sky, her wings stretched like the shadder of a mighty rock in a dry land. Thar below is the little eagles a-standing on the last stick, the last prop, holdin' on with thair tremblin' feet like grim death, while fiery billows roll beneath, afeared to fly, afeared to stay, afeared to do anything, afeared not to do something, knowing thar is a deep purciple, whar the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; knowing thar is a place whar the streets run with milk and honey, and whar thar's no weepin', no mourning, no gnashing thair teeth; knowing they hain't got nothing here, nor won't have nothing thar unless they stir themselves and fly upward. Oh, my friends, jist think on it! Why don't they fly upward? Thar they tremble, and shiver, and cry, and want to fly but dussent—waiting fur a convenient season which never comes; and thar above all is the old eagle a-spreadin' abroad of her wings and looking down to see if they won't do something—like men and wimen, instead of jist staying thar like marble statues to be wafted about by every breeze; and thar she is a-spreadin' abroad her wings, until at last she gives one great squawk of wrath, and flosses down on the whole brood, and knocks the last pin from under 'em. And whar are they? Yes, and whar are you, my bretheren and sisters? Whar are you? Some a-fluttering like wounded doves down, down to the lake whar they cry for a drop of water to cool the parched tongue, whar Lazarus was in poor Dives' bosom—or a-mounting up on wings of eagles, whar they shall run and not get weary, whar they shall walk and not faint. Nevertheless, notwithstanding fur which.

"And that brings us to the fourth pint of our discourse, which is He taketh 'em. And thar's different ways of taking things. Thar's people with mighty takin' ways, and thar's officers whar takes you to jail; and thar's boys that takes apples and peaches, which things they oughten; and thar's people whar takes you in—which isn't meant for the good uns which take strangers in and takes keer on 'em—like unto the Gommorians when Lot's wife was took into the house like a pillar of salt and divided into four quarters and sent into the land of Israel, for which the anger burnt agin 'em, for the hurt of the daughter of Israel was sore.

"But He taketh them—I don't mean the eagles—and leads them to near pastures and beside still waters, whar there's no more sighing and suffering, no more weeping and parting; fur

"Parents and children thar shall meet!
Parents and children thar shall meet!
Parents and children thar shall meet!
Shall meet to part no more!
On Canaan's happy shore!"

Imagine all this uttered in the most impassioned manner, the tears at times streaming down the preacher's face, and the quotations—from psalm-book, Mother Goose, or Franklin's aphorisms—chanted with a rich full voice, and you can get a glimpse of Father Carter in his palmy days. On Father Carter's preaching days in San Andreas the public "meeting-house" would be crowded to excess. People assembled not to laugh, but to have their feelings wrought up by the manner and excitement of the preacher; and those who could not appreciate, with the exception of a few graceless scamps, would stay away. An eloquent and learned Presbyterian clergyman, who also visited that mining-camp, would collect a congregation of thirty or forty, and a Methodist, a man of culture and earnestness, would double that number; but Father Carter would "draw the boys," as he not very elegantly expressed it, in great numbers.

HEALDSBURG, CAL.

J. W. BROTHERTON.

Red lead in cayenne pepper, chromate of lead in mustard, sulphuric acid in vinegar, corrosive sublimate in pickles, prussic acid in tea, scented and colored clay in coffee, alum in bread, sand in sugar, marble dust and plaster of Paris in flour, powdered stone in soda, terra alba in cream of tartar, damaged grain in Graham meal, chalk in baking powders, arsenic and copper in the coloring of candy, creosote and salts of copper in whisky—such are only samples of some of the adulterations in food and drink pointed out, the other day, by Mr. George T. Angell, in a paper read to the American Social Science Association of Boston.

Sara Bernhardt told Mary Anderson that she slept in a coffin three years to familiarize herself with the idea of death, but lately the narrow bed had become uncomfortable. Miss Anderson says of the French actress' boudoir: "The carpet was of black velvet, and the walls were hung and the furniture covered with the same material. The skeleton of a man who died of love at Mantua hung before the mirror, with finger pointing at its own reflection. In large bowls about the room rose leaves were heaped, the fragrance from which was overpowering."

It is said that a cat, when skinned, resembles a rabbit so nearly that good judges are liable to be deceived. Buy your rabbits only from responsible dealers. Unless you prefer cats. Of course it is not for us to dictate.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, February 2, 1899.

Consomme a la Bonne Femme.
Boiled Codfish, Tongues and Sounds, Browned Butter and Parsley Sauce.
Beefsteak a la Bordelaise, Mashed Potatoes.
Salsify Fritters, Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Lemon Pie, Preserved Ginger.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Oranges, Bananas, Figs, Prunes, and Dates.
To MAKE CONSOMME A LA BONNE FEMME.—See Vol. III, No. 1.
To COOK BEEFSTEAK A LA BORDELAISE.—Have a fine large of two small porterhouse steaks well broiled, put upon a dish, salt and pepper, cover lightly with finely minced onion and parsley (some prefer a trifle of garlic added); have a large piece of butter melted and pour on boiling hot.

INTAGLIOS.

The Children.

Do you love me, little children?
O sweet blossoms that are curled
(Life's tender morning-glories)
Round the casement of the world!
Do your hearts climb up toward me
As my own heart bends to you,
In the beauty of your dawning
And the brightness of your dew?

When the fragrance of your faces,
And the rhythm of your feet,
And the incense of your voices
Transform the sullen street,
Do you see my soul move softly
For ever where you move,
With an eye of benediction
And a guarding hand of love?

O my darlings! I am with you
In your trouble, in your play,
In your sobbing and your singing,
In your dark and in your day,
In the chambers where you nestle,
In the hovels where you lie,
In the sunlight where you blossom
And the blackness where you die.

Not a blessing broods above you
But it lifts me from the ground;
Not a thistle-bard doth sting you
But I suffer with the wound;
And a chord within me trembles
To your lightest touch or tone,
And I famish when you hunger,
And I shiver when you moan.

Can you tell me, little children,
Why it is I love you so?
Why I'm weary with the burthens
Of my sad and weary woe?
Do the myrtle and the aloes
Spring blithely from one tree?
Yet I love you, O my darlings!
Have you any flowers for me?

I have trodden all the spaces
Of my solemn years alone,
And have never felt the cooling
Of a babe's breath near my own.
But with more than father passion,
And with more than mother pain,
I have loved you, little children—
Do you love me back again?

RICHARD REALF.

Famished.

If only mothers knew, she said,
How hungry children are for love,
Above each little virgin bed
A mother's lips would prove
How sweet are kisses that are given
Between a rosy mouth and heaven.

If only my mamma would kneel,
As your dear mamma, every night,
Beside her little girl, to feel
If all the wraps are folded tight,
And hold my hands, her elbow fair
Between my cheek and her soft hair—

And looking in my dreaming eyes
As if she saw some lovely thing,
And smiling in such fond surprise
On all my hopes of life that spring
Like flowers beneath her tender gaze—
I could not stray in evil ways.

I would not wound the gentle breast
That held me warm within its fold;
My mother's love would still be best,
However sad, or plain, or old;
And even should the world forsake,
I'd love her for her love's dear sake.

To a Milkmaid.

Sprightly as a lightsome fairy,
Charming goddess of the dairy;
Maiden with the milking pail,
Listen to thy lover's wail:

"While with true love I am burning,
You're the happy day a churning;
Oh, it sometimes makes me shudder
To suspect you love an udder!
After giving me your word,
After all that has o'urd,
To keep faith you will not fail,
Maiden with the milking pail!
But I swear by my dejection,
By the cream of her complexion,
By the sun in heaven glowing,
By the kine in meadows loving,
By the gentle morning zephyr,
That no other one shall heifer,
I will have no maiden butter,
And I'll keep her when I've got her.
Yes, I'll win her, come what may—
'Where there's will, there is a way.'"

From To-day.

The past is wasted. Let it go.
The faded suns, the joys, the tears;
A desert of mixed dreams, I know,
Is paltry gain for forty years.
For all the toil, the pain, the strife,
The thoughts of fame, the hope deferred,
Only an ashen urn of dead,
And that in these no voice is heard!
Yet, quivering with the spring, the dawn
Brings melancholy flowers my way;
And something yet within me sings,
"It shall be better from to-day."

To a Scrap of Seaweed.

Neglected flower that in the ocean blooms,
Poor exile from the fragrant groves of earth,
What sorrow rises in thy salt perfumes,
To what sad thought thy humble charm gives birth!

Tossed by the tempest and the fluctuant tide,
The vulgar plaything of the slimy eel,
Crushed by the vessel's keel or cast aside,
What bitterness thy injured heart must feel?

Thy lovely sisters blush on field and lawn,
The lily, pink, and rose are kin to thee;
Yet thou art destined, from grim night till dawn,
To hide thy envy in the turbulent sea.

Alas! none know why thou wert strangely torn
From leafy woodlands and rich orchards blest,
Nor why thou shouldst not have been sweetly born
A tuberoso to grace my darling's breast—

Unless the Eternal, in His august might,
A sacred usage for thy beauty found,
And made thee to fulfill some sacred rite
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the drowned.

F. S. SALTUS.

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The last London eccentricity!

The name would convey the idea that London had been indulging in a series of eccentricities, but it simply means, after all, that the capitalizer has had a happy thought.

Polonius was rather a clever old party at this sort of thing. His extemporaneous advertisement of the player's repertoire was really ingenious. But modernism has improved upon him.

Eccentricity is one of the most useful words of the age. What snarls and tangles it covers in dispositions. What may it not cover in the drama.

What a lot of nondescript stuff we have all looked at, and wondered what politeness would permit us to call it.

Eccentricity will henceforth be the happy harbor for every doubt.

It is not easy to arrange Gilbert's odd nineteenth century plays under any other head.

A propos of Gilbert, what is fame?

Think of a London first night, with his name on the bills over the play.

On Monday at the Baldwin there was a corporal's guard. On Tuesday the corporal's guard remarked to a friend, over a glass of toddy, that there was a very funny play going on up at Baldwin's.

Tuesday night a better house.

At last, by means of all the dips, spurs, and angles, extensions and ramifications of acquaintanceship, a good house came together to see *He Would and He Would Not*.

So named because there is something crooked in its production.

The real title of the eccentricity is *Engaged*.

What an airy, sparkling, clear, Gilbertian affair it is.

Every one who writes has one haunting idea.

Some hug it, and cherish it, and keep it—as some of the great authors do—for their later works.

But with Gilbert it peeps out everywhere.

It is his delight to turn the human species inside out—metaphysically speaking.

Artless vanity is his pet foible. Literalness is exquisitely humorous to him.

He is a philosopher, but—strange anomaly—a good-natured one.

He is a satirist, but a gentle one.

Are he and Wilkie Collins good friends? No one agreed with me; but I fancied throughout that, playful as the strokes were, they hit hardest at the great mystery-maker.

The idea was only dissipated by his having left out the great part in all of Wilkie Collins' novels and dramas—the keyhole.

There is a plot to *He Would and He Would Not*, but it is tortuous as the windings of the labyrinth of Crete.

Besides, it does not matter one whit what it is; the enjoyment lies in the situation of the moment.

A gentleman who saw the play in London, in the height of its run, complimentarily remarked, the other night, that, with one exception, it was quite as well played at the Baldwin.

As for Rose Wood, what has this Rachelesque young woman been doing all this time with her comedy.

She has grasped the substance of this *soufflé* satire with thorough comprehension.

She is a picture.

One can find her fac-simile in the beauty books and gift books of forty years ago.

Her entrance on the arm of the would-be weird "Belvawney" recalled the earlier days of fiction. People have read the "Children of the Abbey" without laughing at it.

There has been a time when the earlier heroines of Bulwer, Lord Lytton, and Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, were not ridiculous.

Miss Wood, as "Belinda Treherne," is a memento of that period.

If it be original, there is inspiration in that heavy, unbound King Charles' lock which droops over one side of her face.

The lovelorn attitudes, the drooping gait, the stilted periods, belong to the romantic maiden of the past.

The eye for settlements and the excellent appetite are more peculiar to the maiden of to-day.

Rose Wood combines them harmoniously. In point of fact, she is exquisitely funny.

In her great scene there is something absolutely tragic in her mode of attacking a tart.

But there is much of the modern boarding-school when she, in the midst of her trouble—to paraphrase lines which should not be subjected to that indignity—

"Like a well-conducted person
Goes on eating bread and butter."

"Belvawney," "the airy Belvawney," as "Belinda" expresses it, is, I take it, a foreigner.

Mr. Morrison makes him up to look like Dr. McBride, the King of Pain.

The King of Pain, like the Cornish language, has become extinct within a short time, and cannot therefore be offended.

Mr. Morrison adds to the make-up a pair of ghastly green goggles and some unusually good acting.

The latter is an eccentricity which he can afford to repeat.

The humor of the part is grim. So is Morrison's. In his each sits well upon the other. Hence, an irre-

"Minnie," the artless lassie, must be a god-child of that queer old bachelor, Charles Reade. His young women are all so innocent and so knowing. I think Miss Corcoran conveys the impression more than many *ingénues*.

She has many girlish little ways, but in the main she seems to know what she is about.

The well-posted "Minnie" fell into good hands.

So did every part, for that matter, with the exception of that of "Cheviot Hill."

I never before saw a play so really well cast at the Baldwin. Even the little Revel girl came to the fore with a fine Scotch accent and some really spirited acting.

Gilbert does not love Scotland and the Scotch as Black does.

There is a fling at their laws in the Scotch marriage; a fling at their thrift in Angus McAllister's banter of his sweetheart for "two pun' ten;" a fling at the truth of their maidens in Maggie's readiness to accept a new love.

Gilbert will fall under the ban of Victoria's displeasure, and his books will be unread of royalty.

For Victoria is a thrifty "auld lassie" herself, and likes it. What is Gilbert hitting at when he makes "Cheviot Hill," the hero, a stingy man? Stingy is an atrocious word, but if the gossamer-fancied Gilbert employs it why may not I?

A stingy bridegroom!

De mortuis nil nisi bonum is often said.

De bridegrooms *nil nisi bonum* is more often practiced.

After all, the crises of life are expensive, and a man can not change his nature simply because he is going to join it with another.

But these sort of things are not usually presented for our consideration from the stage.

I do not recall a character in fiction or drama upon which this might be a play.

Perhaps the author selected some unhappy gentleman from his circle, and held the mirror up to nature for him.

As for the indiscriminate love-making of "Cheviot Hill," that is not at all unusual.

Perhaps this is an inspiration of Mr. Sothern's.

However eccentric his part, he never permits love-making to be one of its impossibilities.

As the part was written for Mr. Sothern, it is plainly not adapted to Mr. Bishop.

He is a low comedian, and as such (to quote from a recent quoter) knows nothing of "that flower of modern civilization, the innuendo."

It will not do to broaden the lines of these superfine conceits.

It was much that, being a low comedian, he did not outrage the unities.

One could hardly fancy Raymond, another low comedian, in a character like this.

The irrepressibility of his humor must bubble to the surface in its own fashion.

He is not to be bound by text or author.

He loves situation.

He revels in "Col. Sellers'" turnip feast.

He glories in the revelation of the tallow-dip behind the isinglass.

He likes to refute with scorn the hare idea of being willing to go to Congress.

I once saw him play "Diggory" in *The Spectre Bridegroom*, and the people laughed till they were doubled up like jack-knives.

He spoke no word from beginning to end except "O Lord! Lord!"

But he said it in as many keys as there are notes in an octave, and he took as many attitudes as a marionette.

His embellishments are *sui generis*; hence, no other man will attempt to play "Col. Sellers" while Raymond lives.

But, we say with "Hamlet," "Something too much of this."

We know every trick, every gag, every joke, every situation of "Col. Sellers." We want something new.

We shall have it next week in *My Son*; therefore, let us say with "Le Blanc," "Sit still, my heart, sit down."

Poor "Le Blanc!" Is Billy Crane the one man in the world who can satisfy in the part?

No one has ever quite made a hit with it since Crane abandoned American opera bouffe to go into that singular dramatic partnership which has been attended with such pleasant pecuniary results.

Even talented, versatile Willie Edouin is thoroughly wretched, because he knows he is doing nothing remarkable.

Evangeline?

Worse even than its first presentation at the Grand Opera House.

And yet it has drawn well for a week.

Do people go to see how bad the thing really is?

What is the matter with the Oaklanders and the Virginians? They have all come to town lately grinning broadly.

They have two reasons: One, that they have seen the Eliza Weathersby *Froliques*; the other, that they have seen them before we did.

Your inlander glories in getting ahead of San Francisco in anything, even in going to a show first.

As for the Weathersby *Froliques*, with their impracticable name, they are to bring more of "Locke's Luck."

The verdict is, "awfully funny."

There are but six of them, and their entertainment is on the pattern of that of the Vokes, and their imitators, the Troubadours.

Nat Goodwin and Eliza Weathersby were the first architects of the good fortune of *Evangeline* in the Atlantic sea port.

Odd that they should set up a rivalry against it in the city of the sea on the Pacific.

Eliza Weathersby was here longer ago than gallant gentlemen will remember; but those who saw her have not forgotten her mignonette face and her great song, "Awfully Clevah."

She has the mignonette expression still; possibly a new song. Stranger things have happened.

One attraction is a form of fabulous thinness, which glances across the stage like a phantom in Walpurgis night.

Thinness is not attractive enough to bill.

But the inlanders report that there is a vague fascination in trying to see this form divine with the naked eye, which seizes them and impels them to go again and again till the feat is accomplished.

As for Goodwin himself, he must be a clever fellow, indeed, to sustain his Oakland reputation.

BETSY B.

ASSORTED BONBONS.

A student, in response to a reproof for the lowness of his position in the class:

"Well, Professor, never mind; I presume I am as much to blame as you are."

Scrap from the latest novel: "He held his head with one hand, and loudly called for help with the other."

"You've heard Browne's married again?"

"No; has he? Stupid ass! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife."

Positiveness and evolutionism—

Instructor—"What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?"

Student—"He says a brute is an imperfect man."

Instructor—"And what is man?"

Student—"Man is a perfect brute."

As the happy couple are leaving church the husband says to the partner of his wedded life:

"Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you; why, you were all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say, 'I will.'"

"I will try and have more courage, and say it louder, next time," replies the blushing bride.

A professor who has been trying for a half hour to explain a formula on the board, turns with his finger on his nose, which is a very prominent feature, and says severely: "Is this now apparent to you all? [Freshmen grin.] I am aware, gentlemen, that it is long. [Freshmen grin audibly.] But I hope you see the point. [Slight pedal applause.] It is called *pous astuorum*, of which, I hope, you see the application." [Loud and continued applause.]

Dialogue between two buyers of tickets in the national lottery—

"It's infamous! Will you believe it? They sold me a forged ticket!"

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I passed it off on another fellow for more than I paid for it."

Mother to her bad boy—"If you'll behave all day to-day I'll give you something to-morrow."

Bad boy to his sister—"What'll she give me—do you know? Will it pay me for the trouble of behaving myself?"

"What!" said the young man to his uncle, "you like to make New Year's calls! I perfectly detest them."

"You are wrong, nephew. A call from you can never fail to give pleasure; if not when you come in, it's sure to when you leave."

First Connoisseur—Ah, '47, '47! What a year that was for wine!

Second Connoisseur—Yesh, yesh; I remember '47. Poor, shainted Maria; how I wished to lick her in '47! [Sheds a drink to her memory.]

When young Aime Maillard was at college the professor of rhetoric gave the class as a subject "A Eulogy of Indolence."

On the given day the compositions were handed in, and the professor, after casting his eye over the paper, remarked:

"M. Maillard, where is your essay? I don't see it among these."

"Didn't I hand it to you? I beg your pardon," said the student, and passed up a neatly folded package of manuscript.

The professor opened it, turned over the pages, got very red in the face, and exclaimed:

"Sirrah, this is a miserable joke. The paper is a blank—not a word in eulogy of indolence anywhere in it."

"Oh, I thought that the highest eulogy of indolence I could give," replied the student, "would be not to write anything."

Court—Prisoner, you are accused of vagrancy, having no means of existence.

Prisoner—No means of existence! What do you call that? [Produces red a herring from his pocket and offers it in evidence.]

They were dining at Madame C.'s. A superb leg of mutton was put upon the table.

Guest—"Gracious, that mutton is actually raw."

Madame—"You think so? It seems to me it is just cooked to the right point."

Guest—"Pardon me, you have only to look at it, and you will see that it is raw."

Madame—"In that case, Monsieur—Marie, take this leg of mutton again to the spit."

At the end of a quarter of an hour the mutton is brought back, very nearly burnt to a crisp. Madame, in offering a slice to her guest, says:

"I trust you will not find it too rare now."

"Oh, Madame," he said, in refusing the plate, "it was not for myself I spoke just now; I never eat mutton."

A fortune-teller was plying his calling in the presence of an awe-stricken group of country folk, when a stranger approached, crossed his palm with silver, and received the usual prediction of health, wealth, a pretty wife, and sixteen children.

"Humph!" says the stranger, cynically. "Well, that's not so bad as folks in your professions go, but I can tell your fortune better'n you can yourself."

"Rash mortal!"—begins the seer.

"Come, now," says the stranger; "I never saw you before in my life, but I can tell you where you will sleep every night for the next six months, and you couldn't tell!"

"The stary orbs?"

"So you don't know? You'll sleep in jail for obtaining money under false pretenses. Come along with me." [Displays badge and marches off necromancer.]

THE MOST COMPLETE WORK OF the kind ever published, and a welcome visitor at every fireside, is the

FIRESIDE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF POETRY.

Collected and Arranged by Henry S. Coates.

This important work, a collection of the best and brightest gems to be found in the whole field of English poetry, was begun in the fall of 1871, and contains 1245 poems by over 400 authors, English and American, carefully arranged under headings according to the subjects. It has been the aim of the editor to present a comprehensive collection, an Encyclopædia, of the poetry of the English language, one that will be a welcome companion at every Fireside. Each poem has been given complete, and great care has been taken to follow the most authentic and approved editions of the respective authors. Nearly all the longer minor poems that have become classic will be found in this volume; among which may be mentioned Milton's "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas;" Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and "The Traveller," Coleridge's "Christabel" and "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Campbell's "O'Connor's Child," Shelley's "Adonais," Mrs. Southey's "Young Gray Head," Macaulay's "Horatius," Ayton's "Edinburgh after Flodden," Drake's "Culprit Fay," Thackeray's "Chronicle of the Drum," and Mrs. Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," while in the shorter poems Shakespeare is represented by 31 selections, Burns by 23, Scott by 19, Wordsworth by 29, Herrick by 14, Hood by 18, Tennyson by 24, Moore by 24, Coleridge by 13, Byron by 16, Shelley by 18, Longfellow by 15, Whittier by 13, Mrs. Browning by 14, Campbell by 13, Southey by 13, and others according to their respective merits. The selection has been pronounced, by many of our most prominent literary men, one of the best and most complete ever made. The work is furnished with an alphabetical index of the names of the poems, an index of authors, and also one of first lines, thus making the means of reference more thorough than in any other work of the kind. Explanatory and corroborative notes have been appended to the volume, and add greatly to its value. The book makes a very handsome octavo of 1040 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, is illustrated by fourteen engravings on steel, and is beautifully bound. Both in contents and manufacture this is one of the finest specimens of bookmaking ever produced in this country.

Price, in cloth, extra gilt, \$5; half calf or morocco, \$7 50; morocco antique, \$10; full calf, \$12. For sale by

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There are many families in San Francisco who intend making a new departure this year, and instead of offering their guests intoxicating liquors will supply their place with Tea or Coffee. This may answer very well, but great care should be taken in the selection of these two beverages. A cup of really good Coffee or Tea is rarely unacceptable to any gentleman of refined taste. Every lady knows this, and probably that is the reason why Fred. H. Loring, of 922 Market Street, is selling such large quantities of his superior brands of "President" Coffee and "Treasure" Tea.—*Golden Era*, Dec. 21, 1878.

Let us live happily then, not hating those who hate us.

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Major Garroway Bang.....Mr. T. H. Burns
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ARTISTIC DECORATION.

One of the most important points in the furnishing of a room is the decorating of its walls. The eye naturally seeks them at the first entrance, and the general impression is often of their effect, whether agreeable or otherwise, than even of the pictures that may hang against them. To be in keeping with the surrounding objects, and yet preserve an individuality of its own, is the acme of perfection in everything. Art connoisseurs are insisting on this latter point nowadays; and, while the genius of artists like Morris, Eastlake, and others is being given to the task of beautifying our floors by carpets that outvie the products of the famous looms of Persia and India; window draperies, that combine all the richness and durability of medieval stuffs with the elegance of modern taste; and furniture, more perfect in workmanship, more varied in design than even the most luxurious ages of the past have ever known; this particular branch of house decoration has kept pace with all others. No carpet in the higher grades is made at present that is not complemented by wall hangings of similar character. For example: the magnificent carpetings of the Eastlake School—in the rich, dusky colors now used, and of designs at once wonderfully complex, yet severely chaste—will be matched by a papering of equally deep "tones," flecked here and there with vivid splashes of gold or silver; or a broad surface, over which is spread a wilderness of foliage and flowers. In both, the same character is sustained throughout; yet there is no monotony where they are put together, only a perfect unity. In the "dados," or broad borders that finish the lower edge of the paper, and the "frieze," or narrower one at the top, we find the correspondent to the peculiarly artistic borders of the floor coverings now in fashion. In the making of this class of papers are employed only artists of acknowledged ability and experience, even when their fame is not world wide, as in some instances; and it is not unusual that a fine and complicated design will cost \$4,000 or \$5,000 in the getting up. It would be difficult to discriminate among so many new and charming designs. Fancy no sooner declares for the dainty, silvery-blue satin ground, with glistening stems threading through and through the intricacies of strange exotics, and other fanciful conceits, the indescribable shades of dusky green, under a network of ivy leaves in dull gold, goblin-like blossoms of the chrysanthemum and aster and their sharp-pointed leaves, than a sheet is unrolled, stiff and rich as a breadth of silvery *moire antique*, over whose surface trail long, graceful stems and branches, drooping foliage, and flowers of delicate grays, touched here and there with a glint of silver, and

filled in at intervals with a vase of tenderest blue and most exquisite form. The "dados" to these papers are marvels in themselves, some being in the form of panels, deep greenish-browns relieved by tall sprays of foliage terminated by a half open blossom or two, in which the red shows but slightly; pale cream yellows and coffee browns, bearing the figure of the sacred ibis rising from a bed of reeds, each alternate panel being a cluster of China asters. Another style is edged with a border of black velvet, both edges of this in turn being finished by a narrow, bamboo rod, gilded and banded at intervals with a narrow black line. Artistic unity, so closely studied nowadays, demands the abolition of the cold, bare walls of the past few years. Even the art of the fresco painter, so much employed of late, fails to convey the same idea of warmth and richness as does a fine paper. Particularly is this the case for side walls, where the work comes close to the eye. The attempt to reproduce the complex patterns of the new school by means of fresco painting, although a limited one, must prove a failure, if for no other reason than because of the immense expense of time and labor involved, as well as the unsatisfactory results thus far obtained. The change of sentiment that is bringing these artistic papers so greatly into favor is not by any means an evanescent fancy—it is rather the indication of a steady development of the general taste, and is, therefore, likely to be a permanent fashion. There is much to be said in favor of this method of finishing walls besides its artistic beauty. Its comparative cheapness, the ease with which renewals and changes can be effected, and, more than all, its adaptability to the other accessories of the room, all commend it, even were it not that the all-powerful voice of fashion is in its favor. In Europe the *furor* over the "new school" is still unabated, although it has been long enough established to be beyond the first flush of enthusiasm, and the more elegant dwellings of all the Eastern cities are, almost without an exception, adopting paper hangings in preference to any other style of wall decoration, and we are glad to know that our own business houses are not behind the rest of the fashionable world in this particular. Some remarkably fine specimens of new designs which we have seen lately at the establishment of Geo. C. Clark, No. 615 Market Street, having renewed our interest in this branch of domestic art, and it being the special province of the ARGONAUT to foster everything of artistic and æsthetic excellence among us, we feel constrained to call attention to the subject, having in view the many handsome dwellings in progress of completion throughout the city. We want to see our houses beautified. We feel an actual personal interest in the matter, and we hope besides to see a growing disposition on the part of our citizens to encourage home trade by intrusting the decoration of their houses to those who are prepared to embellish them. Mr. Clark is also agent in this city for Lesuer & Lewis of New York, and Beck of London.

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This (Saturday) evening and Sunday evening, February 1st and 2d, will be acted

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT

"'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."
Old Song.

Only He Would and He Would Not Matinee this afternoon, at 2 P. M.

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EVANGELINE.
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MISS LOUISE SEARLE,
By the ladies of San Francisco.

Seats at the box office one week in advance; also by speaking telephone at the principal telegraph stations throughout the city at theatre rates.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLI-

cation of the Brooklyn Land Company to be discontinued.—Notice is hereby given, the application of the Brooklyn Land Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, to be discontinued, has been presented and filed in the County Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that Monday, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1879, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court room of said court, in said City and County of San Francisco, has been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing the said application. THOS. H. B. JONES, Clerk.

PRETTY WOMEN.

I must confess to an extreme liking for pretty women. Most men, especially homely men, might, I think, admit themselves possessors of a similar feeling. That pretty women, however, are universal admirers of homely men is not quite so certain; and yet it has been very generally observed that homely men often secure pretty women as wives. I don't pretend to understand what the philosophy of the thing may be. It is possible, however, that it comes of a dislike most men, as well as women, have for what has been called "doubles," or repetition of self; and, further, the universal partiality existing for contrasts. A very big man always likes to see a man something smaller than himself, and an extremely small man forever envies him who has the muscles of a giant. May it not be then that homely men are sometimes chosen by women with pretensions to good looks simply on account of the extreme opportunity thus secured for contrast—for showing themselves off, as it were, to the best advantage. Who ever saw even an ordinarily pretty woman leaning on the arm of an ugly man without exclaiming mentally: "How fine she is, and what a beast of a husband!" The same pretty woman walking with a tolerably good-looking man would not be noticed. It must be for some similar reason that picture amateurs often leave the brilliant-colored painting of the masters hanging in old, rusty, and even crickety frames. For my own part I never enter a room containing paintings, where one single picture happens to be situated as I have described, without its attracting my immediate observation. Certain it is, that a single rose, blooming amid the briars of the field, lures the eye sooner than the same rose blushing on the velvety lawn. There have not been so very many pretty women after all, women of extraordinary beauty, as one would at first imagine. Whole generations sometimes pass without one appearing. Some countries have not possessed one in a century—at least not one who, from her extreme beauty, or from fortuitous circumstances, has fixed her name in history. Great beauty is as rare, indeed, as great genius; and great beauty combined with wit, even rarer. But comparatively few of the beautiful women of the poets ever existed beyond the poet's fancy; the immortal Beatrice, even, being known rather for Dante's love and for Dante's verse than for any wonderful beauty. Byron's "Maid of Athens" was as much the child of his sympathy as she was the inspiration of his pen. Her mother was a widow with whom Byron lodged. She was poor, and her two daughters interested the poet. He described them in the plainest prose afterward, and, though they were beautiful, there were many such maids in Athens. Shakspeare's fair "Rosalind" certainly never lived in the flesh and blood, and "Sweet Margaret" was the creation of a Goethe, only after he had deserted a beauty more real. It has always been a fashion among the poets to create in their minds the beautiful forms, of which nature seems so niggardly; and, as in fancy they dwell in palaces, while their bodies languished in garrets, so they lived with the hours through married to the plainest of women. The pleasures of their imaginings, however, were far superior to the enjoyments of those who possessed real hours, and who lived in real palaces, yet lacked in the appreciation of the good fortune which nature had bestowed on them. Still, most poets have had one love that was real, one beauty that was supreme. It has, indeed, been asserted, and with a very great degree of enthusiasm, too, that no great poet ever existed whose genius had not been lighted into a burning flame at the altar of some fair face. "Give me a man," said a philosopher, once, "endowed with ordinary genius, and make him mad in love with a beautiful woman, and I will return a poet to you." It is not difficult to recall what many of the loves of the poets have been. What bright, voluptuous, yet half evanescent being they were. Commencing away back with Horace—whose odes made a Lydia immortal—Dante and Beatrice, Tasso and Leonora, Alfieri and his princess, Petrarch and Laura, Goethe and Fredericke. Some names that are engraven as if in brass, some hearts in whose warmth genius had its birth. The love stimulus has been no less inspiring to female genius than to that of men. Sappho only penned verses when in love. When she could find no mortal handsome enough to fire her muse, she fell in love with Phaon, whom Venus had transformed from an ugly old dwarf into the fairest of youths; and when she found her love unrequited, she threw herself into the sea. Poor, sweet Angelica Kaufman, the pride of Germany, the adored of England, never painted so well as when the eyes of that handsome villain, Horne, were upon her; and the pure Elizabeth Barrett Browning's genius leaped into higher life under the transforming wand of love. All women of exceeding beauty have had their history, and the triumphs and fate of a woman of exceeding beauty are not of less interest than is the life of a man of genius. From Eve—whose beauty must have been supreme—down, beautiful women have exercised the most tremendous influence on the destinies of the world. Helen, for whose charms hosts battled and Troy fell; Cleopatra, maddening kings to desert empires for her love; Honoria, for whom whole betacombs of Huns perished, that Attila might win her hand; Eugenie, dictating the manners, dress, and habits of civilized society; Carlotta, forcing a husband to assume the purple at the sacrifice of a people's freedom—each and all point to the majesty of the power of a woman of beauty. It has sometimes been asserted that beautiful women and men of genius have come up in crowds together, and that there is an Augustan age of fair women in the lives of nations just as there is an Augustan age of literature. Certain it is that, when England and France had the greatest poets, they had also the greatest number of women celebrated for their beauty, as was the case in the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, Louis XIV. and the Consulate. Scarcely a great poet, or, it might be added, a great painter, has come upon the scene, who has not brought with him at least one woman of almost supreme beauty. Of course, in judging them, allowance must be made for the distinction given these women by the geniuses who adored them. Yet the spirits of the dead fair might answer, "At our altars were their lamps lighted. We piped to them and they did dance." A German writer once intimated that had Goethe never seen the face of the fair Fredericke, it is doubtful if the world had not lost him as a poet. How thankless, too, this man, this poet, whom Emerson has pronounced "The soul of his century." How selfish even a poet can be, to pour gall into the wine-cup that cheered him—to coldly desert the true heart that gave wings to his genius. Fair Fredericke was but a village pastor's daughter—her lover was a society king. It was said, though, that he should have married her. But she was not alone; it was a love of great man had. Fredericke was a beautiful woman, a great man flower, fit for a poet to crush, that he might be intoxicated with its perfumes. Tasso de-

clared that, for Leonora, he could write a world of poems; and Alfieri's genius soared highest when the fair Countess of Albany encouraged his love. Indeed, he would not write at all, if she frowned; and his constant prayer was that he might not outlive her. Of course she was a married woman—most of the lovers of poets were married women. This seemed to be a part of the stimulant, the necessity, as it were, to make real poets, in the old days of France especially. Married, unfortunate, beautiful, and a poet to adore her—this was the maximum of female glory, the distinction which great beauties held dear.—would be a bold man who would undertake to justify or to palliate greatly the apparent short-comings of the married beauties of one and two hundred years ago. I do not mean the love intrigues of the Maintenons, the Montespons, the Pompadours, and a score of other beautiful wantons and king's mistresses, but the weakness of that other class, who were sometimes even hated at court, and whose greatest offense was to be beautiful, and at the same time married, without even the asking, to men whom they could so easily hate. And yet there was some palliation, some excuse. Women always did and always will love to be admired; and French customs permitted that all pretty women might have as many admirers as they could honestly win. It was an outgrowth of the times of the troubadours, when every lady had her lover, and when the highest flattery that could be awarded a man was to sing to his wife at her chamber window. Of course married women could accept such attentions to even a greater extent than could the young maidens without her cavalier. Besides, all pretty women were sure to be married women. No sooner was a girl discovered to be beautiful than she was sold, as it were, to the highest bidder, who usually proved to be some rich nobleman, twice as old as herself, or some favorite of the king. Given then, a pretty woman, married to a hateful old man, whose only advantage was his money, a custom permitting married women to have admirers and lovers, and what might reasonably be expected as a result? All the romances of two centuries ago had women as their chief characters. Wit and beauty ruled the world, and affairs of State prospered only as some fair woman lent her magic aid. Beauty and fame, even more than gold, were the idols of the seventeenth century. There was more power wielded in the salons of Paris than there was in the castles of the kings. It would be unfair, however, to imagine that it was all, or nearly all, used basely. Among all the frivolities of the times, and gilt, and glitter, and hollow, there was still respect for that which is cultivated in woman than beauty—a virtuous heart, a high-cultured mind. It is noticeable that, whether in the castle of Rambouillet, the former residence of the French kings, or in the homes of the French nobility, the education of women was not neglected. The cloister and the abbey, indeed, stood in close connection with the salons of Paris, and it might be, and usually was, but a step from the one to the other. The cloisters were the young ladies' schools of those days, and the priests were not more the keepers of their consciences than were the good sisters the adorners of their minds. In the cloisters their lives commenced, and it was not so very unusual a thing that they sometimes ended there; for these retreats served not only as schools, but, on occasion, answered every purpose of a prison. Maidens imprisoned themselves there at times to be rid of the canting world; and sometimes, too, husbands, who happened to be jealous of their attractive wives, or who, from some incomprehensible reason, were weary of their presence, resorted to the not unfashionable practice of shutting them up in abbeys. It was such an experience, scarcely less than her supreme beauty perhaps, that made the name of Hortense Mancini, the Duchess of Mazarin, an object of historical regard. She was the niece of the great Mazarin, at that time the most powerful man in France. Possessed of infinite beauty and great wit, she was, at the same time, the richest heiress in Europe; for Mazarin had adopted her as his own, and proposed giving her the greatest fortune in France. Her beauty, too, was of an almost fadeless kind; she must have been near to sixty when she died, and it has been said of her that to the last she retained the sweet glow of youth and every beauty of feature. She was fifty when she wrote, "I was never healthier nor handsomer than now." Penelope, with her hundred princes, never had so many lovers. Rich noblemen tendered their fortunes and their hands, and Charles of England, and Peter of Portugal, each begged to share a crown with her. All these were refused, and nobody knew why, for at sixteen she was married to Armand Millerage, a court favorite, and a man twice as old as herself. Of course the result to be expected followed; a few short months of happiness, and then the green-eyed monster slipped into the husband's heart. He was not jealous, only he was furious at seeing the assiduous attentions of so many of Hortense's admirers. He hated every one of them; he hated his wife, he hated the king, and forbade his beautiful wife ever speaking to him. Threatenings and mistreatment, however, availed nothing. She was too beautiful. The world would admire in spite of his claims of private property; and then Hortense was locked up in the cloister of St. Marie, just joining the famous Bastille. Associated with a few dreary women, who looked upon her as a sinful thing of the world, to whom repentance even could bring small reward, her life was weary enough. At last, some friends pitying the imprisoned beauty, helped her to escape. Again a short trial with her husband, and again an escape. At night this time, on foot, in men's clothes, the great beauty was flying from Paris, the scene of her triumphs as well as her woes. She journeyed off to Italy, and on her way was everywhere the object of the greatest attention. At Chambery she held a sort of court, where some of her old admirers, and many new ones, flocked to see her, to congratulate her on her freedom, and to admire her beauty. She became renowned for the elegance of her taste in matters of personal adornment. She knew how to dress becomingly, and this was an art that even then was not understood by every fair lady. Whatever she wore seemed especially suited to her. One day in the costume of an amazon, another in the dress of a modern Greek; whether in the light drapery of the old statuary, or the heavier robes of her own period, she was pronounced the loveliest of the lovely. Her husband had managed to greatly reduce her fortune. Still she had enough left for charity, and she soon became as well known for deeds of goodness as for her beauty. She traveled back to Holland, and then crossed over to England, where the elite of London received her as the fairest of the fair. She brought to her new court the artists, the singers, the poets of the great city. She became the patron of learning, and among her British admirers were Dryden, and Pope, and Temple, and Swift. London, they said, was full of pretty women; but Hortense, though old, was the fairest of them all.

She died in England, in the midst of her triumphs, and there was scarcely a heart in Britain, her partial biographers say, that did not lament the beautiful but unfortunate niece of Mazarin. Skip a century, about, from the days of Mazarin, and one is struck by the great number of beautiful women who appeared in the salons of Paris, and the larger towns of France. The very mention of their names would surely remind the reader of the intrigue and abandonment that prevailed during the reign of the "Grand Monarch," till the days of the Consulate. How beauty was sought, how idolized, not that it was a thing of rarity, but that its power was appreciated. If a pretty face may be considered a fortune now, it was a kingdom then. Poor Nicolo Isouard almost died of sorrow that he could not find a singer with a face sufficiently pretty, and a foot sufficiently small to take the first part in his wonderful opera of *Cinderella*. All the pretty feet in Paris were looked at in vain, when Nicolo accidentally stumbled on the pretty little child, Manemiole St. Aubin. The composer's fortune was made in a single night. "The little foot will be looked at first," said Nicolo. "If that passes, all is well with the music and the face." The foot was looked upon and adored. All Paris was in excitement. Such singing, such a face, and such a foot. The sweet singer entertained Paris and the Continent for many years, and then she grew old, and compassionless time robbed her of relatives, of money, and of friends. She was seventy-five. There remained nothing to her of the past, save her recollections and her pretty foot.—*Progress.*

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THIS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN property, situated contiguous to the Belmont Mansion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms. The property is located in a beautiful valley, with a glimpse view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly improved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements. It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds underlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; gas and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont; water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table, range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted, rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars, inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 California Street.

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TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Searching of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating of Mining Companies, specialties. No. 605 MONTGOMERY STREET, N. E. CORNER OF CLAY SAN FRANCISCO. Successor to F. V. Scudder.

YELLOW JACKET SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada. Principal place of business, Main St., Gold Hill, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Company, held on the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 31) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Main Street, Gold Hill, Nevada, or to James Newlands, Transfer Secretary, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors. JAMES NEWLANDS, Secretary. Office—Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada. Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 13) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the sixth (6th) day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary. Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the third (3d) day of January, 1879, an assessment (No. 5) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixth day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-eighth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary. Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.
SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELANGER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY BELANGER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.
JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG.

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

Office, No. 570 California Street, Rooms 1, 2, and 3.

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CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT,
COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger
Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as
follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister,
Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way
Stations. At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects
with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the
M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey.
At STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.
3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and
Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.
6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Sta-
tions.

At The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Sta-
tions is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate
points, and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings.
Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.
Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of
the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad
via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry
Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Ex-
press Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for
Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Ana-
heim, Colton, Colorado River, Yuma, and Adonde (30
miles east from Yuma).

SAN FRANCISCO AND
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further
notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco:
(Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included,
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington
Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at
Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Clover-
dale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lake-
ville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at
Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the
GEYSERS.

At Connections made at Fulton on the following morn-
ing for Korb's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays
excepted).
(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except
Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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February.....18 March.....15 January.....21
May.....16 April.....16

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the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218
California Street.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1,
September 29, October 27, Novem-
ber 24, December 22, and
every fourth week
thereafter.

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PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST IN-
DIA PORTS, on the 5th and
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SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern
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C. P. R. R.
COMMENCING JANUARY 8th, 1879,
and until further notice,
TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:
Overland Ticket Office at Ferry Landing, Market St.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing),
connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Cal-
istoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis
(Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landings,
and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Liv-
ermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting
with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriv-
ing at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy
arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville,
Kedding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Pal-
lade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with
train arriving at 1.00 at 3.40 P. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN FRANCISCO AND MAR-
TINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-
land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Hay-
wards and Niles.
(Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at
5.20 P. M.
(Arrive San Francisco at 9.15 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry)
to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
(Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton),
Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall
San Buenaventura, and Santa Barbara. LOS ANGELES,
Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton,
and Yuma (Stages for Prescott and Colorado River
Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the South-
ern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Adonde (30 miles east
from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa,
Phoenix, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between
Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.

(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing),
connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Wood-
land, Knight's Landings, and Sacramento, and at Sacramen-
to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M. for Truckee,
Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Val-
lejo and Carson.
(Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street
Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via
Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.),
connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on
second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,
Niles, and Livermore.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all
trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fernside.	East	Niles.	Berkeley.	Daly City.	Del Norte.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	6.10	7.00	6.10	6.10
7.10	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.10	8.00	7.10	7.10
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	8.30	9.00	8.30	8.30
8.30	2.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	10.00	9.30	9.30
9.00	3.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	11.00	10.30	10.30
9.30	3.30	12.00	12.00	11.30	12.00	11.30	11.30
10.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	1.00	3.30	3.30
10.30	4.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	4.00	4.30	4.30
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	4.30	5.00	5.00
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	3.00	5.00	5.30	5.30
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	5.30	6.00	6.00
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	5.00	6.00	6.30	6.30
.....	7.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.30	7.00	7.00
.....	7.30	6.30	6.30	6.30	7.00	7.30	7.30
.....	8.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.30	8.00	8.00
.....	8.30	7.30	7.30	7.30	8.00	8.30	8.30
.....	9.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.30	9.00	9.00
.....	9.30	8.30	8.30	8.30	9.00	9.30	9.30
.....	10.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.30	10.00	10.00
.....	10.30	9.30	9.30	9.30	10.00	10.30	10.30
.....	11.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	10.30	11.00	11.00
.....	11.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	11.00	11.30	11.30
.....	12.00	11.00	11.00	11.00	11.30	12.00	12.00
.....	12.30	11.30	11.30	11.30	12.00	12.30	12.30

Change cars at West Oakland.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Daly City.	Berkeley.	Niles.	East	Fernside.	Alameda.	Oakland.	(Broadway).
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
5.40	6.40	7.00	6.10	6.00	5.40	6.00	12.20
6.30	7.30	8.00	7.10	7.00	6.30	6.50	1.10
7.00	8.00	9.00	8.10	8.00	7.00	7.20	1.40
7.30	8.30	9.30	8.40	8.30	7.30	7.50	2.10
8.00	9.00	10.00	9.10	9.00	8.00	8.20	2.40
8.30	9.30	10.30	9.40	9.30	8.30	8.50	3.10
9.00	10.00	11.00	10.10	10.00	9.00	9.20	3.40
9.30	10.30	11.30	10.40	10.30	9.30	9.50	4.10
10.00	11.00	12.00	11.10	11.00	10.00	10.20	4.40
10.30	11.30	12.30	11.40	11.30	10.30	10.50	5.10
11.00	12.00	1.00	12.10	12.00	11.00	11.20	5.40
11.30	12.30	1.30	12.40	12.30	11.30	11.50	6.10
12.00	1.00	2.00	1.10	1.00	12.00	12.20	6.40
.....	1.30	2.30	1.40	1.30	12.30	12.50	7.10
.....	2.00	3.00	2.10	2.00	1.00	1.20	7.40
.....	2.30	3.30	2.40	2.30	1.30	1.50	8.10
.....	3.00	4.00	3.10	3.00	1.40	2.00	8.40
.....	3.30	4.30	3.40	3.30	1.50	2.10	9.10
.....	4.00	5.00	4.10	4.00	2.00	2.20	9.40
.....	4.30	5.30	4.40	4.30	2.10	2.30	10.10
.....	5.00	6.00	5.10	5.00	2.20	2.40	10.40
.....	5.30	6.30	5.40	5.30	2.30	2.50	11.10
.....	6.00	7.00	6.10	6.00	2.40	3.00	11.40
.....	6.30	7.30	6.40	6.30	2.50	3.10	12.10
.....	7.00	8.00	7.10	7.00	3.00	3.20	12.40
.....	7.30	8.30	7.40	7.30	3.10	3.30	1.10
.....	8.00	9.00	8.10	8.00	3.20	3.40	1.40
.....	8.30	9.30	8.40	8.30	3.30	3.50	2.10
.....	9.00	10.00	9.10	9.00	3.40	4.00	2.40
.....	9.30	10.30	9.40	9.30	3.50	4.10	3.10
.....	10.00	11.00	10.10	10.00	4.00	4.20	3.40
.....	10.30	11.30	10.40	10.30	4.10	4.30	4.10
.....	11.00	12.00	11.10	11.00	4.20	4.40	4.40
.....	11.30	12.30	11.40	11.30	4.30	4.50	5.10
.....	12.00	1.00	12.10	12.00	4.40	5.00	5.40
.....	12.30	1.30	12.40	12.30	4.50	5.10	6.10
.....	1.00	2.00	1.10	1.00	5.00	5.20	6.40
.....	1.30	2.30	1.40	1.30	5.10	5.30	7.10
.....	2.00	3.00	2.10	2.00	5.20	5.40	7.40
.....	2.30	3.30	2.40	2.30	5.30	5.50	8.10
.....	3.00	4.00	3.10	3.00	5.40	6.00	8.40
.....	3.30	4.30	3.40	3.30	5.50	6.10	9.10
.....	4.00	5.00	4.10	4.00	6.00	6.20	9.40
.....	4.30	5.30	4.40	4.30	6.10	6.30	10.10
.....	5.00	6.00	5.10	5.00	6.20	6.40	10.40
.....	5.30	6.30	5.40	5.30	6.30	6.50	11.10
.....	6.00	7.00	6.10	6.00	6.40	7.00	11.40
.....	6.30	7.30	6.40	6.30	6.50	7.10	12.10
.....	7.00	8.00	7.10	7.00	7.00	7.20	12.40
.....	7.30	8.30	7.40	7.30	7.10	7.30	1.10
.....	8.00	9.00	8.10	8.00	7.20	7.40	1.40
.....	8.30	9.30	8.40	8.30	7.30	7.50	2.10

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ELEGANT PIANOS.

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Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

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Suits, - - - 15

Overcoats, - 15

Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X *For Dress Suits to the Tailor*

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin

Pants, - - - \$7

White Vests, fm 3

Fancy Vests, - - 6

Beaver Suits, \$55.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA CO.

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—TO—

STEINWAY & SONS.

Academy of Music,
New York, Dec. 28, 1878. }
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Gentlemen—Having used your celebrated Pianos in public and private during the present opera season, we desire to express our unqualified admiration of their sonority, evenness, richness, and astonishing duration of tone, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice. These matchless qualities for accompanying the voice, together with precision of action and unequalled capacity for remaining in tune for a great length of time, render the Steinway Pianos, above all others, the most desirable instruments for students of vocal music and the musical public generally.

MINNIE HAUKE,
ETELKA GERSTER,
MARIE ROZE,
CL. CAMPOBELLO,
G. LABLACHE,
LUIGI ARDITI,
ITALO CAMPANINI,
A. F. GALASSI,
G. DEL PUENTE,
J. FRAPOLLI,
A. J. FOLI,
F. DE RIALP,
J. H. MAPLESON.NEW YORK, December, 1878.
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Dear Sirs—Allow me to express to you the entire satisfaction I feel in praising your magnificent Pianos. They are the finest and most superior instruments in the world, and I have therefore taken every opportunity, while in Europe, to extol their sterling qualities. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, very sincerely,

MINNIE HAUKE,
Royal and Imperial Court Singer.SUSPENDERS ON WHEELS
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No Rubber or Elastic.
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SAN FRANCISCO.



The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

There are thirty or forty thousand American citizens residing in Paris. They go by the name of the American Colony. But of these so-called Americans, an actual investigation develops the fact that for some reason the naturalized citizens greatly outnumber those of American nativity. We are often asked to explain this singular fact. Of the rich Californians resident permanently in the French Capital we have Mr. John Mackay, the bonanza king; Mr. Andrew McCrary, formerly grocer; Mr. Heuston, of the clothing firm of Heuston, Hastings & Co., and that pretty nearly completes the list. These gentlemen are all of Irish birth and citizens only by naturalization. Yet, for some reason, they have practically abandoned the country of their adoption, and prefer to spend their lives and fortunes in a land foreign both to that of their birth and asylum. If this is the fault of our system we should endeavor to amend it, for so large a continuous expenditure abroad reduces the public wealth. It is the same absenteeism that possibly reduced Ireland to such a condition as to drive them away from it. It appears to be generally understood that the society here is so crude and rough that they can not enjoy life to the fullest extent. Of this we have no right to complain. Man is a social animal, and loves to meet others who are congenial to him, and if he cannot find them in one place he naturally seeks them in another. This is the history of social people the world over. But, inasmuch as it involves the community thus losing its members in a great pecuniary loss as well, does it not behoove the society thus left behind to better itself, so as to make matters more agreeable to its wealthy absentees and try and lure them back? Of course, this is difficult to do in many cases; but at least we might make an effort to keep those here from leaving us. Our theatres, though not so good as those of Paris, yet are not bad. Our parks are well enough in their way. "But we have no Court presentations," cries one. "We must go abroad to be presented; here we can't be." But the answer to that is: "No more could you be presented abroad if you told the truth about yourselves. You must know that the rule in those countries at court is most inflexible; that any person ever in trade, or whose father has been in trade, can not be presented." This is true of every court in Europe, except, perhaps, in that of the Pope, which can scarcely be called a court at all. At all others the slightest hint that you, or your father, possibly even your grandfather, had been a grocer, a tailor, or a working miner, would exclude you as absolutely as if you had spent your lives in a convict's cell. And if you get in, and are received, it is because you conceal this fact. Now, fellow-citizens of America, native and naturalized, are you willing to accept social recognition under a false pretense? We know that there is scarcely one native-born American in ten thousand, and not one naturalized American in ten times that proportion, qualified to enter the presence of royalty, with a borrowed sword dangling between his legs, if he did not allow a deliberate lie to be told for him by somebody in advance. And yet there are, we regret to say, scores of Americans who are willing to hang about Europe for years, soliciting, intriguing, scheming, and bribing, for a presentation at some court. To accomplish this they are willing to lie about themselves and their occupation, to deny their fathers, and mothers, and blood relations, and when they have at last obtained a reluctant consent on the part of some impecunious Lord Chamberlain, who all the time knows they are lying, they dress themselves up like so many monkeys, make an awkward entry into a large room filled with royal or noble snobs, where they make a bow, are understood, laughed at, and take their leave happy in their stolen honors. We do not suppose that any of our Californian absentees would consent to bring contempt upon the American name by submitting to this humiliating ordeal; but New York has done much to degrade the national reputation in this respect. If any of our Californians follow their example, we trust they will keep it to themselves.

In September, 1870, there was a shoemaker of the name of Gartrell, aged fifty years, and married, living at 614 Rue St. Honoré. After the defeat of August 6th, when MacMahon was rolled in the mud at Wissembourg, there was a call for the National Guard of Paris to arm for the defense of the city. Gartrell was on hand promptly at roll-call in his handsome uniform, with his musket shining like silver,

and his regulation sword-bayonet swinging in his belt by his side. Madame Gartrell stayed in the shop in the Rue St. Honoré and waited upon the customers. As the German army approached the National Guard were kept more constantly in attendance. When the Germans were at Bar le Duc, Gartrell was only allowed to sleep at home. After the detour from Chalons northward toward Belgium to relieve Metz the rules were slightly relaxed, but upon the news of the defeat and capitulation at Sedan the civic troops were kept on the walls both day and night. But of this Gartrell was proud. He loved the life of a soldier, and, above all things, believed in the invincibility of the French army. At times I dropped in at Gartrell's shop (he made my shoes) and chatted with the citizen soldier, blazing in trappings and gold lace, about the situation. He never allowed himself to doubt of the triumph of France. When others had begun to discuss the possible surrender of Paris, this patriot had not ceased speculating upon moving the French frontier to the Rhine, and annexing Rhenish Bavaria, Mentz, and even Cologne. At last the Germans reached the Forest of Bondi, and camped within sight of the walls of Paris. This was the time I had fixed for my departure. All the railroads had been severed except the Rive Gauche, and there would be but one more train by that. Just before starting for the station Mont Parnasse, I looked in upon the shoemaker soldier for a final call. Gartrell, by accident, had himself just come in from the fortifications for a flying visit. "Well," said I, "the Germans are here." "Yes," said he, "but they will never get away alive; we will bury the last one of them in the ditches outside the walls of Paris!" "Are you sure of it?" I asked. "Sure!" he roared, almost like the bellowings of brazen throated Mars; "yes, sure. I am good for a dozen of them myself. They all die before the wall of this city. I have said it." I pressed the hand of the hero and departed. In January, 1871, I reentered Paris with Minister Washburne among the first after the siege was over. The Germans had held the city as in a vice of steel nearly five months, so that nothing without wings could pass in or out, and cold and hunger had done their work. And to add to the misery of the beleaguered population, the winter had been the most rigorous known for many years. The suffering from cold was even more trying upon the poor people than the want of food. Many perished from it. Almost the first visit I paid was to the gallant shoemaker in the Rue St. Honoré. I found him at his bench, but not in the panoply of war. He was in his plain clothes, with no indications of the soldier about the place. "Well," I said, "how did you get on with the Prussians?" "Oh, bad, bad," he murmured. "Why, sir, will you believe me, I was obliged to burn over two hundred of my best lasts to keep from freezing to death."

The Communists of Paris are not to be measured by the following of Denis Kearney in San Francisco. The San Francisco agitator has neither the vices nor the virtues of his Parisian prototype. There can be no permanent labor agitation until there is a permanent labor element. And for a labor element to be permanent the units composing it, the individual workmen, must have come to view their position as workmen as permanent and without hope of change. This can never be while, as is the case in America, the workman of to-day turns up as the speculator or capitalist of ten years hence. The acquisition of the smallest amount of property renders the irresponsible agitator the most conservative of men. Should the effort to raise Denis Kearney the sum of \$25,000 be successful, it would inevitably withdraw him from the sand-lots. The possession of one-half of that sum would send him back into California Street as a stock speculator, and a single venture followed by a booming market would cause him to cut Wellock and Barbour and the whole crew dead, and put him to hanging about Flood & O'Brien's corner from morning till night skirmishing for points. To think otherwise would be to think that Kearney as a sand-lot agitator is a better man than Kearney as a stock gambler a year or two ago. It is more likely that he is not as good. The Paris Communist never speculates. He is born a workman and must die one.

The ARGONAUT is in almost weekly receipt of communications from the Eastern States and Europe from persons who desire to become correspondents of our "very valuable and widely circulated journal." These are usually accompa-

nied by specimen copies, of which we give a bad example of the very worst. This is about the average nonsense to which the American reader is treated, and it is from such reliable (?) information that he forms his opinions of public men in Europe and makes his estimate of public affairs:

"Cluseret reached Paris from New Orleans in 1868. He was placed on the list of suspected persons in advance of his arrival. The police, in fact, had learned that he was coming, and he was marked as "dangerous" on the books of the Department. Yet, with the exception that he lived at Belleville, the quarter of the Communists, and kept company with the working people, there seemed no reason for alarm. He was once arrested for some pretended conspiracy, and appealed to the American Minister, General Dix, who obtained his release as an American citizen. In April, 1871, he came formally to the surface as chief of the Revolutionary party. Cluseret was Emperor for a certain time. Napoleon or Caesar could say no more. I called on him in the height of his power. An American had been detected reading a letter while sitting on a bench in the Champs Elysées. The sergeant de ville making the arrest was sure he was drawing a plan of the Palais d'Industrie, with a view of conveying the information to Versailles. The man was locked up in the *conciergerie*, with a ball and chain to his leg. I called on Cluseret to obtain his discharge. The moment I announced that I was a Californian I had gained my cause. The Chief refused to hear the particulars. It was enough, he declared, that a Californian wanted the man released. The order was made out, but I was detained to dinner, when I met Miot, Paschal Grousset, Rossel, Regère, Gambon, Delescluze, Raoul Regault, Dombrowski, and other leaders of the Commune. When the party broke up, which was not till one o'clock, I was escorted to my hotel by six soldiers, where I found that my friend, the American prisoner, had been conducted several hours before. Within one month every individual at the dinner, saving Cluseret and myself, had been condemned and shot to death by order of the Versailles Government. Cluseret made his escape disguised as a hackman, and landed safely in the United States.

"I was in the ancient city of Tours when Leon Gambetta alighted from his balloon fresh from Paris, prepared to organize the army of the Loire for one more effort to save France. I was the only American in Tours, and Gambetta recognized me as a sympathizing Republican. I dined with him daily. I admired him; and, sitting on his left side, which is the blind side, talked to him of Lafayette and Washington, of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. I love Gambetta for many reasons. I love him, first, because he is a true republican and patriot; I love him because he is the most eloquent man in France—he is Mirabeau revisiting the France of the nineteenth century; I love him because he is a true gentleman and good fellow. Gambetta's eye (he has but one) is equal to the two eyes of any other man in Europe; and the vacant space where the other eye ought to be expresses as much as the single eye of any other man. And the manner of his losing his eye was quite characteristic of the man. He told me the circumstance with the utmost good-humor the first time I dined with him. It seems he punched it out himself with a two-pronged carving fork on a wager made with a friend that he could punch them both out at a single stroke with that instrument. Luckily, not only for France but for mankind, the fork was too narrow in the gauge and only destroyed one of his optics, the other prong burying itself in the bridge of his nose. Gambetta was so chagrined at his failure that he resolved never to gamble again, and he assured me that he never has since. He keeps the lost eye in a vial of spirits, which he always carries about with him, but the carving fork he threw away. Gambetta only stayed in Tours a week the first time he came, returning by the same balloon to bring out his wife. Madame Gambetta, like her husband, is also blind of an eye, but it is the right she has lost; and, like him, she extracted the eye herself, but not upon a wager, as she is pious and never indulges in play. Madame Gambetta took out her eye with a butter knife, simply out of respect for her husband, whom she always speaks of as the greatest man living—always declaring that she does not wish to see any better than he can. After the return of the balloon with the Gambetta family, I dined with them almost every day, and discussed Lafayette, General Grant, and other matters of interest. This is about all I know with certainty concerning the Gambettas."

A NIGHT AT POINT CYPRESS.

It fell from out the book I read,
Beside my winter fire, this morn;
A fragrant, faded leaf or two,
A blossom, with its blushes gone—
Smell it, and throw it by!

It was a moonlight inspiration of mine, and I became the "prisoner of the idea" until I conquered it by confiding it to Hugh, whose cool intellect always crystallizes the nascent products of my imagination. So the following afternoon, two hours before sunset, four of our party, who had been spending the summer together in California's old capital, Monterey, jumped into Hugh's three-seated wagon, with a gray blanket, a towel, and a sandwich in our hands, and the love of the unconventional strong in our hearts.

Experience has taught us all (even Martha, his sister) to place a restful reliance on Hugh, relative to matches, fresh water, and the wherewithal for a camp-fire. Sarcastic Clarice cruelly remarked, as we drove off: "Each man for himself and the devil for us all!" A subtle knowledge of human nature rendered Hugh apparently impregnable, for he pretended he did not hear, but muttered below his breath, for my edification:

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him who hears it."

Hugh and I sat in front, and Martha and Clarice on the middle seat; while on the back seat were strapped various bags and bundles, mostly pertaining to the welfare of the horses.

We turned to wave farewell to civilization and orthodoxy, and then away we flew, racing with the sun, for we must get camped before dark.

We drove straight through the forest that covers the low hills to the west of Monterey. Restful, curving hills, whose fringe of pine and redwood looks like the rare lace-work of sea weeds, floated out against a sunset sky.

Several times we stopped to gather logs and brush for our camp-fire; then on we went for about three miles, where, just as we reached the edge of the grove, we ran into a fog-bank, lying couchant until the sun should offer no further resistance to its march. Our unflinching oracle, Hugh, was immediately referred to as to whether the fog would detract from our night's pleasure. His characteristically laconic answer, "No," instantly became the germ, in three feminine hearts, of a quiet complacency, that, if analyzed, would prove Hugh's omniscience beyond any caviling doubt.

After leaving the woods, a few minutes' drive took us to the ocean's rock-bound edge. Earth, air, and sky seemed to meet and lose their identity in the great mass of gray fog that came rolling in relentlessly.

We turned south, and drove through the heavy sand lying between the ocean and the woods. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the pink sand-verbena, that is so exquisite creeping over the brown sand-dunes.

The gray light was fading when we reached Cypress Point, a rugged promontory that juts out into the ocean, a few acres of which are exclusively covered by that weird anomaly in the history of trees, the Monterey cypress. A strange place even by daylight, with its beautiful but ghostly trees, that stand so stiff and still, and lack so totally the sweet humanity of other trees; where a bird is seldom seen, and a cricket never heard; and where no brook is to be found, with its cheery little song. Sad and unique it stands, a place of fairies, charms, and witches, with a nameless horror brooding over it in silence.

We stopped in a sheltered dell within a stone's throw of the ocean, and in ten minutes Hugh had the horse tethered, and a bright fire started in a "close dungeon of innumerable boughs," just as the trembling Twilight fled in all her evanescent beauty at the approach of Night, slow and tragic, with the conscious dignity of tested power.

Our primitive housekeeping cares attended to, we doffed our long skirts, and presented to Hugh's long-accustomed eyes three figures in pretty bloomers, and then our sense of delicious freedom was complete.

Our eyes soon grew accustomed to the strange light made by the full moon, still low in the eastern horizon, covered by the drifting fog. Before us lay the ocean, whose monotonous roar seemed but a grander silence; behind us and on the left was a grove, a silent sea of cypress; on the right, in an amphitheatre of trees, our fire burned brightly, making an odd but cozy ingleside.

After supplying the fire with logs large enough to last for several hours, we wandered down to the ocean, our ardor somewhat damped at the hopeless persistency of the fog; but Hugh smiled knowingly at our innuendoes. We climbed far out on the rocky cliffs until almost surrounded by the white, restless waves that fumed at our feet, near enough for us to feel their awful power. There we sat, sometimes with one accord, silent; then, singing our very hearts out in ecstasy; then, a long silence, which Clarice broke at last with her intense voice, speaking as one who fears no misunderstanding:

"This pitiful warfare between the rocks and waves seems to me the bitter war between Sin and Virtue. The stern, gray rocks are Virtue—negative always, and cruel as death in its sense of conscious rectitude. And surely we see in these waves the awful beauty of Sin! See how they throw their clinging arms around their silent enemy, and lay their faces—white with the passion of tempting—on his cold, unresponsive heart, and then fall back pale and quivering, like Love's lips scorned by Change. I hate myself that it is so, but my sympathies are ever with the waves; the rocks seem to me nought but annihilation!"

"As usual, Miss Clarice, you look at things morbidly; or, at least, you only give expression to this side of your nature," said Hugh.

"Let no dog bark!" cried Clarice, in a stage whisper.

"I think," he continued, ignoring her banter, "the subtle charm of the ocean could be analyzed, although Ruskin calls it, 'trying to paint a soul.'"

"I suppose, reduced to its lowest denomination, we find it resolves itself into salt and clams, both of which we immediately relegate to their proper department, the stomach," laughed Martha, with a view to bringing the conversation down to a more comfortable level.

"One of the sea's greatest charms is its simple reflection of our subjective moods," calmly continued Hugh, with the

dogmatism of a man addressing a feminine audience. "I have in my mind an illustration of this: Last week, when we drove out here in the warm sunshine, I recollect thinking, as I watched the breakers, how like they were to merry children at play in senseless ecstasy. To-night they reflect another mood: they typify the great, restless longing that is the crown of humanity; its highest phases men call proofs of immortality—its lowest, *ennui*."

"And its intermediate, *dyspepsia*!" persisted Martha, imitating his tone.

Hugh was visited by a sudden consciousness of having been beguiled into unwonted loquacity by the hour and scene; and I could not help smiling at the impatient shake he gave himself after springing to his feet, saying: "Come, no more nonsense. It's too chilly here for you girls!"

Just as we turned to go, laughing at some joke of Clarice's, Hugh cried "Hush!" with a harsh intensity that startled us all. He simply pointed to the sky, and then we stood as if spell-bound. The moon had struggled above all the curtain of fog that hung about the horizon, and, just as Hugh spoke, sailed slowly out into the clear sea of stars directly above our heads. It was as if we had hoped and prayed for the coming of a dear friend, and, at last, when least expected, the great joy of her presence had come upon us.

We stood thrilled as if in the presence of the Unknown. I felt, rather than saw, Hugh's hand creep up and bare his head; and then I knew that, whatever earthly obstacles barred our union, this man's soul and mine were one that moment in the great peace of spirit-land; and my hand crept into his, and I loved him the more that he was not conscious of it.

How long we stood thus I can not tell. Clarice broke the spell by saying, in her enthusiastic way:

"I understand now what James means, in his 'Passionate Pilgrim,' by 'the mind with a great passionate throb achieves a magical synthesis of its impressions.' I feel Nature as I never did before."

"I verily believe you people will go moon-mad if we stay here any longer. For the love of sanity, do let us go up to the fire, have some cheese and crackers, and be mundane!" cried our sweet Martha. So she ruled us all, as often the weakest does, after a great wave of passion has exhausted the very being of the stronger.

We turned our thoughts and faces earthward, and strolled through the bright moonlight toward camp.

"Now for solid comfort!" said Martha, with long-pent enthusiasm, as she bustled about, directing the renewal of the fire, and bringing to light the contents of her "Commissary Department," as Hugh called a certain little bag she always wore strapped around her waist.

"No matter how hungry you are to-night, be satisfied with this, and save your sandwiches for breakfast," she advised, dealing out, with comical exactness, her provisions of crackers, cheese, and beer—which last we discovered in the wagon, although Hugh vowed his mind was a blank as to how the bottles got there.

How ambrosial everything tasted! And certainly the gods must have sent to St. Louis for their nectar. The warmth and beer soon brought into play another part of our natures, and, for the next hour, Thalia was our muse.

Hugh was, as usual, our kind and appreciative audience as he lay smoking, with his feet to the fire. Martha, with her innate goodness, joined when we needed her, but the spontaneous mirth and mischief emanated from Clarice and me. With an instinctive knowledge that our dress, the fire-light, and the scene would with the eyes of our auditors into leniency, we dared anything.

I regretted the absence of music, and when next we noticed Hugh he was sitting on a log near by, flute in hand, awaiting orders; so with this and Martha's voice we gave them the "cachucha" to the life. Then followed a race around the fire, with bets from the excited audience that would have impoverished the Rothschilds. Then scenes from opera bouffe; then a travesty on poor, dear old "Casta Diva," for which I have never quite forgiven myself; then tableaux, which our audience hissed, declaring them to be hopelessly enigmatical. So, announcing that "to be great is to be misunderstood," we rang down the curtain.

In a burst of wild enthusiasm I started for a tree, intending to cool my ardor among its topmost branches. At this Hugh made various derogatory remarks relative to the symmetry of my nose, and that to break it again would be a sin against humanity, etc.

"An ill-flavored thing, sir, but mine own," was my answer, as I swung myself up to the lowest branch of the tree and flew up like a squirrel.

The closely-matted fibres of the cypress, viewed from the outside, are a rich dark green, with few limbs visible, but underneath there is not a vestige of green to be seen, only a net-work of branches and twigs.

When I put my head out through the thick foliage that formed the slanting roof of my tree, the view I obtained was grand. The great billows of dark cypress lay in silence round me as if turned by the spell of sorrow, like Niobe, into stone; beyond, lay the restless, moonlit sea just as we left it, and yet my mood so changed! It seemed like the great, changeless love of the Infinite that awaits our recognition through all time. And then came back my old wonder, whether a human soul is not a lesser thing than the grandest phases of nature; and my self-contempt drove me down the tree.

Looking from my height down through the net-work of brown limbs, how weird they looked grouped around the fire, like gnomes come up for an airing!

Hugh, with the firelight softening his strong, rugged face as he lay at full length smoking silently, seemingly lost in that masculine amusement of trying alternately all the means of exit that tobacco-smoke is heir to.

Clarice was sitting with her imperious head on Martha's shoulder, each reading her fate in the fire; the former with the old bitterness in her face—a bitterness born of being out of joint with the age—forming an odd contrast with the sweet content of Martha's lovely face.

"Hullo, Will of the Wisp! I thought of going in search of you, but I knew your spirit was on one of its aeronautic expeditions, and that you would not come down until some of the gas escaped," said Hugh, as I rejoined them.

"I do confess to a temporary collapse," I answered, warming my feet and hands by the grateful blaze.

"I should go mad if I camped out here a week; mad from

an unnatural mental clearness that seems prophetic," announced Clarice, suddenly raising her head and tossing back the short black ringlets from her flushed Murillo face.

"These first vivid impressions and their effect would wear entirely away after the third day," answered Hugh. "This fact is grateful, although humiliating, when sorrow comes, but safe, if harrowing to the unphilosophical, when applied to joy."

"I presume, then, that a man really tries not to tire of his spouse, especially as it is a struggle which concerns his own great comfort!" And Clarice broke into her "woman's rights" laugh, as Martha called it.

"Am I to understand that you make the application to man's greatest sorrow or greatest joy?" queried Hugh.

She gave him a look of pseudo scorn with those brave, black eyes of hers, and said, with a gesture of abject humility:

"As the Philistines were slain by the weapon you wield so well, is it to be expected that I should attempt a resistance?"

The laugh that greeted her sally, and in which Hugh heartily joined, changed our mood, and out into the moonlight we strolled once more, Clarice leading the way singing to some daring improvisation:

"This is the fairy-land. O spite of spite!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites."

Through the grove we wandered, trusting a safe return to Hugh's well-developed bump of locality. Under the trees it was as dark, cold, and silent as the grave, while here and there a vivid ray of moonlight pierced the gloom. Once we came to a group of trees whose foliage formed an oval frame through which the moon, a star or two, and a passing fleecy cloud were brought into beautiful relief. Then we crossed clear spaces, covered with the burnished summer grass, that shone like gold in the moonlight. About us lay trees, dead and uprooted, looking hideously human in the white light. They are ashy gray, and grotesque beyond a mere conception. Some lie in stiffened agony, like corpses struck with death in their writhings, with horrid, palsied arms raised in mute appeal, and the sough of the wind through the tree-tops thrills you as if they sighed. Others are like mammoth cranes, with their long beaks raised skyward. One seemed a gladiator striving to regain his feet after receiving his death-wound; another was "one of Nature's private jokes," Clarice said. It looked like a huge baboon trying to stand on its head, and making the most ludicrous contortions with his legs and arms. Some trees were covered with long gray moss hanging straight in the air, and looking like the moonshine dripping from the boughs. The pungent odor of the yerba buena, that trailed its fresh, green length along the ground, filled the air with a sweet fragrance wrung from it by our vandal feet. Thus we wandered, heedless of time, "learning the language of another world."

As we at last turned our faces toward camp, Martha and Clarice walked ahead, their voices coming back to us with weird effect as they sang "Lorelei."

"Little one," said Hugh's deep, tender voice in my ear, "tell me what the sea said to you to-night. I am selfish and wanted the dear spirit-reading all to myself, and so gave you no audience down on the cliffs."

"I have lived so much since we were down on the rocks, felt and thought so many things, that it is difficult to recall an event a few hours old; but I think, at first, the rocks suggested to me the great power and dignity of conservatism. Then something changed the direction of my sympathies, and the waves seemed the great, pure 'over-soul,' as Emerson calls it, fretted by narrow conventionalities, beating ever against the cold rocks of bigotry and moral near-sightedness, and often lashed into a wordless, impotent fury by misunderstanding and injustice. The world is full of examples of the awful power of weakness ruling arbitrarily and blighting hopelessly so many lives whose very greatness places them more entirely in its power, and whose keen, grand sense of duty alone binds them slaves forever."

"I understand, love," was all the answer Hugh made, but it covered a past and a future in its meaning.

In silence we rejoined the others, who were awaiting our approach, at a loss which direction to take.

"By the way, what o'clock might it be, I wonder?" asked Martha, after we were once more gathered around the fire.

"I left my watch at home so that time and the world-external might not touch us for this once," answered Hugh.

"But I know there are only a few remaining hours of darkness, and I vote we devote them to Morpheus."

Clarice rebelled, but was overruled by the majority. We followed Hugh's example and rolled ourselves up in our blankets, contrived some pillows that were guiltless of down, and lay with our feet to the fire.

We were too excited and uncomfortable to sleep well, and laughed and growled the night away; and so the peep of day found us four very forlorn-looking individuals. We ran down through the fresh, bracing air to a little, sandy cove, and there performed our primitive toilets; and very grateful felt the cold, clean water on our feverish faces.

Just as a faint pink began to tinge the sky, we snatched our sandwiches, and, eating them, flew up the hill back of camp in time for the whole effect of sunrise. The canvas was superb. Piles of gray cumulus along the horizon, that took the colors grandly; the great ocean waste that blushed and dimpled in the "grave tenderness" of the dawnlight. It was beautiful beyond description, and washed from our hearts all the fever of our night's experience.

We wandered down the hill in the sweet, clear light, and an animated, but not remarkably profound, discussion upon the comparative force of color and form in Nature brought us once more to the ocean's edge. Taking the opportunity the low tide offered, we explored caves, gathered shells and pebbles in the warm sands, and climbed over the low rocks that are covered with exquisite natural aquariums filled with dusky green anemones, purple sea-urchins, scarlet starfish, rainbow-tinted abalone shells, and brown, green, pink, and red algae of every form and texture.

And so time flew by until the sun was high in the heavens. A unanimous acknowledgment of homesickness covered the secret pangs of hunger that had attacked each one of us, so in twenty minutes we were conventionally attired and in the wagon en route for Monterey.

We did not leave the Point without a glance back and a sigh, and almost in silence we drove home across the glaring sands and through the sweet smelling pines,

BURIED.

I.

To die! To be a silence hid
In some dark coffin's closed lid,
To move not, speak not, and yet feel
The dumb worm crawl from head to heel.
Imprisoned, with a mountain pressed
In hard, cold pain upon the breast,
Shut from the loving grass and sky,
In the close earth to slinking lie;
No more of doubt, or hope, or pain;
No more of sun, or cloud, or rain;
Only a sinking utterly
As sinks a pebble in the sea
And ceases on the earth to be.

II.

To die! To find at last a rest
Full of fair dreams, and dispossessed
Of bitter words, and stinging sneers
Of coward men, and free from fears
Of calm or tempest. There we wait
And all sweet things, or soon or late
With noiseless falter fill our dreams.
We do not see the crystal streams,
But we are of them, and we know
The heart of winds, and mantling snow;
We do not smile, or mock, or weep—
The universe is broad and deep,
And we are hushed awhile in sleep.

NILES, CAL., February, 1879.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Twilight.

There are some hours when silence fills the world,
As once, when down the hollow night was hurled
The law of light, and the great earth was stilled
And breathless to the echo, while space filled
To its far limits with the sweeping beams,
Which widened to the land of night and dreams.

And twilight is the echo of that hour,
Hushing the world when night asserts its power,
As daylight falls from out the pallid sky.
The hour hath neither like nor harmony
Between the thoughts it bringeth to the mind
And the cold speech in which they are confined.

Oh, that the thrill of that first twilight-time
Might pulse within the measure of this rhyme,
That all who read should feel the sacred fires
Burned on high altars; that the old desires,
Stilled into sleep, might leave the soul-life free
To draw inspired dreams from poetry.

NORTH COLUMBIA, January, 1879.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

Old Josette.

She wanders here and there,
With dull, unhappy air,
As if life were but one grand regret;
Coarse and faded is her gown,
And her hands are hard and brown
Toiling for her daily bread, poor Josette!

The fretful ills of life
With her make constant strife—
She was never known to conquer yet;
She wearies friend and foe
With her tongue's incessant flow,
And her temper is not sweet, poor Josette!

Yet she is kind of heart,
And takes in gentle part
What an evil one could not forget;
For, along the village streets,
The thoughtless ones she meets
Have their jest at crazy old Josette.

Ah, once Josette was young!
The golden sunbeams clung
To the tresses of her rosy pet;
And the sky's serenest blue
Was not sweeter than the hue
Of the shining eyes of "Pitie Josette."

That poor old wrinkled face
With girlhood's laughing grace,
Dimpled o'er from dawn till bright sunset;
Not a bird-note ever rang
Clearer than the voice that sang
The merry songs of young Josette.

Now oft she sighs and weeps,
But in her heart she keeps
A thought that comforts even yet;
Though weary, sad, and old,
In hunger ill, and cold,
"Le bon Dieu est pour moi," says Josette,

And He will know His own,
When grief and life are flown;
Not a care or pain will He forget;
And her years will fall away—
Fair and young, in that glad day,
Will shine the face of "Old Josette!"

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

Some Day.

Some day our hopes will be fulfilled—

Some day;

The weary, troubled breast be stilled

Some day.

Life's sorrow will not tarry long,

Some day our grief will change to song—

Some day.

Some day our dreams will all come true;

Some day

The cloudy skies will change to blue;

Some day

The aching heart will cease to burn;

Some day the old love will return—

Some day.

Some day our prayers will answered be—

Some day;

The mountain stream will reach the sea

Some day.

Be still, my anxious soul, and wait;

Some day thou'lt reach life's wicket gate—

Some day.

Some day the weary feet will rest—

Some day;

The hands be crossed upon the breast

Some day.

'Mid earthly gloom we close our eyes,

Some day to wake in Paradise—

Some day.

Petaluma, CAL., January, 1879.

CLARENCE U. THOMAS.

ABOUT WOMEN.

The young ladies of Cincinnati have dinners from which the masculine gender is banished. They are called "dove dinners."

We no longer question the propriety of considering vessels in the feminine gender. They run each other down almost every day in the English Channel.

"And they were talking so unkindly of you, dearest Louisa, and—" "And what were they saying?" "Saying that you painted your face; and I told them that it was untrue, and that your color was only erysipelas."

If young ladies attending church would give more attention to the number of the hymn the pastor gives out, and not so much attention to the number of him that are in church, they would not be so apt to sing one hymn while the congregation are singing another.

A new word of French extraction has been added to the great family of the English language—*Vicereine*. The London *Graphic* has published the portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise as those of "the Viceroy and Vicereine of Canada." It has been cordially accepted.

In the *Sphinx* Sarah Bernhardt wears a ball dress of pale yellow satin, with an apron to match; the basque terminates with a fringe of lime blossoms, and the train is looped up with guilder-roses and bronze chenille leaves; the sleeves are mere strips of lime blossoms.

A young couple in Hardin County recently eloped and were married. The father of the girl followed to interpose, but a device, artfully planned, led him astray, and he caught a closely-veiled woman, who proved to be his daughter's friend, but not his daughter. Meanwhile the runaways had found a Justice.

A woman lecturer advertises herself in Providence as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed work of genius—the work of 'making the whole world kin.'" She brings with her the electricity of the North—the brilliancy of the aurora borealis—and all who meet her are magnetized.

Very frequently the "ideas" of new and popular fashions in women's attire emanate from the brain of some celebrated actress, and it is a well-known fact that a great many are suggested by the dresses worn on the stage. The panier has its rise in the dresses worn in the play of *Joseph Balsamo*, and were further illustrated in the opera of *Le Petit Duc*, whereas the old-fashioned dress of the *Directoire* is much due to *Madame l'Archiduc*.

A well-dressed, middle-aged woman occupied rooms several days in the Brunswick Hotel, Boston, paid her bills in full, and was liberal with gifts to the employés. On her departure she ordered an elaborate supper for five hundred persons, to be sent to her suburban home, accompanied by cooks and waiters. The stuff was taken at the appointed time to the place indicated, but the woman had no home there. She was a lunatic, and had escaped from an asylum.

A woman starts to cross the street, and when she gets one-third or half way over she sees a team approaching; the driver, in nearly every instance watches her movements and seeks to drive in behind her. If she keeps on her way, all is well. If she stands still, she is perfectly safe. But here comes in the strange and fatal idiosyncrasy of her sex. Just as the driver thinks he can safely drive behind her she stops, starts back a few steps, and, unless the driver is prompt, and draws his horse back on its haunches, the woman is under its feet, or knocked down.

Five French provincial journals were tried by the Paris Correctional Police for a libel on Madame Paul de Cassagnac, consisting in a false representation that she had instituted a suit for separation from her husband, accompanied by remarks of a defamatory character. The responsible editors were all sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment, one thousand francs fine, and the costs of inserting the judgment in six journals. M. Paul de Cassagnac says in the *Pays*, this is the first time in his life that he has appealed to a court of law for a libel.

The Spanish beauty's figure is rounded and graceful—she has, unfortunately, a tendency in after years to grow stout—and her bearing such that no other race of women we know of can pretend to. The little arched foot treads the ground lightly but proudly, and her step and carriage are the very poetry of motion. The robe, which has generally a sweeping train, is worn somewhat clingingly, showing the contour of the form, but not impeding free action in every movement. A gauzy mantilla, falling artistically from the admirably arranged luxuriant tresses, is the simple head-dress, with perhaps the addition of a rose or camellia, planted just where one would have it. And she carries a dangerous, and often killing weapon, which in other hands but hers loses its power—the fan. How it opens and shuts with a dexterous, yet careless turn of the ivory wrist; how it taps the pink tips of the dimpled fingers, to give emphasis to some arch expression; how, in the sun-glare, it is spread and poised gracefully as a shield against the rays; how, when desirous of addressing unnoticed a gallant and stabbing him with a glance of the lustrous eyes, it is made to act as a screen; how, by an almost imperceptible movement, it beckons an expectant but irresolute admirer; how it imposes silence on some too presuming caballero, by being passed lightly over the speaker's lips; how it indicates impatience in its quick fluttering; and how it is sometimes so manipulated that its softly-cadenced breath fans both the wielder and the supremely happy lover. Yes; the Spanish woman is by no means deficient of the elementary powers of fascination, and if one can only induce her to descend from the realms of artificial complimentary speech, and to speak naturally, she is perfectly charming. She has a fashion of saying what she thinks—in this she differs from the lords of her race—and of calling a spade a spade. She is bright, and even sparkling in her badinage, which, however, seldom rises above triviality; and if one would not break the momentary attractive spell, one should never attempt to change the superficial character of the conversation.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir: Your recent article on the temperance question meets the approval of many of your readers, but it needs correction on a single point. The advocates of temperance are not confined to the "goody-goody" sort of people alone; many of its warmest friends are as depraved a class as are some of the editors of the San Francisco newspapers. I suspect that some of them could be found, even, who advocate suicide, and would call it heroic for a miserable devil to cut his own throat. The writer of this makes no profession of any elaborate amount of piety, but he confesses himself as strongly interested in this temperance reform as any of the "goody-goody" people. He has good and sufficient reasons for his interest in this temperance movement, but they need not be specified here. How anybody who has not actually joined hands with the devil can stand in any other attitude no man can tell. There is one aspect of this subject to which I wish to call the attention of your readers. Six towns in this State have been founded on strictly temperance principles. Among them are Lompoc and Westminster. The corporators sell town lots only to those who pledge themselves to exclude the liquor traffic. They want to get rid of the curse of the saloon. But the Constitution and laws of California, with the Supreme Court at their back, protect and defend any man who can find a place to sell liquor within the limits of any one of these towns. The people can rid themselves of the nuisance only by resort to mob law. Could there be a more damnable outrage than that the State should thus help to force on an unwilling community this villainous business? Won't you employ your powerful pen to persuade those chaps at Sacramento to engraft the "local option" clause in the new Constitution? Yours truly, S. JOHNSON.

PETALUMA, January 31, 1879.

[Our correspondent (howbeit overmuch given to the up-setting sin of temperance people—intemperate language) takes his point well. It should, in our opinion, be possible for a temperance colony to exclude the liquor traffic. The advantage of these colonies is another matter; they contain, as a rule, only persons who would have been temperate in any community, and by withdrawing themselves from among us toppers, they throw away their chances of converting us. That is not the bravery of the true reformer; it is not by example alone that men are persuaded to the right—particularly by an example that is remote and isolated. It was not by establishing Christian colonies and apostolic towns that Paul and his successors fought against the powers of darkness.—EDITOR.]

What is He?

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir: A recent editorial in a prominent daily has taken the ground that Lord Beaconsfield is not a Jew, as he is a professed member of the Church of England. I should like to ask, what is the race of a man (for to be a Jew is to be one of a distinct race of mankind) whose father was elected to the office of *Parnass* of the Synagogue, and whose mother was the sister of Joshua Basevi, the celebrated Jewish architect? Being thus descended, I should like to know whether the fact that he was marked in accordance with the everlasting covenant between the Almighty and Abraham, receiving the sacred rite of the circumcision, makes a man a Jew or not? The Jews have a sufficient number of great men to spare you all you need. But let me ask you, sir, suppose that you owned a fine blooded horse, and it should announce: "I am no horse; henceforth I will be a jackass"—would that affect your inventory of stock? Against the parallel absurdity I protest as an ethnologist, and also as Yours truly, A JEW.

[This gentleman is so correct in his reasoning that he really could have afforded to spare us that "parallel absurdity." We are Christians, but we have feelings, all the same.—EDITOR.]

Chinese Cheap Labor.

MR. EDITOR:—You are a—dy—ng ————, when you come and tele us poor people to do without chines labor while you people of means employ them to the detriment of white Workingmen, you d— ————. How can you expect a white workingman to pay for any labor at all if he has not enough to support himself and family being obliged to work for the single loosy Chinaman's wages or be idle one is as bad as the other. Now you —ng chinamen chut up your dirty filthy mouh or we will go and spit in your face break your press and cut your ever d—to h— Chinese head Remember.

P. S. If you ever talk that way again well sine our 1.000. Names in your dirty blood.

[We are ever willing to give the Workingmen a hearing in these columns, but regret that in permitting this statesman to expound his views we have felt compelled (in deference to those who hold opinions of an opposite character) to somewhat abate by dashes the force of his more unanswerable arguments.—EDITOR.]

There is no leading newspaper or magazine now that does not number one or more lady editors. They have proved to be better adapted to many branches of literature than men. Mary Mapes Dodge has successfully edited *St. Nicholas* during the past five years. Ella Farnham has made a great achievement on the *Wide-Awake*. Mary Booth conducts *Harper's Bazar*. Mrs. Croly (Jennie June) is as well known as Grant. Mary Clemmer is high authority on all literary and political questions. Mrs. Dr. Conner ("E. A."), of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, is one of the best general utility editors on the staff of that paper.

Mr. C. H. Harding, a well known English man of letters, is in California having a look at us. Mr. Harding writes his impressions in special correspondence to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and the Chicago *Tribune*; his letters being interesting, scholarly, and distinguished by uncommon acuteness of observation.

When we pray for clean hearts and heavenly minds, our prayers answer our prayers.

FEMININE FOLLYSWADDLES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I suppose woman's innate desire for beautifying herself may be said to date from the beginning of all things. Certainly all the earliest annals of fashion we have show the crude efforts of the undeveloped feminine in that direction—in the smearing of the face and body with oils and unguents, and the painting of the lips and cheeks with various dyes. According to the Prophet Enoch, Azazel taught the secret of cosmetics to the Jewish women long before the deluge; and mythology tells us how Venus herself revealed the infinite possibilities of the cosmetic table to Helen of Troy. But although prophets and satirists, and even the enlightened modern critic, have attacked the fashion from time immemorial, it still lives; and really the most serious objections to be urged against the practice are the danger to the health from the use of deleterious compositions, and the shockingly bad manner in which it is too frequently carried out. The dressing case of the French woman of society is the acme of cosmetic art; and next to Paris itself, I believe, San Francisco ranks in the use of "fards" (as the French call all these beautifiers) in quantity, yet, alas! not in quality; for although there are some perfect complexions to be seen, there are a dozen bad "make-ups" to one good one. Why women with the lovely olive skins of the Spanish and Hebrew types, that so abound here, should so disfigure themselves by the use of dead white preparations, passes my feeble comprehension. The effect is so horribly unnatural as to be that of an actual mask, often increased by the very perceptible high-water mark left around the chin and back of the ears. The only "fard" suitable for a brunette is of a pale cream tint, that blends with the natural olive hue, and just softens the disagreeable glossiness that often goes with that complexion. For blondes an entirely different "fard" should be used—a rosy, or at best an ivory white. Then there are "fards" expressly for evening use, adapted to the peculiarities of gas-light (by the way, the electric light will have none of those unpleasant effects, every color maintaining its exact shade under it), and "fards" for street and house. The best to use is that in form of a paste, which is put on with the finger, and "blended" with a rabbit's foot. Here is a box, the contents of which provided the daily "make-up" of a charming French woman I once knew. She was a demi-brune, and being on the line, as it were, between the two extremes, availed herself of the "fards" belonging to each—that is, for day time she preserved the brunette type, and for the evening, lightened her whole appearance by the use of blonde "fards." There were white, and rose, and cream colors, in paste, for the face and hands; liquids for the shoulders and arms; pencils, for the brows; koeheil, for the lashes, and to elongate the line at the angle of the eye; azure "fard," for the drawing of artificial veins, and to give a soft, languid expression; powder for the nails; scented and oiled gloves, to be worn at night; depilatories and dyes, for possible gray locks; carnation paste, for the lips; pastilles and perfumed waters for the breath; dentifrice; eye-washes, to preserve the humid expression of the orbs; rabbit's foot, sponges, tweezers, "stumps," files, and nail-polishers. These preliminaries and subsequent proceedings were observed by her: A thorough cleansing of the skin by use of warm water and a weak dilution of ammonia, then rinsing with cold water and drying with a soft towel, after which a little rice powder to thoroughly dry the skin—which was allowed a few moments' rest before applying the mixtures—well rubbed in with the finger and then wiped lightly over with a linen cloth. The rabbit's foot then spread the surface perfectly smooth, as well as blended the rosy "fards" laid on in the same manner afterward. The result was a brightening and softening of every feature, without one disagreeable effect. Judgment must be used in selecting the proper kinds of reds for the particular complexion, as the rosy tints of a brunette cheek are essentially different from those of a blonde. So, too, in the make up of the lips by artificial means. Nine out of ten overdo the matter by too much both of white and color. As to dress fashions proper, there are various rumors afloat, one being that we are to return next summer to wide skirts, fastened at the waist by plaits or gathers. Short costumes are decidedly less *collant* than formerly. The pretty, old-style "Bertha" is back again in use for low-necked corsages, and for demi-toilets an extremely low V-shaped waist, filled in with a plastron of lace or muslin, is the reigning fancy. Trains are now strictly round, instead of square or pointed as formerly, and for ball dresses are made extremely long. The new style of tournure, fastened under the back breadths of the dress, with only a narrow lace edging showing from underneath, is worn exclusively, and although the *princesse* form is still preserved, considerable fullness is allowed at the back and hips. Chenille embroidery is all the rage, and the more delicate and *fade* are the colors the more fashionable it is, and the more expensive, as each dress is embroidered after the breadths are cut. Long jackets, formerly known as *habit basques*, are indicated as probable favorites for the street this spring. These are especially handsome when opened over vests of embroidered velvet or brocaded satin. A sort of mantelet to be worn with the coming Louis XVI. costumes is made round at the back and on the front ends, finished by a round hood. The costume itself consists of a short skirt, with one deep plaited flounce, a Camargo corsage, open in front, and panniers plaited on the hips. Fabrics, specially designed for these suits, are to be introduced; they will have the very fine Louis XVI. stripes strewn over with small flowers; *ruches à la vieille*, made of the dress material or of black foulard silk. Mantles of this last mentioned material, by the way, will be used in the spring, and will doubtless become popular, as it does not catch the dust easily and is very light. As to coiffures, they grow more and more compact with every succeeding moon. Bands, almost flat, but puffing out slightly toward the ears, the back hair arranged in two braids, which are fastened at the crown with a Spanish comb, are one of the new styles, although the crimped and fluffy crown braids, with short curls at the ends, are still much worn. Fancy borders for handkerchiefs continue to be popular. We hear mention made of one New York house selling \$1,200 worth in one day. There are some decided novelties this season in fancy costumes, for which every one interested in such matters should return thanks. The old and much used "characters" were getting dreadfully tiresome. Japanese, Turkish, and India dresses, French Guard uniforms, old English

costumes, and even student's caps and gowns *à la Tennyson's* "Princess," are among the handsomest. The French Guard uniform is specially attractive. It has a short, round skirt of blue and white striped satin, with blue satin revers down each side, studded with gilt buttons. The Louis Quatorze coat is of blue satin, and has a vest with broad collar, cuffs, and pockets of white satin, edged with gold braid. A tri-colored canteen hangs from the shoulders, and the hat is of white felt turned up in three points at the brim. Minnie Hauck's success in the new opera of *Carmen* has made her gypsy dress an exceedingly popular one with masquerade goers. The little ones are not forgotten, and for the five o'clock "teas," now so fashionable in the juvenile world, fancy costumes are not infrequently worn. For these, Mother Goose supplies some appropriate models. The fancy dresses seen on Dresden china are also pretty to reproduce, and the quaint figures of the Georgian period seen on English Christmas cards are also recommended. Dominos, being almost invariable accomplishments to masquerade garbs, are also showing many improvements. A semi-princesse form is the neatest in appearance, and at the same time is a very effective disguise, especially where a long-pointed hood is added. When made of the thin, striped Algerian goods, a burnous fold takes the place of the hood, and in the richer fabrics, like velvet, silk, or satin, a *waiteau* fold is appropriate. Where something inexpensive is desired to be worn a part of the evening only, silesia, trimmed with pinked frills of cambric, are the prettiest. As ball dresses and walking costumes are naturally suggestive of the toothsome delights of the latter part of the evening, let me finish my letter by a recipe given me lately by a traveled friend who knows my one gastronomical weakness—a love of all kinds of soups. This is the exact receipt for the famous *pilau* or *pilaff* of Turkey: Put three thin slices of raw ham in a soup-kettle, together with a knuckle of veal, a large chicken, and a roasted shoulder of lamb, and vegetables to your own taste; fill up with water, season, and boil slowly. When the meats are done, uncover them, trim the flesh from the bones and cut in small pieces. Put them into a kettle with a teacup of rice and the strained liquor in which they were boiled. Season with cayenne and color with saffron. Boil the liquor down till it is reduced one fourth, add six ounces of raisins, or dried and pitted cherries, then boil again for twenty minutes, and serve. This, I am told, is the latest gastronomical furor in Europe, and is largely patronized by the *noblesse* who have ranged themselves politically on the side of Turkey. Their opponents, the supporters of Russia, declare as furiously in favor of *ouka*, or the national soup of that country, but of that I regret I am unable to furnish the secret. After this, one may well ask in what fashion does not rule?

Yours,

LILIAS DUBOIS.

A story has been circulating in the city for several days past to the effect that Hon. John S. Hager has become, for some reason, so disgusted with the proceedings of the Constitutional Convention that he has resolved to return permanently to Missouri as soon as that body adjourns. We have been at some pains to inquire into this rumor, and the result is that we are disposed to entertain very serious doubts as to its strict truth. The report comes from the Pacific Club, to which Judge Hager belongs, and which has been plunged into the most profound grief at the bare possibility of losing him. The attachment of all the members to the Judge is of the most loving character. His gentle and affectionate nature, his courteous bearing, his uniform deference to the older members, his thoughtful attention and tender solicitude towards the younger ones, have borne their natural fruit, and thoroughly established him as the idol and pet of the club. In our inquiry of Judge Hager's fellow-members concerning the painful rumor, we found but one opinion as to the irreparable character of the loss that would be visited upon the club, the city, the State, and the coast, should it be true that he had seriously resolved to leave us; and the expressions of anger toward the Constitutional Convention, for driving out of our State and to Missouri such a citizen, were unmistakably severe. And it is our unqualified opinion that if it should prove to be true, not only the Convention, but every member of it who has in the slightest particular contributed to the result, will sooner or later have cause to regret his conduct. But we have strong reason to think that Judge Hager's return to Missouri in the spring will not be absolutely final. What the grounds for this pleasing hope actually are we do not feel at this moment at liberty to disclose to the public. It is enough to say at present that we do not believe we shall lose him yet a while. But if it turns out that we are mistaken; if his anger at the Convention is so overwhelming that he will not be reconciled, but will insist, at all hazards, upon involving the whole State in the consequences of his wrath, we shall yield with the pleasing consolation that if it is a loss to us it will be a gain to Missouri.

We make the following interesting extract from the testimony of Mrs. Cappola, while on trial charged with the murder of her husband: "Mr. Cappola's feelings toward my children were bad. He has said that he could cut and quarter them, and eat their hearts out." The judicious adult having a knowledge of literary and rhetorical methods, and understanding that artistic exaggeration is an essential element of style, will discern in this only the late Mr. Cappola's impressive manner of denoting a mild and natural dislike to the children—they were unpleasant, or disagreeable, that is all; one does not pick and choose one's words with a view to exactness when fatigued of one's wife's offspring. But the children, in the uninstructed innocence of their hearts, appear to have interpreted this literally as a threat against their blood and bones; for Mrs. Cappola explains that "two of them were in so much fear of him that they dared not come to the table when he was there." The implied boldness of the others is not accounted for; perhaps they were old enough to have been at the sand-lots and heard the harangues of the horny-handed Dictator, and had thus learned to rightly estimate the relation between language that "bears on hard" and the actions it is designed to foreshadow. Anyhow, it does not appear that the late Mr. Cappola ever enacted the part of Chronos, by devouring his babes.

"It is rare that on the morrow of the day on which a woman has given some one the key to her heart, she does not regret the impossibility of changing the key-hole."



SUBURBAN SAUCE.—FOR GOOSE AND GANDER.

OAKLAND, February 6, 1879.

DEAR JUNO:—After a lapse of years they have opened a skating rink here. Bob and I went the other night, and oh! what a jolly time I had. It surprised me quite as much as if my baby gusto for rattles, rubber rings, and a jumper should suddenly return to me. Do you remember the fun we girls had years ago in the Twelfth Street Rink? I thought I had outgrown that girlish love for rollers, but the other evening, by the time I was fairly started on my feet, I found the enthusiasm in the sport had returned, and the old fascinating spell was once again about me as closely as ever. The evening Bob and I were there not many of the ultra-fashionables attended; but, Bob tells me, a few evenings after the place was crowded with "our set." Mr. and Mrs. John Perine, Mr. and Mrs. George Perine, Mr. and Mrs. Marwedel, and Mrs. Marwedel's charming sister, Miss Brett; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holderness, Miss Cobb, Mr. Baker, and Mr. Fitch were in the rink, but did not essay a plunge into the sea of participants. Pretty Mrs. Joe Cook, Mrs. Al. Redding, Mrs. Willard Barton, Mrs. Charles Havens, accompanied by their husbands, sped over the floor. Miss Miller, Miss Johnson, and Miss Sinton, supported by Messrs. Johnson and Sinton (twins, in dead gold suits), struggled laboriously and conscientiously in the rear of the flying experts. Mr. Will Hamilton, Mr. Allen Knight, and Mr. Tom Prather, unshackled by partners, were an ornament to the floor, a reward that their exclusiveness, says Bob, made undeserved. You know, Juno, our Bobby is very gallant to the ladies, and does not easily pardon any dereliction in that respect in any other gentleman.

A *propos* of gentlemen, why is it that so many of them, after they have been safely launched into society—have had their "coming out party," as it were—do not stay out? How repeatedly have certain of the Oakland young ladies, who have taken upon themselves the somewhat thankless task of entertainer and hostess, been left to wonder where Mr. So-and-so is? Later, they may be told that that gentleman is not going into society this season. This reminds me of the perverse capers of our pet squirrels when we were children. You had yours, I know, Juno. Do you recollect how exasperating they always were—invariably retiring to their little inner room whenever we wanted to enjoy them ourselves or show them off to others? Ah! I remember well the bang and noise we made to bring them out again. What a nice idea it would be for some respectable man to advertise himself as "Cannonader to the Oakland Elite," his stock in trade to be a movable cannon and some good ammunition. Thus equipped, this man's services, for a small consideration, could be engaged by any lady giving an entertainment—it being understood that he is to proceed, the evening of her *fête*, to the residence of any gentleman suspected by her of wavering in his allegiance to society. In very stubborn cases it would perhaps be well to authorize the Cannonader to employ the additional help of a chimney sweep, as the stopping of flues, I think, would be found to be a wonderfully successful accessory to the bombardment. If this combination does not avail, a lady having any self respect will instantly withdraw from the contest. No *true* lady will ever be willing to press her suit to an unseemly extent. There is no doubt in my mind that in rine cases out of ten the plan will work and they will become an easy prey to us.

Last Saturday Bob came from the city early, and a party of us went out to Berkeley to attend the opening hop in the elegant new gymnasium, just finished and presented to the State by Mr. A. K. P. Harmon. There was quite a San Francisco delegation over, and many Oakland people attended. Among the number I noticed our friends, Miss McHenry, Miss Roe, Mr. Seward Cole, Miss Fox, Mr. Hewston Daniels, Miss Lohman, Miss Sinton, Miss Crane, Mr. Williams, Miss Irwin, Dr. Dale, Mr. Prather, Mr. Carneal, Mrs. Wetherbee, Miss Henderson, and Mr. Hastings. Just here, in connection with gymnasiums, I have a protest to offer. Certain data have been sent in to me bearing upon the character and excellent work of one of my townsmen. In consequence I have prepared a slight biographical sketch, to be entitled "The Modern Young Noah," relating to his humane work on Grand Island during the terrible floods last winter. Now I wish to warn this young gentleman that this sketch is in no manner of an obituary nature, and that unless he modify his athletic feats—the wildest rumors being afloat concerning them—I fear a fatality may occur that will prevent my publishing it.

Miss Ivy Wandesforde arrived home last night. Eastern advices in musical circles state that the rigors of this cold winter have told severely upon her, and that near Chicago Miss Jenny Sargent, of Boston, was obliged to come on and take her place as soprano in the Camilla Urso Troupe. It is felt to be a great pity that our lovely singer should meet with this drawback at the beginning of her career.

Novelty, Juno, once more stalks rampant about Oakland. Our old schoolmasters, "The Inseparable Trio," have introduced a new and highly original phaeton act. Broadway is reserved for the spectacle afterwards, between the hours of four and five. I shan't tell you anything more about it. If you did your duty, and came to see me, you could see for yourself all these highly interesting things I write you of.

Your own offended

MAID OF ATHENS.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

There will be found in the current number of the *Atlantic* a short essay by Mr. William F. Apthorp, entitled "Musicians and Music-lovers," that distinguishes itself from whatever I have hitherto read about music (written by non-musicians, I mean; musicians seldom *can*, and still more seldom *will*, write about their art) by a certain delicacy of perception of the relation in which the musician (*musician* not *musicant*) and amateur stand respectively toward the art, a perception at once more refined and accurate than anything that I remember to have seen in our language. Mr. Apthorp is evidently the fortunate possessor of a dual set of sympathies; he seems to *feel* music—that is, receive the mere transient impression from it—with the amateur who hears with his ears alone, while at the same time he has the inward (intellectual) ear of the musician, accompanied by the exquisitely developed sense of harmony—or fitness of things in an artistic sense—that can exist only as a result of the thorough culture in art generally of a mind at once refined, receptive, and appreciative. The possession of this happy aggregate of qualities is precisely what constitutes the genuine art critic—in a higher sense. A just fulfillment of his duty toward the public requires that he should be ready to sympathize not only with its appreciativeness, but also with its short-comings, while at the same time I maintain that no person is fully competent to judge of a work of art without being the conscious possessor of at least some what of the quality and feeling out of which that work originated. I do not mean to infer that I consider it to be absolutely essential that each and every musical critic should play perfectly upon some instrument, or have a thorough knowledge of counterpoint and instrumentation (although the latter are very important), or that every one who writes about pictures should be able to draw accurately from the life or be a good painter in oils. But I do think that the word of authority of the critic concerning any work of art should be the privilege only of such as have made that art their life's study, and who are thus, if not upon the plane of the artist himself in their relation to his work, at least living in the same atmosphere with him, conscious of the difficulties as well as the facile tricks, the disappointments as well as successes, the penalties as well as the rewards of an artist's life, and whose sympathies are, above all, not likely to be affected by the mere superficialities that are mostly the stone wall beyond which the vision of the great public can not penetrate, but can follow the artist into that higher intellectual domain in which he lives, in which his works are conceived and brought forth, and where alone it is his right that he should be judged. I have always felt strongly that in music the line of separation between the artist and the amateur (that is, one who does not *think* in music) was wider, and presented a more formidable barrier than in any of the other arts. The others have mostly a something to be delineated or described of which the beholder or reader is, in some dim sense at least, conscious, and to some sort of conception of which this consciousness will afford him a clue, the following up of which is likely to evolve light from what may have been dark enough at the outset, and bring him into at least partial sympathy with the aim and the intention of the artist. But in music, it seems to me that there is no sort of help to be found excepting it come from within—no light to be had but that which is evolved either from an exquisite artistic sensibility or through long and patient study. This Mr. Apthorp has recognized with the delicate intuition of an artist, and set forth with a clearness and certainty of touch that I am the more delighted to see in the *Atlantic* since its pages have several times of late been lent to the coarse and materialistic theories of Mr. Richard Grant White, who, out of a palpably superficial knowledge of music—very evidently of all art—and with the arrogance of one whose conception of all things is circumscribed within his own limited line of sight, treats of music as though it were accurately as high as Mr. Grant White and no higher, and as though he could without the least inconvenience place his hand approvingly on the head of Beethoven himself, and say to him: "Go on, my boy; you are doing very nicely indeed; I like your Ninth Symphony, and understood it thoroughly the first time I heard it, when I was about six years old!" There are, indeed, some minor points with regard to which I should take issue with Mr. Apthorp, but they are minor matters, and do not affect the general drift of his valuable essay. So, for instance, when he says, speaking of Mozart and Wagner: "The difference in special musical culture between the two men is very great, and all in Mozart's favor," I can not agree with him, and wonder whether the preponderance of the dramatic quality in Wagner has not caused him to lose sight of his (W.'s) astounding musical culture; and when he classes *melody* as the element in our modern music that appeals most directly to the majority of music-lovers, I fancy that he does not distinguish with sufficient accuracy the melody pure and simple from the rhythmic form in which it is clothed, and which, I believe, is the real spirit of attractiveness to the general ear. But these, as I said, are points of lesser importance; the important one is that Mr. Apthorp has the true aesthetic sense, together with some accurate knowledge of music, and that what he has written is of the highest value to the *real* music-lover—i. e., the one who finds in music something more than a mere ear-tickling dissipation.

The Orchestral Matinée of last Wednesday was a special performance in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first appearance in this city, as a conductor, of Mr. Rudolph Herold, and was such a tribute as may well be accepted in proof of the great respect and esteem in which that gentleman is held. There was an immense audience—all that Platt's Hall would hold—the presentation of a silver brick, and quite a delightful little gush of sentiment, enthusiasm, etc., all of which was pleasant to behold, and goes far to prove that if we do turn rather a cold shoulder on the symphony concerts, our community has a warm corner left in its heart for Mr. Herold himself, and gladly welcomes the opportunity to prove itself grateful for the valuable services that he has rendered in the past.

The orchestral portion of the programme at this matinee calls for no especial mention, all of the pieces having been previously performed and commented on. They were played about as usual. The vocalist was Mrs. Henry Norton, who,

although apparently a trifle nervous in her first song—I believe that she had never before sung with an orchestra, and one has to become habituated to the situation, which is very trying to a novice, on account of a certain diffuseness, as it were, of the sound that one who has sung only with piano forte is accustomed to hear coming compactly from a single instrument—fully redeemed herself in the *Canzonetta* of Haydn, which she sang with great purity of style and refinement, and a little German song, *Auf Wiedersehen*, as an *encore*, that was simply delightful. *Somebody* had requested Mr. Henry Heyman to play the *Cavatina* of Raff on the violin (at least the programme so stated), and I fancy it must have been some one who had never heard him do it, for a more stupidly unmusical rendering of this beautiful piece I never heard, even from a bad amateur. Not only that there was absolutely no conception of it, at all—not even a wrong one—but this easy thing, that any respectable violinist ought to play clearly at sight, was full of false intonation and the sickly, greasy sort of sliding up into, and down from, the positions that one is accustomed to hear from none but bad fiddlers. The little song of Pergolesi, as an *encore* (I was desperately afraid that he would repeat the *Cavatina*) was much more neatly done.

Announcements of concerts come in thick and fast just now, and critics are jubilant. "Our nights shall be filled with music" (more or less), and there will be no end of things to be endured (one gets even by "going for" them) and, I hope, much to be enjoyed. In the latter category we may unquestionably assign the first place to the farewell series of Recitals by the Schmidt Quintet, which, beginning on the 18th instant, gives us four more of its delightful performances, and then betakes itself to what I hope may prove a better market for its wares. Not but that there is a discriminating and appreciative audience for good music to be found in this city; but it is too feeble in numbers to support an *ensemble* which, like this one, is fully qualified to cope with the best in the East, and which, under skilful management, ought to earn a great deal of money. This—the amount of money earned—is really a very important consideration even in musical matters; one plays quartets much the better with a comfortable bank account at one's back. I dread to think of the musical darkness to which we shall be relegated when our Quintet shall have gone. The Recitals have been the only thoroughly good thing we have had for years past—that is, with good programmes really well played—and even if we had the material out of which to form another quartet (which we have not), I fear that the lack of support that has discouraged Mr. Schmidt will deter any who might think of such a thing from attempting it. This farewell season promises to be the most interesting that we have had, and ought to attract our music-lovers *en masse*.

Then we are promised an opportunity of hearing Wilhelmj, although probably not very soon, as I learn from Eastern sources that he is to come here after his tour of the Southern States, which has but begun. So we may possess our souls in patient anticipation for a further six or eight weeks, and, probably, after his coming as well, for I find very little that is soul-stirring in the programme that he seems to be playing everywhere. A *Concerto* of Paganini and two or three *Fantasies* of Ernst is a rather light musical diet for a musical stomach.

Of especially local interest there are announced, firstly, a Soirée by the choir of Trinity Church, to be given in the school room of the church building, on the 19th instant, which brings—besides a rather promising miscellaneous first part—Romberg's somewhat Philistine, but musical, setting of Schiller's *Lay of the Bell* for chorus and solo voices. (I find on the programme a quotation from a "Mr. Dodd," to the effect that "the most original and beautiful, perhaps, of all Schiller's poems, unequaled by anything of Goethe's, is called *The Lay of the Bell*." Now, it may be none of my business, and perhaps does not matter much in any case, but I *should* like to ascertain where this Mr. Dodd found out that Schiller's poem is "unequaled by anything of Goethe's.") Mr. Ferrer, our excellent guitarist, who, it will be remembered, met with a severe and painful accident on the occasion of his late concert at Sacramento, and who has since then been shelved professionally, has been tendered a benefit, which is to take place on the 23d instant, and which, from the many excellent artists who have proffered their services, promises to be an excellent concert. Mr. Ferrer has a host of friends—it includes the entire public and all his fellow-artists—and will undoubtedly have a good house. Madame Jaffa, also, announces a concert for the 22d; there be still rumors of opera; a public performance of Mr. Le Jeal's new Mass is among the possibilities, and, altogether, there is something to look forward to.

An old soldier, long since pensioned off, enjoys his leisure in rearing rabbits.

One of the little creatures bites his thumb, and, trifling as the wound seems, gangrene sets in and extends, and amputation is resorted to too late.

An old companion in the 99th Light Infantry, who had marched shoulder to shoulder with him in a hundred well-fought fields, undertakes to deliver his comrade's funeral oration:

"Adieu," the honest soldier cries, in a voice fairly choked with emotion, "adieu, brave and gentle heart, thou that hast fought so well in Africa, the Crimea, Italy! An hundred times didst thou with impunity brave the leaden hail that hurtles over the battle-field, and survive—survive to be killed by a ——— long-eared, cat-skinned, kangaroo-hammed, pink-eyed, parsley-munching, two-penny-half-penny rabbit!"

On the last steamer four Chickering grand pianos went out to Tokio, Japan. This fact has a double significance: it indicates a growth of musical taste in Japan, and a sharp appreciation of the excellence of American musical instruments.

The Italians say that he who offends never forgives. Tacitus gives the reason for it. It is, he says, because the causes of hatred are the more violent the more unjust they are.

ORTHODOXY.*

As I walked through the pleasant Valley of Liberty, admiring the beauty of the flowers, listening to the singing of the birds, and thinking upon the wondrous adaptations of structure by which each plant and animal became suited to the conditions around it, I came to a mountain, up the side of which ran a narrow and difficult pathway, beset with brambles and obstructed by rocks that had fallen from above.

This pathway led to a terrace of no great width, winding along the mountain side in a direction almost parallel to the pleasant valley below.

Upon the terrace were a number of people clad in thin, white garments, which were rudely blown about by the wind; yet these people heeded not the cold nor the roughness of their way, but with faces and hands uplifted toward the sky, stumbled over the sharp rocks, yet rose again, torn and bleeding, and with upturned eyes still staggered on.

At the commencement of the pathway was a gate, over which was printed in large red letters the word "Orthodoxy."

Though curious to know why so many had climbed to this terrace, and why they paid so little heed to their steps, yet, as my way was pleasant, and I knew that both their way and mine led alike to the Ocean of Death, from the other side of which no news ever reaches Earth, I thought it was a pity to spoil my pleasure by scrambling over so rough a road.

So I cast about for some one to inform me. And I had not taken many steps before I perceived a troop of men clad in sable robes, each holding in his left hand a small black book, and in his right a bludgeon.

The name of the book, as I was afterward told, was "Bible," while that of the bludgeon was "Pulpit Rhetoric."

And two of these men, whose names, marked upon their foreheads, were Guard and Hemphill, approached me, holding their books before my face, and shouted: "Thou shalt go no further, by this book!" Whereat I was astonished and displeased, and answered: "Am I not free, and is not this the Valley of Liberty?" And they answered: "Yea, but the end is Destruction." "Tis Death, I know, for all of us," said I, "but I see not Destruction."

Then said they: "Come with us, and we will show thee." And they led me into a cave, where many people were assembled, where the air was impure from the breath of the multitude, and where the light of day penetrated only through a rift in the roof. All besides was as dark as a total eclipse, save on the wall opposite to the entrance, where there was a screen, illuminated by the lurid light of Emotion.

And he that was named Guard cried out "Damnation," and upon the screen was projected a wildness of blazing fires, full of the burning bodies of men, and women, and little children, and their moans rent the air. And I said: "What is this?"

And they answered me: "This is Hell; this is where those who walk along the Valley of Liberty will suffer eternally after crossing the Ocean of Death."

And I answered them: "I believe it not, yet how can I escape this awful doom?"

Then roared Hemphill: "Heaven!"

And the scene changed to a Golden City, with emerald streets and amethyst walls. In the centre was a great white throne, and upon the throne sat a great King, but his face could not be seen. Round about the throne stood bearded men, and beauteous women, and little children, with wings growing out of their shoulders. Each had a crown upon the forehead, and a harp in the hand, and they all sang, "Glory, glory!" And I said: "What is this?"

Then answered they: "This is the estate of the Blessed; this is the Eternity of those who follow the path of Orthodoxy."

Then said I: "Who, then, are those who scramble along the rock terrace high up the mountain?"

To which Hemphill answered: "They are the saints, the salt of the earth; they look to Heaven for guidance along the rugged pathway of a religious life."

"Now choose," said they, "between the two: rest, and peace, and love in heaven, or never-ending torture in the fires of hell." But I answered: "I like not either; the one is too hot, the other is too cold." For I perceived that there was no fire in the Golden City, and their dresses were glory only.

Then Guard and Hemphill, together with several others, rushed upon me, and mauled with their bludgeons—even with Pulpit Rhetoric.

And I said: "I would like to get out of this." So with great difficulty, and with the loss of some odd coins (which were taken from me to aid in patching up the rift in the cave through which a ray of sunlight penetrated), I got clear of my assailants, and stood once more in the open air.

Then I resolved henceforth to continue to walk in the pleasant sunlight till I reached the Ocean of Death.

And soon after I overtook a party of my friends, who told me that I had had a narrow escape, for that these brigands in black, usually called Clergy, do waylay all who pass by, and do seek to turn them from the safe path of Virtue by a show of False Religion.

Their habit is to entice their victims into their cave, where they exhibit to them a series of dissolving views, of hell and its tortures, contrasted with others of heaven and its blessedness; and, after robbing them of their money to "keep up the church" (as they call repairing their cave—which has been broken into several times by the police), to strip them of all clothing save a white shirt, and then force them to climb with bare feet along the rough path of Orthodoxy, till they reach the cold and rugged terrace of Conversion, where they must sing "I'd like to be an Angel," till they fall at last into the Ocean of Death, without having ever enjoyed life.

JOHN BUNYANSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

*The editors of the ARGONAUT disclaim all responsibility for the peculiar views of their contributor, and as the "brigands" have other weapons than "pulpit rhetoric" cheerfully invite them to again belabor him, in these columns, to the end that he may be converted.

The scene is before a judge, who is inquiring into an application for separation.

"But, madame, I do not see in your complaint a sufficient reason. You say that your husband is a tanner. That is an honorable business."

"Yes, sir; but it is I that he tans."

A MODERN ROBE OF NESSUS.

By Robert Duncan Milne.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

I had hitherto acted without thinking, and purely on the impulse of the moment. Now, the blood rushed through my head like a torrent, as I at last took time to consider. What had I done? Had I not rendered myself a party, in some manner, to this horrible machination? I had introduced a new combination into the event, the consequences of which appalled me. Was I not responsible for something? But what? My brain reeled. I could not collect my thoughts. I rushed into the *boudoir* determined to destroy the horrible garments, fraught with I knew not what deadly peril to the household. I resolved to destroy the dress instantly. I approached the ottoman on which they lay. My cowardice got the better of me, and I feared to touch them. If I did take them, how shall I account for their disappearance? Madame would miss them instantly on her return. Lisette, who alone had the privilege of entering the *boudoir*, would be questioned, and she, poor, simple girl, would confess the whole. How should I account for my possession of the terrible secret? My fear of the personal consequences to myself and her was too great to permit of my taking action. I heard a step outside, which caused me to retreat in precipitate alarm to the conservatory. It was merely one of the workmen coming to complete the adjustment of the hangings in the *salon*. Once out of the *boudoir* I dared not return, and, by that action, or want of action, the event was sealed. Then I determined to go at once to the Marquis and tell him all that I had seen and heard. I hastened to his study. It was empty. To the billiard-room. He was not there. I questioned the *concierge*. He informed me that the Marquis had gone to his club. I jumped into a carriage and drove thither, but to find that he had gone with a party to Versailles. I returned to the house, and again sought Lisette and confided all to her. It was with difficulty I could make her understand the situation. When she did so, the effect was different from what I had anticipated. She laughed at my fears, and tried to persuade me that all I had heard merely related to some ingenious tableau—some mechanical surprise—which Madame was going to inaugurate for the pleasure of her guests. But the Abbé? I urged. Lisette laughed. Why should not the Abbé come to the *masque*? He was a very pleasant, courtly gentleman, and she could see nothing wrong if he did admire the Madame. I was in despair at her stupidity.

"Let us fly, Lisette," cried I; "let us go back to Béarn at once, where we can live happily and away from these distracting scenes."

"What?" she exclaimed, "and forfeit our wages? *Ma foi*, Philippe, but you are mad. Besides, if the terrible denouement you apprehend should really occur, would not our flight be construed into an acknowledgment of guilt, and should we not be arrested and brought back to answer for anything which might happen?"

My reason told me that this was only too true, and was, in fact, an unanswerable argument. I therefore determined to trust to circumstances, and await the event, telling all to the Marquis at the earliest possible moment.

At four the Marquis returned from her drive, and summoned Lisette to the *boudoir*. I made pretense of doing something in the *salon*, and observed them come out and retire to the apartments of the Marquis, Lisette carrying in her hands the two dresses. The guests would not begin to arrive before ten, and the long hours seemed ages as they passed slowly by, while I awaited the return of the Marquis. Seven—the dinner hour—arrived without the Marquis, and Madame dined alone. My excitement increased as the evening wore on, till I was absolutely in a fever. How should I approach the Marquis when he did arrive? How break to him the terrible news, the possession of which was so important, yet so sinister? I tormented myself as to the manner in which I should begin, and the way in which he was likely to receive my communication. I knew well the ungovernable nature of his passion when it was once fairly aroused—which, to do him justice, seldom happened. He was usually *débonnaire* and familiar with me, and I flattered myself that I could even broach an unpleasant topic with a certain degree of security and confidence. But this—I trembled to think of what might happen. It was then with feelings of trepidation akin to guilt that I at last saw the carriage draw up before the portico, and the Marquis alight and retire to his apartments. I was summoned to attend him almost immediately. The private *suite* of the Marquis consisted of three chambers: the first, or outermost, being an antechamber; the second, a lounging room; and the third, a bed-chamber. The Marquis usually occupied the second of these, and was there when I entered. He seemed in capital spirits and good humor.

"Well, Philippe," said he, "is everything ready? Paris expects me to play the fool for an hour or two, and I suppose I must get in trim to do it. You have got the Mephistopheles, eh?" and he yawned, stretching himself on a sofa, and puffing a cigarette.

"If Monsieur the Marquis will permit me to say," I began, and then hesitated, nervously arranging things about the room, and unable to proceed.

Monsieur took no notice of my words, but puffed away abstractedly at his cigarette.

"Something has happened which Monsieur—that is the Marquis," stammered I in a manner utterly *bête* and unlike myself, which attracted the wandering attention of the Marquis.

"Eh, Philippe? You have a message from Madame!" "Pardon, Monsieur. I was about to relate a matter of great importance. I was in the conservatory at the time. The Abbé—"

"What!" thundered the Marquis, springing up from the lounge. "What did you say? The Abbé R. in my house—in the conservatory? Villain!" advancing and seizing me violently by the collar, "quick! explain yourself; or by—"

"Do but hear me, Monsieur," entreated I, struggling in his grasp, "it was not my fault. If Monsieur will but listen to me I will explain—"

"You lie!" he shouted; "the *concierge* and the servants had strict orders not to admit that person. If I find you have deceived me, or are practicing on my credulity, to serve

your own ends—whatever they may be—by God, I will!"—and he tightened his grasp on my collar.

He was physically much more powerful than myself, and I shuddered at the thought of a hand to hand contest. I thought the best thing I could do was to keep silence. In a few seconds he released his grip on my collar. He was evidently collecting himself. Curiosity and interest were getting the better of passion. Presently he let me go, and commenced striding up and down the room. I had succeeded so badly in my attempt to introduce my story that, come what would, I determined to let him lead the conversation this time.

"You say the Abbé R. was in my house to-day," he said at length—"be careful how you answer—how did he get in?"

"In the disguise of a *costumier*, if it please Monsieur."

"Where did you see him?"

"In the *boudoir* of Madame."

He stopped short in his walk, faced round, looked at me with an expression fierce as that of a wild beast, his frame shuddering violently. He made a move toward me; then restrained himself; I meanwhile standing still near the dressing table. He essayed to speak, but failed. He resumed his mechanical walk. In a minute he stopped again.

"Philippe," he hissed out, "whatever you may have heard or witnessed, I charge you to tell me everything, without fear or reserve; but beware of concealing or garbling the facts. Proceed."

He remained standing, and I began to tell him the interview of the Marquis and the doctor, as I have told you; and as I proceeded I could see his face harden, his teeth set, and a ghastly pallor spread itself over his whole features. Sometimes he would walk up and down during my narration, sometimes pause—but his actions were mechanical. I went on to tell him of the interview between Madame and the Abbé, expecting another ebullition of passion every moment; but none came. Instead, there was a coldness and rigidity of countenance, expressive of some unalterable determination. After thinking a little he spoke.

"Philippe," he said calmly, "you have rendered me a great service; I shall not be forgetful of it. There is yet another service which you must do me—the last one. You love Lisette. You are engaged to be married. You have been in my service a long time. To-night that service ends. Between you I owe you about eight thousand francs. I will make it fifty thousand on condition that you start off for America to-night."

"But, Monsieur," I began, taken quite aback, "consider the time—besides we are not married."

The Marquis pulled out his watch, and rang a bell.

"It is already nine o'clock." Then to the servant who answered the summons: "Take a carriage and bring M. Lavoisier, the Notary, here immediately. Make haste."

The servant bowed and retired.

"Go," continued the Marquis, "and present my compliments to Madame the Marquise, and say that I should like to see Lisette for a few moments, if she can spare her. I presume you accept my conditions? Events may occur to-night of such a character as to necessitate your arrest and detention as witnesses. It is for your interest as well as for mine that you should leave France. You must be aware of this."

I was completely bewildered. All my plans of life scattered to the winds in a moment! No going back to Béarn now! The superior will of the Marquis mastered me. Had I reflected, I might have hesitated. As it was—America? I had heard a great deal of that country. And fifty thousand francs! It was a fortune I had never dreamed of.

I went to the apartments of Madame le Marquise, and, by one of the attendants in the ante-chamber, sent in the message of the Marquis. Lisette came out.

"Lisette," whispered I, "come with me at once to the apartments of the Marquis. We are to be married and go to America with fifty thousand francs to-night."

Lisette looked at me as she had done when I made her change the ribbons on the dresses, as if she suspected my sanity. She made a movement to escape back into the chambers of Madame, but I was too quick for her. I caught her by the wrist; and, while conducting her to the apartments of the Marquis, tried to get her to understand what was required of her. The suddenness and strangeness of late events had been too much for her, and she obeyed mechanically. I told her to remain in the ante-chamber while I went in. The Marquis was seated at a table writing. He had become cool—preternaturally cool; not a trace remained of his late excitement. He did not look up as I entered, but continued writing. I stood waiting in silence.

Presently a knock was heard at the door, which I hastened to answer. It was the Notary, whom I at once ushered into the presence of the Marquis.

"Good evening, Monsieur Lavoisier," said the Marquis, "pray be seated. Is Lisette here?" addressing me.

"She waits, if it please Monsieur," replied I.

"Call her."

I brought her in, and we stood before the Marquis and the Notary, who were seated at opposite sides of the centre table.

"These young people wish to be married, Monsieur Lavoisier. Please draw up the necessary papers at once, as we have no time to lose."

The Notary did as he was bid; and, the questions and formalities having been gone through, I and Lisette were man and wife; and the Notary, pocketing his fee, retired.

"I have instructed my bankers," resumed the Marquis, tapping with his hand the letter he had written, "to place to your credit at New York the sum I have mentioned. You will leave Havre by the *Belgique* to-morrow. A carriage will be in waiting to-night at the north door to convey you to the terminus," he added, looking significantly at me. "Lisette is now at liberty to return to her duties until then, but must not breathe to anyone the slightest hint of what has passed. Make her comprehend this, Philippe, and then return immediately."

I accompanied Lisette back to the apartments of Madame, impressing upon her the necessity of preserving absolute secrecy on what had passed, and told her to be ready to leave at any moment. I then kissed her and returned to the Marquis.

The noise of carriages in the court, and the subdued hum of voices in the *salons* below, were sufficient evidence that the guests were arriving in force, for it was already past ten o'clock. It did not take long to attire the Marquis in the red

silken tunic and trunk hose which Madame had intended for the Abbé; and, with the addition of the short cloak, sword, and feathered hat, together with the mask (counterparts of all of which had been furnished to the Abbé), it must be confessed he bore a very striking resemblance to the conventional Mephistopheles of the stage. While dressing he gave me commands as to what I should do in respect to Madame and the Abbé, the purport and effect of which the sequel will show. He then descended to the *salons*, leaving me alone.

The excitement I had gone through, so unusual to my mode of life, had acted as a powerful stimulus to my brain and nerves; and I now felt like a man under the influence of strong intoxicants, having all my energies strung up to do or dare whatever acts circumstances might lead to, but without that blunting of the mental faculties which liquor usually imparts. My perceptions were strangely acute, but I would not allow myself to reflect. I saw clearly into what perilous complications I had suffered myself to be drawn, but I consoled myself with the idea that I was serving my master faithfully, and that a few short hours would put Lisette and myself beyond the reach of danger.

My first command had been to put myself as much as possible in the way of Madame, so that she might employ me as the bearer of any message she wished to send. With this object I descended to the *salons* and mixed with the revelers. Everything was as brilliant and attractive as unlimited expense and faultless taste could make it. The *beau monde* of France was there enjoying itself as only the *beau monde* of France can. The bluest blood of the *ancien régime* was disporting itself with an abandon which can only be arrived at in the *masque*. It was rumored that the Emperor himself would grace the *fête* with his presence; and, indeed, from what I know of the *foibles* of royal personages—for I have attended the Marquis at all the courts of Europe—he may have been at that very moment on the floor, as merry as the maddest of them all.

I pushed through the dazzling and ever changing throng of knights flirting with shepherdesses, and Greek goddesses languishing with blackamoors, and espied the Marquis, attired as an odalisque, in the conservatory *salon*, next the *boudoir*, where I had expected to find her. She seemed preoccupied until her eyes lighted on me, when she instantly beckoned me to her.

"Philippe," said she, "go at once and find the Marquis, and tell him that I have something important to say to him if he will meet me in the *boudoir*. After you have accompanied him thither, go to the blue room *au troisième* and say that Madame la Marquise wishes to see Monsieur Croix-Blanc, the *costumier*, for a few moments in the north corridor."

I bowed and hastened to find the Marquis by appointment in the furthest end of the five *salons*, and acquainted him with the message of Madame. He accompanied me to the north corridor, where at his request I detached with my pocket-knife the little white crosses of ribbon from his dress, and leaving him proceeded to the room of the Abbé *au troisième*. I knocked at the door, and was answered from within in a disguised voice requesting to know what I wanted; but the door was not opened, from which I inferred that the Abbé had not yet completed his toilet.

"Madame la Marquise," said I, "desires to see Monsieur Croix-Blanc immediately in her *boudoir*."

"In her *boudoir*, did you say?" queried the voice.

"Assuredly, Monsieur," replied I. "Madame told me to say that an unforeseen occurrence necessitates the presence of Monsieur Croix-Blanc in her *boudoir* immediately."

"Tell Madame that I hasten to obey her commands," returned the voice. "The way is known to me; I shall not trouble you to conduct me thither."

I felt perfectly confident on this point, but was well aware that the Abbé did not wish to appear to me in the exact costume of the Marquis, as such a step would be likely to arouse my suspicions, so I ostentatiously withdrew in order to give him an opportunity to gain the *salons* without risk of detection. Once there he had nothing to fear, except a personal *rencontre* with the Marquis, which he, of course, trusted to the Madame to guard against.

It was now my rôle to time my return to the Marquise with such nicety as to draw her away from the vicinity of the *boudoir* before the approach of the Abbé, but yet not incur the chance of her seeing him as he descended the stairs. A gesture of recognition from him would have ruined all, should he chance to see her, while on the other hand a glimpse of Mephistopheles on the stair-case would have equally revealed the identity which it was now the object of the Marquis to obscure. I accordingly loitered near the bottom of the stair-case until I heard footsteps in the story above, and then speedily presenting myself to Madame, informed her that the Marquis was then approaching the *boudoir*, and that Monsieur Croix-Blanc was waiting in the north corridor.

"Reflecting upon my conduct of that night," here interposed the Basque shepherd, addressing me, "even at this interval of time, I feel deep shame for my duplicity, however well meant. I was carried away by the feelings and interests of the moment, and truly, bitterly have I paid for it!" He resumed the narrative.]

It was the object of Madame not to meet the Marquis, but to entice him into her *boudoir* there to wait. She, therefore, avoided the nearer *salons* and passed into the conservatories. I presently followed her, having been instructed by the Marquis to take up my position behind the vase, and give him notice by a preconceived sign when the influence of the medicated dress should have reduced the Abbé to helplessness.

The night was warm, and one of the windows of the *boudoir* had been left with a leaf partially open, through which, from the position I was in, the interior was visible. In a few moments the door from the *salon* opened, and there entered a Mephistopheles, whom by height, figure, carriage, and dress I could not have distinguished from the Marquis had I not known it was the Abbé, so well had art assisted nature in effecting the resemblance.

He stood as if in thought for a moment or two, and then began pacing the floor in a restless manner. The *bijou* clock of the *boudoir* tinkled out eleven. The Abbé paused, turned, looked irresolute, and finally with a gesture of impatience threw himself at full length upon a sofa, his cheek resting on his hand. I watched him intently. The clock ticked on for five minutes, for ten, but the figure never altered its position. Nothing could be gathered from the features, which were

masked, but the *pose* of the limbs indicated complete repose. It seemed that the dress was evidently doing its work; the only question was whether the moment had arrived to apprise the Marquis. After five minutes more of watching I determined to ascertain the condition of the Abbé, and accordingly coughed and made a rustling noise where I was. The figure did not move. Emboldened, I approached the open window, and called in low, distinct tones: "Monsieur Croix-blanc! Monsieur Croix-Blanc!" The head made no effort to raise itself, the body moved slightly, but no response came. The time had evidently arrived. The prostrate figure before me had apparently reached the second, or speechless and helpless stage which the doctor had described to Madame, so it was clearly my duty to apprise the Marquis.

I regained the *salons*, and was not long in discovering a Mephistopheles promenading arm in arm with an odalisque. I passed in front of the pair without seeming to notice them—the sign previously agreed upon with the Marquis. On turning I perceived that they were moving in the direction of the *boudoir*, and, as soon as I could do so without attracting notice, I reentered the conservatories and resumed my old position behind the vase, the Marquis having bidden me to do so in order that I might be within call if wanted.

On looking through the half-open window a strange scene met my gaze. There in the *boudoir* upon the sofa, just as I had left him, lay the masked Mephistopheles whom I knew to be the Abbé, and in front of him stood the odalisque—otherwise Madame la Marquise—leaning on the arm of another Mephistopheles whom she thought to be the Abbé, but who was in reality the Marquis.

"François," said the odalisque, looking up at her partner, "you can at least speak without reserve. You have not opened your lips to-night. Pray do not be so discourteous to Monsieur le Marquis as not even to bid him *adieu*. I am sure he would never forgive us if we were so far lacking in politeness."

The standing Mephistopheles remained immovable, betraying by neither speech nor action that he had heard the odalisque. Through the frame of the recumbent Mephistopheles there ran a shiver, which showed that he heard and appreciated the words of Madame. His hand was partially raised, but fell back powerless by his side, while a movement of the mask seemed to indicate an attempt at speech proved abortive.

"What can possibly be the matter with Monsieur le Marquis," continued the odalisque, banteringly, "that he does not rise to receive us? Perhaps a little too much wine—who knows? I think we had better loosen his mask and admit the air. It may help to revive him," and she made a movement toward the couch. Her Mephistopheles restrained her by compressing her engaged arm tightly with his own. She seemed surprised, but for a moment or two said nothing.

"Well, François," she at length remarked, "it seems useless to prolong this interview. If neither of you will say anything, what can I do? I will ring for Lisette, who will summon Philippe. He will undress him and put him to bed, while we take our little drive; is it not so, *mon cher*?" and she made a step toward the bell.

Still the standing Mephistopheles, impassable and speechless as before, held her close bound by his side, and again did the recumbent Mephistopheles writhe impotently upon the couch.

Now, for the first time, did the odalisque show signs of uneasiness.

"François," murmured she, "François, let us end this scene. A strange apprehension fills me. It may be carried too far. Let us desist before it is too late. Let us summon Philippe, and depart at once."

Still the rigid and sinister figure by her side said nothing and held her fast, and still did his masked counterpart quiver on the couch. I crouched, horror-stricken and breathless, trembling with unknown fear of what might happen.

All of a sudden, with the speed of light, the odalisque disengaged herself from the arm of her partner, and darting to the couch snatched the mask from the recumbent figure, disclosing the well-known features of the Abbé, which were passing through the most hideous contortions, and seemingly in the throes of death.

With a wild and prolonged shriek the odalisque threw up her arms and fell back motionless into the arms of the Mephistopheles. By this action she upset a wax candle from the candelabrum pendant from the ceiling, which falling against one of the light hangings of the *boudoir* instantly enveloped the whole chamber in a blaze. I sprang through the open window and assisted the Marquis to pull Madame through a side door into the corridor, in time to save her from the flames. As I leapt back toward the *boudoir* to rescue the Abbé I was intercepted by the Marquis, who pushed me forcibly back, saying:

"Fly at once. I will attend to that. Get Lisette and go."

I needed no second command, but flew up the staircase only to meet Lisette running down. She had on her traveling dress, and carried a small bag.

After this I have no distinct recollection of events. All is confused. I remember the shoutings of "Fire! Fire!" The frantic hurrying of a motley crowd through corridors and down staircases. Two carriages standing at a portico, into one of which four cloaked and hooded men bore the motionless form of an odalisque, and in the other of which Lisette and I were whirled away. I remember, as we drove off, the gallop of the fire-engines, the swish of water, the crackling of the flames, the falling of timbers, and the lurid glare of a burning building. I remember, confusedly, a trip by rail, the bustle of a departing steamship and having a stateroom assigned, and being addressed as Monsieur Dubois; but it was not till we were three days out from Havre that I regained the equilibrium of my senses.

When we reached New York I eagerly sought the Parisian papers. They recounted the burning of the mansion of the Marquis de B— during a *bal masque*, and as Madame la Marquise was never seen or heard of again, and as the Abbé R— had mysteriously disappeared on the same night, and as the engagement of staterooms on board the *Belgique* was traced to him by an employé of the steamship company, and as these staterooms were proved to have been occupied by a lady and gentleman on the passage to America, popular opinion naturally decided that the Abbé had eloped with the Marquise. A single charred and unrecognizable

corpse had been discovered in the ruins, supposed to be one of the servants. Whose corpse that was I leave you to judge for yourself. As regards the Marquise, my impression is that the Marquis had laid his plans to have her privately conveyed away and immured in a nunnery or madhouse, and that the carriage into which I saw borne the body of the odalisque was there for this purpose. I remember seeing the death of the Marquis recorded three years later.

As for myself, the money of the Marquis did me no good. I entered into business two or three times in New York and failed. Lisette died two years ago. I then came to California, and here I am. I see you are dozing, so you had better spread your blanket in that corner by the fire and turn in.

Cora Pearl.

A Paris correspondent writes of this famous cocotte as follows: Cora is a moody creature, and very inconsistent in speech. She talks in different strains at different hours of the day. She has her Monday morning and Monday evening tune, her Tuesday's aria, her Wednesday's cavatina. She tells all sorts of stories of herself and her antecedents, being anxious apparently to surround her past life with mystery, and so augment public curiosity respecting her. She has done much more of this thing within the last five or six years than ever before, and it is not improbable that she now hopes to compensate for decay of her charms by becoming an enigma. My impression is that she is ignorant of the author of her being, though there is little doubt of her illegitimacy. She appears to have been reared until she was fifteen or sixteen by an old woman who had been paid to take care of her in the market-town of Tuam, Ireland. She had been tolerably well educated, and was a girl of vivacity and intelligence, and noticeably passionate.

She went upon the stage as a ballet-girl, and attempted to act; but her accent, though she had studied French from childhood, interfered with her success, and caused her to relinquish the theatre.

At eighteen she captured a Russian prince—princes are, as you are aware, abundant in Russia, and in Paris, too—and he had so much money, and was so eager to spend it, that she indulged his humor to the fullest. He placed her in luxurious lodgings, furnished her with carriages, jewels, servants—everything that unnumbered coins could purchase. He gave dinners and parties to artists, journalists, actors, and litterateurs, and soon grew to be the fashion. The Prince had a choice assortment of vices. He drank, gambled, and did everything he ought not to have done. It was not possible for his wealth to last at such a pace. Cora spent 100,000 francs a month; and, discovering that he was immensely in debt, and must soon reach his financial end, she secured still another friend, and had the comfort in a few weeks of seeing all his effects sold at auction. He upbraided her for perfidy, but she laughed at him, and when he called again refused to receive him.

From that time until six years ago she continued in the same course. She would have no lovers who were not rich, and she scattered their funds with a recklessness savoring of malignity. She has always had a passion for display, and display of the costliest. Her toilets were pronounced ravishing; she set many of the modes that were followed on both sides of the sea; her name crept into paragraphs in Boston, New York, and Chicago. Every dissipated man of fortune, whether old or young, who came here, was desirous to meet Cora Pearl; and many of them paid enormously for her acquaintance. Several young fellows committed suicide on her account, and this vastly increased her vogue. Paris is inclined to go mad over cocottes who drive men to self-destruction, as this cyprian very well knew. I have been told that Cora was partially induced to enter upon her career of a lorette by the example of Lola Montez, many years her senior, who was born at Limerick, County Galway. Cora never secured, as her fellow-Irishwoman did, a king for a lover, and never made revolutions in Bavaria, or anywhere else; but she has created a commotion for twenty odd years, and advertised herself in two worlds.

The strangest thing about Cora is the source of her attraction. She is not and never has been handsome. She is and always has been very plain. Her features are large, not well formed, and inclined to coarseness. Her figure is not bad, nor very good, either. She is not noticeable for grace. She is not strictly intellectual; albeit, she has acquired by dint of close observation and retentive memory a quantity of bright ways and speeches that pass for style and wit. She is beyond forty now, and looks older. When she was twenty-five she did not seem very young; and, indeed, there is nothing in or about her that can explain her unquestionable power.

Persons who have known Cora for many years say that she never does any good and never has done any. She may bestow benefits sometimes, but it is by accident. She admits that she is selfish to the core; that it would be no satisfaction to her to render the whole world happy. Her desires, her aims, her aspirations begin and end with herself. The evil she has wrought gives her undisguised pleasure. How can any man love, like, or even endure such an unwomanly woman? Yet men have adored her for more than twenty years. What can be the secret?

A Wisconsin girl put on trousers and started through the deep snow to walk six miles to a village for provisions, the family larder being empty. She soon became tired out, besides losing her way, and the cold was intense. A big Newfoundland dog which accompanied her was the means of saving her life. She scooped out a hollow in the snow, lay down in it, and made the warm dog lie on her, shifting him about so as to successively cover the coldest parts of her body. In that way she passed a whole night, and was not very severely frostbitten. "With two or three more dogs," she says, "I would have got along very comfortably."

Suppose the hangman does bungle when he hangs a murderer. Did it ever occur to these sentimental howlers that the murderer is not at all careful, and tender, and gentel when cutting some woman's throat, or smashing some old man's skull?

Were not curiosity so over-busy, detraction would soon be starved to death.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERBS

Little People.

I stole so gently on their dance;
Their pygmy dance in red sunrise;
I caught the warm and tender glance
Each gallant gave his dear one's eyes.

Wee ladies, clad in fine bat's wing,
With plumed lordlings stamp the heel;
Behind them swords and fans they fling
And foot it blithely down the reel.

They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed,
In meetings of the swaying dance—
Then fled not, but were swiftly missed,
Like love from out a well known glance.

I sprang—the flashing swords were grown
Mere blossom—stalks from tulips tossed,
The fans that sparkled on the stone
Were turned to sprays of glittering frost.

CHARLES DE KAY, in *February Scribner*.

Life and Death.

If I had chosen, my tears had all been dew;
I would have drawn a bird's or blossom's breath,
Nor outdone yonder dove. I did not choose—
And here is Life for me and here is Death.

Ay, here is Life. Bloom for me, violet;
Whisper me, Love, all things that are not true;
Sing, nightingale and lark, till I forget—
For here is Life, and I have need of you.

So, there is death. Fade, violet, from the land;
Cease from your singing, nightingale and lark;
Forsake me, Love, for I without your hand
Can find my way more surely in the dark.

MRS. S. M. B. PIATT, in *February Atlantic*.

The Ermine.

I read of the ermine to-day,
Of the ermine who will not step
By the faint of a step in the mire,
The creature who will not stain
Her garment of wild white fire,

Of the dumb, flying, soulless thing
(So we with our souls dare to say),
The being of sense and of sod,
That will not, that will not defile
The nature she took from her God.

And we with the souls that we have
Go cheering the hunters on
To a prey with that pleading eye.
She can not go into the mud!
She can stay, like the snow, and die!

The hunters come leaping on,
She turns like a hart at bay,
They do with her as they will. . . .
O thou who thinkest on this!
Stand like a star, and be still.

Where the soil oozes under thy feet,
Better, ah! better to die
Than to take one step in the mire.
Oh, blessed to die or to live
With garments of holy fire!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, in *Independent*.

Dandelion Ghosts.

The common flower that children love
All other common flowers above,
The dandelion bloom, alas!
No longer stars the wayside grass,
But folds away its yellow robes;
And now a myriad gauzy globes,
Gray gossamer ghosts, float everywhere,
Like bubbles blown along the air.

Dear home-like flower, which cheers away
The dusty path of every day,
Even death is kind to thee, and brings
Twin gifts of liberty and wings.
O peer of butterflies and bees,
Fair playmate of the wandering breeze,
Methinks I would rejoice to be
A free and fetterless ghost like thee!

No ghastly phantom, pale and stark,
Stalking reproachfully through the dark,
To fright the souls which held me dear,
And mourned my loss with tear on tear;
And yet, at last—so hard to bear
Are loneliness and dull despair—
Their pain of sore bereavement healed
With love more warm than ghosts can yield.

No spectre, bringing woe and dread,
To blanch from timid lips the red,
But such a gentle ghost as might
Unchallenged come in fair daylight,
Unsoiled by dust, unwet by dew,
In fearless freedom strange and new,
To sail serenely through the air
Uncaught, unlied, everywhere.

No fate were happier than to be
An evanescent ghost like thee,
A mild returner from the dead,
Which few could note and none would dread;
To visit, not in grief or gloom,
The scenes which saw my early bloom,
And mark how perfect and how fair
The world could be—and I not there!

Ah, happy flower, that smilest through
Thy three bright days of sun and dew,
And then, when time decrees thy doom,
Risest anew in rarer bloom,
A perfect sphere of daintiest white,
As soft as air, as still as light,
Leaving these earthly damps of ours
To seek, perhaps, the heaven of flowers!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

There's a Justice in London named Cockburn,
And a street that's denominated Holborn,
And according to rules
Of the best English schools,
These rhyme to a Place that's called Woburn.

Indiana spends nine millions annually on her schools, has school property worth twelve millions, and knows the least of any State in the Union.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } - - - - - Editors.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

We have no very high opinion of President Hayes as a statesman. He certainly could not have been considered a great warrior save in Ohio, and in Ohio, judging by what has been done, a reputation can be made in almost any line upon a very small capital. Yet the very qualities (or lack of quality) that have been characteristic of this President were precisely the qualities wanted at this juncture to produce a successful administration. The administration of President Hayes has been beyond question the most successful we have had for years, and the reason lies directly upon the surface, and is easy to see. What the nation wanted above all things at that time was absolute peace, and peace could only be had by leaving the South to take care of its own affairs without interference. A strong man in the presidential chair, no matter of what party, could not have done this. Any Republican President, with enough brains and force to maintain the respect of his party, would have interfered to some extent. He could not have avoided doing so if he had desired it; and whether he desired it or not the party would have compelled him. Any Democratic President letting the South alone, as Hayes has done, would have alarmed the North, and all parties in self-defense would have done something to disturb matters. In other words, the time had come when a weak man was wanted, and Providence or something else furnished him at the right moment. There are evils that sometimes beset a nation that nothing but time can cure. The bad effects of African slavery in the Southern States can not be remedied by any administration. They are grown into and are part of the every-day life and habits of the people. No legislation can do more than to put them into the way of being cured. Time must do the rest. And any administration that can bridge over even so short a period as four years, so that time can go on with its healing influence uninterrupted, is a useful administration, and confers a benefit upon the world at large, and this country in particular. And whether such a result is brought about by the strength or weakness of the Chief Magistrate is of no consequence. It is enough that it is brought about, and that we have four years elapse in which the South is made no worse—no harder to cure. If Mr. Hayes could be re-elected for a second term it would be a positive blessing to the country. This we suppose, however, is impossible, but let us pray that we may have one who at least will do as little harm as he.

In 1872 a great national party was created and kept together for a considerable season almost upon the sole issue of a single term for the Presidency. And at one time it looked as if Mr. Greeley would be elected to the Presidency upon that question. The Democrats, we believe, still hold to that doctrine; and Mr. Hayes, when the Republican candidate in 1876, thought so highly of it as a principle and as a popular party cry that he made his personal platform to embrace it, and was elected upon the single term pledge. Yet, in spite of these facts, there are certain influences in the Republican party apparently resolved not only to put aside the one-term principle, but to even abolish all restrictions upon the continuance of the Chief Magistracy in any named individual, and to make the effort to elect the same citizen to that office at least for a third term. Of course if they succeed in this movement there is an end to the long-established rule that two terms are the limit beyond which no citizen is to hold the office. Is the Republican party in favor of this change in the unwritten law of the land? Or is the clamor for the nomination of General Grant confined to his personal following, consisting of those who have held office under him? Can it be that the Republican party has fallen so completely under the domination of the mere place-hunter that the of its voting masses are stifled and those of contract-

ors and office-holders alone can be heard? Is this party prepared to admit that it has been reduced to the condition of having but one man capable of administering the affairs of the nation; or, to take the other view, has it but one available candidate? And is it willing to overthrow a cherished tradition of the nation, proceeding from the lips of Washington himself, in order to elect its favorite? This may all be; but we, at least, do not believe that matters have come to such desperate straits with the party that has elected every President for twenty years. We do not believe the Republican party is reduced to a single candidate for the Presidency, or even to a choice between a few named individuals. It has good men by the hundreds capable of polling the party strength, and that is all any man should be expected to do. The Republican party is not so attached to General Grant or any other man that it is willing for his sake to abolish the rule that no man is to be President more than twice. All of this is, we hold, assuming that the administration of Grant was creditable to him and beneficial to the nation, which many Republicans do not think. The point we make is that the people of the United States (and the Republican party make up the best part of that) do not want, and, at least in our time, will not have any man elected President three times. And we serve notice upon the office-holders, contractors, and distillers, who we believe are making this cry, that while it is easy enough for them, holding the party machinery as they do, to nominate General Grant for a third time, when the election comes around the result will be quite the other way. He will be defeated, and what is more they will learn that in putting up a candidate for a third term they had insured defeat in advance. We have no unkindly feeling toward General Grant. On the contrary, we pay and always have paid our full proportion of the debt of gratitude this nation owes him, besides other taxes not always so pleasant to pay going in the same direction, but the time has not come, and we hope it never will come, when, for any reason, any citizen must be elected to a third term as President; and, above all things, the time has not come when any particular citizen must be elected because no other fit person can be found. We do not pretend at this time to say whether the Republicans can elect the next President or not, but they certainly can not elect any body who has been President twice before.

The steady descent of politics in California, with the certainty that the government is going to the bad as fast as it can, should put this over-taxed community at least upon inquiry for a remedy. It seems to us that matters can only be improved by bringing over to the side of good government the wealthy men of the community. And these can only be induced to favor reforms by first making them secure in their acquisitions. There seems to be not the least doubt that our government has grown rapidly worse from the time when the corporations were first attacked through the Legislature. And the philosophy of this is easily enough understood by a little examination. From the moment that the Legislature began its attack upon corporations those aggregations of wealth were placed upon the defensive. They then put forth all their force to obtain control of the law-making power. The general interest they had in common with their fellow-citizens, for economical government and low taxation, was swallowed up in the face of the great peril that threatened their very existence. They have captured the government, and now hold it. But the effort to maintain the *status quo* absorbs all their energy, and leaves no balance to be applied in the direction of cheap administration and low taxes. Now it seems to us only too obvious that this fight of the people against corporations should be speedily brought to an end. If the people can not win it—and it is very apparent they can not—they had better either make an absolute peace, or at least agree to an armistice long enough to enable both parties to unite their forces against the thieves and tax-eaters now hanging about the public Treasury. We propose a truce to last five years, during which time the corporations, feeling secure in their existing franchises and privileges, are to turn their influence entirely to the securing of a sound, honest, and economical administration of State and municipal affairs. Let the people agree that for five years the rates of freight and fare on railroads shall not be interfered with; that water rates and the price of gas shall not be touched, or if changed they shall be raised; and that these corporations, in return for the advantages of peace, contribute a corruption fund of a certain agreed amount—not less, say, than \$250,000 a year—to elect good men to office where possible, and failing in that then to bribe the bad ones to act honestly during the then current term. A second fund might be made up in the same way to be used in keeping the press on the side of the people and good government. Of course, the organization of the lobby need not be interfered with materially. The same staff would be kept up; the rank and file could be put on half pay till the end of the truce. In a word, the lobby would be put on a peace footing, the regimental *cadre* would be maintained by having full sets of officers all the time in service and under full pay, but temporarily on the side of good government; the common soldiers, being on half pay, would be kept in sight and really under control of the chiefs, so that the entire lobby could be mobilized at a day's notice, in event of the truce coming to

an unexpected end, and ready to be massed and moved wherever needed to protect the corporations the same as now. This scheme would be far better for the corporations than the present system, as it makes them secure of their regular earnings. It would be better for the poor devils in office, who are now watched so sharply that it is becoming exceedingly difficult to steal anything of much value without being caught at it. Besides, it would be better for the people, who would have this advantage, that all the bribing and corrupting would be done in their interest instead of, as now, to their detriment. And we are inclined to think that the average office-holder—say, for example, a member of the Legislature—would vote for an honest measure for as small a sum, possibly for something less, than he would demand as an inducement to vote for a bad one. And again, if all the bribes were on the side of honesty and good government, what reason could arise for any man voting or acting badly? From \$250,000 to \$500,000 a year put into the hands of a judicious lobby would, in our judgment, make the people of the State almost irresistible. We, therefore, propose to the two parties to the struggle that a truce be called and this system be tried, satisfied as we are that a cessation of hostilities once had on the plan we have named will ripen into a perpetual peace.

It is with pleasure that we observe the changing attitude of Denis Kearney upon the question of capital and capitalists. A year ago he was roaring like a very Numidian lion about the "bloated and lecherous bondholders" and monopolists that were oppressing the people. Since a certain famous interview with a leading citizen, President of the Railroad, his roar has grown steadily less vociferous, and now, when he roars about capital and monopolies and corporations at all, he roars as mildly as any "sucking dove." He apparently desires the capitalists to know that, although he appears to be a lion, he is, as to them at least, not a lion, "but only Bottom, the weaver." We shall only say that we are glad to find the hero of the sand-lots so tractable. So long as he is on our side we shall not inquire into his motives. It is enough that he is with us. One year ago he waged war upon capital in every form, but especially upon capital invested in railroads and gas and water companies. He even threatened to lead his crowd of workmen up the sides of Nob Hill, and to destroy the elegant mansions that crown its aristocratic summit. The railroads were robbing labor of its earnings; the water and gas companies were oppressing the poor—all were enemies of the people, and should be visited with dire vengeance. The situation was alarming. We, as friends of all these interests, trembled for their very existence. But all this is changed, greatly to our relief. It is now pretty evident that the dominion of San Francisco has been divided between Kearney and the corporations. They are to be left alone, and he is to spend his force in capturing the City Hall. His war is directed against the Board of Supervisors and the city government. The only enemies labor now has prove to be those awfully bad fellows who keep the municipal offices away from Kearney, Wellock, and the Ward Vice-Presidents. Capital is no longer oppressing labor; labor has no more complaint to make against capital. Peace is declared between them. Murphy is now the people's foe because he draws \$5,000 a year that otherwise might come to that son of toil, Clitus Barbour. Bryant is far more wicked than any lecherous bondholder, for he keeps the horny-handed Wellock out of a \$7,000 or \$8,000 salary. The twelve Supervisors are more hateful than the water and gas companies both put together, for so long as they stay in office twelve patriots now laying brick or shoveling sand will continue to lay brick and to shovel sand—things not a little disagreeable to these twelve patriots. The monopolists that Kearney now rants about are Burnett, who monopolizes an office worth \$5,000 a year; and Maynard, who monopolizes another worth \$4,000; Mitchell, another monopolist of the same sort, and Taylor, also a monopolist, are specially odious at the sand-lot just about this time. But the Railroad, the Water Company, and the Gas Company have ceased to be subject to vituperation. We are glad to see this great change, because it is in the interest of true conservatism, and we are not disposed to look too sharply after the cause. Let Kearney carry the city and put his hungry pack into the offices made vacant by the defeat of the present incumbents, and we venture to say that the voice of Kearney howling against high salaries and official corruption will cease and be heard no more. Let us, then, support the Kearney ticket, for we are tired of hearing him. Let us give him office and stop his mouth.

Too late for any detailed description of our trip we returned from the railroad front in Arizona. Half way between Yuma and the Maricopa Wells, in the midst of a great desert, two thousand men are busy laying rails at the rate of two miles per day, pressing on for we know not where. The present objective point is Maricopa Wells, 160 miles east of Fort Yuma, and 408 miles from Los Angeles. As Maricopa Wells is a mere watering spot in the great desert of Arizona, we assume that the work is to be pushed further eastward, at first to Tucson, and then, we believe, to the Gulf of Mexico, thus giving us another transcontinental railroad.

AFTERMATH.

Another evidence that the pulpit is an obstructionist in the way of every practical reform that depends upon common sense for its success, are the sermons now being delivered in Boston by the Reverend Joseph Cook. The Reverend Joseph is a lineal descendant from the Joseph that escaped with torn garments from the seductive allurements of the wife of Potiphar. He very purposely resides in Boston, where there are no kindred temptations. His views, as expressed on the Chinese question, betray such profound and utter ignorance of the subject, such an amazing and stupid disregard of facts, and are such egotistical exhibitions of his own shallow self-complacency, that we cannot consent to attempt to seriously reply to them. If the Reverend Joseph Cook could be shut up in the house of the Reverend Otis Gibson with some of the Boston mission reformed Chinese women and converted Chinese men, it is our opinion that, while his virtue would be strengthened and his religious views encouraged, his estimate of Chinese virtue would undergo a serious modification, and he might be brought to the belief that other than moneyed considerations are involved in the Chinese question. Boston first had commerce in Africa, importing slaves. Public opinion in Boston re-manded negroes back to slavery. Mammon is God in Boston, and the Reverend Joseph Cook is one of Mammon's preachers. Boston is full of them.

In a monograph in the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety*, Dr. Geo. M. Beard asks: "Are drunkards automatons?" Dr. Beard is clearly of the opinion that they are. Some men, he says, are habitually drunk when near or on the sea, habitually sober when living inland. We know of similar instances of automatic inebriety. Smith is always drunk when he has money, sober when he has not. Jones drinks like a fish when he is out of jail, but when he is in, why, bless him! he would delight the soul of a Temperance crusader, but doesn't delight his own, for Jones prefers himself as drunk as he can get. Then there is Robinson who, when he is full of ice-water, is as steady as a head-stone, but fill him up with whiskey and he is just beastly! Yes, it is clear that drunkards are automatic; their condition is determined not altogether by their surroundings, but by those and the things which they surround.

Baron Liebig thought to gauge a nation's civilization by its consumption of soap per head of population, but it is now held that its consumption of paper is the better test, and in this respect the United States lead the world. We can not remember from day to day the amount of paper which Mr. Pickering says is used in printing the *Morning Call*, but whatever it is, it and the amount consumed in making kites ought to be deducted from our total. It is plain that neither kite-flying nor *Call*-reading does anything for civilization.

The counsel employed by the man who tried to kill King Umberto will make strenuous endeavors to prove him insane. This is the usual course also in England; several people have attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria, but they have all been adjudged insane; and, describing them as "harmless lunatics," the Government has commonly sent them in chains to some remote colony whence they never return. The Germans and Spaniards are not "educated up" to this practice, as yet. When a political opponent of the Emperor William fills the imperial body with duck shot, or a Spanish workingman, dissatisfied with his wages, and having a view to bettering his condition, spins a slug at King Alfonso, they take the fellow and kill him. At first blush this appears as wise as it is natural; but the other system has a distinct advantage in affirming as a political fact that only lunatics have an aversion to the sovereign.

We believe, as a rule, in the taste, judgment, tact, and literary skill of the men who make the emotional head-lines for the daily newspapers, but must protest that he of the *Call* is in error when he calls the death of a "late litigant" by strychnia a "Bloody Culmination of a Remarkable Suit!" It recalls the fate of the overthrown enemy of the merciless Irishman—who "put him to the sword wid me shillelah."

"When bad men combine," said Mr. Kearney, quoting from his fellow-statesman, the late Edmund Burke, "the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice, in a contemptible struggle"—and the great man, staggering in between Wellock and Carl Browne, threw an arm round each and defied a couple of newly painted wooden Indians, which the manufacturer had set outside to dry, to do their worst.

In all the countless "reminiscences" of the late Mr. Bayard Taylor with which the newspapers and magazines are teeming, we note a disposition to regard him as a great poet. Even so competent a judge as Mr. R. H. Stoddard has permitted his personal esteem to affect his literary sanity as to take this view of the matter. Now, Mr. Taylor was obviously not a great poet; less obviously, but not less truly, he was hardly a poet at all. He had all the poet's faculties but one—the poetic. He had a happy knack at versification—

that is to say, a true ear and an obedient vocabulary—a fancy that was three parts ingenuity, sound literary health, an artist's sense of the beautiful, and a notable adroitness in walking pretty close to the dead-line between sentiment and sentimentality without getting across. A fine example of his skill in this respect are his not unjustly celebrated lines entitled "The Song of the Camp." He is here actually on the line from beginning to end, but preserves his equilibrium with the skill of a trained wire-walker—an amazing and amusing performance.

If Mr. Taylor's own pen had not supplied abundant evidence of his lurking and evasive disability—to denote an idea incapable of expression by a phrase incapable of definition—and given us pretty constantly recurring glimpses of its nature, we should perhaps receive from Mr. Dan O'Connell the impression that the great traveler did not quite write poetry because he did not quite know what poetry is. If the lines of *Præd*, which Mr. Taylor assured Mr. O'Connell (*vide* a late ARGONAUT) were his favorite poem, commanded even his temperate admiration (it does not follow; there seems to have been a good deal of "drink before judgment"), he had a frank and forthright incapacity to distinguish poetry from the baser sorts of nonsense. Granting that Mr. Taylor really enjoyed that kind of things it was most imprudent of him to die before he had the happiness of reading Messrs. Stuart and Pollock, and Mesdames Windle and Corlett.

We should dislike to be understood as affirming an equality of merit between the work of these illustrious persons and that of *Præd*. Intrinsically those of *Præd* are no doubt a shade the better, but looked at in another way, the case is different. Considering who wrote them, the best of his are bad, and, considering who wrote them, the worst of theirs are astonishingly good! There is really no reason why a monkey should not manage a peanut as well as a man, but did any one ever fail to be surprised to see him do it? We confess it seems to us a sacred mystery and a heavenly miracle that these people can even write their names.

A receiver has been appointed for the *Bodie Standard*, on the application of the editor, Mr. Satan, who could not get on well with the business manager, Mr. Mammon. The former says that whenever he writes a beautifully malignant lie, which he loves for its intrinsic value as a work of art, the latter goes rustling round town with that gem in his hand, trying to make sordid souls believe it is a puff of their business, cunningly disguised to allure the unwary patron. One day the editor wrote: "Old Jabe Stetson, the knuckle-backed scare-crow of the mountain, was kicked out of the Missouri penitentiary for stealing, before he had served half his term." The business manager held that this was a veiled advertisement of Swelpmeggott & Co.'s ready-made clothing—wearing which, no man can appear either knuckle-backed or a scare-crow—and worried them for \$10. This coming to the knowledge of the editor, that gentleman publicly announced that he would have no more to do with "a cock-eyed and screw-mouthed miscreant whose wife founded the first hurdy-gurdy bell in Red Dog, and lost all her customers by the blind infatuation of dancing with them."

If the new Constitution is adopted, our foreign militia companies will no longer be permitted to carry the flags of the foreign countries against which they may some day be called upon to serve, alongside the flag of the country which now so profitably serves them. We regard this provision as eminently just and decent. Let our foreign-born population cherish for their native lands as much love as they will; but flags are not the insignia of love, but of loyalty.

There will be also an end of the Tax Collector thrusting his hand into the pockets of the native-born citizen for money to teach the foreign-born citizen his mother speech in the public schools, for if no State tax is levied for this pretty purpose it is hardly credible that any county will tax itself. San Francisco may do so in deference to the corner groceries, but we think not. The provision of the Constitution alone will bring the outrage into discredit, and hereafter Herr Fritz Schneddeker will have to instruct his callow brood at his own fireside by speaking less bad English and more bad German.

The New York *World* makes what it rightly calls a novel offer—namely, to publish a story in its columns by whomsoever among living American writers its subscribers may select by ballot. "No expense," says our contemporary, "will be spared in this matter, and our readers may feel assured that they will have a story from any American author whom they may select." The *World* promises, moreover, to keep everybody advised as to the state of the ballot from week to week. Well, we don't believe anything will come of it unless the writer of this paragraph should be the man selected. Any other famous novelist having such a "corner" as that would put up the price out of all proportion to the merit or value of the work. For example, should the choice fall upon the author of that surprising romance, "A Jew Boy Inverted" (which, appearing in the columns of a local daily, attracted such a favorable criticism from the trained literary

censors that cluster about the foot of Mt. Shasta (see bees about Hymettus), she would probably demand the head of this present writer on a charger. After all, we do not know if it would be an extraordinary demand: the head hasn't been worth much since the wreck of its faculties upon the unyielding mystery of that story.

We see it stated that when Sierra Nevada began to go up, Mr. Mackay bought a block of it for General Sheridan's twins, intending to surprise their papa with a gift to his darlings that would make his eyes protrude. The stock, unfortunately, went down before Mr. Mackay's information justified him in selling; and now the twins exalt their dimpled fists, and, in a thin infantile falsetto, swear that the deal was a dead open and shut swindle. "Out of the mouths of babes—" some rascally infidel has misplaced all those Bibles, and we can not complete the quotation.

Will our correspondents do us the favor when writing letters for publication to omit the customary compliment to the ARGONAUT, putting it in a separate letter. It can not possibly affect the fate of the contribution, in any case, and if the other matter is printed it will itself be assuredly cut out. Compliments which seem disinterested are as pleasant to us as to any one, but it surpasses our comprehension how an editor can not only be persuaded by them into publishing what he does not want, but can have the blind effrontery to display his shame, by printing the flattery along with the matter for which it "greases the slide." That it is a "custom of the press" is not sufficient; so is lying.

In California—a long remove from the original Thirteen Colonies—the traditions of the revolutionary war have not the vitality that characterizes them along the Atlantic seaboard, and on the whole it is perhaps as well that they have not; for, truth to say, they are of a somewhat narrow and reasonless nature. In Philadelphia, where the bell first rang for Independence, and where the world has not moved much since, it is natural that "the spirit of '76" should survive with scarcely diminished energy; but it is amusing to note particular methods of its manifestation which would seem ridiculous anachronisms here, and which are really not very dignified there.

The foregoing remarks were suggested by Colonel Foreney's new weekly paper, *Progress*. Up to the present time its mission seems to have been the overthrowing of the tottering thrones and effete dynasties of Europe, and the exaltation of the American eagle out of sight. Every department of the journal is religiously devoted to these certainly most patriotic objects, but with a zeal that seems to us out here more amusing than effective. In the issue before us, for example, the "crowned heads" are soundly and editorially beaten. In the European letter it is gravely complained that in London "the grocers label all their poorest cheese 'American.'" In another part of the paper an indignant patriot avers that in Paris the shopkeepers get unmounted American photographs "and paste them on cards bearing on their backs the names of Paris artists." A short time ago *Progress* attributed the failure of American ceramics to "British gold," employed in bribing the workmen to spoil the wares in baking.

All this is very amusing, but it has its value in marking the distinction between Eastern and Western modes of regarding outlying civilizations. According to the Eastern patriot the Old World, of whose culture, civilization, and progress ours is but a faint and glimmering reflection, is a land of darkness, where bandits conspire against the altar-fires of Western liberty. We of California are disposed to let them conspire in peace, while we turn our eyes, not backward to the sins of crazy old King George, but forward to the machinations of that fellow the Emperor of China. Our attitude, we protest, is the more dignified and business-like.

The sand-lot has bloomed and borne fruit. From its fertile soil there has issued a daily journal under the editorial control and management of William Wellock & Co. The first and only number that we have seen gives promises of being an important rival to the other established organs of the new party. The *Chronicle*, the *Post*, and the *Open Letter* must look to their laurels.

More than twenty persons in Verzegnes, Italy, have gone stark, staring mad, owing to sermons and pictures relating to hell, incident to a recent "revival." An Italian revival has another name than ours, and is not altogether the same in character, but in its results would seem to be about as satisfactory as those which Mr. Morse, author of the *Passion Play*, has had the happiness to attend.

General Howard, of Los Angeles, explains in the Constitutional Convention that he is not a bigot, although one of his ancestors was a hard-shell Baptist who believed hell was full of infants. What a revolting doctrine! Fancy a poor, innocent infant writhing and twisting in eternal flame, deprived of milk and paregoric, and forever disabled from becoming an ancestor of General Howard!

THE GIRLS' CHRISTMAS.

Time, December, 1868. Place, Valley of the Santa Clara, in what was then Santa Barbara, but is now Ventura County. Scene, a large room, in a rough, unfinished house; said apartment answering the various purposes of parlor, kitchen, dining-room, bed-room, living-room, store-room, and *granary* to the Jones family. Just now it is in possession of a group of merry girls, all talking at once, and making sufficient noise for four times their number.

There were the three Jones girls—Maude, Jennie, and Nettie—with Kate Crawford and Mary Wallace, representing the entire force of young ladies of the "Valley," and at this moment eagerly discussing the possibility of a Christmas tree in their colony.

"I tell you girls, it *must* be done," cried Nettie at last; it will never do to let our very first Christmas in this Valley pass unnoticed."

"I second your motion," exclaimed Mary, eagerly, "and here's my hand on any and every plan of yours;" whereupon the two friends vigorously shook hands.

"But, girls," interrupted Maude, the elder and one of the more cautious of the quintet, "you know we have so little material with which to work. Think of having a tree, and nothing to put on it. You know there will be nothing in the line of Christmas goods at the Mission; Santa Barbara is forty miles from us; and we have literally *nothing*."

"Maude is right," said Kate. "I am sure we would fail in any such enterprise."

"Fail!" chorused Nettie and Mary, spiritedly. "We have stricken that cowardly word from our vocabulary."

"But screw your courage to the sticking point and you'll not fail," quoted Jennie, dramatically.

"Of course we will not," replied Nettie; "and as for presents, just look here"—standing up on her chair and waving a large piece of scarlet flannel over her head. "Who wants anything nicer for a present than a neat *pin cushion*? Now, here is material for just thirty-six—the number of bachelors in this Valley by actual count. Now, I propose to make my share of thirty-six red flannel pin cushions, and every lonely bachelor heart in this Valley shall be gladdened with one on Christmas night!"

Here she was interrupted by shouts of applause and approval; and each one, stimulated by Nettie's example, agreed to do her part toward making the tree a success.

Nettie, then producing a pair of scissors and proceeding to dextrously form hearts, diamonds, and other standard forms for a pocket pin cushion, soon had the entire thirty-six ready for thread and needle and bran stuffing.

Three years before the time of which we write, this valley of El Rio de Santa Clara was one unbroken field of mustard, whose acres were traversed by large herds of cattle, and whose stillness was seldom broken, save by the voice of some vaquero as he galloped along swinging his *riata* and caroling some Spanish love song.

At that time this especial grant was purchased by Mr. G. Briggs, of San Francisco, who divided it into homesteads, and soon sold it to home-seekers from the northern portion of the State. Of course, everything was new and frontier-like. Only the year before the one of which we write had the plow for the first time broken the quiet surface of the virgin soil. But happy homes were giving promise of rapid formation from this chaos; and our small circle of girls desired to do their part toward the sociability of their isolated colony by these Christmas festivities under consideration.

There was no house in the Valley large enough for any gathering of people, therefore our heroines had decided upon a place known as the "Oil Works." This was situated three or four miles from the Valley, up a lovely and romantic cañon. Here had been built, some years before, extensive works for gathering the oil which flows from various springs in the adjacent mountains. The project had been abandoned, and the "works" had fallen into disuse, being occupied only by the overseer. This gentleman had kindly offered our venturesome young ladies the use of any or all of the buildings, and they had graciously accepted his offer. Brothers and bachelor friends were recruited—either by enlistment or draft—into the service of these determined maidens, and everything was going swimmingly toward success. Just "one thing needful"—or the want of it—caused them much inconvenience. There was in all the Valley just one light "spring wagon," which, with a pair of dashing horses, was the property of an extremely modest and diffident bachelor. Aside from this "turn-out" all riding must be in the heavy, jolting, farm wagons.

December 24th found everybody in our colony making eager preparations for this coming event of the year. Many a fair chicken and lordly gobbler had offered his highly-prized head to the sanguinary axe. Golden pumpkin pies by the score smiled and ogled each other upon various pantry shelves in the different farm-houses. Our "committee"—as they had dubbed themselves—had made two or three trips to the "Oil Works" to complete their preparations there, and to-day were *en route* for San Buenaventura—or the "Mission," as it was called—to make some final arrangements.

"Oh!" groaned Nettie, as they jolted along in their hard, springless wagon, "if we could only be so fortunate as to get a ride in that nice little wagon belonging to that bashful John Stone."

"What nonsense," remonstrated her eldest sister; "why he would faint at the *thought* of a petticoat in his wonderful wagon."

At this moment the object of their solicitude appeared, with his neat little "turn-out," and drove rapidly past them, never venturing a glance at the owners of the eyes which followed him so enviously.

"Girls," said Kate, quietly, "I have a presentiment that we *will* ride in that wagon before Christmas night."

"That is some of Kate's Scotch second-sight, let us hope," said Mary.

"Well," said Nettie, after a moment's thought, "I'll register my solemn vow to this effect: We *will* ride in that wagon before Christmas night."

"How will that happen?" they all questioned eagerly.

"Strategy, me boy," said Nettie, mysteriously.

The girls traveled around all day, visiting the few stores of the Mission, trying to select something desirable from the

meagre assortment. Finally, tired and hungry, they were just stowing themselves away in the wagon, ready for the home trip, when there was seen approaching a gentleman friend—with whom, by the way, Nettie had been seen early in the day in close conversation—nearly dragging by the arm our bashful bachelor.

Jennie had but just time to ejaculate: "Girls, there comes Joe Gaylord, as I live, leading John Stone like a lamb to the slaughter," when the pair arrived, one flushed and triumphant, the other covered with blushes.

"Ladies," flourished Gaylord, grandly, "permit me to present Mr. Stone, who most kindly desires to tender you the use of his horses and wagon, and himself as driver, during your Christmas festivities."

Poor Stone blushed and stammered, and seemed to desire above all earthly things only a loophole for escape; but the merciless Gaylord held him relentlessly to the front while the committee bowed its thanks, and Nettie, as chairman, accepted with much formality his unsolicited offer, winding up her speech with: "Then, Mr. Stone, I presume you to expect us to be ready for you bright and early Christmas morning, and we will certainly not keep you waiting."

Stone bowed in speechless misery at thus finding himself "in for it," as he afterward expressed it to Gaylord, while our committee rode off with their mouths crammed full of handkerchiefs, shawl corners, veils, etc.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Eight o'clock found our committee cosily ensconced in the famous little wagon, with poor Stone a martyr to their smiles. Nettie and Mary had managed to seat him next to Kate, who was herself bashful and quiet, and all but the two most interested in the little game testified their appreciation of the situation by smiles and sly glances.

"I wonder if Kate's 'second sight' revealed that our driver would speak on this trip," whispered Jennie, as the pair on the front seat rode silently along the lovely cañon road.

"If she was told any such nonsense I proclaim her familiar spirit a false prophet," answered Maude, "for here we are at our journey's end."

They found the oil works at the base of an almost vertical mountain of rugged rocks, in one of the most romantic little dells in California. There were several buildings, rude, but comfortable, containing from one to two or three rooms apiece. In one large, long room, which they had previously decorated with evergreens and scarlet berries, they had already arranged their table. Another, likewise ornamented, answered the purpose of general sitting room, and in a third was the tree, carefully hidden from prying eyes.

The committee took possession of this last room, and, with locked doors, through which access was gained only by mysterious knocks and whispers, proceeded to decorate the tree. Ere long wagons began to arrive, bringing the Valley dwellers almost *en masse*, for a regular "day of it," as they joyously expressed it.

A committee of matrons arranged the dinner, which was finally announced about three o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Elton led the procession that filed in, and took his assigned place at the head of the table, while the company arranged themselves up and down the long tables. Fully one hundred and fifty persons sat down to the feast, and bowed their heads while Mr. Elton pronounced a "grace" exasperatingly prolonged, to the minds of the hungry ones of the company. Such a dinner as was spread smilingly before them, waving its savory incense to their grateful nostrils! Roasts of turkeys, chickens, ducks, immature pigs, with pies, cakes, puddings, and other things too appetizing to mention to ears of the hungry.

It was quite dark when they finally arose from the table, and were invited by the "committee" into the mysterious room where lurked the tree. Such shouts of delight as went up from the delighted crowd, at this marvel of the skill of Santa Claus, fairly startled the mountain echoes from their hidden lairs.

The tree itself was a lovely little mountain cedar, brought from far up in the mountains by some enthusiastic gentlemen assistants. Nothing could be lovelier than its dark green branches towering far up into the roof-angle of the ceilingless room.

In lieu of tapers candles had been cut up and arranged on the branches. Festoons of snowy pop-corn gleamed and coquetted in the greenness. Home-made candy bags hung in studied negligence. Thirty-six well filled scarlet flannel pin cushions were arranged for the best effect. There were home-made presents, brought in by different ones for their loved ones; home-made dolls, for eager little girls; a rag baby, for one misanthropic old bachelor; two more for a childless and fun-loving pair—the husband having slyly procured one and labeled it for his wife, who had previously secretly done the same thing for her liege. These, and scores of things besides, were all taken from the tree by the committee and delivered to their owners amid screams of laughter and applause. At last the tree was stripped, the pop-corn devoured—when suddenly was heard the squeak of a violin, which instrument was the only music-maker in the colony.

Instantly the bachelors made an attack on the tree, carried it outside, and soon had the floor cleared for dancing. Then an enthusiasm seized upon the crowd. Grave, elderly men clasped the hands of their own, or some other men's, wives, and escorted them to a place in a "set." A staid Presbyterian elder so far forgot himself as to offer his arm to a Methodist sister, and soon had her whirling around after the fashion of giddy youth.

Boots too heavy for dancing were pulled off and put in one corner, while the excited owners "tripped it" in their socks. Such leaps, and capers, and pigeon wings as were made by feet long unused to obey the musician's call. Verily, the sounds wrung from that ancient violin seemed the "music of the spheres" to attendant ears.

As the rain had commenced falling soon after dark the company were really compelled "to make a night of it;" but with the coming of the "wee sma' hours" the enthusiasm began to lag to a degree. One at a time the revelers dropped off, and sought a bench here, a lounge there, a table in some other corner, and converted it into a bed. Adjoining the dancing room was a very cosy little sitting room, furnished with some rude benches, a table, and a cheerful fire. Hither Kate repaired near daylight, and, too tired to be critical, "played" one of the benches was a bed, dropped down

upon it, *sans* pillow or bed-clothes, and in a moment was sound asleep.

She slept heavily until sunrise, when awakening with a start, she found under her head a pillow formed of a gentleman's dress coat, and on her bed a coverlet which was in the habit of doing duty on all other occasions as an overcoat.

Looking up in surprise, she found the only occupant of her improvised bed-room to be their friend John Stone, who sat by the stove, minus coat, his arms folded on the table, and his head on his arms, sound asleep. The fire was nearly out, and the room quite cool; so rising softly, she timidly placed one coat over the sleeper, put the other on the table, and silently withdrew.

The company breakfasted on the fragments of the dinner, with the addition of hot fragrant coffee; then set-out on their homeward trip. One of the last wagons to leave the scene was Stone's with its occupants. Again the fun-loving girls had arranged Kate's seat next to the driver's, and, a heavy shower overtaking them, she found herself the holder of an umbrella for their mutual protection, while the others sheltered themselves under two more in the back seat and bottom of the wagon. The "first seat" again made the trip in silence, but those in the rear amply atoned for it with their sleepy jokin'.

Time passed, and the first Christmas tree had passed into a happy memory. The thirty-six grateful recipients of scarlet pin cushions were drawn out of their shells as it were to mingle more in general society. Surprise parties gradually assumed size and regularity. The farm wagons were brought into requisition, and moonlight drives and serenades instituted. And thus was fulfilled the mission of Nettie's piece of red flannel. It was noticed by the more observing ones that the only spring wagon in the valley was seen oftener than mere courtesy demanded wending its way toward Kate's home. It became a regular thing for the span of shining bays to stand every Sunday afternoon tied to Father Crawford's hitching-post, while their reticent owner and Kate were exchanging a silent communion in the house. Or she was seen riding behind them—not alone, either—to meeting, or a mere drive that had no definite point.

No one could ever imagine how it came about with this quiet pair, for they were never heard to address each other save in the merest monosyllables or briefest sentences. But it did come about in some way, without doubt, for when the next Christmas night arrived John and Kate were missing from the valley festivities. In fact, they were quietly married in the morning and started on a bridal tour to San Francisco.

"What a fortunate pair," said Joe Gaylord, when the wedding was announced; "there will never be any quarreling in their family. But how *did* they manage to ride into matrimony?"

"Oh! Kate *talked* him into it," replied Nettie.

SAN JOSE, January 27, 1879.

INGLE.

The Dead Student.

One of the most remarkable funerals ever seen anywhere was that of a student who was shot a few weeks ago in Wurzburg, Bavaria, by an officer of the City Guard. He was arrested while on a lark, and, attempting to run from his captors, was deliberately shot in the back at close quarters. Great public commotion followed, the general aversion of the German people to the insolence of the military being stimulated by this act to the highest pitch. A mass meeting was called, at which a petition and address to the Government were adopted, demanding the severest punishment for the "frivolous and brutal assassination." The funeral was attended by nearly one thousand students and by the entire faculty of the university. The body had been lying in state in the hospital during the day, and as darkness set in it was borne forth with funeral music, followed by the long procession of students, bearing torches and flags draped in mourning. It was carried slowly through the main streets of the city to the railway depot, where a special train was waiting to convey it to the home of the young man's parents. The return of the procession was through the streets along which the student had taken his way on the fatal night. Opposite the main garrison, to which the officer who had shot the student belonged, the procession came to a halt and formed a hollow square, in the middle of which the standard bearers, with their draped flags, stationed themselves. Then, while the flickering torches cast fantastic shadows over the plaza, the famous song, of which a correspondent at Marysville has kindly sent us the following translation, was sung:

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

Come, be gay while yet we may,
Darker days betide us;
Youth goes by with joy and gladness,
Age comes on with care and sadness,
Then the earth will hide us.

Where are they who ere our day
Revealed happy-hearted?
Some to realms of light supernal,
Some to Stygian shades infernal—
All are now departed.

Life as brief as fading leaf
Fast away is fading;
Death comes rapid rushing on us,
Lays his icy hand upon us,
No more mortal sparing.

With the last words of this student song all hurled their torches simultaneously to the ground, and in darkness and silence the multitude dispersed.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, February 9, 1879.

Bean Soup.
Fried White Bait.
Broiled Chicken. Saratoga Potatoes.
Asparagus. Green Peas.
Roast Mutton. Mint Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Whip Cream. Sponge Cake.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Bananas, and Oranges.
To MAKE A FINE WHIP CREAM.—Half a pound of powdered sugar, juice of two lemons, one gill sherry. Mix and add one pint of thick rich cream. Set on ice, whip to a strong froth, and serve in glasses.

To MAKE BEAN SOUP.—See No. 26, Vol. I.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in poverty, except being ashamed of it.

INTAGLIOS.

Asbes of Roses.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When Love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

Lament.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted;
My last good night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake;
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to the dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Stay for me there! I shall not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise, nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed her drowsy gale;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which, to thee, I swiftly glide.

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield;
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! My pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;
And slow however my marches be,
I shall, at last, sit down by thee.

The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime! 'I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part.

Naughty.

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted I couldn't resist.
Roguish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance.
"If kisses were wicked?" I asked my pet;
Then the eyes began to dance.

And smiling, the little maid answered,
As I knelt there at her feet:
"They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."

The Old Cartoon.

In an ancient church in the city of Rome,
Far up in the grand and lofty dome,
The master hand of an artist had traced
Cartoon, which should never have been defaced.
The sun that stole through the turret blinds
Had faded the colors and marred the designs;
And dust, like a veil, gathered thick and fast,
And hid from the present the work of the past.
And the thronging people who worship below,
And the priests who are wont to come and go,
Ne'er dream, as they gaze on the wall so high,
Of the rare beauties that hidden lie.
But a painter, one day, enwrapped in thought,
On the dingy wall an outline caught,
And guessed that under the dust and mould
Lay the work of some of the artists old.
And when he had swept the dust away,
And freely let in the light of day,
The magic brush in his skillful hand
Retouched into life the pictures so grand;
And they flooded the chapel with radiance bright,
Till it seemed almost like a holy light;
And the people, delighted, laughed and wept,
To think that the walls such a prize had kept.

So all around in this world of ours
Are beautiful characters fairer than flowers,
That need but the touch of a helping hand,
And a pitying love that will understand,
To clear the rubbish and wrong away,
And raise to the life of an endless day.

January.

O Winter! Frozen pulse and heart of fire!
What loss is theirs who from thy kingdom turn
Dismayed, and think thy snow a sculptured urn
Of death! Far sooner in midsummer fire
The streams than under ice. June could not hire
Her roses to forego the strength they learn
In sleeping on thy breast. No fires can burn
The bridges thou dost lay where men desire
In vain to build.

O Heart, when Love's sun goes
To northward, and the sounds of singing cease,
Keep warm by inner fires, and rest in peace;
Sleep on content, as sleeps the patient rose,
Walk boldly on the white, untrodden snows;
The winter is the winter's own release.

Middle Age.

All over! Ay, I look at mine own hand,
That quite has lost the lissom grace of youth,
But, if its living pulse I understand,
Fit yet to hold its own for love or truth;
Scarce meet for pretty pledge or kiss of lover,
Yet fond and firm for clasping in another.

Over and done! I sit before the glass,
Drawn full into the sunshine's ruthless glare;
I see the crowfoot where the soft bloom was,
The silver threads set in the bright brown hair;
My mirror never flashed me beauty back,
So now, perchance, I have the less to lack.

And yet for all it's over, in the face
That gazes sad and patient back on me,
I fancy love might read some quiet grace,
Some touch of matron calm serenity.
The eyes that live on children's life for years
Gain something surely from their smiles and tears.

Must it be over? One by one they flash
To their own place, these cherished stars of ours,
During the storm in courage blind and rash,
Seeing no serpent coiled among the flowers;
Leaving us stranded on the lonely shore,
Where the long waves chant, "Never, never more."

They will not, may not, can not come again;
The bond is snapped, and the great current sweeping
Each little boat on to the mighty main,
Over each barrier in its fury leaping,
Bears them in its resistless might along,
For wreck or haven, gain, loss, prize, or wrong.

For us, t all is over; though sometimes
We feel old power pulse our being yet.
"Past, past!" the voice of Fate around us chimes,
Past, aim and dream, vain struggle, or regret!
Put by the mirror, let the hand alone,
The last card has been dealt, the game is done.

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each.



Every stage manager should study Hoyle. The amount of common sense which underlies a well-played game of cards might, if bestowed upon other diversions, make our recreations rational. Indifferent players call it luck. The old stagers call it Hoyle. In either case, Hoyle has a clearness of judgment in the matter of trumps from which there is no appeal. A woman will cling to her trumps to the bitter end. So will a stage manager. So will a famous star. He leads off with a big mistake. He (or she) fancies himself to be the biggest trump. (There's a sentence for the *Atlantic Monthly* to have a spasm over in the interest of the new pronoun.) The public, with singular unanimity, never agree with him. "The play's the thing" to catch the fancy and the favor. People go out of curiosity to see an actor but once. That curiosity is satisfied in half an hour. Then they devote themselves to the play and to the manner of playing it. When they have seen both the man and the play many times, they have not even the original impelling force of curiosity. Why did not Mr. John Raymond produce *My Son* two weeks ago? He might have spared himself many execrations of California, its people, and their taste. After all, the taste which rejected *Risks* should not be impugned. We have declined better plays than *Risks* without thanks. *My Son* is something altogether different. It is the little heart-history of a plain German household. It is the dramatization of an ideal. It contains in its plot neither bigamy, murder, nor adultery. Hence, it is not French. Neither politics, railroad speculation, nor backwoodsman. Hence, it is not American. Its action is played almost entirely upon the hearthstone. Its major chord is the blind idolatry of a father for his son. It is not a rare thing, excepting that it is generally the mother who loves in this way rather than the father. But women are always at the feet of some idol. It is too ordinary an occurrence to be dramatic without an infinity of accessories. In effect, women are always worshipping. Men are submitting to be worshipped. When they change from passive to active they become dramatic, and are embalmed in works and plays. In the new play "Herr Weigel" is a retired shoemaker. "My son" is a gentleman of elegant leisure, spending the retired shoemaker's money after the fashion of the *jeunesse dorée*. It is always just such a father who loves just such a son in this mad, unreasonable way. It is ever the ambition of the low-born prosperous man to make a gentleman of his son. When he has venerated him to the full extent of his purse, he admires the vaneer as much as he loves the boy. It is always a pitiful case, for it is always an affection thrust back upon itself.

"Vain love is long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And waits on hope until it starves to death."

Mr. Raymond, the most eccentric of eccentric comedians, has grasped the character of "Herr Weigel;" albeit, that it is far out of his usual line. He has abandoned, for the nonce, his broadest mannerisms. Many who felt themselves in duty bound to laugh have stayed the laugh. If they had wept, his "Herr Weigel" would have been a masterpiece. As it is, it is a gem in the rough. But it is in the rough; it lacks completeness, finish. Even now it is least appreciated where it is best played. The contrasts of the last act are sufficiently striking without the art of the actor. A man is cast from opulence to want. In the first act he is a "Bom-bastes Furioso," and lives in plenty; in the last, he is a weak and bowed old man, withered by time, bent by misery, working on a cobbler's bench by day, sleeping on a straw-pallet by night. An audience never pretends to resist an appeal of this kind. But the best scene for "Herr Weigel" is the little interview with his son at the breakfast-table. Mr. Wells, by the way, as "My boy, my son, my Leopold," comes to the breakfast-table in primrose kids. Later, he calls his sister a "se-gash-us" girl. Yet, for all, he is rather a fair specimen of the spirited prodigal son as he sits in languid disgust opposite the poor old man, whose heart and bank account he is likely to break. Disillusion is the most exquisite pain in the "fever of living." The old shoemaker suffers in silence under the hard, ungrateful words of the son for whom he has done so much. But the heart is full. Mr. Raymond's face is not naturally mobile, but he was at his best in this little bit, however long and loud the applause of the after scene. The company has not before appeared so advantageously. Miss Prescott was relieved from melodrama. The advantage was mutual. As a happy, hearty fraulein singing a pretty song and reveling in a fund of animal spirits, she is an improvement on the Miss Prescott we know. Indeed, the little picture of the German family is quite a happy one. Miss Grace Pierce turned back her long, loose black locks with a "round comb," put on a short frock, and capered around as merrily as a cricket. How they do utilize her. Two weeks ago she stood in the same spot, with whitened locks and wrinkled face, and played the *grande dame*. Miss Lottie Cobb as the third sister is lackadaisical and romantic. There is always one such in a family of girls. Mr. Felix Morris as the music-master looked as Dutch as a dike. This little man has really a wonderful knack in transforming a face which would seem to be as unchangeable as a ship's figure-head. But his idea of the comedy of the part was rather extraordinary. He constantly appeared and disappeared in a jumping-jack sort of a way, plying an imaginary piano. Fortunately, he played all his melodies in the air. Yet I think I have read somewhere of the "after-air." Music-masters are a queer lot, but they never

do anything like this; nothing satisfies them but noise. As for playing in the air, no one does that but spiritualistic humbugs. Also, perhaps, little girls who have not yet made life a misery to those around them with a real piano.

Talking of noise, I had a foreboding the other night at the Bush Street Theatre that the performance would be a fiasco. A terrible and utterly irrelevant clatter was raised at the wings. A prodigious noise is the first, last, and only resort of a bad minstrel. I hoped against fear that Goodwin would sustain his reputation. And he did. He is indisputably a clever comedian. A man must be an extraordinarily clever comedian to shine in such a mass of flatulent nonsense as the "collaborated farrago," and Goodwin does shine. Unhappily he shines alone. There is no one else in the troupe who has any talent for anything whatever. Eliza Weathersby is rather a pretty, bright-faced little woman. She sings a song only fairly. She dances stiff-kneed. She does not compare with Alice Atherton, over the way; nor with little Ella Chapman; while Searle and Singer are both vocalists, which she is not. What made her reputation—which is really enviable? Yet withal she is rather pleasing, being brisk and blithe. Also, she dresses well. That green costume, with its lace and silver pendant, was remarkably pretty. She would be a great favorite if she did anything. Miss Elma Delaro is what the Scotch would call a "sonsie lass." She is a picture of vigorous health. She has a bright, sparkling face, and a weak and partly-cultivated voice. She has an absolute talent for the selection of pretty music. Other talent she has not. But, like Eliza Weathersby, she has a genuine desire to please, and can not, therefore, be displeasing. Miss Jennie Weathersby is a heroine. Judging from her voice and her immature style, she must be a young girl. But she sacrifices all the blushing graces of girlhood—for youth is beautiful—and transforms herself into an old maid, of hideous appearance. Hideous in this instance is a mild word. With her appearance as a ballet girl in yellow calico pantalets the climax of the fun in the "collaborated farrago" is reached. It is funny beyond words to describe. People laughed till they wept, then they stopped and thought about it, and laughed some more. It helped out a great many bad jokes afterward. Every one came out grinning broadly. Every one said it was a fine entertainment. And yet we had all laughed at nothing but the ballet girl and Goodwin. He is indisputably a clever and capital mimic. His imitation of Booth was the worst I have seen. His imitations of Frank Mayo, Joseph Jefferson, and, above all, of John Raymond, are the best. Raymond is particularly difficult to imitate, but Goodwin does it so nearly that he actually looks like the great eye-water man as he speaks. He has a particularly neat way of finishing up his imitations with the characteristic walk of the actor imitated. That queer, dragging step of Jefferson's was wonderfully natural; so, also, was "Davy Crockett's" lounging step. His really best imitation was that of Crane; in voice, gait, action, and frequently in facial expression, he was Crane to the life. This imitation he sustains throughout the entire performance. One is sure to wonder afterward what all the laughing was about. One laughs a great deal after nine o'clock; but they should omit the farce, and cut out the first half of *Hobbies*, to make the evening thoroughly enjoyable. Is there any one in town who has not been told that Goodwin is only twenty-two? The newspapers have all published a line to tell that he is "only twenty-two." Men button-hole each other in the street to say that Nat Goodwin is "only twenty-two." Knots of maidens emerge from the matinees whispering "only twenty-two." There is a faint echo of "twenty-two" going around the theatre between the acts. Mr. Nat Goodwin committed a very creditable action in having been born only twenty-two years ago; but what is to become of him when he is twenty-three?

Evangeline pursues the even tenor of its way to good houses. The advent of the "Froliques" has shown what really clever people there are in Rice's party, and what a lot of them there are, too. Next week will be their last. The programme will be changed almost nightly. We shall have *Robinson Crusoe* once more, with Alice Atherton in her beautiful white goat skin; and Willie Edouin shall be "Friday," and will be great again. We shall have the *Babes in the Wood*, with the pretty little tragedy in bird life. We shall have a chapter or two of *Horror*, and then good-bye.

Clara Morris! That means big houses and full money boxes. Who else could flit back and forth like a will-o'-the-wisp and draw crowds in a tri-sected engagement. Perhaps we are to have a new play next week, for Miss Morris has gone through her *repertoire*; but it is not announced.

At the California the tropical, black-eyed Rose Eytonge as "Cleopatra." She imports an "Antony." Now for a season of Egyptian splendor, a scenic revel, a spectacular tragedy.

BETSY B.

Christine Nilsson's winter costume is thus described—we hope incorrectly: "An extra coat made of diagonal cloth by a tailor, in every way (except suitable to a woman's figure) like a man's coat, with cutaway tails, or, as it is called in old-fashioned parlance, the shad-bellied coat. It buttons across the breast, and under is seen the waistcoat to match, with the usual vest pockets, across which the watch chain is slung. Standing shirt collar, plain starched linen shirt front, neck-tie with a horseshoe pin stuck in it—it only needs the neat little side whiskers to make the horsey get-up complete. Naturally the below part presented a difficulty in the matter of assimilation to the masculine model; but Nilsson had found her way out to her own satisfaction. She wears no petticoats whatever, but buckskin breeches; and over this is a plain, untrimmed skirt of plaid, or gray goods, so tightly drawn backward that her lower limbs are almost as clearly defined as a man's are in trousers. A tweed hat, or a beaver, is the headgear. For evening dresses the all-black broadcloth, with white tie, is assumed; for morning and traveling, a rough pea-jacket and a shirt of coarse texture."

Old Ike stood shivering and eyeing the thermometer for a few moments, and then running his head into the door of the store in front of which it hung said: "Boss, dis wedder indicator out heah is liable to force a man to buy a warmer ovahecoat if it hangs upside down much longah. De stuffin' in it done gone down into the cellar, an' ef you don't come out and take it in it'll freeze up an' bust, shuah; case de longah it hangs dar de coler it am gittin' out doahs. I'se a noticin' hit close."

THE GREAT JEW'S-HARP DISPUTE.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In a recent issue of a paper published in this city, there appeared the following basely fabricated testimonials:

January 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. MOSES:—Your Jew's-harp is the only one that I consider a perfect instrument. I especially admire the Moses Jew's-harp for its thorough bass, its second bass, and short stop. My opinion on this subject is shared by all my musical friends.

Yours most truly,

NAN THE NEWSBOY.

The above certificate speaks for itself, but I think it advisable to append the report of the jury on Jew's-harps at the Philadelphia Exhibition:

MOSES' JEW'S-HARP.

For Overstrungness.....	102
" Dominant qualities.....	102
" Sub-dominant qualities.....	102
" Pink-dominant qualities.....	102
Average, 102 out of a possible 100.	

(Signed.) Ed. Hanslick, F. Gevaert, H. Hilton, Klappa, Judges.

KEOKUK, Iowa, December, 29, 1878.

SWEET MR. MOSES:—We could not leave without bearing testimony to the surpassing beauty and exquisite tone of the Moses Jew's-harp. We can say, and we say it boldly, that in the whole course of our lengthened musical experience in Europe, Irup, Orup, and Stirup, we never played on a more charming instrument. We feel assured that Her Royal Nib's Hopera Co. could not have achieved success without the aid of the Moses Jew's-harp, and we may add that the diminuendo of the dominant, sub-dominant, and pink dominant are absolutely unapproachable in their character. The carved legs and overstrungness especially fit it for the tongue and drawing-room; and be assured, Mr. Moses, that no other Jew's-harp but yours shall ever be used by us. Believe us always, beloved Mr. Moses, very sincerely yours, (Signed.) Oliiri, Napoleon Campana, Smith, Sparghetti, Riccadonna, Moretti, Martinelli, Adelina Patti, Bartolo Campobello, A. Ricardo, Eucalyptus Ornithorhynchus, Michelo Mulligani, A. von Beethoven, Guglielmo Bircho, Pazza Bolivar, Muldoono (il solido), Giovanni Cbelli, Georgio Francisco Locomotivo.

Now I wish to say just so much as this. The artists named above always used only *my* harps in all their performances in front of the leading lager beer saloons, and I can show where they have signed their marks to this effect, and I can also give the signatures of the proprietors of the beer saloons, who will testify that my matchless instruments were alone used in front of their places. Permit me to give the report of the judges at the Philadelphia Exhibition. The judges heard them performed upon in a Lager Bier and Wein Keller, just outside the Exhibition grounds, and immediately agreed to give the following report if the performers would withdraw:

SOLOMON NIBS' JEW'S-HARPS.

For the singing qualities of the aggrafe bar.....	102½
For the durability of the burglar alarm attachment.....	102½
For the extreme sweetness of the cow-bell register.....	102½
For elasticity, pertainacy, and mendacity of the tongue combined.....	102½
Average 102½ out of a possible 100.	

Signed by all the judges.

Please publish the above in your valuable paper.

Yours respectfully,

SOLOMON NIBS.

To those of our readers familiar with French literature the following brief private judgments of M. Leon Gozlan on some of his contemporaries may possibly be not unamusing; they are certainly not wanting in point:

Alfred de Musset—Lord Byronet.
Henry Murger—Polyte Musset.
Prosper Mérimée—Stendhal in jelly.
Hugo—Grand and minute, a Michael Angelo Meissonier.
Renan—The sweetest of cruel men: Fénelon Strauss, author of *The Life of Jesus*.
Mme. de Girardin—The muse of the country set up as a milliner in the Rue Vivienne.
Lamartine—Psalm-singing voluptuary. Will be canonized as St. Alphonse de Parny.
Méry—Marseillais Gascon, who declares that I never was in the East Indies because he (who never was there himself) did not meet me there.
Chateaubriand—Narcissus of the Dead Sea or Jordan; weeping but not blind Homer reading the Iliad in a Bible binding; sort of St. Christopher who makes Christ carry him.
Guizot—Once upon a time I met on a Swiss glacier an eloquent Englishman speaking French. If not Guizot, who could it have been?
Thiers and Scribe—What a great historian Adolphe Scribe is? And what a wonderful vaudevilliste Eugene Thiers is?
Michelet—A woman's voice, a child's voice; complaints, sighs, cries of distress. I am moved, and rush to the sufferer's assistance, when a man, supple and strong, seizes me by the throat and strangles me. It is a thief—it is an assassin—it is Michelet?
Louis Veullot—Fish peddler: "Here's your nice fresh geniusees!" Hold your nose as he passes.

This is the kind of "personal paragraphs" now favored by our Eastern contemporaries with respect to "Genial John." At the time that John's relations with the late Mr. Ralston began Mr. Mackay's "recommendation" would have had less weight than now; and we suspect that Mr. McCullough's pecuniary obligations were assumed, not so much by indorsing the banker's paper as by indorsing his own: "Mackay, of Nevada, the bonanza king, took a liking to John B. McCullough, and recommended him to Ralston, the San Francisco banker; a theatre was placed in McCullough's hands, and made him rich. Ralston, however, in his last desperate days, obtained indorsements from McCullough, and when Ralston died John McCullough was in debt fifty thousand dollars. People told him to repudiate, on the ground of Ralston's fraud. 'No,' said he, 'Ralston was my friend; I'll pay it all.' He is bravely doing it; and under the elevating influence of such a sacrifice is growing as an actor and as a man."

A nearsighted gentleman went to an optician to have his glasses changed, they being no longer strong enough. "After this number," he asked, "what shall I have to get?" "These," replied the optician, showing another pair. "And then?" "These." "And then?" "Well, then you had better buy a little dog and string."

It is not the ability to be idle, but the ability to work, that constitutes happiness.

MATRIMONIAL JARS.

Adapted for the Argonaut from the Spanish.

In bygone times there existed a city where discord was unknown and peace and harmony reigned supreme; where the women did not think of asserting their rights nor the men of abusing theirs; where the civil and military authorities thought of nothing but promoting the welfare of the community at large; where politicians, bankers, lawyers, and tradesmen were scrupulously honest, and clergymen and church members disinterestedly devoted to the poor; where stocks and all other wild speculations were unheard of, and women were all virtuous and industrious and gossiped only occasionally; where even the servants were hard-working and reliable, and the babies, too, seemed to understand that they should not be the ones to disturb this universal quiet, for they seldom got sick and rarely or never cried. In fact, this city seemed to have transported heavenly bliss on earth. It had been observed truly that slight stubbornness was a characteristic trait of both sexes, but till the time when this truthful tale begins it had been productive of no serious trouble. But alas! the state of things above described was not to last forever.

The beadle of the principal church of the city was a young married man named Peter Simple, universally esteemed for his very mild disposition. His wife, Patience, was equally beloved for her gentleness. Although they had been married long enough to have forgotten the honeymoon, they still lived as happily as the married couples live in fairy tales, until one Sunday morning, when, for their misfortune and that of the whole city, as the sequel of this story will prove, their first matrimonial jar occurred. Peter Simple, wishing to dress and go to church, looked in vain in his chest of drawers for a good shirt. Only two clean ones could he find there—one with the bosom torn, the other without any buttons. This naturally displeased him, and he called Patience. She answered him in a slightly ill-humored tone of voice, having just picked up her favorite fan, broken to pieces, from a chair where Peter Simple had just been sitting. A slight skirmish was carried on between the two, but their naturally gentle dispositions and their mutual love prevented things from going very far. At breakfast another incident occurred which slightly affected their domestic peace. Peter Simple rose from the table to get the salt, which was missing. He found the salt-cellar on the sideboard, and upon taking it in his hands involuntarily struck a vase which Patience prized highly. The vase fell on the floor with a crash, and, of course, was broken to pieces.

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Patience, rather flushed, "what is the matter with you to-day, Peter? Do try and be more careful."

"I think, Patience, you might be a little more careful yourself. I never before found the buttons off of my shirt, and then your breakfast was poor."

"Buttonless shirts and poor breakfasts can be remedied, but broken vases and fans can only be replaced by money."

"Well, don't I make the money to buy and replace things?"

"But the fan and vase were not bought with the money you made; they were both presents from my relations."

"From your relations? From your family, of course."

"Of course, and why should that displease you? My mother—"

"Never mind what your mother always says or does."

"You don't like mother, I know you don't—"

"And what man does like his mother-in-law?"

But here Peter Simple paused a little; and this allowed him time to recover his self-control. The storm which had threatened a moment blew over, satisfactory explanations were exchanged, and domestic peace remained unaltered. Husband and wife affectionately helped each other in their toilet preparatory to going to church. Unfortunately, at the very moment they were stepping out the front door Patience saw a hair on her husband's coat-collar.

"Wait a moment," said she, officiously; "let me brush that hair from your coat-collar."

"Thanks," said Peter, as he looked at the hair which Patience held at her fingers' ends; "it is a hair of yours, I think."

"I think not; it looks to me like the hair of a man—like yours."

"No, indeed, wife; my hair is much shorter than this one."

"Well, it can not be mine, for this is the whole length of the hair, and mine is much longer than this one."

"But, see, this is exactly the color of your hair; mine is much lighter."

"And mine much darker."

"Stubborn as ever. Why will you deny what is so plain?"

"And why are you so contradictory of late?"

"I contradict you? Why, it is you who are becoming so."

"No, indeed; it is you who are always contradicting me."

"Now, don't make me lose my temper."

"Don't care if you do."

"Let us not quarrel—"

"If you choose to pick a quarrel—"

"Patience!"

"A good dose of it must a woman have to put up with the tyranny of men, for you, like all the rest, are a tyrant."

"You shall repent having said these words."

"No, I never shall; for it is the truth."

"I might make you repent."

"Make me, indeed! Try it, if you dare."

"You defy me."

"I defy you to touch me, unless you are a coward."

"Oh, this is too much; you shall pay for that insult."

Poor Patience! She had never thought for a moment that her infuriated husband could strike her, but he did that, and then more—he gave her a sound beating. She cried bitterly, of course, but soon dried her tears and determined to put on her bonnet and shawl and go to her mother for sympathy. Needless to say she got that from her mother, and was advised by her to submit the case to a lawyer. Off went Patience to an attorney, whose wife happened to be in his office and listened to the complaint of the client, a thing which she certainly ought not to have done; but it was a case of sympathy for woman's rights. So, after hearing the complaint, she stepped forth and ventured to give her opinion. The lawyer remonstrated: a lively discussion ensued; from words he passed to blows, and his poor wife re-

ceived a drubbing equal to poor Patience's; after which the two women were left alone to lament their sad fate.

The lawyer's wife proposed that they should go together to ask advice of an old notary, who, with his wife, were quoted as models of conjugal union; certainly they could best tell them what ought to be done. So both wives went and exposed their grievances to the new Philomen and Baucis. The old man refused taking any part whatever in the affair. He thought that conjugal squabbles should be settled by the parties interested exclusively, and referred wisely to the old adage: "Never interfere between man and wife." The old lady thought his view was correct in a general sense, but as there are exceptions to all rules, she thought this was an exceptional case, in which examples should be made of husbands who were brutal enough to abuse their superior strength. The discussion was kept up warmly on both sides, angry words were exchanged, insults followed, a cane was lifted, and, lo! a third wife was cruelly beaten.

The three beaten wives now held counsel, and resolved to appeal to the authorities for justice, calling first on the judge's wife, that she might exert her influence in their favor. The sight of three of her sex weeping and sobbing excited the commiseration of the wife, who pleaded their cause warmly with the judge; but he was inflexible, told them that justice must have its course, that when the case came to court justice would surely be done them if they had been wronged. He advised them to go quietly home and make up with their husbands. Indignation of the wife, backed by the other three wives; first result, a quarrel between the judge and his spouse; final result, a fourth wife beaten.

The news of this most strange and complicated affair ran like wildfire through the city, and was the talk at every fireside that night, and, incredible though it may seem, produced an identical result with every couple who argued the question. The beadle, the notary, the lawyer, and the judge had set the example, and taken the lead in this practical case of men's rights; the doctor, the tradesman, the shoemaker—in fact, all the husbands of the city—followed suit. The city, until then the model of conjugal peace, became suddenly the scene of the most frightful matrimonial conflicts, and wife-beating seemed to be a perfect rage there. Still, the innate meekness of its inhabitants was such that, once this frantic spell over, all was forgotten; peace and quiet was restored in every household, and for one whole year there was not even the shadow of a quarrel in the city.

On the day of the first anniversary of the general beating of wives, the angelic Patience was comfortably seated at the breakfast-table, opposite Peter Simple. They had been conversing lovingly; then there was a moment's silence; suddenly a smile flitted over Patience's countenance, and Peter, naturally enough, inquired what had made her smile.

"Oh, nothing," said Patience.

"You certainly could not have smiled without a cause."

"Certainly not, but the cause is so silly."

"Never mind how silly it is. Tell me about it, and we will laugh together."

"Do you remember, dear Peter, what happened just one year ago to-day?"

"No, I do not."

"Why, Peter, it is just one year to-day since you—"

"Sure enough, now you have reminded me of it, for really I had forgotten all about it."

"I am glad you had, because it was a stupid quarrel after all."

"Yes, very stupid, and to think that I so ill-treated my darling little wife without any justifiable cause."

"They say people always do quarrel about straws; we quarreled about a hair."

"Yes, about one little hair, the hair of a woman."

"Remember, it was the hair of a man; it was yours."

"I am positive it was the hair of a woman, and yours, too; but let us not renew this foolish quarrel."

"I do not wish to renew it, but—"

"But you stick to your opinion, woman like."

"Man like, you had better say."

"Not so; we give up when it is proved to us we are wrong."

"So do we women; but in this case I know I was right."

"And I know I was right."

"It is not so."

"It is."

"You do not say the truth."

"It is you who—"

"Peter!"

"Patience!"

"Husband!"

"Wife!"

The blows were not long coming, and poor Patience was mercilessly ill-treated in celebration of the sad anniversary. She could not brook this affront, and again sought for protection from her mother and her lawyers: in consequence of which step the very same and identical scenes of the preceding year were successively repeated at the lawyer's, the notary's, the judge's, and, in fact, in all the households of the city.

This most singular and unheard of state of things caused the rumor to be started by the inhabitants of the surrounding cities, to the effect that the citizens of the model city became on a given day of the year subject to sudden and severe fits of insanity. Measures were proposed and resolutions adopted at a general mass meeting in said cities to stop the evil, lest it should contaminate the whole country. It was unanimously resolved to have the model city occupied by the military on the second anniversary of the ill-fated day.

Scarcely had the sun dawned on that second fatal anniversary when the general quarrel was again renewed in consequence of one of the wives having imprudently referred to its origin. Detachments of cavalry from the surrounding cities penetrated into the model city, and endeavored to restore order by the force of bayonets; but the husbands of the invaded town flew to arms in defense of their independence. The wives, resenting that outsiders should pretend to interfere in their domestic troubles, helped their husbands. The fate of the invaders was the same that always befalls those who attempt to mediate between man and wife—both turn against the mediator. This case was no exception to the old rule; and the wives of our model city not only helped their husbands to drive away the invaders, but even submitted, from sheer spite, to receive a yearly beating at the hands of their husbands on each annual recurrence of the day, to prove to the invaders and to the world at large that they were not to be ruled by outsiders.

And thus the famous anniversary continued for years and years to be kept up in this most curious manner, until a learned man from the East arrived at our model city, and announced that he had made a most wonderful discovery, viz.: that the water of a

certain river, which he alone could procure and explain how to use, had the rare virtue of freeing all wives from the anger of their lords. Our yearly-beaten wives flocked to the store of the learned man, and each bought a bottle of the great specific, which in its label directed that a mouthful should be taken immediately whenever any matrimonial squall was threatening, held between the closed teeth, and not swallowed before ten minutes. The experiment was tried and succeeded most admirably; for, in cases where the remedy was called for, the wives with closed and filled mouths could not answer their husbands, whose anger would die away from want of opposition.

As the habit of quarreling between man and wife is not entirely done away with, it has occurred to me that the secret of the learned man might be gratefully received, and perhaps successfully tested, with any other water, even if it were not bottled up and sold at a fabulous price. The remedy might be useful not only to women, but also to many classes of men in society—to politicians, for instance, who, by recurring to it, might be taught to speak only at the proper time and place.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 4, 1879.

St. Louis is tormented (what city is not?) by the noise of church bells, and an ordinance is under discussion prohibiting the ringing of bells over fifty pounds in weight. That would silence several fine churches, and it is likely that a compromise measure will be adopted, restricting the ringing to certain hours.

It is quite likely Missouri will legalize whipping. The common objection that it may be sometimes unjustly awarded, and an innocent sufferer can not be unflogged, does not hold in Missouri.

There are few nations which have a stock of proverbs so extensive and racy as the Spanish. Juan de Yriarte collected 24,000.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The chaplain of the Maine House of Representatives astonished his hearers the other day by praying that the Lord would encourage them "to stop speaking when they got through."

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

The success and intrinsic merit of an article are best indicated by the amount of abuse it receives from proprietors of similar articles. For some time past CAMELINE has been the object of malicious attacks under the head of "Cameleon" or "Creme de Lis." The proprietors or agents of "Creme de Lis," with the intention of deceiving the public, have attempted, in these advertisements, to confound CAMELINE with an obscure and rare chemical substance of somewhat similar name, in no way connected with or entering into its composition, and the name of this chemical has in these advertisements been distorted for the purpose of increasing the deception. We have nothing to say in this connection in regard to the comparative merits of CAMELINE and Creme de Lis, concerning which ladies are best competent to judge, but for the purpose of sustaining our assertion that CAMELINE is perfectly free from objectionable or deleterious substances, we herewith append the opinion of a number of prominent physicians of this city.

H. P. WAKELEE & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1879.

The undersigned, physicians of San Francisco, are familiar with the composition of the principal articles used for the complexion, and freely certify that WAKELEE'S CAMELINE is free from all poisonous or injurious substances:

L. C. Lane, M.D.,	Wm. Hammond, M.D.,
H. H. Toland, M.D.,	W. F. McNutt, M.D.,
R. A. McLean, M.D.,	A. J. Bowie, M.D.,
Chas. B. Brigham, M.D.,	J. C. Shorb, M.D.,
Benj. D. Dean, M.D.,	F. A. Holman, M.D.,
Henry Gibbons, Jr., M.D.,	Jul. Rosenstern, M.D.,
J. J. Clarke, M.D.,	J. D. Whitney, M.D.,
W. H. Bruner, M.D.,	Thomas Boyson, M.D.,
A. M. Loryea, M.D.,	C. C. Kenyon, M.D.,
Cephas L. Bard, M.D.,	Isaac S. Titus, M.D.,
Chas. C. Keeney, M.D.,	Harry L. Sims, M.D.,
A. M. Wilder, M.D.,	H. H. Stallard, M.D.,
Geo. M. Powers, M.D.,	Chas. McQuesten, M.D.,
Benj. R. Swan, M.D.,	James O. Shafter, M.D.,
L. L. Dorr, M.D.,	Wm. Carman, M.D.,
Jas. W. Keeney, M.D.,	Washington Ayer, M.D.,
Gustav Holland, M.D.,	J. L. Beares, M.D.,
Geo. F. Cooper, M.D.,	Chas. F. Frisbie, M.D.,
Samuel W. Dennis, M.D.,	H. Gibbons, M.D.,
J. M. McNulty, M.D.,	Thomas Bennett, M.D.,

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defendant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1858, be reformed and amended in the description of certain real property particularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEPHENS, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Never attempt to convey the impression that you are a genius, by intimating the faults of other men. Because certain great men were poor penmen, wore long hair, or had other peculiarities, it does not follow that you will become great by imitating their eccentricities. Imitate their good qualities, follow the example that so many of them have set, by having your picture taken at Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, No. 26 Montgomery Street.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOW.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Monday, Feb. 10, Brief Engagement of the incomparable artist,

ROSE EYTINGE,

Who will appear as Cleopatra in Shakespeare's tragedy of

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,

Supported by

MR. CYRIL SEARLE.

The Play carefully produced with new Egyptian Scenery by Voegtlin and Forest Scenery, and the admired classical Roman Scenes by Porter. Elaborate Costumes by Mrs. Walter Smith. Properties and Appointments by G. F. Greenloach. Mechanism by R. Stackpole and Assistants. Appropriate music, selected from "Aida," by Stephen Leach. Charles Schultz, Musical Director. Picou's celebrated painting of Antony and Cleopatra, lately exhibited at Snow & May's Art Gallery, will be realized as a Tableau Vivant, designed by Voegtlin.

N. B.—The public are respectfully notified that, owing to the elaborateness of the stage settings, the Act Drop will be dispensed with, and the Green Curtain employed in its stead.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LÖCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening and every night until further notice,

THE ACME OF REFINED TRAVESTY,

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S

FROLIQUES

AND MR. N. C. GOODWIN, JR., IN

HOBBIES!

The "Hit" Absolute.

Indorsed by the Connoisseur.

Panegyricized by the Mass.

Seats now secured at the box office six days in advance.

STANDARD THEATRE,

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.

Twelfth week and last but one of the successful engagement of

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

Every evening at 8; Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2, the fascinating musical burlesque,

EVANGELINE.
EVANGELINE.

Saturday and Sunday evenings, by particular request, the great burlesque,

HORRORS.

Monday evening, Feb. 10.....LE PETIT CORSAIR.

Seats at the box office one week in advance; also by speaking telephone at the principal telegraph stations throughout the city at theatre rates.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
CHAS. H. GOODWIN.....TREASURER.

FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT OF

CLARA MORRIS,

Supported by the Great Legitimate Company of Baldwin's Theatre.

This (Saturday) afternoon, February 8, only Matinee of

ARTICLE 47.

CLARA MORRIS.....AS CORA.

Saturday and Sunday evenings, Feb. 8 and 9, the immensely successful London Eccentricity,

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT

Monday, February 10, Clara Morris as Raymonde Montaigne, in Alex. Dumas' great play,

RAYMONDE.

Saturday, Feb. 15, Benefit of MR. JAMES O'NEILL.

LEE D. CRAIG,

Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds.

TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Searching of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating of Mining Companies, specialties. No. 600 MONTGOMERY STREET, N. E. CORNER OF CLAY SAN FRANCISCO.
Successor to F. V. Scudder.

THE BRAVE SENORITA.

During the revolution headed by General Bolivar, which eventually liberated New Granada from the Spanish yoke, the Spanish viceroy was one Zamano, a most cruel and bigoted man, hated and despised alike by royalists and patriots. This tyrant lived in the palace Santa Fe de Bogota, and his rule was a veritable reign of terror. Conspicuous amongst all who fell victims of his cruelty the Columbians will ever reverence the memory of Doña Apollinaria Zalabariatta—better known as La Pola. This young lady was of extremely good family in Bogota, and was distinguished both for her beauty and her accomplishments. She was enthusiastic in the cause of the patriots, even to the extent of devoting herself to the hazardous task of collecting and transmitting to Bolivar secret intelligence concerning the forces, dispositions, and plans of operation of the royalist army, then in the possession of Bogota. She was then at the time betrothed to a young gentleman, who was also, if less openly, an ardent sympathizer with the cause of liberty. Of all the entertainments in Bogota, the tertulias, or evening conversations, at her home were the most sought after. The Spanish officers were only too delighted to be permitted to attend them, to listen to the doña's bright conversation, to be enchanted by her singing to the guitar. Who could suspect so young, so lovely, so brilliant a creature to be a spy? But so it was. In the course of apparently the merest conversation, she would casually inquire of the royalist officers the whereabouts of their absent companions, and would get them to talk of the movements of their respective regiments. Innocent and unconcerned as both question and answer apparently were, the lady was still able to put the information thus gained from different sources into a connected form. And thus having ascertained the position of their advanced posts and other important matters, she regularly transmitted the information by a trusty messenger to Bolivar. But, alas! a day of reckoning came. One of her dispatches was intercepted, and the messenger, in imminent fear of his own life, betrayed her secret. She was at once apprehended and brought before a military court. There could be but one result. She was found guilty and condemned to be shot, together with her lover—although no proof whatever was forthcoming of the complicity of the unfortunate youth. Twelve hours were allowed before the execution should be carried out, during which time the two were placed in the Capilla (a dungeon). On the next day the lovers were led out, and, being bound together on a kind of seat, were securely surrounded with troops. A picket of grenadiers was then told off to shoot them, and marched close up to the spot. When the terrible moment was thus come, when all was in readiness, once more she was offered a pardon if she would confess. But without any fear—with, as it were, a noble contempt—she declared that if she had any accomplices she would scorn to save her life by betraying them; and she added that as Bolivar was fast approaching, they could learn on his arrival who were his accomplices. Here, noticing that her companion was hesitating, as if about to speak—a hesitation very natural on the threshold of death—she implored him, as her last request, that, if he had ever loved her, he would now show by his death that he was worthy of her choice; she reminded him that whatever disclosures he might make, the tyrant Zamano would never spare his life; and she adjured him to take comfort in the knowledge that his death would be shared by her beloved. When this had been said the firer irated, and the firing party made ready. Then and then only she seemed to feel a momentary fear. "You have the heart, brothers, to kill a woman!" she said, addressing herself to the soldiers; and then, immediately recovering her firmness, drew her sacra across her face and awaited death. On the sagra, a sort of shawl used to cover head and neck, when thus displayed, were discovered the words: "Viva la Patria!" embroidered in gold. So much only could be noticed, when the fatal signal was given from the viceroy's balcony, and the two instantly fell dead. Two days afterward Bolivar entered the town, too late to save this noble woman.

The Commune of Samnaune, one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the least known, in all Switzerland, is situated in a mountain valley, 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost cut off from the world. The inhabitants fetch their daily supply of provisions from Martinsbruck, on the other side of the Inn, and for the greater part of the distance, seven hours in all, they have to carry everything on their backs up the steep mountain paths. They get their letters from the Austrian village of Rauders, which involves a walk for the postman of ten hours, four thither and six back. Fifty years ago the members of the commune met together, and, being of opinion that German was on the whole a more desirable language for the ordinary purposes of life than their mother tongue, they resolved thenceforth to speak German only, and to teach it to their children. So thoroughly has this purpose been carried out that, with the exception of a few old people, the Romanish speech, their native tongue, has been completely forgotten by the inhabitants of the valley.

An English musical critic thus describes Liszt's "Dance of Death." The instrumentation is astounding. It is earthquakes and thunder storms set to music. Every extraordinary sound that can be produced from the orchestra is pressed into the service. The Latin hymn, *Dies Irae*, which, from the sixteenth century until now, has been regarded by the Catholic Church as one of the most solemn chants, is made to play a game of hide-and-seek in this extraordinary composition. It is shrieked upon the highest notes of the scales or growled out from the lowest, while the piano-forte plays a series of grotesque variations upon it, amid the clashing of cymbal, the tinkling of triangles, the blasts of trombones, and tapping fiddle bows, supposed to be in imitation of the rattling of a skeleton's bones. The piano-forte appears to be possessed of seven devils, and the performer seems to be engaged in a fruitless endeavor to exorcise them.

"Try not the pass," the old man cried;
"I'm ordered up," the youth replied.
—*Boston Com. Bul.*

"Try not the pass," the conductor sneers,
"Because, you see, it is last year's."
—*Toledo Blade.*

"Try not the pass," the manager hissed,
"For your name's dropped from our free list."

"George, dear, don't you think it rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?"
"No, no, economical; same piece of bread does."

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Bread should be broken, not cut; but if you don't like bread, "cut it." In "breaking" bread use a curb bit.

Do not fill your mouth too full; rather allow some of the food to get into your moustache.

Split a biscuit with your fingers, instead of opening it with a knife like an oyster. If the biscuit be hard, a beetle and wedge are admissible in the best society.

Salt should never be put on the tablecloth, but on the side of your plate. If, however, you want to pickle the tablecloth in brine, you must put salt on it, of course.

Do not rattle your knife and fork. A knife and spoon will be found more musical.

Eat your soup from the side of your spoon, either inside or outside.

Do not take game in your fingers. This, however, does not apply to a game at cards.

Do not rest your arms on the tablecloth. Stack your arms in a corner of the room before beginning dinner.

When asked what part of the fowl you prefer, answer promptly. If you want the whole of it don't hesitate to say so.

Do not drink with the spoon in your cup; put it in your pocket. Forgetting it, you will be so much ahead. A close regard to this rule has enabled Ben. Butler to accumulate a competency.

Never leave the table until all are through, without sufficient excuse. The sudden entrance of a policeman with a warrant for your arrest, is generally considered sufficient excuse in polite circles.

Never help yourself to articles of food with your knife or fork. Use a harpoon or lasso.

When you have finished your meal lay your knife and fork on your plate, side by side, with the handles toward the right, a little south by south-west, bearing north when the wind is off the side-board quarter. —*Every Saturday.*

There lately died in Paris a humpbacked man, who for the previous fifty years of his life had given his time to researches upon his humpbacked brethren. His heirs found, instead of a will, a voluminous manuscript of two thousand pages upon humps. He was rich, and traveled in every direction for information. It was in the milder regions of Europe that he found the misfortune the most prevalent. Spain supplied the greatest number, and in a circumscribed locality at the foot of the Sierra Morena there existed one humpbacked individual to every thirteen inhabitants. They were also found very numerous in the valley of the Loire, in France. The writer's conclusion was that for every thousand persons on the globe there was one humpback, or an aggregate of a million against the thousands of millions of the entire earth. The last page of the manuscript contained the will of the deceased, which said nothing regarding the disposition of his property, but simply desired that a hump of marble should be raised upon his tomb, with this inscription: "Here lies a humpback who had a taste for humps, and knew more about them than any other humpback."

Tourists to Paris will find renewed interest in the ever-romantic history of Abelard and Heloise, in consequence of the recent restoration of the celebrated tomb. Abelard dying first, was buried by Heloise at the Abbey of the Paraclete, of which she was Abbess, and upon her death the remains of the lovers were not separated. In 1792 the Paraclete was sold and the bodies were removed to the Church of Nogent-sur-Seine. Eight years later they were exhumed and placed in the Garden of the Musée Français in Paris, and in 1817 were deposited in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris, beneath a canopy which had been erected over the remains of Abelard at the priory of St. Marcel, shortly after his death in 1142. The reclining statues were made from casts taken from the skulls. It is scarcely possible that one out of ten pleasure travelers has visited Paris since 1817 without making a pilgrimage to the celebrated tomb. In its restored condition it will be more attractive than ever.

They have a curious custom in Cabul in selling a horse. A man wanting to dispose of one is desirous that the horse should not know of his wish to part with him, the fear being that if the beast knew that his master wished to get rid of him he would take it to heart and lose flesh, and consequently decrease in value. From this strange idea the sale of a horse is carried on in silence, so that the animal may not hear. The two men put their hands under their kummurbunds, and the price in rupees is indicated by repeated pressure of the fingers, but not a word is spoken during the bargain.

Figaro gives the version of the attempt to assassinate the King of Italy which will probably be given in the socialist histories of the future: "A crowd was promenading quietly in the streets of Naples when a certain King—Humbert I.—penetrated violently into it in a carriage, and, in a fit of criminal fury, seeing an inoffensive citizen, Passavanti, drew his sword and made a blow at him, which the unhappy man had scarcely time to parry with a knife which he had fortunately had the precaution to buy only the day before."

A colored clergyman within the limits of our fair city stepped into a grocery store on Third Street recently, and, according to the proprietor, said: "Our church is out of communion wine." "Very well," said the accommodating dealer, "about what are you going to want?" "Well," responded the colored wearer of the white neckcloth, "we habn't got 'nuff communion wine to las' de year fur, and some of de ladies ob de congregashun hab expressed a preefrunce for gin."

Gortschakoff, on being asked by one of his subordinates the secret to success, replied: "Be civil to everybody. Ignore casual affronts, and reciprocate courtesies. Maintain your independence before the great, and be generous and just to those who are beneath you in rank and fortune."

A Texas journalist telegraphed to another to meet him with pistols in the usual way, and, having shot his man, wrote the duel up for his victim's paper, assuring the surviving editor that it was the true account of the affair, hoping that it would suit, and asking him to remit.

The lady whose dress was too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to be washed, had a matter of serious import to decide.

In the days of Rochow, my predecessor as Prussian member of the Diet (says Bismarck), the Austrian presiding member had adopted the habit of smoking at the sittings of the military special commission. Rochow, passionately fond of smoking, would have given his little finger to do the like, but did not dare. Now, when I came to Frankfurt I longed for my cigar at military commission sittings, and, seeing no reason why I should not have it, politely asked the presiding power to give me a light. This demand was received with universal astonishment and disgust. It evidently was an event in the eyes of all present. However, I got the light, and Austria and Prussia smoked. The other members present thought the incident momentous enough to report to their respective courts. But the question was too grave to be decided in a hurry, so for six months running no one smoked but Austria and Prussia. At the expiration of that period the Bavarian envoy took to asserting the dignity of his sovereign by lighting the first cigar in assembled conclave. We all noticed that Herr von Nostitz, the Saxon representative, envied the Bavarian Schrenckh his delicious weed. But his court had not authorized the deed, so he had to abstain. When, however, at the next sitting we witnessed the Hanover man, Bothmer, indulging in tobacco, we knew that a special understanding had been entered into between Guelph and Hapsburg. Bothmer was very Austrian in his sentiments, and had a couple of sons in the Austrian army. Upon this Saxony would not be left behind, and boldly kindled the audacious spark. Now there were only two members left who did not make chimneys of their mouths—Württemberg and Darmstadt. These unfortunates, not being addicted to the vice, could not join in. But the honor and independence of their states imperatively required a sacrifice. Accordingly, the next time we met, the Württemberg gentleman took out a cigar—I see it before me now, a long, thin, straw-like *confefacon*—and smoked it half as a holocaust made to Fatherland.

The law condemns the man or woman
Who steals the goose from off the common;
But lets the greater felon loose
Who steals the common from the goose.

LITTLE BELMONT
FOR SALE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN

property, situated contiguous to the Belmont Mansion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms. The property is located in a beautiful valley, with a glimpse view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly improved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements. It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds underlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; gas and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont; water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table, range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted, rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars, inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 California Street.

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Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.

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REDINGTON & CO.

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YELLOW JACKET SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada. Principal place of business, Main St., Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of said Company, held on the fifteenth day of January, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 31) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Main Street, Gold Hill, Nevada, or to James Newlands, Transfer Secretary, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of February, 1879, shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
MERCER OTEY, Secretary.
Gold Hill, Nevada, January 15, 1879.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, State of Nevada.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Thursday, the sixth (6th) day of February, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the twenty-sixth day of February, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THE BROOKLYN LAND COMPANY TO BE DISINCORPORATED.—Notice is hereby given, that the application of the Brooklyn Land Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, to be disincorporated, has been presented and filed in the County Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that Monday, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1879, at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court room of said court, in said City and County of San Francisco, has been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing the said application. THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

(SEAL.) By JOHN H. HARVEY, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTIN A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A. SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
SAVNER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELANGER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY BELANGER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought, to obtain a decree of divorce dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

(SEAL.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 605 Clay Street.

CHAS. N. FOX. M. B. KELLOGG

FOX & KELLOGG,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW, San Francisco, Cal.

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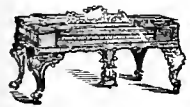
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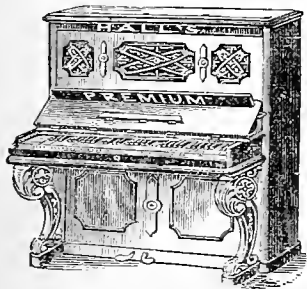
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Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$4
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TO ORDER

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

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And 853 Broadway, Oakland.DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 69.—The monthly dividend for January, 1878, will be paid on February 10, 1879, at their offices, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, February 5, 1879.R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,Nos. 2, 3 and 4. SHERMAN & BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco.
(P. O. Box 770.)

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Pants, from \$5
Suits, from 20
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Dress Coats, from 20
White Vests, from 3
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Boys' and Children's Clothing.

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P. B. CORNWALL.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

We have just returned from a trip over all the railroads of Southern California. We traveled in royal style—as travel monarchs, rich men, and railroad kings—in a special car. Better than this, we took a special train, engine No. 96, engineer Henry Small, familiarly known as "Hank"—he who brought across the continent by rail at lightning speed the theatrical managers, Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer; he wears a golden badge of the achievement. We took as officer of first importance and chief minister to our creature comforts, William the cook. We took a kitchen, dining-room, parlor, bed chamber, a larder well supplied. We took comfortable beds. We took our shot gun and tooth brush. We took along some pleasant companions. We took \$40,000 in money to pay expenses; in fact we took the pay-car, with Messrs. Redington, Bowen, and Watt of the railroad company to disburse our money, and both ends of the firm of Sisson, Wallace & Co. for companions of our trip. From San Francisco to Los Angeles—stopping at night—stopping to pay train hands, road builders, track keepers, men at depots, all the way down the valley of the San Joaquin, over the Tehachepe Pass, across the desert, like following the great bent arm of a giant from his shoulder to his wrist, and then out upon each of his four fingers, to Arizona, to Wilmington, to Santa Ana, and to Santa Monica; back to his palm, the great, beautiful, fruitful, orange-bearing, grain-growing valley of Los Angeles—all by daylight. And such a country! Such a God-forsaken, dreary waste of barren, brown, and dreadful desolation as is the greater portion of the unfenced wilderness through which we pass. To the uneducated eye, the grim, hard, verdureless valleys, the barren mountain ranges, the broad, dry plains, destitute of water and of trees, are truly a land of little promise. Whence come our wine and wool, our gold and grain? Certainly not from this region through which even the iron horse seems impatient to pass; a country without farms, without villages, without enterprise, without energy, without taste. Villages? yes; here and there beside the rail uninteresting, untidy, unthrifty rows of cheap houses, every other one of which is a gin hell. Farms? yes, if unfenced fields with board huts, shabby corral, disconsolate barn, dreary, draggled-tailed, pale-faced, weary wife, with ragged, tow-headed urchins—if such may be styled farm and family, then once in several miles may it be said that this part of California has farms and families. If an unintelligent and unenterprising man who plows an inch deep, and never plants a tree, is a farmer, then Southern California has farmers—but not such villages, farms, homes, and toiling, thrifty, enterprising, industrious workingmen as have built up New England, subdued Western forests, and made prairies to bloom with beauty.

The valley of the upper San Joaquin, the dreary stretch through Tehachepe Pass, Soledad Cañon, across the desert of the Mojave, with its weird skeleton cactus shrubs, the desert of the Colorado, the desert of the trans-Colorado, as far as we went into Arizona, seem to us to be cursed with two curses—one of God and one of man. No water we charge as an act of unskillful creation, or water running useless to the sea, while the parched earth is praying for it. This blunder may be corrected by irrigation, for there is a wealth of water that may be stored in hills and natural reservoirs, be directed from lakes and river beds, and distributed over valleys, plains, and deserts, that, under its influence, would respond by golden harvests. And the other curse is man's cupidity—the men who steal land, and hoard it away for sheep and cattle; land bandits, who have stolen this heritage of acres; felons, who have forged grants, jumped springs, bribed courts, lobbied legislatures, and by all the arts and artifices of the criminal, filched God's acres, and now hold them in an iron grasp from cultivation and settlement. We do not mean Haggin and Carr, who, by the expenditure of capital and brains, are making a great garden in the desert county of Kern; not Generals Williams and Naglee, who are building great dykes for reclamation; not Governor Downey, who has subdivided and sold his lands to small farmers; not the colonies of Lompoc, and Riverside, and Central, where it is demonstrated that twenty acres of this seemingly desert land can furnish maintenance for a family; but the speculative fiends who are paper squatters, and who, by lies, perjury, and subornation of perjury, acquired properties they have not the brains nor the capital to utilize. These men are a curse to California—they are a hindrance to its prosperity; they retard its growth, and stay immigration; and they ought to be taxed to death, to confiscation, to ruin. It is right to rob them; it is a duty to despoil them. The valley of the San Joaquin ought to be irrigated at the expense of this land, and for the benefit of it; and if the cormorants who have stolen it have not the strength of talons to hold it against taxation, it should be confiscated, and given over to men who would gladly cultivate it. It should be taxed, taxed, taxed, and every dollar should be expended for water. Then there would be villages, farms, homes, schools, wealth, prosperity, culture, intelligence, all through this broad, fertile Lombardy of California, in the place of shabby villages, huts, and corrals; farmers, instead of land-lappers and sheep-herders; troops of children, instead of swine and sheep. There would be trade and commerce, enterprise, thrift, and taste, homes, gardens, and schools, where is now a strange and voiceless desolation.

We must get down from our hobby and back to the pay-car. Los Angeles, the rich fruit lands of San Gabriel, the rich corn lands of the Monte, are too well known to need description; and yet in going to Santa Monica, to Wilmington, to Santa Ana, we pass for miles through unfenced lands—sheep feeding where people should live and cultivate. These valleys, divided into forty-acre farms, would support a million or two of people in comfort. They, too, are mostly grasped and held by greedy monopolists. We would like to be assessor of the county of Los Angeles. Here is a cottage home, with groves of orange, lemon, walnut, and the vine; across the fence, or ditch, or hedge, there stretches a great uncultivated domain; it belongs to the estate of the dead Reese, or the dead Stearns, or the dead Workman, or some other of the grasping dead, who are rotting in four by seven, six feet deep. We would make these dead monopolists turn over in their graves, and their living heirs groan at our estimate of their wealth as indicated by their tax bills. We hope the Workingmen's party of Los Angeles will elect an assessor who will tax lands equally, and not discriminate against the industrious owners of small acres that are highly improved.

We went to the front—the railroad front—where in the midst of a great desert two thousand men are at work track-laying. On our way we cross the Colorado Desert. For what purpose God made it is one of those mysteries which have so far proved past finding out: so utterly barren, so apparently worthless, so dreary and desolate, so scorched with a blazing sun, so blistered with burning winds. The rocky hills that bound it are more forbidding than the dreary desolation of the sandy plains. The hills are absolutely destitute of verdure—treeless, soilless, colorless. Through the centre of the plain, and parallel with the railroad, runs a mountain range of shifting sand, like snows piled up in banks, drifting and moving with the winds. The plain is not entirely destitute of vegetation, but the vegetation is as worthless as the sand in which it grows. There runs midway between San Bernardino and Yuma one small, beautiful stream of clear sweet water, properly named the "White-water," but along its pebbly margin there grows not a flower, shrub, nor tree. This beautiful stream in the desert suggests the irreverent reflection that this part of creation is a badly planned and badly executed work, reflecting but little credit upon the Divine Mechanic who spake it into existence. The mountains should have been clothed in primal forests; the plains should have been grassy meadows. Along the hillsides should be leaping cascades of sparkling water; brooks winding amid flowers and grassy banks, a fruitful land, where fat kine, lowing herds, bleating flocks, and singing birds, mingling their voices with the thanksgiving of well fed humanity, should be a constant psalm of adoration to Him who must ever lack an altar in the desert of the Colorado.

The distance by rail from Los Angeles to Yuma, upon the Colorado River, is 248 miles. The distance from Yuma to Maricopa Wells, in Arizona, is 160 miles. The rail is now within 25 miles of Maricopa Wells, and track is being laid at the rate of ten miles each week. Two and one-quarter miles were laid the day we were at the front. The land is level and hard, requiring only the removal of chaparral and shrubs and the smoothing down of small hillocks for the iron. It is an inspiring scene to witness this moving camp of railroad builders in the desert, disciplined like an army, and marching slowly eastward at the rate of ten miles a week, leaving behind them the iron highway that is to bear upon its roadbed a vast commerce in the future. Two thousand men, with their camps and equipages, their tools, implements of labor; great engines bearing trains heavily laden with ties, rails, straps, and spikes; a blacksmith shop, a boarding house, Sisson, Wallace & Co.'s store, the private car of Mr. Strowbridge, all on wheels; great structures piled with forage for the cattle, great tanks filled with water for the horses and men—for there is no water in the vicinity of the present work—great wagons hauling forward supplies, great plows with six-horse teams, scrapers with two horses, axe-men cutting shrubs, bias-eyed barbarians with shovels, Briarean-armed, pitching the sand in and out as cut and fill demand. In advance, fifteen miles from the track, men are grading the road, and gangs, under the direction of Seth Green, with his steam pile-driver, are building bridges and culverts of solid timbers. Little groups of amazed Indians—bucks and squaws—look on as interested spectators of the novel work that invades the privacy of their desert homes, enjoying the up and down rides upon the construction trains, upon all of which they are deadheads, in spite of the law against passes. At the front is a village of tents, and at the last point of accepted work there springs up a temporary village with its saloons and boarding-houses, its board and canvass hells for gin and dice. It is a marvelous scene, this caravan crossing the desert. It is a busy one by day. It is a romantic one upon a moonlight night, when sleep and silence cover the tired workers, and all, save Strowbridge, the constructor, lay them down to rest. He never sleeps. No idlers in his camp; no whisky, no noisy disputes. Every man has something to do, and every man does it or is passed to the rear. The telegraph pole and electric wire keep pace with the rail, and the front talks with the home office in San Francisco every night and morning.

Where this road is going and what is its objective point, is a secret of headquarters. Not Maricopa Wells, for that is nowhere; not Tucson, for that is nowhere; not for the Arizona trade, we think. Perhaps to join the Topeka (Kansas) road; perhaps to the Gulf of Mexico, to give us another trans-continental steam highway. Wherever it leads, it is out into a virgin territory, a land of undeveloped wealth, of untried resources; it is extending the commercial and trade jurisdiction of San Francisco; it is broadening our business empire; it is destined to bring us wealth and prosperity. It is being built without Government aid; it has no lands nor subsidies, no bonds nor Government credit. The trade jurisdiction of San Francisco is continuous with its control of trade highways. It would be a calamity if Tom Scott could build a road to San Diego; he would steal from us the business of our merchants and mechanics. The idea of railroad competition is a maggot that only squirms in the brain editorial and wiggles under the tongues of demagogues. The men who are building this Southern Pacific Railroad are doing more for the direct advantage and future welfare of San Francisco and California than all the other business men of the State. To rail at them, to question their motives, to decry the honesty of their intentions, to endeavor to hinder them by vexatious legislation, evidences narrow minds, selfish motives, and dishonest purpose. This railroad is being built that its owners may make money. They can only make it by promoting the interest of our city and State; their interests and ours run parallel. By opposing them we are biting our own noses.

Tom Scott is a railroad humbug. We saw his tracks in Soledad Cañon, where he undertook to preempt and jump a highway that God had made through the mountains, by picking holes in the hill sides, thus affixing his mark to the lying promise of a railroad that he had neither money nor credit to build. He squatted upon a rocky bluff at Yuma, thinking to steal the only crossing of the Colorado; dug some holes and removed some boulders, that he might rob a legitimate enterprise of the natural abutments of a railroad bridge. He swapped his lying promises for lands at San Diego for the terminus of a railroad he knew he could never build. He made speeches and drew diagrams to show that there was some other nearer and better highway for oriental commerce than through the port of San Francisco. And yet the *Chronicle* is endeavoring to burn incense before the altar of this false railroad god. We are unwell of Tom Scott.

The following lines by a lady, received just in time, we filched from the poetical editor to append to our brief sketch of a hasty trip through desert regions. They seem appropriate, and as "olla-podrida" signifies a mixed dish, and as it never could have any poetry in it unless we either steal or borrow some, we have given these pretty verses a position out of place:

IN EXILE—ARIZONA, 1879.

O barren lands, whose yellow sands
Face over-bending skies so far and blue,
No touch of green, nor flowers' sheen,
Brings knowledge of the Spring-time unto you;
But leagues away the breezes play
O'er flowing streams, and valleys flower-sweet,
While faint, yet clear, I seem to hear
The Easter bells ring out the Spring to greet.

O star-lit heights, in dewless nights
My spirit pants your cloud-kissed tops to scale;
But, fettered here, the desert drear
Holds soul and body, weary, faint, and pale.
The mountains brown, whose sullen frown
The sunlight strives to touch with softening grace,
Bend down to-day, as if to say,
"Be still, impatient soul, and know thy place."

O western wind, blow soft and kind,
Till my faint spirit leaps to meet your breath;
Your low voice tells of Easter bells,
And resurrection coming after death.

Then, heart of mine, no more repine,
Unconquered still, a happier day await;
What though so drear the desert here?
The flowers still blossom by the Golden Gate!

J. H. R.

After all our exertions, all our long dissertations, all our strong language, all our huge mass meetings, the united expression of all political parties, the united opinions of all respectable and intelligent business men, the uniform writing of all our journals, the cooperation of nearly all our clergy, resolutions of our legislatures and Constitutional Convention, we are about to have congressional action on the question of Chinese immigration. And yet all our agitation has done no good. We are indebted to a simple political accident for the fact that we secure legislation by Congress. Our Senators have been very zealous, our members of the House have all done their duty, but had it not been for the possibility of a Presidential election turning upon the California vote in Congress, by reason whereof it became necessary for both parties to bid for it, nothing would have been done to relieve us of our burden. But because the party that shall not favor such legislation will lose the electoral vote of California, and because all the Presidential candidates see this thing, we are likely to have the matter favorably considered.

The State of Indiana is a progressive commonwealth: it has tried an editor for murder. We should like to be present at the hanging of an editor—if he was the right editor.

SHUT IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE.

She had been there now for six months, and her heart was sick within her. Her eyes climbed the beetling mountains, standing in circle grimly around, then wearily drooped to the parched and crackling earth which had dried and crumbled under the blaze of the brazen sky. She was scorched, suffocated, mummied, in the hot, unmoistened air. The very water sprang blood-warm from the cleft in a rock up yonder on the hill, where she had often been with the women who were carrying their bundles of soiled clothes on their heads to cleanse them in their own peculiar way. She, Laura Wilsey, hated the way in which they splashed the garments up and down upon the stones, making the dirt to lie in streaks, instead of rubbing and rinsing them thoroughly as a white woman would. She hated the free glances of these Mexican women, the loose way they had of letting expressions drop from their tongues, their chemises which slipped so often, as if by design, off their shoulders, furnishing a glimpse of the dark, swelling bosoms beneath.

"I will get up out of this place," she said between her teeth, "if I die for it."

Between her and the civilization behind her lay mountains, rivers, plains, and Indians, and the same cut her off from the civilization that lay beyond. Traveling in the train of her brother—the only woman in it—among the tossing horns, the weary moings, the not infrequent threatening bellows of his blooded cattle, she had shuddered, even while her spirit rose, as night after night the wagons were drawn into a ring, and the two men upon watch passed each other before the shut curtain of her tent, cautiously listening for a sound that might tell of Indians abroad.

"But I am not afraid; I will fight, too, Theodore," she had remonstrated, when she knew that she was to be left at this little Mexican town near to the warm spring.

"All nonsense, Laura, all nonsense. You would be dreadfully in the way; a woman always is when it comes to danger. It's only a matter of something like a few months till I can have the cattle off my hands and come back after you, ready then to see you safely through. And the Indians will be peaceable and friendly by that time. Well you'd look without a scalp, wouldn't you, my girl? And yet you long to put your brown hair where an Indian's fingers can wind themselves in it, don't you?"

So she stayed, and six months, half a year of impatience had dragged along, and she, with her blood leaping in her veins, had held her heart down with her clasped hands and endured this soft Mexican language, that sounded on her ears like a chant, till she hated it, it was so sweet and so soft. The hot peppers in their dishes burned her lips, the grease their dinners were heavy with formed a lining to the roof of her mouth, the indolent ways of the men filled her with contempt, the easy ways of the women repelled her. She would have liked to spurn it all under her foot. She thought till she loathed the spot and the people. "Bah!" she exclaimed aloud in disgust, and threw up her hands in the restless way she had, walking off to look from her small window under the low brows of the house. There, beyond these hills, an immeasurable distance off, lay home and friends she had left; over there, beyond those hills and burning plains, the home and friends she longed to make. Oh, for one or the other! This spot midway was tantalizing.

It was hot noon, and the air was like a breath from a flame when a long-drawn inspiration entered the nostril. A distant murmur of laugh and talk came up the little street. Ah! la-la! It seemed to say, like a very little song that wandered on and on, trickling and gentle and soft in modulation. Well, it was the women going out with the washing, and others were waiting to join them as they came along, each with her white bundle like a great turban on her head. Even her own slipshod girl, who mixed the *tortillas* and set the dishes away to dry of themselves after washing, even Maria was going, too, and waiting for the rest, standing on the doorstep with hand raised to steady the weight on her head. La-la-la they chorused together, with a bubble of a laugh floating to the surface and bursting now and then. "Marreeya! Marreeya!" one called, liquidly, as they came into view of the careless Maria. Erect they walked; their heads and heels joined with an arrow line, shoulders round and dark and bare to the sun, black hair gleaming now and again at a turn like a mass of silver, elbows dimpling with plumpness, teeth short and even and flashing white. This was their gala day, the excitement that came once in a month, and surely it was better to go with them than to stifle in a close room, the very plastering of which was warm to the hot hand.

And what a cart it was she was invited to sit in! A chariot-like bed, surmounted by an open top, the occupants entering at the back, the last happy to swing their feet almost to the ground, to and fro, to and fro, as they rolled their sweet cigarritos, cut from the dry husks of corn a lazy cultivation had grown, the blue smoke curling languid and spiral about their dark fingers. Slow moving oxen, mild-eyed and snail-stepping, drew the lumbering vehicle, which creaked as it rolled upon its two great, solid, wooden wheels, sawed from a log, tired, and put upon an axle.

"Ah-la-la," the women murmured as they went over the hill, lifting their arms and smiling as they turned their morsels of words upon their tongues; and so they came to the warm spring, and, lowering their bundles, laid their soiled linen in the running water.

A great rock buried on every side but one in the hard, baked earth on the slope of the hill, cleft in the heart and hollowed out by the wearing rush, rush of the water, cast a warm shadow down upon the busy group. Deep within there was the plash of tumbling water, the plaint of a small cascade that made its hidden moan in the dark recess, and then from three fissures it sprang clear, so clear that it was like a thin white veil spread over the rock. And it fell into a great basin and lay still for a time, yellowing here and there like an old kiss as the sun touched it. Little black bugs clung to the rocks, deep down, and high upon the shelving approaches to the bank, and walked slowly about as though their tiny veins were filled with a dull, sluggish blood, and they afflicted with an idle melancholy. So glass-like the water, so colorless and transparent, the sedate wiggling of their small legs seemed close to the eye. And then it was like one's own blood, it was so sickeningly warm—al-

—it put a nausea under the tongue to dabble the hand

Down upon their knees the women were, chatting and calling, splashing their linen and patting it, as if it were a baby's cheek, upon the slanting rocks that were their washboards. High in air they tossed it, lowered it again, patted it a bit more, then sank it to soak with a stone atop to keep it from going afloat. And finally it was rinsed again; half squeezed and dripping, it was put to dry.

Then, with a bird-cry of relief, they flung away their clothing and plunged into the soothing water, which could pull the weariness from tired limbs, put a drowsy heaviness into the eyes, and charge the senses with a luxuriant languor. Their long hair, black and serpent-like behind them, they floated like tawny fish about the basin, or swam with lazy fin-like strokes, or sat half in and half out with the fragrant smoke twisting like incense into their dreamy eyes. Truly, the water was a heated wine that clogged the brain and brought a sweet heaviness to hands and feet. And the sun, a red-hot saucer in the mid-day sky, burned and burned, and seemed to crisp the skin, deadening the air and filling it with a sleepy, droning silence, while afar off the golden heat-mist swayed, and danced, and wavered, and hung in shreds upon the near trees and shrubs, and covered the rocks with tiny threads and wavelets of running water.

Ah! but would Theodore never come back! Perhaps away off somewhere his bones were bleaching under this same sun, and perched upon by buzzards astray in search of food for their gnawing beaks. Ah! what horrid fancies will creep into a lone woman's thoughts! A shrill cry came up the winding path; a force of fifty men on their own lazy legs, or weighting down, three to a load, the hardy little donkeys hidden under their burdens except ears, honest faces, and slow, sure feet.

Then there was a sudden awakening from the torpor of the bath, little cries which the bathers murmured, the petticoat and chemise were hurriedly snatched over the head, the full-dried linen was hastily caught together. It was Manuel, it was Pedro, it was Luis, and the rest, and Padre Paul in the midst of them striding along with great steps.

Ah, yes, yes; some one had seen the scalp-lock of an Indian behind a bush, and had run through the street with the tidings, whereat all these brave fellows had come out to rescue their women sporting in the bath. Danger, danger, imminent, threatening, soul-disturbing! Oh, what gratitude too great to show their rescuers! Maria fell into the arms of Pedro, who opened them to receive her, the head of Marines was taken upon the shoulder of Luis, and Manuel embraced all within reach, the good Padre standing below with the heat-mist quivering about him.

And off they went, the ridiculous great wheels shrieking on their axles, the mild oxen with wild horns stumbling over the rolling stones, and the feet of the men swinging close to the ground on either side the little donkeys. The women ate *piñole*, a paste of flour made from the parched corn they had themselves ground upon the rocks of lava, uttering little outcries of fear, and expressions in admiration of the brave, brave men.

And then the Padre Paul! What condescension! But then, it was like him. Did not the señorita hear of him from every one? And the child the other day sick of the fever that would have died but for him! To fear, also, a stranger, since he walked abroad on a morning with no company but his knotted stick, and in among the hills he stayed till night, perhaps—ah, yes!—no doubt thinking of holy things, and buried in a meditation. So handsome, too; much too handsome to be a priest! A thousand pities!

And Padre Paul walked ahead, stalking like a black spirit among the shaking heat-mists, tall and straight, and every inch a man by contrast with the wiry and scrubby Mexicans, who lagged even in their speed.

When it came the next Sabbath the town lay as if in a dream. A sleepy buzz filled the air, as of a great bee shaking his wings in the hills. Through it a rhythm seemed to flow in and out the ears, to shyly beat upon the lips, to breathe across the cheek, to measure itself in the glance, whichever way it was turned. The women wrapped in their gay scarfs, with one dark eye exposed, stepped softly along the street. The men lounged carelessly in the same direction, but their musical tongues were still. The hundreds of dogs that filled the houses lay, nose upon paw, here, there, and everywhere. The house doors were open, and the grandmother of all the village, the oldest woman for miles and miles, sat on her stool in the shadow.

"It is the old flutter back again, and I thought it was gone forever," said Miss Wilsey, and she threw back her head, and walked back and forth across the room with her hands upon her temples, and the droning went on in the dry air, and seemed to rest like a locust on the window sill.

"I shall die in this place; O Theodore! will you never come?" she cried aloud. "What are dollars, and what are cattle, and bargains, and gain to me, who suffer from the old thoughts here alone? I must have life, and merry words, and books, and music, and change, change, change, or I can not bear it, I tell you!"

A bell crashed in cheery tones upon the heat that had almost taken voice. It might have been a silver bell, it was so sweet. It crept up through the small valley into the hills, and the ringing tones, thrust back, intermingled with those just borne to the ear, and the echo came so clear, as if each new note had thrown its shadow behind it as it passed up the valley.

The old grandmother on the stool slipped her rosary through her fingers, and her sunken lips moved mechanically, and her chin wagged over them. The women kept gliding so stilly by, slender, and tall, and luminous of eye. A haze over the hill-tops, white and milky, caught in it here and there the fire of the sun, till it all seemed like the shimmer of an opal.

It was a dream—a dream; and she, Laura, by and by would wake from it, and leave it in her memory, shadowy and mist-like, to drag into shape again in the future as the other old visions dragged into shape now.

There, now, was the tall form of the priest, stalking somberly up the village, and her heart leaped to her lips as she noted him. It surely was an idle fancy and a wandering brain that could make him, in his priestly garb, carry himself like one of old. But in a dream surely she might indulge herself as she would please a child, if the little one were so weary of this heat and this strange people.

Yes, yes! it was something the same carriage, though not quite—no, not quite—so manly and commanding. But that

swing of the hands, now! That was the same trick she had known. And that turn of the head!—ah! how like! as though to toss away the straying lock that would fall out of its place.

She stretched her hands appealingly, and snatched them away again. "I am a fool!" she cried bitterly. "I live over those days every day in the year, and I say I will forget. I will not be mastered by flimsy memories of smiles and words that are covered up with years as these are." She walked bravely away from the window, and looked about her to occupy herself. "Nothing to read, nothing to see, nothing at all to do; I will—I will—I will go to church; why, yes, to church!"

She was not very old—perhaps thirty—but her face inside her bonnet had a worn look—a deep-eyed, weakened look. She went out of her door, Maria following with the buffalo robe, and made her way to the small adobe church.

The bell was silent now, and no worshippers came up the street; they were all inside at their prayers. She entered, and made her way, half-contemptuously, through the devout sinners whose knees pressed the floor of bare earth. The air was stifling, and the light was that of the dusk. Maria spread the robe and humbly knelt on one corner of it, mumbling her lips and telling over her beads. Here were the people—this stupid people!—saying their prayers, jumbling them up together in Spanish-Latin, never making a word of sense, but jabbering away there to themselves, on their knees, with their eyes fixed on the altar. How queer it was about their eyes. They winked slowly and at long intervals, and she might have stumbled over them—as, indeed, she came near doing, in the dim light—and they would never one of them have taken their staring eyes off the great gilt cross. What a mass of gaud and shabby tinsel the altar was; and, as she lived, the Virgin—she supposed it was the Virgin—was dressed in a breadth of cambric. And the flaring candles, how they sputtered and fought against their own wicks, and filled the place with their religious odor. Well, if this was the Church of Rome!—and here the worshippers crossed themselves and bent lower; and she looked curiously at them, and wondered she had never thought to amuse herself in this way before.

But gradually, sitting there in the strange silence, a hush stole over her own face—a look of repose that seemed like a rest to her drawn features. The place was small and mean, and its floor was the hard earth; but within its low, plastered walls there reigned a still solemnity, which was increased by the prayer that escaped in a whisper, or the rustle of a dress as some one's position changed.

And then from a little gallery over the door a chant fell. A male voice when lifted out of its natural key is ever more startling than a woman's. A man's cry of pain, how it will shock the hearer and ring in his ears; and when he opens his strong lips and gives out one of the weird chants in the minor thought which clings to the music of Rome, it sometimes seems deep and wide as if it sought to drown out complaint, and fret, and care.

And so this man's voice came out of the gallery as though something with wings had beaten away its bars. Deep and calm it hovered over the heads of those at prayer, and stooped like a spirit and poured its comfort into each ear.

A light broke over the pale face below, a light that shone so, it was as though the face had been washed in sunshine. Its wan, worn look left it; its mouth, hard and drooping at the corners, quivered; almost a radiant dimple played in the thin cheek.

Her chin sank upon her breast and her hands, lightly clasped, drooped before her. The color rushed in waves over her forehead as the proud Laura bent her head. "Paul, Paul," she murmured, "it is never you, Paul."

When she rose and walked away, it seemed to Maria, following respectfully with the buffalo robe, that the señorita staggered once or twice, as her own Pedro did on holidays; but then it might have been a mistake of the vision.

The air was heavy and strange and of a dead clearness, like the warm water out at the spring. You could see things far off, and you could imagine the baked leaves hanging on the trees among the hills. The ear strained itself to catch a sound of something, anything, and when it came, if it was near, it sounded miles away, and if it was distant it came sharp and clear and hugged close. Oh! if the bell should ring now! One shuddered to think how loud it would seem. And then it was so stifling that almost another nausea clave the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and the air grew to feel such a weight as though a pool of stagnant water were pressing from above.

Then the spring on the hill began to bubble and hiss, and the water steamed and foamed and ran about its little basin like a hundred snakes, and little flecks of spume-like saliva were cast up on the rocks. Who was it but Pedro that saw it all and came riding down to tell the tale, digging his heels into the sides of his donkey at every jolt!

A cloud as black as an inky wave rolled up the sky in a scroll, till it rested above the heart of the little plain, and then it began to fall, and to drop lower and lower and to unroll, and all the time there was that same dead clearness of the atmosphere and that same dull sense of hearing. The dogs whined uneasily and slunk away; the chickens, with necks stretched and wings loose, ran to roost, and, through the village, one felt that they were shutting doors. And then the cloud opened and fell apart, and the heavens were covered with its sooty flakes. A swirl of leaves, hardened and dried long ago by the sun, went up the little street and tapped at the small squares of glass set in the windows. The air suddenly became murky and opaque, as with a fog, and then two mighty winds rushed into war, one bellowing from the east and one cast out from the west. They set their heels upon the flat roofs of the houses, and the clash of their weapons went abroad among the hills that sat in stately empire round about. The bell in the little church tower clanged once and twice, and the mighty powers caught the appealing sounds, tore them into shreds, and flung them like little shrieks into the women's ears. And all the time the sun was staring through the black pieces of broken cloud like the hot eye of a fish.

Maria was crossing herself amidst her pans, and making half pious ejaculations of fear when the rude door was pushed so violently that it opened and struck the wall back of it. The *Americano* stood within the entrance, a step or two above the kitchen floor, and a great look of scorn was on her face. She struck her breast with her closed hand,

and her eyes were flashing. She made a sort of moan, and her forehead was very white.

"If he should kneel before me I would step on him," she cried. "I would grind him in the dust, and then I would look at him as I would look at a worm."

She came one step lower and put out her hand. "If it was twice five years I would never forget his words. They are like drops of burning lead in my heart, and I will take his heart in my hands and I will mould it and toss it about and press it between my palms as though they were iron; and as my fingers wind around it and cut into it like threads, the blood will ooze like tears from it, and I will say to him piercing words like these: 'I love to see you writhe, Paul, for that is how I suffered. You are a cheat, and a coward, and a knave, and I spurn you as you lie there, for the very villainess of you.'"

Her features worked and trembled, and great, dry sobs formed in her heaving chest, shook her shoulders, and escaped her white lips.

The Mexican girl rose out of her pans and strove to understand—though it was very hard when one knew the language so little. Was it the storm of the winds now, and was it the fright the lady suffered? O yes! to be sure Padre Paul would come, should she want him, when the winds were gone. And to fear not the winds, for by and by they would die of themselves; though, to be sure, she herself felt them to be dreadful. But the Child Jesus was whom she prayed to.

As night came the earth drew down the winds and buried them, and a sweet freshness, like the morning dew, stole into the air. The dry heat was sucked away, and breath was balm to the lips.

A certain little adobe house was filled with women. Their nursing was not the nursing of soft touch and murmured word; but they laughed a little bit, and sympathized a little bit, and then they talked some, and bathed the sick woman's head and looked at her, and by and by they came and looked again. She lay with closed eyes and burning cheeks, and her hands were very restless, and her fingers continually passing over upon each other.

Ah-la-la, the little talk bubbled on. The Padre Paul was expected each moment, and her brains were boiling—boiling with the fever. Sad, sad!

"Paul! Paul!" came in low tones from the little bed; but she was scarce heeded, and wandered on: "I will forgive it all. Indeed they told me truly, and it never was fault of yours. It has been death to me—my own heart—but now I live again."

Hush, hush! st! among the women, for the good Padre was at the door.

She never opened her eyes, but the tears were stealing out between her lashes. Her hands were moving about and about, and her long brown hair, in its shining abundance, bathed the pillow. She began to murmur again:

"Religion never was meant for strife, it was meant for peace, Paul. We can each follow our own and reach the same heaven at last. In the old days I never thought it, and I hated yours. But my spirit is broken, and you may take me now, Paul; though I never thought I could forgive your going away, and never leaving a word, like that. It was cruel, cruel!"

A little tremulous quiver shook her chin, and a sound like a child's heart-broken sob died away behind her lips. Then something like a blush crept over the fever in her cheeks, and a look of ashamed girlishness shaped her mouth.

"I am five years older, Paul, but my prettiness is not gone from me yet in spite of the grieving. That little curl behind my ear is just as it was, and my feet and hands—why, I don't know but they're smaller. I always knew I should meet you sometime down by the old path or coming it at the gate, and I've kept myself just for you—for you, dear Paul. For five years I've heard you calling, 'Laura! Laura!' and I've just longed to go to you, Paul."

The women huddled round and bent their eyes upon the priest to explain it all, for was not he of the same language? Oh! to be sure; and yes, he would tell them.

The priest's own face was very white, and a lock of hair was separated in willfulness a bit from its fellows, though it was clipped short and pulled back with the rest. His smooth cheeks were of a fine, manly blue, with frequent shaving, and his countenance was severe, reserved, and serious. He looked at the sick woman long and fixedly, never taking his eyes from her face for minutes and minutes of time. Once he put his hand toward her as if to touch her, but took it back again.

"We'll be very, very happy, Paul," she murmured quietly, and then he left her and went over to the small-paned window.

By and by he returned to the bedside and said to the chattering women: "It is the fever that makes her fancy me some friend. I will not deceive the poor lady, since among strangers it may be a comfort to think she has one friend."

And they tinkled to each other among themselves: "Ah! the Padre, good next to God!" And then, with his own firm, white hand, he put the water to her smiling lips and laid it on her forehead.

But when the brother Theodore returned, having bargained his cattle and filled his purse, he found but a grave outside the town, round which some thoughtful one had put a fence to keep the dogs of coyotes away.

And the tinted hills stood round about like a wall, and the women looked up with their dark eyes while their chemises slipped from their shoulders, and smiled at the stranger; and he went up to see the wonderful warm spring gushing from its cleft in the rock, and so away again out of the little Mexican town to his affairs that would suffer no neglect.

KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unless they win along with it the utmost passion of heart! Else it may be their miserable fortune, as it was Roger Chillingworth's, when some mightier touch than their own may have awakened all her sensibilities, to be reproached even for the calm content, the marble image of happiness, which they will have imposed upon her as the warm reality.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude

A DAY WITH THE SNIPE.

To the matin song of the meadow-lark
Through the stubble-fields we had made our way,
While the capering dogs in their glee did bark,
Till we neared the ground where the jacksnipe lay—

Where the willow tops, in a line of red,
Mark the sluggish stream as it winds about
By the level swamp, fringed with mustard dead,
And the burdock fields through the vale spread out.

There the long-bill feeds through the sunny day
In a hidden nook from the gunner's eye,
Till the careful dogs in their ranging stay,
And their steady point shows the game is nigh.

For a whimsical bird is the brown jacksnipe
As he drills away in the slimy ooze,
Or he takes to wing with his rasping pipe,
And he zigzags off till his form you lose.

Through the green wire-grass where the cresses grow
By the muddy pools and the tussocks brown,
With a cautious tread o'er the fens we go,
Till the last bird falls or the sun goes down.

Then the weary dogs at the whistle-calls
To the heel come in, and we plod along
On our homeward way, while the twilight falls
And the frogs are shrilling their vesper song.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

GEORGE CHISMORE.

An Address by the Demos.

"Das Volk steht auf den Sturm bricht los."—KORNER.
Ye have had a brave time of it, kings of the earth!
Since Gog first put purple to clay,
And, dying, transmitted his wisdom and worth
To Magog, entitled by virtue and birth
To lord it the right royal way.

And by craft ye've maintained what bluff daring began—
Your grasp on the fairest and best—
Consuming the cates, and commend'g the bran
To your equals in all that is noblest in man,
As your consciences needs must attest.

We are told that of old there was one of your line
So proud of his pomp in the East
That he deemed himself worthy of homage divine,
Till the Lord turned him out to eat grass with the kine
And grow a respectable beast.

Perhaps, by the year nineteen hundred or so,
We Demos may come to such pass
As to rise and bid Messieurs Divine Right and Co.,
Czar, Empress, Braganza, Guelph, Hapsburg, all go—
Like the great king aforesaid—to grass.

Then "l'état c'est moi" shall be "l'état c'est nous,"
The dictum reversed for the nonce;
Having had quite enough of grand units like you
We fain would just see how King Million will do,
As both sovereign and subject at once.

MARYSVILLE, February, 1879.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Afterward.

The flower lies crushed,
The winds are hushed;
Silence is everywhere.
The casket lies low
Where ivies grow;
Silence is everywhere.

O God! must it be that the flower crushed be
That its perfume be wafted over the lea?
O God! must it be that the body dead be
That the soul may fly from its clay-house to thee?

Took'st Thou the young life in the fullness of youth
That its budding should never be blighted forsooth?
Sent'st Thou the white frost to cut down the flower
That a hand pluck it not in an idle hour?

Soft o'er the grave the light breezes bound,
Pausing to whisper the requiem sound:

"Low lieth the child
Whose spirit is flown;
Here flowers are piled
Whose fragrance is sown."

SONOMA COUNTY, February, 1879.

E.

At Last.

How her heart did soften
As she said, Good-bye!
Said before so often
And so carelessly;
Said with smile or laughter,
Seldom with a sigh;
Now 'twas with emotion,
Telling of Love's pain—
Symbol of devotion
Sought before in vain.

WESTERLY, R. I., January, 1879.

E. R. CHAMPLIN.

Little Elise.

When the star-jewels flash out in the skies,
Which of them sees
The flower-sweet face and glorious eyes
Of little Elise?

Somewhere she watches their glittering beams
Shine through the trees;
Somewhere upon the world's darkness there gleams
Little Elise.

When the dear Summer comes out of the South,
With blossoms and bees,
Always she kisses the darling red mouth
Of little Elise.

Though in such haste the roses to seek,
Ever the breeze
Stops to caress, on her berry-brown cheek,
Little Elise.

Ah! there fade out of life, day by day,
Sweet melodies;
Yet in my memory singeth away
Little Elise.

Jesus, dear Shepherd, who lovest Thy sheep,
Thou may it please
Out of all evil for ever to keep
Little Elise!

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

THOSE WOMEN.

"What," says an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride?" We prefer 'em white.

A Hartford beau has just made the startling discovery that a girl's ribs run up and down. Of course, it's so.

A Paris letter says ex-Queen Isabella of Spain looks like a large watermelon in a dress of bright yellow and green.

"There! that explains where my clothes-lines went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

Lilia asks us: "Would a man smoke cigars if he could not see the smoke?" Lilia, would a girl chew gum if she couldn't see what she was chewing?

A New Haven woman has petitioned for a divorce from her husband because he has no style about him. It is to be hoped for his sake she will get it.

Haidee Heller, sister of the dead magician, who used to assist him in his second-sight performance, is at present living in the family of Stephen Fiske, but has not yet the honor of enrollment among his creditors.

Wishing to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she's never idle; she's always finding something for me to do."

The Louisville *News* is responsible for this ambiguous paragraph: "Lotta Crabtree is the real name of the little actress who plays here this week. Her first appearance in Louisville was at the old Fuller Opera House in 1866. She was then seventeen years old. She is now about eighteen."

Susan Zentmeyer was a milkmaid in Lebanon, Pa. A cow kicked a boy off a stool, and the sight struck her as so funny that she laughed her jaw out of joint, and had to remain all day with her mouth wide open, until a physician could be brought. The boy's jaw was not affected by laughter.

Mrs. Elizabeth Reutter, who died at Baltimore Wednesday, was 113 years old. Her extraordinary longevity is said to be well authenticated. She was a native of Luxemburg, and was peculiarly sensitive regarding her age, which she requested should not be published in her obituary. We scrupulously observe her wishes—there were some odd months.

The Empress Eugenie is described as leading the quietest and most monotonous of lives at Chiselhurst. She prays, she drives, she embroiders, sometimes she plays whist in the evening; one day is almost exactly like another. Her food is simple, and she talks little at table, but always looks pleasant and interested. She is still handsome, her beautiful golden hair shining royally above her plain black dress.

And still the missionary cause waxes stronger. New Bedford has a clever young lady worth a million dollars, and "of a rather pious turn of mind," who made up that mind that she would be a missionary. Could anything be more beautiful? The church accepted her services, and when asked what field of labor she had in view, she pensively looked down at her lavender gloves and replied: "I think I will go to Paris."

This is Emma Abbott's necklace: "The ornament is composed of 357 diamonds, made first into a plain chain set in square blocks of gold. Through the centre of this runs a large coil of the precious stones, supplemented by other coils diminishing in size, and from their lower edge falls a shower of pendants, long and swinging, giving, when on, the effect of a rope of fire around the throat, radiating in every direction. This is worn with a heavy diamond cross, in which the gems are of unusual size."

The London *Figaro* prints a long interview with Victoria Woodhull in its issue of January 18. Mrs. Woodhull says circumstances have occurred that will prevent her "ever appearing again on the platform;" that she has spent "several fortunes in the work of social regeneration;" that she intends to "flood the world" with her publications, and that she is "backed by people who represent millions." The interviewer was evidently impressed. He describes "the blue eyes radiant with life and soul; the brow, though not protuberant beyond what a Phidias would desire, instinct with thought; the lips brimming with refined feeling. A face more interfused with spiritual life and fire, I think I never set eyes on."

There was a church wedding in New York the other day, as large and fashionable as could be desired, but at the door—and only one door of the church was allowed to be open—was stationed a detective for the purpose of preventing the entrance of a certain undesired individual, while near the officiating clergyman was posted a lawyer, armed with all the legal documents needed to show, if anyone raised the question, there was no good reason why the marriage should be stayed. The cause of all these preparations was due to the inconsiderateness of a young lady, who had, a year or two before, been "rock-married" to some other one than her present husband, by a man who turned out to be a judge, or a justice of the peace, or some other authority, and in consequence of this fact her life had been made miserable by the assertion of the temporary bridegroom that he would not permit her to be married to anyone else. As it turned out no attempt at interference was made, and the precautions taken were, therefore, needless; but that they were even thought to be necessary indicates an amount of uneasiness which no one would care to lightly assume; hence the very obvious moral is, that the best way to avoid entanglements of this kind is to refuse to participate in any of them.



In loyal performance of his duty as Poet Laureate, Mr. Tennyson is adding a horror to the grave by a poem on the death of the Princess Alice. That on the death of the Queen has been completed for some years, and is filed away pending her majesty's demise; but the younger lady took him by surprise.

Mr. Whistler, the artist, has put into book form his quarrel with Mr. Ruskin, the critic. He calls it a caterwaul in black and white.

The "Contributor's Club" of the *Atlantic* is a stuffed one.

George Eliot's widow's weeds are spinster's flax.

Thirteen of the daily newspapers started in the United States in 1878 are living; the rest are in that brighter and better land where the wicked cease from troubling—where they are troubled.

It is clear that Mr. William Winter's *Trip to England* would have given the reader a truer idea of the country had the author not unfortunately arrived at his destination. He got on nicely till he came to Liverpool.

The author of *Helen's Babies* has received a high compliment from Turgeneff, who said he would be proud to translate Mr. Habberton's great work into Russian if he were able to read English.

Shakespearean literature has received another valuable and characteristic addition: a person named Ellacombe has produced a volume entitled *Plant-Lore of Shakespeare*, "in which a dictionary of every plant or tree named in the plays and poems is illustrated by the passages in which it is mentioned." There are also copious literary and botanical notes. The author is still at large.

The poem *Nadeschda*, by Johan Ludvig Runeberg, the eminent Swedish poet, has been translated into Bostonese by Miss Marie A. Brown.

The American Book Exchange has begun the publication of a cheap edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, in eight handy volumes. The first volume has just been published and presents a neat appearance. Those who desire to possess this useful and valuable work can procure it from the Exchange at a remarkably low price, for it is a straight steal.

Mrs. Julia A. Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, says she has not suffered flattery to turn her head, for she knows that the critics which praises her the loudest is the same ones as praises Longfellow; and 'taint likely there is two poets to once.

In the *Bulletins of Dr. Hayden's Geological Survey*, the "Bibliography of North American Invertebrate Palæontology" has kindled the envy and animosity of the invertebrate palæontologists of South America. Yet it seems to have been written in good faith and without any sinister motive.

Ah! it has actually been done into French, and is entitled *Les Bébés d'Hélène*.

In the *Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*, Leipzig—formerly published at Berlin—the Gothic letter has been abandoned. The Gothic type is responsible for every other pair of spectacles bestriding the German nose.

The London *Academy* praises Will Carleton's "Farm Balads" as having "that rare mixture of humor and pathos that never fails to touch all hearts." It fails to touch ours.

Gerald Massey writes of Charles Lamb that he was no teacher of his time, and had no commanding or immediate influence on his contemporaries. "He lifted up no banner, summoned no contending hosts to the conflict, did no battle on the side of faction or party." Of course not; he was a gentleman.

Two volumes of a work which will be of great literary importance have been published in Spain—Balaquer's *Historia Política y Literaria de los Trovadores*. When completed it will include more than three hundred biographies. The volumes now out treat of the poetry and language of the Troubadours, and their influence on European countries.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* grieves at the literary inactivity of Dr. W. L. Shoemaker, the poet. We have greater fortune. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*—Dr. Shoemaker should be content with his last poem.

The Fine Art of Reading is the title of a neat little volume just published by Roberts Brothers, it being an essay, translated from the French of Ernest Legornée, urging the importance and suggesting the methods of acquiring the accomplishment of reading aloud. The real "fine art of reading" is to read inaudibly, but it would require five hundred volumes to teach it.

FEMININE MYSTERIES.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:—Let us be thankful for small favors. Just at this transition season Fashion flings us only an occasional bit of comfort in the shape of a novelty or two to save us from utter despair. Her last contribution has a breezy sound, suggestive of coming spring zephyrs and summer heats. We begin to edge away from the heavy woollen goods of the past three months, and get nearer the light beiges, silks, and grenadines that even the moderate summers here make necessary. We are casting our thoughts forward far enough to discuss cotton fabrics, such as the pretty new cotton sateens that are to form an important part of our coming toilets two months hence. These sateens are of a very fine twill, thick, yet soft to the touch, and come in the most popular colors—blues, grays, browns, creams—and again, stripes of contrasting colors, which last will be used to make Pompadour overdresses with striped vests, to be worn over skirts of a solid color. Some have exquisite bunches of flowers scattered over the groundwork; others are still made odd, being in stripes of two shades of brown, with a border of cardinal red covered with palm leaves. These goods will be made up with basques and vests, undershirts trimmed with one or two plaited flounces, and overshirts most commonly finished by bias bands of striped sateens, below which is a fall of Russian lace put on very full. A jabot of the same lace extends down the whole front of the vest. Pippings of plain colors are to be much used. Percaloes, too, will be favored again this year. They will be in the more delicate shades, and the design almost invariably will be the polka dot and stripes of the same for trimmings. The South Kensington School of Design seems to be interesting itself in our dress goods this year, as the floral designs, on pale grounds, among calicoes, lawns, and organzies, bear that title. The patterns for the body of the goods are scattered over the surface, regardless of any sort of order apparently, but borders which go with them are in rich masses of foliage and flowers. Calicoes in rich colors, warranted to wash, come in rich shades, to be utilized as plaitings, pippings, or bias bands for other goods. Still another novelty is basket woven cotton that has a thick, crinkled appearance, the groundwork being strewn with arabesques, flowers, and grasses. To go back a step: In lighter woollen suitings there are new goods called "flannel finish." They are without lustre, very soft, and come either in plain colors or in narrow stripes of two shades of the same color. The colors are mostly beige brown, gray, and black. A new camel's hair is without a twill, and of such light weight as to nearly resemble bunting, and has the flannel finish. Some few checks will be seen, but the check will be noticed more in the weaving than in any violent contrast in color. The fancy for cashmere seems to be steadily on the increase. It is used now in combination with every other kind of goods than itself, excepting cottons. Nothing is prettier where dresses are being made over, for its own intrinsic elegance seems to entirely overshadow any possible lack of freshness in the material it is put with, very much as one person of distinction will be a voucher for the respectability of a whole party of otherwise questionable people. The East India cashmere is considered the most elegant at present. It is easily distinguished from the French by its softness of texture and slight hairiness of surface. It comes fifty-four inches in width, and varies from \$2.50 to \$6.00 a yard, while the French goods may be had very much cheaper. Very handsome evening and dinner dresses are made up of combinations of white cashmere and cashmere or silk of the light colors, and white brocaded cashmeres, in the ivory tint, is used for opera cloaks. The present season has brought in many pretty novelties in neckwear—confections they are called nowadays, probably because they are "just too sweet for anything, you know"—chief among them the jabot and the fichu. The latter is the more modern, or rather the latest revival of an old-time favorite. Then there are nests and necklaces of all the choicest laces—Duchesse, Valenciennes, Irish, Genoese, and Venetian points, and a varied assortment of a less expensive grade, among which Breton takes the chief place. Worth is said to use a thousand yards of this last every day. The "Camargo" fichu—so named in honor of Lecoq's latest musical composition—is one of the prettiest. It is made of *crêpe lisse* and Breton lace, and is to be worn with an open dress; the jabot which terminates it fastens at one side. India mulls can be had in rose color and blue, as well as in white, and are as soft and delicate as *crêpe lisse* for this purpose, but Canton crape is the most *recherché*, and its revival in this form is said to indicate a return of the popularity of the Canton crape shawls, that were the pride of old ladies fifty years or so ago. Transparent sleeves are still another pretty and convenient fashion. They can be made of white bobbinet lace and Breton insertion, or of black Brussels net and white or black lace, and are worn with silks, satins, or velvets, irrespectively. New opera scarves are of Spanish or Duchesse laces, three yards long, and are worn wound around the head and neck. It is quite easy to convert them at short notice into opera bonnets, by a little ingenuity in making them up in the form of large Alsatian bows. Black kids are being extensively patronized for evening wear. They are made still more effective by double or triple bands of lace insertion around the arm and a quilling of lace at the top. Either black or white insertion and lace may be used. The same for white, undressed kid; the black, however, are the opera gloves, *par excellence*. Cream white and maitie are for calling; also the new color, guinea-gold. For mourning, black, undressed kids are "the only wear;" but for persons dressing in colors, contrasts are now chosen, rather than have the gloves of the same color as the suit, as formerly. The "five o'clock tea" may now be said to be a fully established institution in the visiting world, and in Paris ladies vie with each other in producing the most elegant toilets on these occasions; two recently worn at an entertainment are worth reproducing. The first was of the pinkish-gray color known as "pigeon's throat;" the long train had no panniers, but the *tablier* was turned back with two large revers of terry velvet, and trimmed with silver braid edged with pale blue, the *tablier* being of soft radziner silk. The casaquin boddice was covered with the same silver and pale blue braiding, and was edged with fine Russian lace, embroidered with pale blue silk, the design traced out with silver thread; the cuffs of the sleeves and the top of the boddice were also trimmed with this embroidered lace. The

bracelets and earrings turquoise, the stockings light blue silk, the shoes gray satin with blue bows. The second dress was black satin, capriciously covered with heraldic lace, the design being a coat of arms picked out with gold thread for the front, and tiny dragons worked in fine jet beads bearing thin necklets of gold beads at the sides; the train was black ribbed velvet, and the high boddice likewise—the long, straight waistcoat being of black satin, covered with lace. The neck-tie worn was of antique white lace. During the penitential weeks to come, and while we are making numberless good resolutions for the immediate future, to be carried out more or less according to the amount of temptation we are subjected to, needle-work of all sorts will be the *dernier resort* with many; it will, therefore, be gratifying to know that curtains of Brussels net embroidered in crewels are considered very elegant, and are sanctioned by so august a body as the Ladies' Dressmaking and Embroidery Association, of London. English ladies are embroidering gun cases for their gentlemen friends; and the more domestically inclined are initialing table cloths and napkins, in both white and colored embroidery. New washstand screens are made of brown linen, a fairy tale in seven scenes being the design. The pictures are contained in seven blocks, four below and three above, the centre block of the upper row containing the name of the story. Persian canvas is the newest material for chair back. I see among the sensible inventions a new patent wireless bustle, said to be made from a material lighter than down, and free from all wire, steel, or whalebone, and so constructed that the wearer can sit with perfect comfort and feel sure that it will spring into place immediately on rising; but I have not yet found them here. From my scrap book of useful information I extract the following excellent recipe for removing a very common and troublesome stain—that of coffee, with cream or milk in it, from silk or wool goods: Brush the spot with a little unperfumed glycerine; wash it out thoroughly with lukewarm water, and iron the fabric on the wrong side until it is perfectly dry. The glycerine absorbs the fatty matter in the cream, as well as the coloring matter of the coffee. A radical remedy.

LILIAS DUBOIS.

Obscure Intimations.

M. A.—We do not know any way in which the gentleman you mention could have discovered your identity except through your own indiscretion. It will be more obvious that he really has done so when he has revealed it.

"HOME JOURNAL."—The old year ended so long ago that the poem would be a trifle out of season just now, and would have to stand on its literary excellence alone. It might be a little unsteady on its "feet."

ESTHER.—We are not quite sure we get the full meaning of your letter. The "Standard" is a club which we do not find mentioned in the *Elite Directory*.

CHEERYBLE.—Poems, like pretty women, should have nothing to do with one another. "Sequels," "replies," "companion pieces," and the like, behold, they are unpleasant!

TH. VAL.—We don't think the lines very good; do you? As for blank verse, it does not readily lend itself to short sentimental bits. Only a great master can write blank verse anyhow.

J. B.—It does not follow that because we publish a thing we think it good—always; nor is rejection to be understood as condemnation. Merit is but one of the many considerations determining these matters. We would not willfully publish anything that would be fatal to the reader, nor meanly exclude what would tickle him to death. All the same, there are more things in this business than are dreamt of in your philosophy. So cheer up, old man, and try again.

STEVENS.—It is difficult not to have a prejudice against your work when it is accompanied with such gushing letters. Don't gush.

Obituary.

We write this week under the oppression of a great grief. We have been by inexorable death bereaved of a friend, companion, and confidant, to whom, for some years past, we have been most warmly attached. He was honorable, faithful, and devoted. We never knew him to shrink the performance of a duty. He never told a lie. A leading trait of his character was gratitude for favors. He never asked us to indorse his note, never solicited us to support him for office, never refused us a favor within his power to grant. He was temperate in his life, honest and honorable in all his transactions. Not a professor of religion or member of any orthodox church, yet, a Christian in the highest and best sense of the term, he lived an upright, conscientious life, and in all our intimate intercourse with him we never heard him speak unkindly of any one. For industry and economy he had no superior. For a long time he acted as special policeman at our residence, and, although he had no place on the force and drew no pay from the treasury, he performed his duties with fidelity, bravery, and unsleeping vigilance. Although filling but an humble position in society, he was of good family and of superior education. He was high-spirited and would resent a wrong, though never quarrelsome. His association was entirely among gentlemen; he had an instinctive repugnance to tramps. Exceedingly fond of field sports, he was never weary of the gun in pursuit of game. We have spent many a pleasant day with him, rambling over our Californian hills and valleys for quail, and in his society have spent many a delightful hour upon marsh and lake and stream, shooting ducks. His last hours were soothed by every attention; the kindest friends, and the most experienced physicians attended him in his last illness. Our anticipations of pleasure in Abraham's bosom will only be half realized if we do not meet there our faithful friend and loving dog—poor Snyder.

Many a woman objects to Madame Anderson's walking as a species of cruelty, who yet keeps her own tongue running all day.

When a woman takes a pistol in hand it's hard to tell whether she'll commit suicide or murder. And nobody waits to see.

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

The performance within one week of two new overtures for orchestra, by local composers, is, after all, not a bad showing for an out-of-the-world little town like this one, especially when taken in connection with the fact that they are both designed as preludes to operas. The operas themselves we are less likely to hear (our company being engaged at St. Petersburg for the season); but one of them, that of Mr. Hinrichs, I have had the pleasure of reading in score, and find it to be an exceedingly clever composition, graceful, melodic, and quite dramatic in conception. The overture—it is called *The Ladies Conspire*—was performed at the promenade concert given at the new Olympic Club rooms on the seventh instant, and, as it was a new composition of a resident musician, was attentively listened to by about five persons, the rest of the audience meantime tramping about the rooms, chattering, laughing, and indulging in their own kind of a good time (save the mark!) generally. What are new overtures to us, or resident composers, either, that we should stop for them? The second of the new compositions, by Mr. George W. Koppitz, the excellent flutist, is called simply "Overture to an Operetta," and has been played this week by the California Theatre Orchestra. I have not heard anything of the operetta, but the overture is bright and pretty, and, if not strikingly original, at least well made and instrumented with taste and routine. I hope that some day we shall have the entire work to which this overture is the preface. The performance of an original operetta ought to be possible, even if our company (for *Grand opera*, I mean) is in St. Petersburg.

Chamber Concerts begin again on next Tuesday with the first of the new series of Quintet Recitals, for which a very interesting programme is announced. There are to be—firstly, I might say, in musical interest—five out of the six *Scenes from the Orient* by Schumann, in their original form (piano-forte, four hands), played by Miss Schmidt and Miss Alice M. Bacon, a very promising young pianiste, who makes her debut on this occasion. Then, besides songs by Mrs. J. E. Tippet, we are to have the first movement from the new Quintet for piano-forte and strings by Rubenstein, String Quartets by Mozart and Carl Schuberth (three movements from the one in C, a charming work), and, as solo numbers, the *Fantaisie Caprice* of Vieuxtemps—Mr. Clifford—and a *Serenade Orientale* for Violoncello, by Popper. The concerts will be at new Dashaway Hall, instead of the Mercantile Library, and it is expected that the effect of the music will be much enhanced by the superior acoustic properties of the new hall. The subscription, I am glad to say, looks promising.

If our opportunities for the study of art are to be restricted to shop windows and dealers' galleries, we have certainly cause to be grateful to those in the trade who have the enterprise to provide occasionally something both fresh and good, in spite of the fact that stale and bad would sell almost as well. I am not at all sure but that dealers—as a class—are rather detrimental to the cause of art, and am inclined to think that both artists and public would be better served without their mediation. Most of them know nothing of art—as such—beyond the scraps and bits of information—gabble—that they are enabled to pick up in course of their dealings with sellers and buyers; they have a vocabulary of the shop that serves a certain purpose (that of expatiating on the merits of a work they do not understand to one who knows no more about it than they themselves) and is liberally applied, on occasion, but that is apt to be as far removed from any *real* critical quality as the politician's view of a leading question is from statesmanship. I need hardly say that I do not expect one whose business it is to *sell* pictures to criticise them for the benefit of buyers; this would be somewhat too much to ask of human (commercial) nature, and would imply a degree of ingenuousness not to be looked for in a dealer of any kind, much less one whose wares are of such a character that his customers are almost invariably ignorant of their true value, and are forced to rely very largely, at least, upon his valuation of them. But it is in his selection and purchase of works of art that the critical judgment of the dealer is to be looked for, and in which it is likely to be of no small influence among those with whom he does business. This is especially the case in a community which, like ours, has no recognized standard of authority and none or very little of that familiar intercourse with artists through which a critical insight into the nature—as well as merits and faults—of their work may sometimes be established. Our artists live in an atmosphere into which picture-buyers do not penetrate, and that which surrounds the buyers—or the large majority of them—is one that is apt to prove stifling to the unfortunate artist who is perchance forced to inhale it, either in search of a commission or after having executed one. As a necessary consequence of this condition of affairs our art culture is in reality measured in a great degree by what can be done in the shops; and this, I repeat, is not likely to be conducive to a healthy growth in any direction; the artists are none the better for it, nor, I think, is the public. A taste for pictures is a very good, a very desirable, thing, if it be a taste for *good* pictures. But good pictures are rare, and necessarily costly. The fact, however, that it is "the thing" to cultivate art renders it obligatory on whoever can afford a Brussels carpet and a piano forte to have pictures, and the market must be supplied. In such a case, what is the dealer to do? Tell the good people who come to him for an invoice of "art" to match their new furniture, that they had better wait until they have learned some little about it and are able to discriminate for themselves; that by keeping together the money that they will inevitably pay out for five or six bad pictures they will eventually be able to have a single good one, which—when their judgment comes—will be worth more to them than all the bad ones in the world? Not he! The market is there, waiting money in hand, and it is his business to supply it. If he happens to be a good critic—or judge—of art, he is like to do no harm, and *may* do much good. For a few words coming from one "in the business" oftentimes have great weight, and it is part of the picture-dealer's trade to have the right kind of words ready at his tongue's end. But the danger is always that these words and phrases—this glib and exceedingly facile art-talk, that is so cheap to the talker and so entangling and convincing to the ignorant buyer—goes just as much with the poorest art as it does with the better work; it is part of the

stock, just the same as the gilt frames and color-tubes; and, having once come into possession of a picture, it is part of the (business) conscience of the dealer to believe in it. Naturally; he thought it good or he would not have bought it. But good for the dealer is one thing, and good for the buyer is another and quite different one. Unless, indeed, the dealer happens to be at once a good judge of art, a man of wide culture, a disinterested, unselfish human being, and a good business man. And such combinations, I fear, are very rare, especially in this part of the world.

The above paragraph is a digression, for which I beg my readers' pardon, but which may, after all, be of more value than the matter itself, which is this: (That is, I should like to be permitted to digress just once more, long enough to say that the picture shops have certainly one great claim on our gratitude, and this because they are the galleries of the poor. Many a picture-hungry boy or girl have I seen at those windows satisfying a craving that must otherwise have gone unstillied. Many a man's only idea of art is founded upon what he learned from shops and shop-windows, and many a lesson have I learned there myself. But as much good can be done, so can also much harm; and it is this that I fear the dealers do not always remember.) And now let me come back to the point from which I started at the beginning of the preceding paragraph—viz.: to Messrs. Morris & Schwab's show-window, where there are at present to be seen some half a dozen flower paintings—water colors—by Theresa Hegg, of Nice, that are at once very beautiful and decidedly interesting. I do not remember to have come across the name before, although from the many admirable qualities in the work I fancy it can not fail to become celebrated in time, if indeed it be not already so, in that better market to which we have unfortunately no access—viz.: where good pictures are not allowed to drag out a weary existence in sales galleries waiting for buyers, but are sought and bought, making reputations for their creators instead of mere notoriety, as with us. These flowers are painted with great breadth and a quite masterly technique. The artist seems to have understood to a nicety just how far she might carry her fondness for detail without detriment to the general pictorial effect, while at the same time she seems never to sacrifice any of those matters of finish that will give point or accuracy to her subject. Her command of color is evidently very great, as is also her skill in grouping. Indeed, of the many meritorious points in her pictures, this seems to me to be the most noteworthy. Flower painting has in our day come to be such a much-abused branch of art that it is particularly refreshing to find an occasional specimen that does not bear the unmistakable brand of the novice, and is neither cheap nor nasty. I wish that it might be possible to keep one or two of these pictures of Hegg (Miss or Mrs.) on exhibition somewhere in town where some of our ambitious, smearing young women might have them constantly before them as a sort of reminder that "fools rush in," etc. Let them look at this work, observing the skillful grouping (composition) and reticent color-scale of which this artist is master, and go back to their work convinced that to paint flowers truthfully and artistically is not child's work, after all.

I have been much interested in observing the close resemblance that these flowers—which, having been painted at Nice, are likely to be the result of studies made thereabouts—bear to those of our own climate, and fancy that this will hardly fail to strike every casual observer. Not only the roses have quite the Californian air—the varieties as well as their habits of growth—but the wild flowers as well. I doubt but that every blossom and leaf in the entire collection can be gathered in our fields and on our hills, and there is in one of the pictures (not in the window, I believe) a spray of eucalyptus leaves, blossoms, and seed-vessels, that might have been gathered in our streets, and suggests the most beautiful quality (most beautiful? The only beautiful one!) of this ugly, this horribly, frightfully ugly tree. If they have taken to planting the eucalyptus at Nice, I'm sure that will be the last of it as a nice town. But Miss (or Mrs.) Hegg has found the picturesque side of the thing, and sends us from Italy a bit of home portraiture that is delightful.

The Concert of Trinity Church Choir—under the leadership of Mr. Geo. J. Gee—takes place Wednesday evening, 19th instant, and promises to be a very interesting entertainment. Mr. Gee has given himself great pains to create an efficient chorus, and deserves the most generous encouragement. The proceeds of the Concert (which will be given in the school-room of the church) are to be expended in additions to the library of the choir.

The programme for Mr. Ferrer's Concert (24th instant) has not yet been announced, but is sure to be good, as many excellent artists have promised their assistance. Mr. Ferrer has so many claims upon our public, that I feel assured it will be happy to honor his draft at sight.

I think I have found one of the funniest apologies for a violinist playing out of tune that has yet been put forward, and one that ought, in common mercy, to be made for all the little unfortunates of fiddle pupils who are bullied into taking lessons. It appeared—*à propos* of Mr. Heyman's playing of Raff's *cavatina*, at the Herold concert—in last Saturday's *Post*, and suggests that a disgusted public condone the false intonation and general slobber with which that young gentleman embellished Raff's composition, because, perforce, "he played it against his own wishes, and because it was impossible to get the orchestra together to rehearse the numbers he had intended." Remember this, gentlemen of the violin: When you play "against your own wishes" it is permitted to you to play out of tune (if the piece be easy, so much the more out of tune, I suppose), and when the orchestra can not be gotten together you may slobber. But be quite sure to do it manfully, and with the grand air, and you shall have bouquets, applause, and *encores* to your heart's content, and a nice little tuft-hunter to write your apologies afterward. If you have but "hosts of friends who appreciate you, a little occasional bad fiddling will not hurt you, and is probably intended by an inscrutable musical providence" as a penance for the unfortunate critics who have to listen to you, and who are probably only being served right for expecting anything better.

S. E.

SUBURBAN SAUCE.

OAKLAND, February 12, 1879.

DEAR JUNO:—If there is one trait more than another that is distinctive of the Oakland girl, it is a certain plasticity and amiability in agreeing to and giving her active coöperation to any scheme of a social nature that may be proposed. If our gentlemen will but do us justice, they must admit that in all the long years that have gone by we have never once deserted them. When can they cite an instance of a ball-room with a preponderance of their own sex in it? Have we not always conscientiously adorned it with our presence? And when our position has been only decorative, as has often happened, yet even then we have ever accepted our place meekly and resignedly, and have shown ourselves unfeignedly glad that we could do our little toward moulding and consolidating society. I am moved, Juno, to make these remarks by the knowledge of a certain outrage that is about to be perpetrated upon us.

Last week I wrote you of skating. Since then a call was made for lady recruits to join a club. Given by one of "our set," we, of course, all responded with the usual alacrity and loyalty. Now, in secret session, a few days ago, the committee, of which Mr. Jo. Cook is President, passed the following resolutions: "No lady will be admitted to the rink on club evenings (Monday) unless she comes in the costume prescribed by us—to wit: a red skirt, white astrachan zouave jacket, and cap of the same, adorned with a red cockatoo." Doesn't it fairly make you shudder, Juno, and wouldn't you think such an idea the outgrowth of some fearful malevolence felt toward us? Won't we look like a troop of trained monkeys? If the reason for this measure is merely a desire on the part of the President to see himself at the head of a fancy costumed organization, perhaps it can be gratified in a more liberal sense. I, for one, will volunteer any day for his triumphal procession, which he shall lead, hand-organ in hand, down our public thoroughfare. Don't be horrified, dear, for in joining this street pageant I feel I should not be sacrificing an iota of the womanly dignity that I should by appearing within the secluded walls of a skating rink in trappings so manifestly absurd for the place and sport. In this other case I would be consistent, at least. I am aware that several of our President's friends stoutly maintain that this measure never was given the seal of his approbation; that it was carried over his head by the efforts of one of the Committee, a friend and neighbor of his, a gentleman who has long been known as a keen student of decorative art, and who it seems by this last development has gone one step higher and turned into a sort of Worth-less (excuse the pun, Ju.) designer of ladies' attire. If this is true, of course I cheerfully absolve Mr. Cook from all responsibility, but I would suggest here that it is due both to himself and the ladies that he make a public statement of these facts. No gentleman can afford to rest under the stigma of ingratitude, of repaying years of devotion by a measure intolerant and unjust—a measure that saps the very foundation of female independence: the right to do and dress as we please.

Last Monday night the Club opened; the dress regulation was not enforced. We are to be allowed a week's respite, in consequence, like little children on a holiday. Our sport was all the more keenly enjoyed; and the gentlemen, how gleeful and happy they were! I wish you could have seen Mr. Bangs and Mr. Houghton at the end of the "whip lash;" it fairly made one hold one's breath. And little Mac, poor broker, how he crowed; and Mr. Will Peckham, how he tumbled about the floor in sheer delight. Then there was Mr. Will Locke sailing along—a stately frigate; and his friend, Mr. Henry Havens, bobbing about at his side for all the world like one of those dear little tug boats; and Mr. Charles Belden, steadied by his hat, making a fine record. And, too, I saw Mr. Jo. Cook and Mr. Willard Barton sacrificing their pleasure to help the timid ladies about. Oh! the inconsistency of man, helpmate and oppressor in one! Mr. King Goodrich, Mr. Tom Williams, Mr. Charles Eells, Mr. Windsor Brown, Mr. Robert Crockett, Mr. Charles Allen, Mr. Jim Baker, Mr. Tom Carneal, Mr. Jameson, Mr. Schroder, Mr. Fred Tuttle, and Mr. Charles Havens (the next German leader. Pity, sire! grant us thy tolerance for that one evening to adorn ourselves as of old) were all there, valiant and smiling. As to the ladies, there was a perfect galaxy of them. All the beauties and wits of our loved Athens held their court there that night. Ah, me! for the last time, and we love it so—the skating, the attention, and adulation of the brave, handsome men; perhaps when we are gone they will miss us, and by and by may even feel regret for the severity that drove us from them; but if this never comes to pass, they must at least applaud the independent spirit that would brook no interference with what we considered an inalienable right—a spirit that bravely made great sacrifices for the maintaining of a principle.

Your own heroic
MAID OF ATHENS.

One year ago this month there was organized in San Francisco the "Young Woman's Christian Association," the object being to provide employment for destitute women, to give advice, sympathy, and temporal aid to friendless, homeless young women, and to help families needing aid. It is an institution commending itself to all for its common sense effort at a practical work of benevolence and charity. It is properly in the hands of young women—married and single—good women, and great results will be accomplished if it is properly sustained. Poor children, destitute women, girls, strangers, poor and tempted, are aided and rescued by this society. It gives a week of lunches, beginning on Monday, at Platt's Hall. To each of the denominations is assigned a day, as, for instance, Presbyterians on Monday, Episcopalians on Tuesday, and so on. If one day had been set apart for sinners to go and eat in charity to the poor we should most certainly go, and indeed the object is so worthy that we are almost tempted to go in the disguise of a sectarian, that we may contribute our mite to so good a work. We never endeavored to look pious, and never have wrapped the mantle of the church about us, but as we see no objection to whipping the devil around the clerical stump, we will go, and risk the consequences.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting
that are your duty.

A CUSTOM OF THE FAMILY.

In what was looked upon as a spirit of peculiar wantonness, and an absence of any justifiable incitement, my great-great-grandfather, Nicholas Brun, murdered a gentleman of the French Court. For so doing he was arrested, speedily condemned, and almost immediately, in all legal form and with circumstances of great severity, broken upon the wheel. Being led to the place of execution, he addressed the assembled spectators, and commented with satisfaction upon the alleged absence of motive; regarding it as the chief redeeming feature of his deed, since thereby he had proved most conclusively that he had not been impelled by sordid or revengeful motives, but had merely acted in a spirit of pure disinterestedness, thus ably performing an ancestral duty, devolved upon him through the undeviating practice and example of a long line of splendid ancestry. This is believed to have been the earliest public acknowledgment of any well digested principle of murder in our family; though in its private traditions, a well considered and æsthetically executed murder had been for many generations regarded as the bounden duty of each successive link in the extended chain of noble descent.

Coming one generation nearer, I find that my great-grandfather, Roget, was a man of less vigorous intellect, and crippled, moreover, with almost total want of imagination, creative power, and grace of execution. It is true that in carrying out the family custom he achieved the main purpose, but in the manner of its performance he shed little glory upon the line. Without proper previous consideration of the subject, and in that hasty spirit with which one so often blunders through a necessary duty as something to be hurriedly performed, and thus set aside forever, he wandered into the open fields, and there, in broad daylight, murdered a Hungarian peddler. Of course he was apprehended and executed—being simply hanged, however, with kind consideration for his well-known condition of mental impoverishment. His family naturally felt somewhat disgraced in his death, for in the public mind there was not wanting a dim, unworthy suspicion that so far from designing merely to carry out a predestined custom of his line, he had cherished unsuitable intentions with reference to the peddler's pack.

My grandfather, Eustace, on the contrary, was a noble-minded and accomplished gentleman. He, too, in proper time, committed his murder and was apprehended; but with surpassing genius and skill he had accomplished the duty with such dexterity, and had woven about the deed such an array of entangling and conflicting collateral circumstances, that the whole matter was confused with mystery, and it was found impossible to fix the act upon him. There was the corpse in his own pantry, indeed, and there was the ancestral dagger projecting from the wound, but for all that the necessary proof failed, and though everybody believed him guilty it was impossible not to acquit. Therefore he was restored in safety to his home and friends, and might have continued there in peace and serenity until his death had it not been for the prejudices of the neighborhood, which, not accepting the verdict of the jury as correct, so teased and tormented his after-life that finally he parted from all his native associations, and forever transferred his allegiance to another land. In my earlier days I saw him often, and can even now faintly recall him—a quiet, calm, white-haired old gentleman, full of grace and dignity, and bearing upon his whole person the impress of life's duties all fulfilled, and the honors of high ancestry not suffered to grow dim.

My father, also, was a quiet, mild-spoken, courtly man. It sometimes seemed to me, however, that he failed to put proper stress upon the prescriptive observances of our line, and that now the gathered centuries having brought new ideas, he considered, perhaps, that the family should assume other interests and practices, and abandon those customs that had heretofore illustrated our history. It is certain that I never heard him more than casually allude to the several murders of our line, nor did I ever see him suddenly become electrified with that alert, erect, noble, and satisfied aspect and demeanor which in bygone times, as I have been told, had been wont to assure the rest of the family that a great and hitherto neglected duty had been performed, and the honor of our family maintained. It was a matter which, as I grew older, often caused me deep distress and perplexity; and many a time did I sit and contemplate his serene and thoughtful face, and wondered whether he had really abandoned all desire for distinction, and every honest regard for our hereditary practices, and whether we must at last sink into the dull level of the commonplace families around us. Serene and unimpassioned, he thus grew older, and at length died, slowly sinking away into unconsciousness. But throughout all the last moments of his still flickering perception, though I anxiously hung over him, there came no open confession to his lips; and so at last the vital spark fled, leaving me despairing and broken-hearted, with the thought that one whom I had loved so much had proved recreant to that great responsibility of hereditary duty.

Year by year thereafter, as I grew older, I deliberated upon the matter; at times feeling a kind of mingled scorn and pity for my father as one who had weakly yielded to circumstances which should not have controlled him, and had thereby betrayed his ancestral trust; and then again wondering whether, after all, he had not been right, and whether it might not be that new generations should naturally bring other ideas, and properly lead to an abandonment of the great principles of the past. This latter thought, however, was only allowed suzerainty in my moments of occasional weakness. Strong in my sense of family pride, I did not often allow myself to question the value or importance of that great custom, which, with only a single treacherous break, had illustrated our annals. The only doubt of any consequence I ever felt was as to whether the deplorable break having once been made, must be considered as remaining open forever, or whether in my own person I could rivet the chain, letting it gain strength with a more brilliant link than might elsewhere be shown, and thereby inaugurating a new career of family glory, to last, under kindly fate, for many generations to come.

I concluded finally, that it could be done; that if there is any virtue in genial sympathy with the traditions of the past, and in a determination to live worthy of ennobled blood, it certainly must no longer be neglected. And then, warm and glowing with the subject, I sought counsel and concurrence from my friend Trevalian. He was the dearest friend I had

ever had; a man of wondrous wealth of mental acquirement, and adorned with every courtly grace, and had given his whole heart to me with more of passion and effusion than if he were my twin-brother. I felt, therefore, that I must not advance a single step upon my way without taking him into consultation.

Not that I told him my design in explicit words. That, indeed, would not have been a friendly action, for I had no right to imperil his life with my own. If I should be detected, he might be made to suffer as my accomplice were I to reveal everything to him in advance. And though as my dearest friend he might have been willing to go with me to any extent, yet I, as his loved companion, must not suffer him so to do. But there are ways in which information can be imparted without employing words of actual description—methods by which an idea, though not placed too obtrusively before one, may be so ingeniously advanced as to be apprehended by intuition. Thus I now acted, clouding my observations with sufficient veil of mystery, and yet all the while allowing the real truth to break forth in quiet gleams, as the bright sunlight will for a moment seek passage through the parted folds of a cloud.

"Suppose, my dear Trevalian," I said, "that a man were bound by family tradition and by power of caste to perform a task which none of his ancestors had, to his knowledge, ever neglected—except it might be in one case which makes it more than ever incumbent upon him to repair that single error with more than ordinary effort of his own. Suppose that—"

"I see," Trevalian interrupted, understanding me at once, and fearful, perhaps, lest I might give him too little credit for quickness of apprehension, and therefore might reveal myself too broadly in some unnecessarily vigorous and expressive utterance. "You mean that in case the miller around the corner, or the blacksmith at the cross-roads, were to resolve upon the commission of a murder, how best he could accomplish it?"

"You are a marvel of perspicacity, indeed, Trevalian," I said, not unpleasingly amazed by the earnest appearance of fiction he was giving to the conversation. "Of course, we will understand between ourselves, that we do not actually mean Ernest, the miller."

"No; rather will we say that we mean Iristan, the blacksmith," responded Trevalian, with a quiet smile. "Well, what then? We will suppose that in the family of the blacksmith there has been a pleasant custom whereby, in every generation, the head of the house has been obliged to keep up the dignity of the line by committing a murder. How, then, should the present leader of the line act? Or what should I say to him were he to come to me for advice? That is the question, is it not? Well, I suppose that in the beginning I should have to tell Iristan, the blacksmith, were it only for matter of form, that it was a very wrong thing to think of, indeed, and that the newer code of these later centuries would not admit of such a deed."

"Exactly—for the sake of form—that is all. But when Iristan, the blacksmith, told you—as he certainly would—that childish remonstrance of that kind would be more than useless, would even be indelicate, since it would be implying that at a single word he could ruthlessly cast asunder all the pleasant ties that bound him to the history of the past, then, of course, you would abandon all such feeble and peevish manner of warning, and would give him advice and information of actual value; is it not so?"

"But what advice or information of any real value could be given?" was Trevalian's answer, after a moment of deep reflection. "If Iristan, the blacksmith, were to design the commission of a murder, could he not very readily accomplish it? Men are plenty in this world—nor is the human skull made of boiler iron, or the human heart of alligator-hide. Hammers fashioned to strike a heavy blow are easily to be procured, nor are swords and daggers with sharpened points impossible to be obtained. It really, therefore, seems to me—"

"Exactly; as far as you now go you are perfectly correct, my friend. Men pass to and fro incessantly, and might at any moment be made victims to one lying in wait with sword or axe. But still, do you not see that if Iristan, the blacksmith, were to perform the deed in such an open, commonplace manner, he would not only thereby lose his own life, but also fail to shed any lustre upon his hereditary line?"

"I hardly understand you," exclaimed my friend.

"I mean only this," was my answer. "The blacksmith should not rashly act, so as deliberately to throw away his life. He may take his risk, to be sure; for to assume his peril is merely the part of any true gentl—I mean, of course, of any true blacksmith. But willfully to throw away his whole existence under the iron beel of the law, without any hope of succor or release, can be the act of only an insane man or fool. He must live, if he can, not merely to perpetuate his race, so that his successors may enjoy and repeat his exploit, but also so that he himself may go down to the quiet evening of a well-spent life, and in that sweet decline enjoy the satisfaction of having deserved well of the ancestors who have gone before him. In fact, he must remember that he murders not for the applause of the public, but for the peace of his own conscience and for his own self-approval; and that, therefore, any precautions which he may judge fit to take for safety or concealment are not merely justifiable, but also a duty."

"Now, indeed, I begin to comprehend," said Trevalian.

"And there naturally comes the further question as to the nature and condition of the victim," I continued; "for in case of detection through any unforeseen occurrence, it is fitting that the world which condemns the act, and in its unjust lack of appreciation hastens to punish it, should not fail at the same time to admire it and recognize in it a great purpose fitly and nobly carried out. Therefore, the victim should not be ignoble or unknown; nor should the deed be tinged at all with suspicion of interestlessness. It is said that I—that is to say, that Iristan, the blacksmith—had an ancestor who murdered a Hungarian peddler. The act was doubtless done with merely the usual good intent of sustaining properly the family glory; but the victim being a peddler, you observe, there were some people who delighted to cast the basest insinuations. Peddlers have often been murdered for their wares, and therefore, it was illogically argued, it might have been so in that case. Think, now, of all I have said, my ever dear friend, and before long let me have the benefit of your sage counsel."

And having thus explained myself I left him in my cabinet and strolled away, the better to commune with my own thoughts. Yes, there were those two things to be fully considered: The safety of the deed, so that I might live for years thereafter in secret sense of satisfaction, and the quality of the victim. For the former requisite provision could readily be made. I could easily entice anyone into my castle, and there, unobserved, deal with him at my leisure. It was a rambling old feudal erection, with deep recesses in the walls and with dark turns and corners where no ray of light ever penetrated, and, moreover, was so heavily jointed and ceiled that no cry of alarm or pain could ever find its way outside. If any shout for relief or succor were to arise at all, it could be heard only by my own household, and they would remain quiet and motionless, conjecturing rightly that the destined action of that generation was being at last fulfilled, and knowing that it did not become them to interfere. But there still remained the second question: Who should be the victim?

For a long time I pondered deeply upon it. The village around me was a small one and had no celebrities residing in it; therefore, I could scarcely expect to impart to my deed much lustre from the quality of the victim. All that I could do would be to maintain the disinterested character of the transaction by selecting no one through whose death I might be supposed to gain. For a while the subject caused me much reflection, and I was thrown almost into despair. Then suddenly the answer to the problem flashed across me like a ray of sunlight. How strange that I had not thought of it before! How regularly, indeed, does it not sometimes happen that we carry our speculations over the whole world in vain search after the impossible, and all the while the true solution lies at our very door! For I had canvassed this and that man carefully in my mind, and rejected one after the other as inappropriate for the proper fulfillment of my design, and thereby had weighed in the balance of my judgment half the better class of villagers before I remembered Trevalian himself, sitting all the while, quiet and unsuspecting, in the privacy of my cabinet.

The very man of all others upon whom my thoughts should have fixed themselves from the first. He was one of the most distinguished and respected gentlemen of the district—wealthy, talented, and the soul of honor. Physically and mentally he stood above all his compeers. In giving him up to death I should not only be selecting a most suitable victim for the exercise of my hereditary duty, but I should repel from myself, if detected, any suspicions of interested or unworthy motive. He was my dearest and most valued friend. That, of itself, would prove the absence of disgraceful or sordid design, since in losing his daily intimacy I should be sacrificing much that made existence pleasant to me.

Transported with the idea and finding it constantly gaining new developments of fitness, I hastened below. Since the deed was determined upon there should be no loss of time in putting it into execution. Why, in fact, with my resolution fortified beyond the power of any subsequent reflection to shake it, and with opportunity so temptingly displayed before me, should I delay? Therefore, I descended toward the foundations of my castle, and passing down two flights of stone steps slowly groped my way into a certain far-off corner of the outer wall.

When, at previous times, I had dreamily and in an incomplete manner mused upon the future possibilities of my design, I had invariably pictured this place as most suitable for the purpose. A quiet corner, into which no ray of light could enter except from a single distant loophole, between whose short, thick bars a straggling gleam now and then shot in and glanced faintly upon other portions of the wall. A secluded nook, with heavy brick and stone angles, where no stranger would ever think of searching for anyone who might have disappeared. Here, hanging a lantern upon a neighboring hook, so that its flickering beam would fall upon the hard ground, I seized a pickaxe and began breaking up the surface.

I had never been in a more exultant state of mind than when I thus began my task. The whole plan of operation was mapped out fairly and plainly in my thoughts, and it seemed as though none of my ancestors had ever yet done such honor to the name. The murder of a French noble by my great-great-grandfather Nicholas was a distinguishing feature of the past, to be sure; but still there had not been any personal friendship between them, and consequently but little real sacrifice was thereby made. None of the line, in fact, had ever made any illustrious sacrifice in all their several murders; but here at last I came, giving up to duty the dearest social tie I had ever formed. In all this, there was truly something grand and noble.

Moreover, I felt that I would perform the deed with a certain picturesque effect that would ever afterward live in my thoughts and gild my recollections of it with proud satisfaction. Digging that pit which was to become a grave, I would decoy my friend down to its edge, under pretense of examining some freshly killed game. Aha! he alone would be the game. Then, while there he stood, I would reach from behind and plunge a short dagger into his side. He would, of course, fall into the pit, but would not immediately expire. Then, as he there lay face upward, I would lower the lantern between us so that he could see me bending over him. He would understand the whole thing at once. Of course he would be sorry to pass from life, but at the same time he would recognize the full force of the necessity that urged me to the deed, and knowing my earnest desire to illustrate it with a noble victim, he could not but feel flattered that I had selected him rather than a stranger. Perhaps he would die with a smile upon his lips, and blessing me for the compliment I had paid him. And then I would gently cover him over, and leave him to that long, last slumber.

Thus depicting the scene and working away with pick and spade alternately, at last I had excavated a hole three or four feet in depth; and then all at once a new idea came into my enraptured fancy, whereby I might still more brilliantly illustrate the projected deed. Confident of the capacity of the place for concealment, why should I not write out a confession of the act and bury it with the body? It would never be found, of course; but still it would be there all the same, and it would please me to imagine the strong, tell-tale lines lying just beneath the surface and yet not a person the wiser for them. Men would come to me and would talk about the mysterious disappearance, and I would

help them mourn and would condole with them, and all the while I would inwardly chuckle to think that they were standing directly over what would surely betray me if it could be found. It would never be found; but still it would be there—and so, while the world wondered and searched, the body and the written confession would lie side by side and decay together in abject helplessness. Perhaps now and then I would go softly down and dig up the confession and read it aloud to the rats, and then again bury it and stamp it down as before. Aha! that would be grand, indeed!

Suddenly, as thus I reflected and dived, my spade struck against some hard, unyielding object. At first I thought that it was a stone, and I endeavored to cast it one side; but by reason of its length, a portion of it remained still buried, so that it retained its place. Therefore, stooping down, I attempted to remove it with my hands; and, after a little resistance, it relaxed its hold, almost throwing me upon my back. Carrying the object to the lantern, I examined it closely, and, to my astonishment, discovered that it was a human thigh-bone.

I was greatly startled, as may be imagined; and then, feeling assured that this could not be all, I returned to the pit and pursued my investigations. Almost immediately, another thigh-bone rewarded my search, and then the small bones of the spine, and then again the bones of the right arm; and close to the latter, the skull. Beneath and around these relics were fragments of decayed cloth and gold thread and rich lace embroidery. Upon the skull rested a flat cap of what had once been fine crimson velvet, with tasselled appendages of gold woven work. Beneath the bones of the arm was a parchment scroll, heavy with broad seals, and emblazoned with cunning penmanship, at the end of which I could faintly decipher the trembling signature of a late Pontiff. Further and deeper, in a wild frenzy, I searched; and, after a moment, striking against a hard object anew, I raised it to the surface and discovered it to be an iron box. At the side was a padlock, which I speedily twisted apart with the pick. Within lay a roll of manuscript; and when I held it to the light and read the few words it contained, involuntarily I uttered a cry of astonishment. Then, in uncontrollable excitement, I hurried up stairs and stood once more beside my friend Trevalian.

He was still sitting in my cabinet, and was poring over a book. At my entrance he raised his eyes; and, noting from the disturbance of my countenance that something of importance must have occurred, he arose and closed the volume. "Is anything wrong the matter?" he exclaimed. "Trevalian," I answered, "there is this the matter, and it has doubtless saved your life. An hour ago, I had determined to pay you a great compliment—to select you as the most eligible person whom I could find to murder, in accordance with our family traditions. In another hour, the deed would have been done. But now—now you will go for ever free."

"I trust that I am deeply sensible of the great compliment intended me; but perhaps I am as well pleased not to be obliged to suffer so severely for it," he responded with a sweet smile; and I could not but admire the composure with which he spoke. Almost any other person, upon being thus addressed by me, would have exhibited symptoms of affright or disturbance, and perhaps would have hurriedly left the house, lest, perchance, I might repent and return to my original purpose. But Trevalian entirely refrained. Knowing me as he did, he perceived that as far as regarded himself the crisis of his fate was past, and that thenceforward he could even sleep in that chair as calmly and quietly as an infant in its cradle. "Yet tell me, my friend," he continued, "what has perplexed or offended you, and what is the meaning of this sudden change of intention regarding that honor which you had first intended to confer upon me?"

"This, dear Trevalian," I answered, and I showed him the written will. "Here lies the mystery, and its full explanation. It proves to me, moreover, how vain are often the hopes and expectations and ambitions of feeble man. It tells me that when we dream of improving upon the past, we err as frequently as we succeed; and that we sometimes find all our plans and purposes, however skillfully laid, exceeded in the end by those of the men who have gone before us. Oh, my dear father!" I continued, raising my eyes, "to think that I had almost learned to reproach and to despise you! To know that, after all, you in your meek and gentle modesty have silently carried out the cherished purposes of our race so much more fully, tastefully, and grandly than any of our progenitors who had gone before!"

"It was your father, then—" "Listen, Trevalian! I will tell you all. This little scroll, which I found in the grave I was digging for yourself, unfolds to me the mystery of the past and the weak insufficiency of my own crude designs. It proves to me that I am nothing worth, in comparison with him who, going before me, has eclipsed all our line, and yet, in his humility, has never uttered boasts of his great success. Behold how different—how much more artistic and complete were his designs! I, having thrown you into your grave, would have roughly and hastily told the tale upon scraps of paper; he selected the enduring parchment, and there, in arabesque and illuminated work, emblazoned with gold and colors, told the brilliant story of his triumph. I would have murdered you, the best and truest of all my friends, but, for all that, a mere private citizen; he, in his great ambition, sought out a victim who was clothed in such authority as made him one of the princes of the earth. You may have heard the story, how that, years ago, occurred the mysterious disappearance of a high cardinal-legate, journeying from Rome to the Court of France. Trevalian, it was my honored father who, in the calm seclusion of his cellar, extinguished that mighty life and buried the remains, with all the official insignia and authority, in one grave!"

"And now, my friend?" "Now, Trevalian, what can I do other than pause for ever? For there must always come a time in every family when the best old customs cease; and surely it must be most wisely allowed to happen when the observance of them has reached some dazzling pinnacle of success. Then should the custom, whatever it may be, grandly die away, rather than risk, in futile attempts, the possible humiliation of long drawn out procrastinating feebleness and penury. And therefore, though for many generations it was proper for the members of our line to struggle each to surpass the one who had gone before, yet since my father has now in taste and grandeur triumphed

over all, why should I longer protract the contest? I know that I can never hope to equal him. Rather, therefore, let the honored observance die out at once in the all-sufficient blaze of his great glory."

"You are right, my friend; I feel that you are right," Trevalian said; and, pressing my hand with deep emotion, he went his way.

Yes, I was right. Not only Trevalian's approving smile, but also my own applauding conscience tells me the same. Yet now and then I sit listless in my cabinet, musing upon the family glories of the past, and mourn to find that my own life has become so purposeless and barren. And then, as I sadly pore over the emblazoned record left me by my worthy sire, I can not keep back the heavy sigh and open utterance of the regret that, while a fitting task had been meted out to him, so that he might not sink into an unhonored grave, kind fate had not sent down to me, instead, the blissful heritage of his surpassing genius, in order that to me alone might have been the brilliant inspiration of his unexampled deed.

ALBANY, N. Y., January, 1879.

LEONARD KIP.

Mr. G. P. Healy is the *doyen* of American portrait painters in Paris. He has had a long life in art; his memory is a good one, and every distinguished sitter has left a mark in his mind in the shape of "a story." He has met everybody; and to hear him running over the names of United States Ministers to France is like dipping into a series of back volumes of the *Almanac National*. Dynasties have passed before him; he has painted them in and painted them out; his sketch-book would make an admirable substitute for the dreary tables used in elementary schools to show "changes of government in France."

Louis Philippe gave Mr. Healy a commission to paint Andrew Jackson from the life. All other tasks was as child's play for difficulty to this. Jackson was ill with the dropsy; he was, in fact, as the event proved, dying; and he was at no time particularly easy of approach on errands not strictly of a business character. Mr. Healy nevertheless set to work with the same will as before, and he went out to the States. It was as he might have expected.

"Sir," said Jackson (men of his position were not yet out of the tradition of the old Johnsonian pomp of manner), "I can not sit."

"The King of France will be very sorry," returned Mr. Healy.

"Not for all the kings in the world, sir," thundered the other.

"Mr. Healy," said some one who witnessed the scene, "you should have begun by seeing Mrs. Jackson, the wife of his adopted son; he will do anything for her." The lady was in Nashville, and Mr. Healy at once set out for the place. He found her in a drawing-room full of company, told her his errand, and obtained her promise that she would do her best for him. In a few days, she sent him good news. She had at first gone on the same tack as the painter—the wishes of the King of France—but had received no other answer than: "I can't sit; let me die in peace." Then she changed the form of her pleading: "Father, I should like you to sit." The old man made no difficulty after that.

He went through it like a stoic. He was suffering intense agony, but he faced the artist with a look of perfect composure. Mr. Healy was a dozen times on the point of abandoning his task, only he reflected that, so far from adding to Jackson's torments, it really tended to relieve them by giving him an additional motive of self-control. As the picture progressed the sitter began to take a more active interest in it, and when it was done he asked for a *replica*, and even expressed a wish that the artist would remain to paint the portrait of his daughter-in-law. But Mr. Healy had other projects.

"General," he said, "before I leave the country I want to paint Henry Clay, and I have very little time to lose. I must try to find him. It is a sort of duty."

"Young man," returned Jackson, solemnly, "always do your duty." The word had perfectly reconciled him to the painter's desertion of him for his political antagonist. But Clay was not at hand just then, at least for the purposes of art, though his whereabouts were perfectly well known. He was simply aboard of a steamer that had run aground. Mr. Healy had no leisure to see him safely through his trouble, and so he returned to Jackson's house to paint the portrait of the dying General's daughter-in-law. On the Sunday following the day of his arrival he heard a loud, unearthly wail from the negroes on the estate, "Lord, Lord, old massa's dead!" He rushed to Jackson's room, but it was a false alarm—he had only fainted. At five on the same afternoon Mr. Jackson, the adopted son, knocked at the painter's door, and hurriedly asked him to come down stairs. Mr. Healy followed him to the chamber where his late illustrious sitter lay in mortal agony. About ten persons were in the room; Major Lewis, the General's old comrade, was supporting his head; Mrs. Jackson held his hand. Jackson was firm and composed to the end. He died as he had lived, with a moral strength of the heroic cast. He rallied for a moment as the painter entered, and said to some of those at the bedside: "Why do you weep? You should rejoice; I am in the hands of the Lord, who is about to relieve me." A few minutes more and his under jaw fell, and Mrs. Jackson was borne in a faint from the room.

The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to Charles II., who, dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint. On being told, he said: "For its merit, then, I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir Loin." In a ballad of "The New Sir John Barclaycorn," this circumstance is thus mentioned:

Our Second Charles of fame faeete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat—
"Arise, thou fam'd Sir Loin."

Some time ago while a poll-parrot was sunning herself in a garden, in Oakland, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked: "O Lord, save me! O Lord, save me!" The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERBS

All About a Little Bird.

It was not in the blooming May,
It was not in the dimly spring,
But deep in the leaden gray
Of the new year's bitterest day,
That a sweet little bird that had lost her way,
A tiny feathery thing,
Lightly perched on my heart's bare spray
(Poor little bird, she had lost her way!)
And folded her downy wing,
And chirruped and sang on my heart's best spray,
Folding her soft wee wing.

Sitting alone and apart
Her notes rang clear and keen,
And lo! with a strange sweet start,
An exquisite shuddering smart,
Each unborn bud in my frozen heart,
Pent in its deep unseen,
Flashed to the light a quivering dart
(Each yearning bud in my frozen heart)
And thrilled into poignant green;
And now she nests in my leafy heart,
Embowered in the shadowy green.
F. LANGBRIDGE, in *Good Words*.

Opportunity.

How brightly on the morn it lies,
Purple monarch in disguise!
Hail him, crown him; if you wait
'Twill for ever be too late.

Youth, by May's enchantment led,
Dreams of rosier days ahead;
But only he who fronts the hour
Carves the spiral path to power.

Maiden with the pretty face,
All the world admires your grace,
Form, and sweetness, Bright Blue-eyes,
Put no trust in by and bys.

When the silver summons calls,
Stoutly speak—'tis Fate befalls;
One moment turns each golden door,
And then it shuts for evermore.
JOEL BENTON, in *Scribner*.

Love's Promise.

"I will come back," Love cried, "I will come back."
And there where he had passed lay one bright track
Dreamlike and golden, as the moonlit sea,
Between the pine woods' shadow tall and black.
"I will come back," Love cried. Ah me!
Love will come back.

He will come back. Yet, Love, I wait, I wait;
Though it is evening now, and cold and late,
And I am weary watching here so long,
A pale, sad watcher at a silent gate,
For Love who is so fair and swift and strong,
I wait, I wait.

He will come back—come back, though he delays;
He will come back, for in old years and days
He was my playmate. He will not forget.
Though he may linger long amid new ways,
He will bring back, with barren sweet regret,
Old years and days.

Hush! On the lonely hills Love comes again,
But his young feet are marked with many a stain.
The golden haze has passed from his fair brow,
And round him clings the blood-red robe of pain;
And it is night, O Love! Love! enter now.
Remain, remain.

—Macmillan's Magazine.

Ferns.

As oft the pictured scene upon the walls
Brings back to mind scenes dearer and more fair—
As, heard at night, some simple, plaintive air
Awakes a chord we thought beyond recall—
So do ye bring, O dainty, feathery ferns!
The summer's vanished glory to my room.
Again the violets bud, the harebells bloom;
Again for me the scarlet maple burns
In leaf-strewn woods; once more I softly tread
The fragrant piny paths, or down moist dells
I wander, where a faint, fine odor tells
Your fairy fronds are near. . . . The dream has fled;
But still your sweetness stays. Oh, who would grieve
To die so sweetly, and such sweetness leave?
E. S. F., in *Lippincott*.

Song.

The fire-light listens on the floor
To hear the wild winds blow;
Within, the bursting storms burn;
Without, there slides the snow.

Across the floor I see the flake
Pass, mirrored, mystic, slow.
Oh, blooms and storm must blush and freeze,
While seasons come and go!

I lift the sash—and live, the gale
Comes leaping to my call.
The rose is but a painted one
That hangs upon the wall.

—Harper's Magazine for February.

On an Etruscan Tomb.

On thy rough sides, O cinerary urn!
Two thousand years and more these warriors fight—
One lifts the shield, and one the sword to smite.
The end it is not given us to discern,
Nor yet the purport of that strife to learn.

Scorn not my reading, terrible if true;
All life is such a battle, until the Night
Falls, and ephemeral heats to ashes burn.

Lo! on the lid—wrapt closely to the chin
In the long sheet, arms limp upon the breast,
Head drooped and turned—a form of perfect rest!
Strewn to the winds the dust that lay herein,
Yet, on this sepulchre, the Etruscan faith
Carved unmistakably a Sleep—not Death.—*Catholic World*.

The dignified Chan Lan Pin, Chinese Ambassador, wore at the White House reception, the other day, an undershirt of maroon silk, with an overdress of dark brocade, the texture of which was brightened by a mixture of gold thread. This gorgeous dress was completed by a fur-lined silk overgarment, a basin-shaped hat, and an able, diplomatic expression upon his wise and handsome face.

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THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

THE TWO GRANTS.

There are no two persons who have filled a more brilliant page in the history of the American people than the two Grants. One, distinguished for his military genius, ranks among the great historic names that will go down to posterity enrolled among those illustrious ones who have nobly served their country on battle-fields, where hung the nation's destiny. The other will be regarded with the kindly sentiment that excuses a great failure in recollection of honest intention and honest endeavor. General Grant's name will live an honored one in the memory of all loyal men, and no impartial historian can write the annals of the American Republic without emblazoning its pages with the grand achievements of this great and successful military leader. President Grant's name will follow down after the immortal ones who have been Presidents. His administration, interpreted in the light of his own achievements, without the borrowed glare of the other's military fame, will be but a dull chapter in comparison with that more brilliant one that tells the reader why he became Chief Magistrate of the Republic. General Grant sprang from obscure life. His antecedents are full of romantic incidents. He was the tanner's apprentice, the man of the Stanislaus ferry, the wood-hauler of the Missouri. He had passed through adversities; he had been tried in the fire of an adverse experience. President Grant sprang into life like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full-grown, full-panoplied in the military armor. General Grant, obscure, unknown, untried, fought his way through bloody paths to fame; won his reputation by grand achievements on the battle-field, till he culminated the nation's idol, its hero, its saviour, its third Washington, Lincoln standing ever foremost. President Grant was called to the executive office from the army after he had attained its head. He was asked to serve his country after he had served it. He came into political power with a prestige of military success—with a halo around his brow. Of General Grant little was expected—nothing was prophesied; so that when he added victory to victory, achievement to achievement, beat down rebel armies, bisected the Southern Confederacy, environed Richmond with a circle of iron, thundered his cannon in the Wilderness, and hammered the rebellion down by the unflinching and bloody obstinacy of resolute and unrelenting attack, he struck the nation with a great surprise.

We shall never forget—it would be an ungrateful republic that could forget—General Grant's distinguished and meritorious service. He deservedly fills a distinguished and honored position in American annals. Of General Grant we entertain only the feelings of profoundest regard and most patriotic love. We honor his name, and look upon his military achievements as entitling him to rank among the foremost names in the world's history. President Grant presents himself to our consideration in an altogether different aspect. He became President when he knew that he possessed none of the qualities that adorn statesmen. He came to the Presidential office in absolute ignorance of everything that would have given to his administration assurance of probable success. Honest purpose we do not deny him; but he possessed none of those qualifications of mind or habits of thought that could enable him to conduct the civil administration of a people discordant, disaffected, bleeding from the unclosed wounds of civil strife, States withdrawn from the Union, a treasury overtaxed with debt. He was ignorant of law, unacquainted with civil administration; had the soldier's contempt for civilians, whom he called politicians, and undertook to administer the affairs of a great nation as he would those of a great army. He undertook, without the aid of the statesmen of the nation, to choose a cabinet,

and thought to run the Government in contempt of the opinions of eminent civilians who had the capacity to direct national affairs and who were entitled to have been called in as advisers. His first cabinet was a blunder which none but a soldier could make. His nomination of Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury of the United States was made in ignorance of law and in violation of a principle that underlay the law. His selection of cabinet officers was not more unfortunate than his selection of party friends. Having struck all the statesmen of his party in the face with a first rude blow, he was compelled to seek from inferior material his political and party advisers. As a result of the mortification of early mistakes, by means of which he alienated from him the better men of the Republican party, he was compelled to call around him a meaner element. Unwilling to follow where the policy of Lincoln led to amnesty, reconciliation, and generosity to the South, he inaugurated there a reign of military power, and attempted to build a permanent party structure upon the social and financial ruin of a great people. He was reflected to position by reason of disfranchised communities, political chaos in Southern States, the menace of future disturbances, and the fear that among the bloody ashes and black embers of a quenched rebellion there might be sparks that could be fanned into another conflagration. His second administration was less reputable than the first. A continually changing cabinet was changing for the worse. A senatorial oligarchy, drunk with power, became more and more audacious; party thieves, emboldened by Presidential support, became more bold; felons, who deserved the penitentiary, wriggled themselves to the foot of the Republican throne and claimed and received the protection of its shadow. Over personal friends who were caught thieving, President Grant threw the shield of his great and honored name. To rogues and rascals, laden with the loot of official plunder, he gave the sanction of his personal protection. His fidelity to his rascally friends seemed almost a virtue, it was so heroic. And all this time no one questions the integrity of President Grant; no one believes that any plunder of rings or stain of party conspiracies attaches to him; no one doubts his honesty of purpose or his patriotism. Every American who loves his native land, and is not blinded by passion and prejudice, delights to know that General Grant has been honored abroad. It was a tribute paid to his military achievements. It was in recognition of his greatness as a military leader.

If the United States of America were again disturbed by intestine strife, or threatened by foreign invasion; if again it should become necessary to marshal great armies in defense of the nation's life, we should with one accord ask this most distinguished captain of modern times to lead our armies again to the field of war. We should repose ourselves in confidence on his great ability, and rest under the assurance of his tried patriotism. If, as we believe and hope, our empire of the future is peace at home and with all the world, we would make him the honored recipient of the nation's bounty; we would make his advancing years secure in the nation's generosity. He should live in the affections of a country he has so well served. But for our next President we demand a civilian, a statesman, one trained to civil service. We ask for something better than we have had since the death of Lincoln, and assuredly there must be some one among the living Americans capable of filling the executive chair with a broader intelligence than any since his death. If, then, General Grant is not the ablest and the best man in the nation for the Presidential office, is it becoming to the national dignity, or is it essential to the party welfare, that he should be nominated upon the ground of availability? Are there not higher than mere party questions in the choice of a chief magistrate? Has the Republican party reached that low estate that it must seek for a candidate only because he is popular? Is it the Republican party, representing the intelligence and the wealth of the nation, that shall inaugurate the era of advancing a military man to the chief magistracy of the republic, in defiance of all national traditions, simply because he is the representative of force and military power? Is it becoming for this great party of moral ideas to be the first to implore protection from the military arm, and advance the mere soldier over the statesmen of the nation? Shall the future historian of the Republic be compelled to admit that it was this class that deliberately elected to change from the Republic to the Empire? that it was the scholars, the thinkers, and the brain workers that proclaimed Augustus? Is it to the wealth and property owners that first occurs the idea of intrusting the guardianship and protection of property to the pretorian guard of office-holders and office-seekers, and giving them the right to name the ruler?

There are two classes of people who desire to make General Grant the third time President of the Republic: The old pretorian band of official thieves who surrounded him when in the Presidential office before, who, by his advancement, hope to retain place or gain office. The ring plunderers, the contractors, jobbers, camp followers, and all that vast army of party tramps and political mendicants which the war threw upon the State, and that other timid, trembling, fearful class which styles itself conservative because it

has property to lose. The upper and the lower strata of society—bankers, holders of corporation stock, monopolists, usurers, the great, greedy, voluptuous money-getters and land-grabbers, the active bandits of the business highway, and the retired robbers, who are anxious only to preserve their ill-gotten wealth. These two extremes of society meet for once and strike palms upon the proposition to give us a "strong government." For the first time we are hearing this prayer for King Stork. It is a dangerous sign, this asking for a military chieftain in a time of peace. It is not the clamor of a thoughtless mob, as in the times of Harrison and Taylor. It is not the grateful outpouring of national enthusiasm, as in the time of Grant's election. It is not a mere party slogan to catch votes, as for the heroes of New Orleans, Lundy's Lane, Tippecanoe, Chapultepec, and the Wilderness, but the calm and deliberate demand of two powerful classes to give them a chief magistrate, who, in the event of organized discontent against the thieves in office, will appeal to the sword to subdue it; in the interest of the thieves themselves, and in the interest of a conservatism that regards even reform as a dangerous change. We do not believe the time has yet come when it is wise to admit that all the evils of the country may not be remedied by an honest and intelligent administration of our political affairs by wise and prudent statesmen. We do not think the time is ripe to ask for the intervention of military power. We do not conceive that our condition is sufficiently desperate to invoke the assistance of a military chieftain in the administration of our civil affairs; and, because, in our judgment, that day has not yet arrived, we would not divide the North and South—the people—upon the issues involved in breaking down the two-term tradition of the Presidential office in order to elevate General Grant to the Presidency for the third term. We have had two Grants—the General, whom we admire; the President, whose administration we did not admire. Let us not have another combining the military genius of the one with the ambition of the other. Rome was a republic three hundred years before it had a Cæsar. We can wait for our Augustan age.

It was John the Baptist, we believe, who cried aloud in the wilderness; John, with camel's hair and a girdle of a skin about his loins, feeding upon locusts and wild honey. This John, of scanty raiment, poor diet, and strong lungs, was the forerunner of the coming Messiah. Perhaps Denis Kearney, who came riding upon a dray, is the precursor of a great municipal millennium. Perhaps his crying aloud in the wilderness of politics will avail to stir the hearts of tax-payers that they will make some effort at reform. Denis occasionally voices a great truth. It would be surprising if one who talks so much should not occasionally give forth a sane utterance. So far as he scolds against municipal extravagance and exorbitant salaries he echoes the opinions of a large class of intelligent tax-payers. Our city government is upon an extravagant scale of expenditure. There is no single officer in the city government that is not too highly paid. The estimate of the value of a man's service is what equal talent can be obtained for. The labors performed by a judge, city official, or clerk have a market value, and is an article of merchandise governed by the law of supply and demand. That all salaries are too high is evidenced by the struggle that is made to acquire them, and the other significant fact that a salaried official never resigns. If all the judges were to resign to-day their places can be filled to-morrow with equal talent, average integrity, and superior industry at less compensation. If a cordon was drawn around the City Hall, each official asked to walk out that would not submit to a reduction of twenty-five per cent., not one would step over the line. If forty per cent. were to be deducted there would not be five resignations. There are scores of young men in salaried places at \$750 per month that could be better filled by young women at half the money. There are a great many idlers and superfluous people in the pay of the city. There are a great many who are unfitted for their positions and really earn nothing. The Street Department is a wretched fraud. A reasonable number of licensed highwaymen, authorized to garrote citizens, would be a less offensive and less expensive system than the Street Department as at present administered. The courts with their costly and vexatious machinery, their delays and hinderances of justice, their exactions for jury duty, long and useless pleas of half-educated attorneys, ought to be, and could be, remodeled if there were no lawyers in the Constitutional Convention, and substantial justice could be administered in a more expeditious, better, and economical manner. Our school system is extravagant and unreasonable, and an utter departure from its original design. It is less an educational than a political institution. Of the average boards of education more than half the members have been ignorant foreigners or demagogue politicians. It is run as a party machine. It does not properly educate the children of the poor in the rudimentary elements of an English education. Its expenditure for ornamental branches, for cosmopolitan and higher schools, for teaching dead and modern languages, is a gross and inexcusable outrage upon tax-payers, defensible upon no hypothesis of common sense or common justice. Hence, we say to Denis, howl on; some good may come of it.

AFTERMATH.

The latest immigration from Ireland is beginning to agitate itself to bring about the annual Irish parade in honor of that hypothetical saint who was not born in Ireland, and whose name was not Patrick. The harp of Erin, the banner of the shamrock, and all the pictures of St. Patrick and the Pope will be reproduced as usual in our streets on the 17th of March. Who shall be the marshal, orator, and poet?—who shall ride on horseback and who go on foot?—are now serious questions disturbing the Celtic heart. There will be very few representative Irish gentlemen in this procession following the badly-executed picture of a mythical saint. There will be few American-born sons of Irish parentage who, by their presence, will contribute to keep alive what seems to us to be the most absurd and preposterous festival that is celebrated on American soil. If the Catholic clergy had its way they would be very glad to suppress so indecorous an observance. If intelligent men of Irish birth could regulate this ceremony, it would be either abolished or relegated to the interior of the Cathedral, where it belongs. Thank God for one thing: the time has gone by when the Democratic party looks to St. Patrick's procession as a nominating convention for city officers. The world moves.

Senator Christiancy of Michigan is the man who married a young maiden from the Treasury Department—January and June, December and July; they won't mix—so for domestic reasons, and for the benefit of his health, the Senator asks to be sent as Minister to Peru. The Administration assents, the Senate confirms the appointment, and the somewhat notorious Zach. Chandler is sent back to Washington in Christiancy's place. If the traveler from New Zealand should ever sit upon the ruined bridge over Goose Creek, on Pennsylvania Avenue, to sketch the ruins of the Republic, he should picture treasury girls weeping over the broken arches of the Senate Chamber because there are no more nice old Senators to capture. This would be an historic picture for more than the Camerons and Christiancys.

It costs from £5,000 to £50,000 to manage a parliamentary election in England, and yet our British cousins bewail the condition of our election system, and kindly suggest that it leads to the unfaithful performance of official duties. There are some six hundred members of Parliament. At an average of say £10,000 each, the cost of an election aggregates £6,000,000, and such is the integrity of this great legislative body that no one ever makes a penny out of his position, as there is neither *per diem* nor mileage attached.

The Reverend Father Buchard, for whom we have great respect, because he is broad, earnest, eloquent, and was one of the first to indorse our views upon the Chinese question, delivered a lecture at St. Ignatius Church, on Thursday evening. He attempted to prove, and did prove to his own satisfaction, that Catholic priests have the right to remit sins. Thus: Christ said to his apostles, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained." As we interpret this power of attorney it contains no power of substitution, by the terms of which the present Catholic clergy—even admitting the doctrine of apostolic succession—are authorized to forgive sins. He also proved the existence of purgatory, and we congratulate the Reverend Father Buchard's congregation upon the fact. We do not often indulge ourselves in theological reflections, but are anxious to set the Catholic Church right upon this important doctrine of the remission of sins. That it is now wrong is evidenced by the fact, that in the long race of nineteen centuries in which the Catholic clergy have been remitting and the wicked committing sins, the bishops and priests are far behind, and the gates of hell have prevailed against the church which Peter built upon his rock.

In the sombre picture of the Smith divorce matter there is a touch of light: Mr. William M. Neilson ambles into the discussion and raises "a question of veracity" between Dr. Smith and himself—Neilson! Mr. Neilson is the humorist of the discussion, and his ludicrous intrusion ought to make the whole dispute immortal in the annals of comic literature. "Thou wilt forgive him, Father, wilt thou not?"

The following is extracted from the letter of a model father in Sacramento to his son in this city: "No matter, my son, how immoral your life, endeavor always to keep your mind clear as to the distinctions between right and wrong conduct, in order that your censure of immorality in others may be justly awarded and deferentially received."

The second marriage of King Alphonso (with the sister of his deceased wife) is "postponed," the newspapers explain, owing to the affection of the lady being already engaged by a less exalted aspirant to her hand. As this "match" was altogether made by the newspapers it might have been expected that they would have been indignant at its breaking off, and their forbearance under the disappointing circumstances is highly commendable. They had, of course, to let themselves down as easily as possible, and "postponed" is a

tolerably good word, while the explanation that the lady had a "previous engagement" is frankness itself. It was their duty to have known about the previous engagement before making the match. This kind of veiled retraction is rather like that of the editor, who, having stated that a certain well-known gentleman had been mortally shot, and being afterward assured by him in person that he had not even been fired at, generously consented to correct the statement, and in his next issue expressed the hope that, with good surgical attention and careful nursing, the gentleman would recover.

In a recent number of the *Illustrated London News* Mr. Simpson, the artist, has a sketch of a bivouac in the Khyber Pass, and among the figures is himself, sound asleep! Pointing this out to a friend, the writer of this paragraph remarked that the artist could hardly have made the drawing from life. "Certainly not," said he, "but is it any the worse for being drawn from memory?"

Speaking of pictures—science has pitilessly laid its "effacing fingers" on them, and "swept the lines where beauty lingers." Having tumbled religion in the dust, the dreadful thing is footing it fealty after art, with whose blood it will soon incarnadine the arena. Mr. Norman Lockyer has recently taken the pains to calculate the height of the mountains in a collection of landscapes by famous painters. In one picture the principal peak lifted its lordly head to the breezy altitude of one hundred and five miles, while about its feet clustered a number of minor eminences varying in elevation from ten to forty miles.

This Mr. Norman Lockyer, by the way, is the worst iconoclast of the scientific lot. It was he who, finding no more worlds to conquer, recently turned his victorious arms against science itself, and selecting chemistry as his point of attack, resolved all the elements into hydrogen before they could make a defense—just as a general levels all distinctions of rank among his enemies by making them prisoners. Now that science, like a spiteful snake, has taken to hating itself, its wounded and cowering victims may possibly take heart, and pulling themselves together get off with their lives.

We congratulate Mr. Kearney—Mr. President Kearney—upon a new acquisition: The *Call* has renewed its allegiance; the *Bulletin* and *Stock Exchange* have given in their adhesion. If the devil could obtain leave of absence to visit San Francisco, the daily journals would all indorse and eulogize him to obtain an advertisement or increase their circulation in his dominions. The *Call* and *Bulletin* would overlook all the other faults of his Satanic Majesty by reason of his soundness upon the water question. The *Chronicle* would interview him, and for a sensational article would indorse the broad road that leadeth to destruction in opposition to Stanford's railroad. The *Exchange* would underwrite him for a column of delinquent assessments upon his sulphur mine; and if there was a probability that he could become Dictator they would all give in their allegiance to him. It is all one to the journals we have named whether the devil or Denis Kearney obtains control, so that they get advertisements, circulation, and the opportunity to abuse each other.

There is great distress among the working people of Lancashire in England. Only £75,000 have as yet been collected toward the Liverpool Bishopric fund. There is to be a fresh canvass of the diocese to raise an additional amount of £25,000. It would be such an alleviation of the prevailing distress to obtain £100,000 toward the support of the church, and thus give to the suffering poor of that locality all the relief that would necessarily follow the fact of having a bishop pray for them. "And the Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

According to the *Detroit Evening News* only one man ever successfully resisted temptation. That must have been some fellow who virtuously refrained from offering a sufficient inducement to land his man.

The most terrible news comes to us of the existence of the plague in Russia. This recalls the fearful ravages of the Black Death of the Middle Ages. This disease has so alarmed the Russian authorities that they have endeavored to resist it by the military arm. They have established a sanitary cordon one thousand miles long, and are burning towns, villages, and clothing where it has existed. The German and Austrian governments have also taken active precautionary measures to prevent its spread. It advances faster than the march of an army, carrying off its victims in from four to ten hours, killing ninety-five per cent. of those whom it attacks, and literally desolating the country to which it extends. So far, it defies medical skill.

This Black Death is a fearful possibility to Europe, and should the dreadful scourge obtain headway it might prove to be a cataclysm like that which at various epochs of the world's history has swept races from existence. Should it visit our Eastern States, the first duty of California and Nevada will be to quarantine it by inhibiting the passage of trains on the Central Pacific Railroad. If it threatens to

come from China and Japan, we must seal our ports to all commerce. If it comes to California, we must all run away to the hot, dry deserts of Arizona, where it can never make headway; at least, it never has done so in a climate and country of that character. It is a very remote possibility that the plague or any kindred epidemic can ever cross the plains and mountains that divide us from the Mississippi; all our conditions of location, climate, and character of people forbid the belief that such a visitation is possible to the Pacific Coast.

We observe with pleasure that Mrs. Theresa Corlett, with admirable good humor, has passed her literary scalping-knife under the hair of that insufferable scold, our *Prattler*, and nailed the reeking trophy to the *Post*. We congratulate the lady on her improved temper and more effective *novum organum*. This is a good deal better than storming the ARGONAUT office like a forlorn hope, and leaving innocent editors twisting about the floor in a cat-fit of terror.

A royal wedding will occur in England on the 13th of March. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will spend their honeymoon at Claremont or Osborne. The Queen, having sown her children, is harvesting a crop of grandchildren, and last month was presented with a great-granddaughter, to whom her majesty may look with reasonable hope for a great-great-grandchild. No lack of heirs to the English throne is likely to embarrass the succession in our day.

In choosing for the subject of a Wednesday evening lecture "The Holy Land," Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard is believed to have committed an error of judgment. That is the evening for the regular weekly prayer meetings in all the churches; and it is the church people who are principally interested in the Holy Land. Mr. Stoddard ought to have known that no truly pious persons would come to him for instruction when they had an opportunity to themselves instruct the Deity.

We hear Mr. Stoddard's lectures very highly commended by those who attended them. We did not go because Wednesday evening was prayer-meeting time, and Thursday evening we always keep sacred, for a Thursday evening may possibly be the last we shall spend on earth. This afternoon and evening we shall be there, and hope to see all the readers of the ARGONAUT that can get in the hall, for aside from the interest of the lectures they have the merit that their proceeds are devoted to two very deserving charities, of which the Youths' Directory is one.

We observe that the *Bulletin* has begun to write "Mr. Kearney," and "President Kearney;" and we also observe that Kearney introduces resolutions against the Water Company, evidently prepared in the *Bulletin* office, and styles the men who monopolize water as "hell-born" and "hell-bound thieves." Now, if anybody in the world is justified in stealing water it is the person who is hell-born and hell-bound. Even John the Baptist would approve that proposition.

If our good friend of the *Post* does not wish to concede the mental poverty of his poets why does he bodily steal from our columns Mr. Sam Davis' verses, "The Devil Fishing?" His friendly forbearance in not giving the usual credit to this paper is gratefully enough appreciated, we hope, but it was pretty hard on Mr. Davis to attach *his* name. It can't be very agreeable to him to have it thought that he writes for the *Post*.

The *Chronicle* also "improved the occasion" by a precisely similar stab at Mr. Davis, and its crime was the more offensive of the two, for a thing of that kind done by *it* has the double malevolence of hurting a writer's social reputation as well as his literary. But maybe Sam doesn't mind that.

Having in mind that the following was written by Mr. Pickering, in grave forgetfulness of his relation to the Chinese question, the reader will hardly fail to make a ludicrous application of the remark: "A good many communities look upon all new-comers as little better than tramps. Exceptions may be made in favor of great wealth and distinction, but in the cases of new-comers who come to better their condition, the native, though perhaps a person of no consequence himself, rather looks down upon them. This," Mr. Pickering truly adds, "is not always based on a correct appreciation of respective intelligence." We should say not!

An honest confession is good for the soul, and Mr. Stanley Matthews feels like a new man since acknowledging in the frankest and most contrite manner that his protection and patronage of Jim Anderson were dictated by the purest and most patriotic motives. Such candor as this is extremely rare in politics.

In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail, but it is emblazoned in letters an inch long in the bright lexicon of the married man who has attempted to impress his wife with a sense of the beauty of another and younger woman.

ALVERSON'S VALENTINE.

It was February 13th, late in the day, and Cupid's carnival drew near. There was an unusual bustle about the post-office, and people jostled each other at the door, looking eager as they entered and triumphant when they came out. It had been raining cherubs, doves, hearts, darts, and poetry down into the letter basket of the office for the last hour; Cupids blind-folded and Cupids with naked eyes, Cupids as archers and as letter-carriers, and the dainty little god flying about in a primitive state of nudity, displaying his baby dimples, adorned the embossed and scented envelopes that came pouring in to bother poor Griggsby, the clerk. He, indeed, had trouble enough already, for he was in love—fondly, madly in love with Julia Drason.

"This is from Alverson," said he, picking up the last note and looking through the window to see who dropped it. "So he's writing to Miss Sparling; and this one addressed to him, which has on it a pencil sketch of a baby floating down a river in a sea shell, must be from her," said Griggsby, looking at the two valentines. "Well," he continued, talking to himself, "if rich valley ranches, plenty of dividend-paying stocks, fine houses, horses, and Chinamen for servants can bring happiness they will find it, but give me Julia in a garret and—"

"See here, Griggy," shouted a clerk, "don't fool around there, but hustle the valentines along, or else we shall get left. All the idiots on the coast seem to have broken loose into poetry, and they have done it up into such odd-shaped envelopes that I can't handle or distribute them worth a cent!"

Griggsby emptied the basket upon the distributing table and worked away in moody silence, putting the missives in their pigeon-holes, and looking in vain for a letter from Julia. But she was too kind-hearted to wound her admirer by ridiculing his love in a valentine, and she would not foster hope by words of encouragement.

"Griggy," said the clerk, "I saw somebody on the street to-day, and I believe she's the handsomest woman I ever looked at—a regular masquerade."

"A friend of yours?" asked Griggsby, coolly.

"A friend of yours," replied the clerk. It was, in fact, Julia Drason, as both of these young gentlemen very well knew, but Griggsby refused to be entrapped into any expressions on the subject. It was near midnight when he reached his home and stole softly up to bed, to sleep and dream of fairyland.

It was early dawn when he awoke on the 14th. Remembering the saying, that one is destined to wed within a year the first unmarried person seen on the morning of Valentine's Day, he took from under his pillow a photograph, and looked at it for a long time. It was very beautiful, and he lay there building air-castles until the eastern sky began to show faint rosy streaks of light upon the fleecy clouds.

On getting up and approaching the window, he was surprised to see a basket hanging to the door-knob of Alverson's house, a large mansion across the way. There was no one in the street, no smoke coming from the chimney, no curtains drawn up; but all was silent and the house seemed fast asleep. While he looked, wondering what the basket contained, he saw the cloth stir, and then a chubby little hand became visible.

"Why, this is an event," said Griggsby, "a regular episode; something that we hear about and seldom see," he continued, as he hurried on his clothes.

Looking out again he saw Alverson, in his dressing-gown, standing at an upper window, looking over the roofs of the opposite houses at the sky. He could not see the basket on his own front door, and Griggsby thought he would inform him that he had a valentine that needed attention. He glided down stairs quietly and crossed the street. Alverson had disappeared from the window, and no one was visible as Griggsby approached the door. Pulling aside the cloth he saw a beautiful baby, about six months old, wide awake and trying to breakfast on its little fist. He glanced up at the opposite window and thought he saw a white face suddenly disappear. He wondered if he could possibly be mistaken. Then he turned and rang the bell, but instead of waiting until the door opened, as he had at first intended, he walked rapidly around the corner. Returning in a few minutes he saw that the basket had disappeared, and was satisfied that the baby had been taken into the Alverson mansion. As a matter of fact, it may be stated that the little well-spring of joy was at that moment sending forth cries of hunger that filled Alverson's soul with surprise and consternation. When Griggsby returned from the office at noon he looked across the way and saw, through the broad bay window, that the baby was in quiet possession.

That afternoon Alverson came out of his front door, and down the great stone steps, dressed in the latest fashion. He was a bachelor, born to good luck, and this house, with much wealth, had been left to him as the sole survivor of a proud family. Handsome, educated, rich, fond of books, and a patron of art, his acquaintance was sought in society. The parents of eligible daughters, aided by the fascinating fair ones themselves, had planned campaigns to capture him, and gain possession of the mansion. But they had all failed until the baby arrived. Since then Alverson had seriously considered the danger he was in, for he was convinced that unless he could get the baby out of the house, he must certainly get a wife to care for it. There was no doubt about that, and he thought it much the best way to get the baby out. But how was it to be done? He did not like foundling hospitals—that is, he had repeatedly told Miss Sparling so; while she, being wealthy and charitable, had taken great interest in them. It occurred to Alverson that in sending him the sketch of a baby floating on a shell, followed by a real baby in a basket, some one intended to test his sincerity concerning foundling hospitals, and was attempting to play a practical joke upon him. He had by this time reached the neighborhood where he expected to settle all doubts on the subject—the home of Miss Sparling. The house was in the centre of a lovely lawn; freshened by late rains, and brightened by clusters of calla lilies, which were as stately and statuesque among flowers as Miss Sparling was when surrounded by her associates. The walk was bordered by English violets and groups of budding roses, and Alverson's heart beat quicker as he approached the central figure of all this loveliness.

Miss Sparling's eyes, always bright, sparkled with unusual

emotion. "I should have called this morning had I intended to be your Valentine," said Alverson, smiling.

"Though I did not, before retiring last night, take the yolk from a hard-boiled egg, then fill the space with salt and eat it, shell and all," said she, laughing, "as was done in old times to induce dreams, I confess that I looked out of the window earlier than usual this morning."

"Did you behold your destiny? Who was the lucky man?" asked Alverson.

"Oh, that fascinating Fancher, of course. His face shines upon us so often that the street would look lonely without him."

"Did he come from the direction of my house, and does he ever indulge in practical jokes?" he asked, looking at her very closely.

"He came from your direction, but I never heard that he was a joker," she replied.

"I asked," said Alverson, "because I was made the victim of a practical joke this morning."

"I have not heard of it. Something appropriate to the season and connected with St. Valentine's Day, I suppose?" said Kate.

"Well, yes; it is appropriate to all seasons, I guess," said Alverson, a little puzzled just how to act his part so as to escape gracefully in case he was mistaken in supposing that Miss Sparling knew something about his valentine. "I am willing to admit that the scheme was well planned and executed, and that no one has been able to detect the authors; and now, if they will take it back again, I will contribute to a charitable institution any sum they may name."

Kate's eyes grew wide with wonder as she listened. "Take what back?" she asked.

"Take the valentine—the little baby."

"Why, does the little thing trouble you so much as that?" said she, laughing and blushing, as she thought of the picture of a baby in the sea-shell which she had sketched.

"It don't trouble me so much, only I'm afraid it may die, or that something will happen to the child unless a lady adopts it," he replied.

"I do not understand," said Kate. "I thought you spoke of the picture of a baby in a shell."

"No; the birdling has been out of its shell this six months," said Alverson. "I tell you, it's a live baby."

"A live baby!" she ejaculated.

"A real, dimpled, demonstrative, hungry baby," he continued, with a slight air of desperation. "It was left in a basket at my front door early this morning; and as you were one of the committee visiting that little family of foundlings I thought you would know if anyone had borrowed a baby and sent over to me to see what I would do."

"I'm astonished," said Kate. "I never dreamed of such a thing. The foundlings are never loaned for any purpose. Was there no clue—no note?"

"Yes, to the dress was pinned a paper, on which was written: '*Ich bin dein!*' As it has been intrusted to me, I consider it a high compliment that any one considered me too humane to let the little thing suffer; but my house is not the place for it. What a bright ray of sunshine she would be in your home," said he, looking about the room.

"But I have always thought I would not adopt a foundling," said Kate. "We can not tell what it may do after years of training, and we have not that affection for adopted children that we must feel for our own flesh and blood."

"My observations," replied Alverson, "have led me to believe that adopted children are usually happy, and on many of them much affection is bestowed. An adopted child is usually fatherless, or the child of misfortune, and therefore attracts sympathy which is not felt for the more favored. It is regarded as one providentially delivered to the hands of its protectors, as under the care of a guardian angel; and while I am not an advocate of the theory that love comes after marriage, I believe that affection for a child intensifies after adoption. When I think how easy it is to brighten up a house with the prattle of children whose natural guardians would be glad to give them away, I am surprised that so many homes are childless and gloomy."

"Bravo!" said Kate. "One would think you were the head of an orphan's home, or had a house full of children! Yet I think we love our own best."

"But this would be your own, when it grew up, all but about twelve pounds," said Alverson, quickly.

"In mere weight this is so; but its heart and brain are already formed," she replied.

"Its heart is but a bud. It would expand, blossom, and bear fruit under your care; and the brain is like a blank sheet of paper—you can direct what record shall be made upon it," he replied.

But there had been a very deep record made upon her brain on this subject, and he could not move her with persuasive words, so he returned to his house and the contemplation of the baby. It occurred to him, while he sat by the fire looking at the mute, sweet face of the sleeping child, that his own house was the best place for the little one at present, and that what it needed was a nurse.

Having communicated his views to the housekeeper, that dignified personage expressed her dissent in plain terms. She did not want to start a foundling home; but finding him resolute she dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Griggsby's. That excellent woman, after a long consultation, recommended Mrs. Cardigan. But she was old and fond of gin, and had a family, and a brother who had a family, and they were constantly visiting Mrs. Cardigan on trivial errands when she had a good place, making her presence a source of annoyance. Mrs. Cardigan would not do. Finally, the happy thought occurred to both that Julia Drason was just the one, if she could be induced to accept the position.

Alverson said that he would pay liberally for a good nurse, and Julia was duly installed. Thereupon, young Griggsby took the deepest interest in the little valentine. He bought it rattles, whistles, jumping-jacks, and complicated toys made for larger children, much to the annoyance of Julia Drason, who was afraid it would swallow the green paint or punch its eyes out. She was a most devoted nurse, and little Miss Valentine soon refused to take her food unless Julia held the spoon, a real good one, bought by its nurse as a present. Such a dainty spoon, just suited to the little mouth that looked like Cupid's bow, and the dimples in her chin when she laughed were pronounced too cunning for anything. Alverson said so, and he was not sentimental. At first, he was very anxious to find out the name of the baby. He

hired the police to hunt, and left no means untried; but after a time he was silent on the subject, and feared he would learn some unpleasant facts. Finally, he began to be troubled at the thought that some one might come and claim her. He had grown so fond of the little one that he carried her up stairs and down, and watched her with unspeakable delight.

Miss Sparling had become interested also. She thought it had improved so much in the society of Mr. Alverson that it was extremely fortunate that he had not sent it away. In less than six months Alverson's valentine was the wonder and consolation of the neighborhood, and Alverson thought it best to live in ignorance of her parentage, to consider her the gift of St. Valentine; and Julia Drason began to dread the presence of visitors. She always clasped the little one closer when she saw Miss Sparling coming. At last St. Valentine's Day approached again, and evidently something was going to happen at Alverson's. No one knew exactly what, or whether the Saint would make a revelation, or come and claim his own. There would be anguish there, and moist eyes in many houses on the street, if the little one were called home. But the scarlet fever in its worst form had invaded many households, and Alverson, with all his money, could not keep it away.

The baby fell sick; it sank rapidly. Julia Drason bent over its crib and watched its face through her blinding tears. Alverson had never before looked upon a scene like this. He could not sleep. The vision of the beautiful and sorrowing was constantly before him.

The child grew worse; there was a season of terrible suspense; then the crisis was passed; it began to recover; and when Valentine's Day came it was dressed, and Alverson sat with it by the sunny bay-window. His face wore an unusually grave expression, though it was occasionally lightened up with a smile.

The time had arrived for the revelation. He hesitated a moment as he looked out and saw Griggsby staring at him from the opposite window; then he took a valentine from his pocket, and placing it in the baby's hand, he sat it up in the crib, and walked away. The nurse, who sat there at work on some embroidery, looked up and saw that it was addressed to her. She blushed, then her heart sank as she reached out her hand, took the note, and opened it. She read the words, then caught up the baby and kissed it as the same little slip of paper fluttered down from the envelope that was pinned to the baby's dress when it was in the basket hung on the door-knob a year ago.

"Am I to have a valentine this year?" said Alverson, who had suddenly appeared again.

She stood there, silent as a Madonna, while the child reached out its little hands to him.

"Do you know whose child this is?" she asked in a sad voice.

"I know all," he replied, "except the answer to my question."

"You know that I eloped, was secretly married, and was left a widow with this little one to care for?"

"I know your sorrow, and the kindness of the good woman's heart who cared for your little one while you were working for food and trying to conceal your misfortune from your friends. I know that you left the baby with me, trusting to my humanity, and knowing that you would have charge of it. This she has told me."

"Then I not only love but reverence the noble man who has been such a friend to my precious darling," said she, looking down into its wondering face.

And this second valentine made Alverson happy for life. But it was gloomy over the way. However, since the wedding day, Griggsby has recovered his appetite, bought a flute, and is considered convalescent.

It may be a satisfaction, to those who believe in omens, to learn that the door-plate on which is engraved the name of Sparling will soon be removed to give place to one bearing the name of Fancher.

J. O. CULVER.
SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

The most "taking" things in the European papers now are anecdotes of Bismarck.

When the German lay against the Socialists was first passed, it is said that Prince Bismarck burst out with, "Now, off we go for the pig-sticking!" ("Jetzt geht die Sauhatz los"). And apparently the chase has been tolerably active, for 187 clubs and societies, and 58 periodicals, as well as 210 non-periodical publications, have been suppressed. In addition to this, 62 persons have been banished.

Bismarck was present one evening at a ball in the Kursaal at Homburg, and saw a Frenchman waltzing and holding his hat outstretched in his hand whilst he did so. It seemed a delicate joke to Bismarck to drop some copper money into the hat; but this time he had to deal with a sensitive victim, who demanded a reparation by arms. I am sorry to say that it was the Frenchman who got the worst of the duel, for Bismarck sent a bullet into his collar-bone.

Here is his opinion of Gambetta: "A man of energy, who reminds me of the fellow (der kerl) who led out a pack of dogs to hunt a buck, promising that they should have the quarry for their supper. They failed to catch the buck, and the man apologized, saying he had hoped to keep his word. 'Well, never mind,' said the dogs; 'we'll eat you instead.' And they did."

Bismarck has at least the merit of fixing the attention of the literary classes.

When Cicero was a boy did he ever throw spit-balls?—*Summy*. We were never on very intimate terms with Cicero in his boyhood, a little feud about a clothes-wringer that his grandmother smouched from our kitchen during an auction sale having estranged our families; but our prejudice won't permit our doing him the injustice to say that he never threw spit-balls. There were stacks of heralds and tribunes in his day, and in his hours of juvenile abstraction he probably drew what succulence he could from those knick-knacks, and then threw them as far as the walls and maps of the school-room would permit. We are not prepared to say, however, that this accomplishment was the chief cause of his greatness.

It is remarkable that persons who speculate the most boldly often conform with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society. The thought suffices them, without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action.

INTAGLIOS.

Songs Unsung.

Let no poet, great or small,
Say that he will sing a song;
For Song cometh, if at all,
Not because we woo it long,
But because it suits its will,
Tired at last of being still.

Every song that has been sung
Was before it took a voice
Waiting since the world was young,
For the poet of its choice.
Oh, if any waiting be,
May they come to-day to me!

I am ready to repeat
Whatsoever they impart;
Sorrow sent by them are sweet—
They know how to heal the heart—
Ay, and in the lightest strain
Something serious doth remain.

What are my white hairs, forsooth,
And the wrinkles on my brow?
I have still the soul of youth—
Try me, merry muses, now.
I can still with numbers fleet
Fill the world with dancing feet.

No, I am no longer young;
Old am I this many a year;
But my songs will yet be sung,
Though I shall not live to hear.
O my son, that is to be,
Sing my songs, and think of me!

R. H. STODDARD.

Provençal Lovers.—Aucassin and Nicolette.

Within the garden of Beaucaire
He met her by a secret stair—
The night was centuries ago—
Said Aucassin, "My love, my pet,
These old confessors vex me so!
They threaten all the pains of hell,
Unless I give you up, *ma belle*,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Now, who should there in heaven be
To fill your place, *ma tres-douce mie*?
To reach that spot I little care!
There all the droning priests are met;
All the old cripples, too, are there
That unto shrines and altars cling—
To fitch the Peter-pence we bring,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There are the barefoot monks and friars
With gowns, well tattered by the briers;
The saints, who lift their eyes and whine:
I like them not—a stouping set!
Who'd care with folks like these to dine?
The other road there's just as well
That you and I should take, *ma belle*!"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"To purgatory I would go
With pleasant comrades whom we know—
Fair scholars, minstrels, lusty knights,
Whose deeds the land will not forget,
The captains of a hundred fights,
True men of valor and degree:
We'll join that gallant company,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"There, too, are jousts and joyance rare,
And beauteous ladies debonair;
The pretty dames, the merry brides,
Who with their wedded lords coquette
And have a friend or two besides—
And all in gold and trappings gay,
With furs and crests in vair and gray,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

"Sweet players on the cithern strings
And they who roam the world like kings
Are gathered there, so blithe and free!
Pardie! I'd join them now, my pet,
If you went also, *ma douce mie*!
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,"
Said Aucassin to Nicolette.

From "A Masque of the Poets."

From Heine.

The rose and the sunshine, the lily and dove,
I loved them all once with a rapturous love;
No more do I love them: I love one alone,
The little one, dainty one, pure one, my own;
She herself, the source of all love,
The sunshine and rose, and lily and dove.

Vino Santo.

Once I read a strange, sweet story
Of a sacred ruby wine,
Made by peasants on Lake Garda
Brewed beneath the Cross's sign.
Vino Santo, called for ever,
Sealed with seal of things divine—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

On the first day of October,
Only in the shining sun,
Only in the dew of morning,
Clusters lifted one by one:
Thus begins the solemn vintage,
Vintage with the Cross for sign—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Pales the autumn, falls the winter,
Lie the grapes untouched and still,
No man hastes and no man hinders
While their subtle juices fill,
Till the sacred day of Christmas—
Then is brewed the Holy Wine.

Past the winter, past the spring-time,
Into summer far and late,
For the joy of Vino Santo
They who long must long and wait;
Only glowing heat can ripen,
Glowing heat and Cross's sign,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Dear to-day the strange sweet story—
Sudden twinned mine and thine,
Thine and mine and all true lovers,
Sealed by seal, and signed by sign.
Silence, patience from mine's Vintage,
Drink at last in joy divine—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

The Valley of Silence.

Out far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley—
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred—
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass down the Valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
To hearts that are harrowed with care?
It lies afar between mountains' Vintage,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.
FATHER RYAN.

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ket Street, opposite Dupont.

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new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements.
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and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow
houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds un-
derlaid with water-pipe; out-houses provided with gas; gas
and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont;
water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all
fixed articles, such as book cases, armoires, billiard table,
range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted,
rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain
is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a
moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars,
inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 Cali-
fornia Street.

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respectfully requested to give them a trial.

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Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 7th day of February, 1879, an assessment (No.
17) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twelfth day of March, 1879, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
first day of April, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN E. HOLMES, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan
Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Dis-
trict, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the seventh day of February, 1879, an
assessment (No. 37) of one dollar per share, was levied on
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eleventh (11th) day of March, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the thirty-
first day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Fran-
cisco, Cal., Feb. 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named company, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 18 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Wednesday, February 12th, 1879. Transfer books closed
on Saturday, February 8, 1879, at 12 o'clock.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

YELLOW JACKET SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, Nevada. Principal place of business, Main St.,
Gold Hill, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees of said Company, held on the fifteenth day of
January, A. D. 1879, an assessment (No. 31) of one dollar
(\$1) per share was levied upon each and every share of the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
Company, Main Street, Gold Hill Nevada, or to James
Newlands, Transfer Secretary, Room 10, No. 203 Bush
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of February, 1879,
shall be deemed delinquent, and will be duly advertised for
sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before
will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the nineteenth day of March,
1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs
of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

MERCER OTEY, Secretary.

Gold Hill, Nevada, January 15, 1879.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLI-

cation of the Brooklyn Land Company to be disincor-
porated.—Notice is hereby given, that the application of the
Brooklyn Land Company, a corporation organized and ex-
isting under the laws of the State of California, to be disincor-
porated, has been presented and filed in the County
Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of Cali-
fornia, and that Monday, the 18th day of March, A. D. 1879, at
the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court-room of
said court, in said City and County of San Francisco, has
been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing
the said application. THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

[SEAL.] By JOHN H. HARBNEY, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTHA A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A.
SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
Nelson A. Shore, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bond of matrimony heretofore and now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the
minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to
plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk,
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

[SEAL.] SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attor-

neys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELAN-
GER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARY BELANGER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought, to obtain a decree of divorce
dissolving the bond of matrimony now and heretofore exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.

JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LI-
CENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LI-
NUS, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days—
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defend-
ant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1858, be reformed and
amended in the description of certain real property par-
ticularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which ref-
erence is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22nd
day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 13, 1879.

MY DEAREST MADGE:—I suppose there is no heroine the world ever saw about whom we women have so ravishing a curiosity as Cleopatra, upon the length of whose nose, says tradition, hung the destinies of millions of men. We are as curious of every item concerning her as she herself was of Octavia. We wish to know "her years, her features, her inclination, even the color of her hair." Yet, knowing all these, we never find out the secret of the spell, for of all the enchantresses Madame Récamier alone, according to the books, was strictly and superbly beautiful. The others only shared with her the strange charm of fascination, which, in our elegant modern diction, we call "something about them." You know the sort of women I mean, Madge; but they rarely become heroines nowadays, for love is a lost art.

I never like to place myself in direct opposition to Shakespeare. One's judgment is always likely to be impugned in such a case; but in this instance I find myself supported by Miss Rose Eyttinge, whose "Cleopatra" is not the "Cleopatra" of Shakespeare, but infinitely more like the great original, as I take it. She quite eliminates the poetical sensuality with which the great bard invested her. She is a mighty queen with a mighty temper—a virago, in short, with a full set of assorted passions to match her temper.

Miss Eyttinge is a very beautiful "Egypt," being in the full maturity of her charms. Much has been said of a red-haired "Cleopatra," but this obnoxious idea has only been introduced during the reign of the blondes. Since "Lady Audley" first stepped into the pages of fiction there is a deeply grounded impression that all bad women have fair hair. I prefer to think of Cleopatra as looking like Miss Eyttinge. I like her snapping dark eyes, her swarthy gypsy tint, her black, black locks. I can not imagine a pale, clinging blonde conquering an Antony, unless, indeed, Mr. Cyril Searle were the Antony. I have thought of a thousand reasons why this gentleman has been selected to play this part, and have hit upon but one: he is tall. Other qualification he has not. If he has ever played before, it must have been in the insipidities of the mildest drawing-room dramas. I believe there was a tradition in the Antony family that Marc was descended from Hercules, whom he was said to resemble. Judge, then, our feelings, dear Madge, when Mr. Searle rattled off Antony's lines in the most colloquial and chatty manner. It was astonishing at first, but it became extremely funny afterward, as compared with Rose Eyttinge's long rolled syllables and tragic periods. The lady is not a tragedian. She is too thoroughly a disciple of the emotional, and has too many of the ways of the melo-drama left. Her arms are too short, and round, and enticing; her hands too small, and plump, and pretty, for heroic gesture. I confess that this is a very womanly way of looking at it, but it is true that although Miss Eyttinge has the carriage of a queen, those too pretty arms and hands detract from the grandeur of her appearance. But beside Mr. Cyril Searle she might be Melpomene herself. Really he is, without exception, the most common-place young man that ever wore a toga. I can not imagine why they did not let Mr. Wells play it; or if he was necessary for "Octavius Caesar," why did not Mr. Frank Lawlor come forward. It is true he made no hit as "Julian Gray," but when he was an actor he was a tragedian, and as "Antony" he would have been infinitely preferable to Mr. Cyril Searle. I must say, in justice to Mr. Searle, that he died rather well; but we were all so glad to see that little affair take place that we barely appreciated what he did well. Also, as one of the distinguishing features of his performance was his being very perceptibly out of breath, a sense of peace and comfort stole over us when he stopped breathing altogether.

You will easily understand, dear Madge, that Mr. Cyril Searle was not a success. In point of fact, it is the first time since his departure that Tom Keene has been missed. You will remember the effect of his tremendous "Kiss me, Cleopatra," in his reconciliation with the fiery Egyptian. Mr. Searle says "Give me a kiss," in the meekest, mildest, most unobtrusive way, so that Miss Eyttinge's bit of Rignoldian business is completely lost. She had better look up the big Englishman to support her if she wants to give us that kind of a "Cleopatra," which name, by the way, Mr. Searle speaks with such a funny little sound of the "a," that one is inclined to call her Patty for short.

I think the daughter of all the Ptolemies was deeply relieved when the "man of men" shuffled off this mortal coil. At all events she did nothing remarkable until he was out of the way. Her defiance of Caesar's summons was something magnificent, but, alas! she died soon after, and the green curtain fell on the last of a set of the most beautiful scenes ever presented in this theatre, whose history is a history of gorgeous spectacle.

"Cleopatra's" palace, with its interminable vista, is a very miracle of light and color. A facetious neighbor on my right remarked to me that it needed but one thing to make it complete: the rigid and immovable Mr. Bock should have been lifted and placed on a pedestal in a line with those very decorous-looking wooden Egyptian gentlemen who always figure so largely in Egyptian scenery. I feel quite certain that the man must have passed a large portion of his early life hanging part in tableaux. Halliwell, or some other fellow

who knows all about it, calls "Enobarbus" one of the rich sunlights of the picture, and tells of his grim jocularity. Mr. Bock introduced the grimness and omitted the jocularity. He was so really acceptable in *My Son* last week that I was disappointed.

For real comedy commend me to Mr. Bassett in a Roman character. He was either "M. Emilius Lepidus"—how odd for a noble Roman to part his name in the middle—or "Proculiteus," or some such man. He was apparently quite unconscious of the audience and of his comic effects. He simply stalked in and out in a Tar Flat sort of way, and contrived, when conversing with "Caesar," to summon to his face an expression of driveling idiocy—that is not a pleasant phrase, but it is the proper one—which was laughable in the extreme. Mr. Felix Morris must look to his clown parts after this.

Miss Mary Prescott looked extremely well as "Calanthe." They called her "Charmian," but then she herself must have known what she was about, and "Charmian" may have been a Greek girl. For my own part I am not quite sure of anything the girl ever did wear except a bracelet. I feel quite certain that when "Cleopatra" said, "Here, Charmian, take my bracelet," "Charmian" took the bracelet and put it on. You know women always do try on each other's jewelry.

Miss Holbrook has abandoned politics and taken to the theatre again. But her part is not full of grand possibilities. She has but a few lines and a flying honeymoon trip with "Antony," in a frail affair in which there does not seem to be much ship-room.

"Cleopatra's" barge is not so beautiful as it was two years ago. The painted figures are possibly exactly the same, but the living ones do not seem to be so well disposed. However, it is caviling to find fault with anything in the entire production which goes to please the eye. Then, too, there is much to please the ear. This is something new and rare since Charley Schultz has permitted the reputation of his orchestra to run down. How he used to be cheered to the echo. How often has the rising of the curtain been delayed to make him repeat some favorite melody, and how willingly have the most impatient sightseers acceded to the delay. They do say that the material in the California Theatre orchestra is as good as ever, and I believe it, for the weird, entrancing music of *Aida* attuned itself so harmoniously to the shifting Egyptian pageantry the other night, that I almost expected to see "Amneris" and "Aida" pop out from among the sphinxes, and almost waited for the scene-shifters to bring out the big Osiris.

At the other theatres everything is a trice-told tale. It is true, Clara Morris is playing an adaptation of *Mons. Alphonse* under a new name, but she has been clever enough to bring it out so late in the day as to attract houses by a change of bill, while not periling the prestige of her engagement with a play that will not run. After her engagement this beautiful little *bijou* theatre, just when it is commencing to be the fashion, is to be given over to a band of minstrels. Horror and desecration! The minstrel is not a clean creature. He is covered with cork dipped in beer; he is vigorous, and dances till he reeks; he is odious and vulgar at the best. But he is to be enshrined in all this red satin, and the company will go over to the great, bare, barren, bleak, blue Grand Opera House and catch their deaths of cold and play to thin houses and be miserable. Foolish, short-sighted policy!

Then the merry Rice party will go away and we shall have no more jolly music, and the Rentz minstrels will come to ooe or other of the Bush Street theatres—I don't know which—and respectable people can not go. What is to become of us all?

Thank heaven, there is still left Platt's Hall. It is not nice, and it is not clean, and it is not comfortable, and the gas never burns well, but it is old and respectable. As everything in the theatres was stale we went there the other night to see Waugh's "Photographed, Illuminated, Magnified, Incomparable Stereoscopic Views"—so say the bills. It is very pleasant to see the sights without the expense and the rigors of traveling, and photography is a blessing to the would-be traveler with the depleted purse; but the man who illuminates and magnifies the incomparable stereoscopic views ought to have been summarily disposed of on the spot by an outraged audience. We have none of us completely recovered our eyesight yet. The views, in themselves, are beautiful and wonderfully interesting, and Charles Warren Stoddard, who has traveled over every foot of the ground and knows whereof he speaks, has been engaged to give a series of four lectures upon them.

The lectures are far too good, not for the subject, but for the occasion; for while Mr. Stoddard is reading off his Holy Land reveries for example, illuminated here and there with a gentle, playful wit, the man at the helm is taking all the inspiration out of him by bungling with the calcium light and playing a game of hide and seek with the focus. The audience, meantime, are struck stone-blind, temporarily, and the Youth's Directory benefits little.

The rain has washed the crowds away from the Bush Street Theatre, but an astonishing number of people still plod through the mud and mire to get a good laugh. In fact, Goodwin now only finds it necessary to appear, when they set up a roar. They know that it is expected of them, and they do it with that obliging submissive characteristic of human nature. I will tell you more about the funny Goodwin when he changes the bill. For to-day, adieu.

Yours,

BETSY B.

On Thursday evening next Madame Jaffa will give a concert at Platt's Hall. Madame Jaffa will be assisted by a number of our best artists, and considerable interest attaches to the matter from the circumstance that this will be her first appearance since returning from Europe.

"The local evidences of the great civil war," writes a Southern correspondent, "were speedily obliterated." Same out here; the widows of the fallen married again with surprising rapidity.

George Washington may have been the father of his country, but its grandmother seems to be presiding over its destinies just at present.

In this country the idea of a free press is so prevalent that very few ever think of paying the printer.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Some Examples of Rare and Curious Valentines, together with various Irrelevant Tales concerning Cats and Things.

Uncle Ned he sed: "Johnny, this is Valentines day, and its haf gon alreddy, and you haint rote a werd a bowt it for the paper. And you call yureself a news paper man. You are a disgrace to the profession—not much bettern ole Fitch or Mister Mackerelish."

So I sed wot shude I rite, and he sed: "A Essay, Johnny, a Essay like a editorial. The public xpecks it, and if you dont do yure dooty to the public you be had for dinner by the ragin and rip-rorin Cupid, to wich this day is sacred!"

Then I ast him did it have tushes like a bi potamus, and he sed I better jest git my pen and go to work, no more tockn back.

Valentines day dont come only but jest once a year, and its the time wen all the little birds and the animells gits married, but not any preecher, and no cake, but wen me and little Sally Brope gits married I bet you will see mity big eatn, cos wot else does a feller git married for Id jest like to know. And thats all I got to say about Valentines day in the abstrack, but you jest ot to see one wich was sent to my sisters yung man. It was drowd with a led pencil, and was him a leanin on our gate a lookin up the wock real wishffe. And there was some poetry under it wich was this way:

"You stan there al night a lookin for Billys sister,
While the moon is a wastin herself in the ski;
And if she wude come out I spose you wude up and kissed her,
But likely as not Billy wude ben there too, mister,
And fetched you a regler sockdoller in the ey."

Wen my sisters yung man he got it he come over to our house and he sed: "Billy, xcuse me for bothern a feller wich has greefs of his own, but I was never so puzzel in all my life. I have bot a seven octave revolver and a rebound-in boy knife for to destroy the wrascle wich rote this thing, but I cant gess who he is."

Then Billy he got wite like sheets and trembly all over, and he sed did my sisters yung man mean it.

And he said: "Mean it, Billy, wy, my boy, I have got down onto the kanees of my legs and swore like a pirit that I wil take my boy nife and split that feller like a fish and drink his gore like I was a pig with both fore feets in the trof!"

Then I spoke up and ast him wude he scratch hissef against a gate post and grunt, but he just turned a round and loked at me reel sober, and said: "Johnny, one time there was a pig a scratchin the end of its back against a gate post, and its ears was a flippity floppin up and down, and there was a jackus come a long and stop for to look over the gate, and then he sed to hissef, the jackus did: 'This is the graceffest feller wich I ever seen, jest look at them ears!'

"Then the jackus tride for to get closer, and prest against the gate, and it went shet with a snap, and the pigs tail was cot in the gate, and the pig it hollerd like red Injins, you never herd sech singin out! The jackus he barked a wile, and then he shuke his hed and sed to the pig: 'You was more eliquent fore you spoke.'"

But fore my sisters yung man had got threw his story Billy he busted out cryin, cos twas him rote the valentine, and that yung man was a stonish like you never seen! But he sed he wudent kill Billy til nex Valentines day, and see if he done it agin.

Mary, thats the house maid, she got a valentine from the butchers boy wich brings the meat, and it was a red bart with a blu arro stickin in it. But I gess he got Mister Brily, thats the butcher, to make the poetry, for it sed:

"This oxes hart stuck on a skewer.
It onct was mine but now its your.
Harts is best rosted, but some fokes fries,
We keep nice livers, and steaks likewise.
You are my sweetheart, I love you true,
We just got in some fresh tripe, too."

But Missy thats my sisters valentine hern is jest the finest one wich ever was see, all gold and silver and berds wich is most all tails, and little boys which has been in a swimmeo, but she wont let me a Billy read the readin in it. So I ast Uncle Ned wot she wudent sho it for and he sed: "Johnny, the facks wich is narated in that valentine is unfit for publication."

Then I sed wot did that mean, but Billy he wank. But wen Uncle Ned he seen Billy wink he grabd up the fier poker and jumpt at him furious, but Billy he ran a way. Then Uncle Ned he sed to me a other time: "Johnny, take xample by a man which has been in Injy and evry were, and wen ever you have been unfortunate in your language dont you let a feller go a way with a rong impressin if you can git yure hands on him. A good man wich can git hold of a fier poker like thisn, Johnny, aint never too proud for to try to brake the force of his own thotless words."

And now lle tel you a little story bowt a cat fite. One night there was a candy pullin at Missis Doppys house, wich has got the red hed, and a feller he tuke some candy and roled it up in to a big round ball. And then he tuke an lade it in a other room were there wasent any fier, for to let it git cold. And there was two cats a hidin from the candy pullin in that room, and wen the feller was gon they went to smel the candy. Wen the cats thay found it was nice and warm thay lay down and cerled their selfs a round it, one on both sides, and went a sleep reel cumffable. Bimeby the feller he cum in the dark for to git his candy, and wen he put his hand there it woke up the cats, wich tride for to git up and run a way, but the candy had stuckem to gather and got cold. So wen the feller tuched em thay hollerd and spit, and the feller he was a stonish.

One time me and Billy we went out for to drownd a ole tom cat wich my father had tide up in a bag, but Billy he lay the bag down on the bank a minit for to catch a frog, and ole Gaffer Peters he come a long and set down on the bag for to watch Billy get the frog. The cat it stuck its toes in Gaffer's back and hollerd, and Gaffer he sed "O my" and sprang in the water like a frog his ownself. The cat was drownded, but Gaffer he fished hissef out on the other side of the crick, and then he shuke his fist at me and Billy and sed: "You gum dasted little welps, if you haddent got across the crick mity lifely I wude kicked you acros!"

SAN RAFAEL, February 14, 1879.

Faith.

The child who never disappointment knew,
Who his parent's truth has proven is faith exemplified.
He trusts and knows—believing—for never yet his con-
fidence forsook;
Whatever the promise was, it was as promised given,
A sacred word that innocence receives in trust, a bidden
That they too soon like gods the good from evil know.
To innocence the morrow shall be as trusted age essays;
With a word the storm-clouds pass,
And sunshine brightens all.
With a word the brightest night foretells a dismal day,
The storm and darkness vanish with a word,
And bright effulgence glows in every cloud.
Beauty the lightning flash or direst death conveys,
Grandly the rolling thunder speaks to all,
The hissing typhoon bearing death upon its wings,
To trusting childhood is as balmy breezes are.
Who calls it death to die? If death but pleasure spoke,
All earth to death would fly, from earthly cares unyoked.
What gloom is in the grave for him that suffers here
But rest and hope, and joy too long deferred?
And what is heaven the good are to inherit?
Who are the good? We sometimes doubt our title deeds,
And fear the test, since none are proven good,
Nor proved the land exists we call our own.
What insects in the mighty universe are we?
What claim to heaven, the home of God
And our Redeemer, Christ?

Yet it was said, and faith still bids us hope,
That we shall live beyond this mortal sphere.
That may be heaven above we make our heaven here,
Or hell, or both, and dwell awhile in each,
And find the change doth please as we ascend the scale.

Even heathen gods protect and smooth the way
For the untaught savage or pious devotee.
A wooden idol for a penny bought,
Or crushing wheels of Juggernaut,
Have each a power as potent in their eyes
As hath Jehovah to the good and wise.
What, then, has faith no power to rectify the truth?
We still doubt Omnipotence, and ask for proof?
We see a flower where yesterday a sod.
From whence this beauty? this transformation how?
Ye wise and skeptics, speak, or ever hold your peace.
Says't thou the sun gives light and life!
Says't thou the falling dews and gentle showers!
Whence came the sun, from whence the rain and dews
That nature's bounty gives? Look deeper still.
How sprang the universe from chaos' womb?
Speak if thou canst, or probe it deeper still.
How strong is faith that sets a light beyond that we may
see,
What though the illusion fades as wisdom grows,
'Twere better still to hope, believe, and trust,
Than doubt, despair, and die in search of truth,
The dying Christian sees with vision clear
What skeptic science never feels or knows.
Of heaven and happiness when earth is done,
And death a veil o'er earthly sorrow throws.
SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879. PHILMORE.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of
elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner
Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired
from practice, having placed in his hands by an
East India missionary the formula of a simple vege-
table remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for
consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all
throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical
cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints,
after having tested its wonderful curative powers in
thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it
known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this
motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will
send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe,
with full directions for preparing and using, in Ger-
man, French, or English. Sent by mail by address-
ing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR,
149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y..

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California
quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery
and Sutter Streets.

The Boston Post thinks the time will come when
honest lawyers will hang out a shingle saying: "At-
torney at Law and Candidate for Congress."

One of our pious old deacons went to a circus and
took his grandchild, remarking to every acquaintance
he met that the boy wanted to see the sacred animals,
and he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse him.
Arriving at the tent, the boy cried to go home, and
the deacon spanked him to make him go on, but to
no purpose; he stilled howled and kicked. At last
he was pacified, and consented to enter upon grand-
pa's promise to have his picture taken at T. H.
Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, where they take such
beautiful photographs at moderate prices.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains
at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and
Sutter Streets.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Goethe and Schiller. Their Lives and Works. By
Prof. H. H. Boyesen. 1 vol. Cloth. \$2 00
Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion. By F.
Max Muller. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 2 50
St. Paul at Athens. By Charles Shakspeare, B.A. 1
vol. 12mo. Cloth. 1 25
Multitudinous Seas. By S. G. W. Benjamin. Apple-
ton's Handy Volume Series. Paper. 25
Demology and Devil Lore. By Moncure D. Con-
way. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. 7 00
Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. Franklin Square
Series. Paper. 15
English Synonyms. By Geo. Crabb. New Edition.
1 vol. Cloth. 2 50
David Hume. By Prof. Huxley. English Men of
Letters Series. 1 vol. Cloth. 75
Oliver Goldsmith. By Wm. Black. English Men of
Letters Series. 1 vol. Cloth. 75
Goethe Gallery. Kaulbach's Illustrations. 1 vol.
Stamped cloth. 10 00

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CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

THE CARDINAL FEATURE!

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The Weathersby Froliques certainly offer a very en-
joyable entertainment, especially for those who appre-
ciate roaring fun, pretty music, and excellent acting. N.
C. Goodwin, Jr., is certainly the most talented comedian
in his line who has ever visited this city. The troupe is
well adapted to this line of business, and the burlesque
of "Hobbies" has been received with so much of ap-
plause by crowded and fashionable audiences that it
will be continued.—CHRONICLE, Feb. 9th.
For two hours the audience was kept in a continual
convulsion of laughter, and the Froliques achieved an
unequivocal success.—ALTA.

Eliza Weathersby Froliques in "Hobbies" made a
most decided and complete hit.—CALL.
There has not been a vacant seat at the Bush Street
Theatre during the week, and perhaps this is sufficient
evidence of the qualities of the performance there. If
any one be in doubt, however, we advise him to listen
to the hearty, universal, and continuous laughter which
characterizes the progress of the latter part of the per-
formance.—POST, Feb. 8th.
The entertainment justifies the comments of the East-
ern press. It is pure, rollicking fun from beginning to
end.—BULLETIN.

Monday Evening, February 17, 1879, and every evening until
further notice. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2 P.M.

Third week's reign of the supreme laughter-creators,

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S
FROLIQUES!

—AND—

MR. N. C. GOODWIN, JR.,

—IN THEIR—

MUSICAL AND MERRY-MAKING MIMES,
HOBBIES!

Introduced through the medium of the melange extravaganza,

HOBBIES!

Gay, Festive, Exquisite—A Reflex of Humorous Consequence.

Presented this week with New Dresses, New Songs, and New Features. The perform-
ance will commence with the new farce called the

GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Seats may now be secured six days in advance.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

The success and intrinsic merit of an article are best
indicated by the amount of abuse it receives from propie-
tors of similar articles. For some time past CAMELINE has
been the object of malicious attacks under the head of
"Cameleonine" or "Creme de Lis." The proprietors or agents of
"Creme de Lis," with the intention of deceiving the public,
have attempted, in these advertisements, to confound
CAMELINE with an obscure and rare chemical substance of
somewhat similar name, in no way connected with or enter-
ing into its composition, and the name of this chemical has
in these advertisements been distorted for the purpose of in-
creasing the deception. We have nothing to say in this con-
nection in regard to the comparative merits of CAMELINE
and Creme de Lis, concerning which ladies are best compe-
tent to judge, but for the purpose of sustaining our assertion
that CAMELINE is perfectly free from objectionable or
deleterious substances, we herewith append the opinion of a
number of prominent physicians of this city.
H. P. WAKELEE & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 1, 1879.

The undersigned, physicians of San Francisco, are familiar
with the composition of the principal articles used for the
complexion, and freely certify that WAKELEE'S CAMELINE
is free from all poisonous or injurious substances:

L. C. Lane, M.D., Wm. Hammond, M.D.,
H. H. Toland, M.D., W. F. McNutt, M.D.,
R. A. McLean, M.D., A. J. Bowie, M.D.,
Chas. B. Brigham, M.D., J. C. Shorb, M.D.,
Benj. D. Dean, M.D., F. A. Holman, M.D.,
Henry Gibbons, Jr., M.D., Jul. Rosenstern, M.D.,
J. J. Clarke, M.D., J. D. Whitney, M.D.,
W. H. Bruner, M.D., Thomas Boyson, M.D.,
A. M. Loryea, M.D., C. G. Kenyon, M.D.,
Cephas L. Bard, M.D., Isaac S. Titus, M.D.,
Chas. C. Keeney, M.D., Harry L. Sims, M.D.,
A. M. Wilder, M.D., J. H. Stallard, M.D.,
Geo. M. Powers, M.D., Chas. McQuesten, M.D.,
Benj. R. Swan, M.D., James O. Shafter, M.D.,
L. L. Durr, M.D., Wm. Carman, M.D.,
Jas. W. Keeney, M.D., Washington Ayer, M.D.,
Gustav Holland, M.D., J. L. Meares, M.D.,
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BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
CHAS. H. GOODWIN.....TREASURER.

FAREWELL ENGAGEMENT OF
CLARA MORRIS,
Supported by the Great Legitimate Company of Baldwin's
Theatre.

This (Saturday) afternoon, February 15, Clara Morris as
Raymonde Montaigne, in her new adaptation
of Alex. Dumas' great play,
RAYMONDE.

Saturday evening, February 15,
BENEFIT OF MR. JAS. O'NEILL,
And last appearance of CLARA MORRIS.
DAVID GARRICK, CAMILLE (fourth act), and THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE (Trial scene).

Box Sheet now open.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

A SEASON OF MINSTRELSY, MIMICRY, AND
MIRTH.

The Management has the honor to announce that on MON-
DAY, February 17,

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE &
WEST'S

MINSTRELS,

Acknowledged to be the most brilliant and artistic combina-
tion before the public, will commence a short
season at this Theatre.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Mission Street, between Third and Fourth.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.

The Management of Baldwin's Theatre has the honor
to announce that in consequence of the immense stage-room
required for the production of the great play,

Within an Inch of His Life,

THE

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Has been taken for a special dramatic season,

COMMENCING

MONDAY.....FEBRUARY 17th.

PLATT'S HALL.

THURSDAY EVENING.....FEBRUARY 20, 1879.

GRAND CONCERT

GIVEN BY

MADAME JAFFA,

(Her first appearance since her return from Europe).

The following artists will assist:

Mme. BERNARDI SERIGHELLI,
Mr. FRED. BORNEMAN, of Calvary Church,
Mr. ERNEST SCHLOTT,
Mr. M. SOLANO,
Mr. F. PEIPERS,
Mr. S. CONZALES,
Mr. C. SCHMITZ.
Mme. BAGEOLINI, de Paris, First Appearance.
S. F. SEXTETTE, who has kindly volunteered his services.
MONS. A. SAURET.....CONDUCTOR.

Tickets, \$r. Reserved seats, 50 cents extra. Boxes, \$5,
\$6, and \$8. Tickets and programmes to be had at the
principal music stores, and at Madame Jaffa's residence,
1906 Sutter Street. Seats can be reserved at Platt's Hall,
on the 19th and 20th, from 9 to 4 o'clock.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator
with the will annexed of the Estate of JOHN BLISS,
deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims
against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary
vouchers, within four months after the first publication of
this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of busi-
ness, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in
the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated February 13th, 1879.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John
Bliss, deceased.
PHILPS & ELLIS, 66 Nevada Block, Attorneys for Estate.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,
OCULIST,

HAS RETURNED TO THIS CITY,
and will resume practice immediately. Consulta-
tion Rooms as before, No. 321 RUSH
Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Monday, Feb. 17, Second week and continued success of

ROSE EYTINGE,

Supported by

MR. CYRIL SEARLE.

REPERTOIRE FOR THE WEEK:

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Feb. 17, 18,
19, and 20,

ROSE MICHEL.

Friday evening, Feb. 21,

EAST LYNNE.

ONLY ROSE MICHEL MATINEE SATURDAY.

Saturday night, Feb. 22,

OLIVER TWIST.

MISS EYTINGE in her great character, NANCY SYKES.

Seats at the Box Office.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSER AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.

This (Saturday) afternoon, positively Last Ladies' Matinee.
MATINEE TO DAY AT 2 P. M.

Saturday and Sunday evenings, farewell of the popular
favorites,

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.

ADIEU TO ALL!

Monday, February 17, first appearance in this theatre of

MADAME RENTZ'S

CELEBRATED FEMALE MINSTRELS,

—AND—

MABEL SANTLEY'S

FAMOUS ENGLISH BURLESQUE COMPANY.

Seats at the box office one week in advance; also by
speaking telephone at the principal telegraph stations
throughout the city at theatre rates.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,
DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126
Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Halifax.

I.—THE GOOD MAN AND THE BAD MAN.

In the good old times, long ago, there lived, in a village in the province of Hizen, an old couple noted for their honesty and simplicity. They had bought a little dog, of which they became very fond, treating it as if it had been one of their children.

One day the old man was out in the fields with his hoe, when the dog commenced scratching a certain place, and then running to the old man and back to the spot again, scratching the earth. This he repeated until the old man was directed to the spot, much to the dog's delight. The dog continuing to scratch the ground, the old man picked up his hoe, and, with a few sturdy strokes, turned up an immense heap of gold and silver coins, which he took home, and on examination found himself to have suddenly become a rich man. He was naturally grateful to his little dog, and gave it the best of food and the nicest of beds.

Now, in the same country place, there was a wicked old man, who, hearing of the dog's cleverness in finding buried treasure, determined to borrow it and try his luck at becoming rich without labor, but was refused the loan of the dog by its master, who feared that it would not receive kind treatment. So the wicked old man contrived to steal the dog, and watched its movements anxiously and carefully for some time. One day, seeing it scratching the earth, he dug down, hoping to find money, but only disinterred an old skull. Enraged at being disappointed by the dog, after having fed it on meat and other good things, he in his passion, and like a wicked old man that he was, killed the poor animal, and then went to its master and loudly complained of the poor dog, trying by his noisy manner to drown the expression of the blame that he deserved. But the good old man, after finding the body of his dog, and burying it at the foot of a large pine tree in the forest, and close by where the money was found, cried himself to sleep in his grief for the loss of his favorite. In his sleep he dreamed that the dog came to him and told him to cut down this very tree, and make from it an *usu* (a large wooden mortar in which rice is hulled).

The old man told his wife of his dream, and she advised him to do as he had been directed. So the next day he felled the tree, and, cutting off a section, hollowed it out. When the *usu* was finished he tried it by putting in some rice that required hulling, and, to his astonishment, after the first few blows of the pestle, each grain of rice was changed into gold coin!

The wicked old man, hearing of this new stroke of fortune, went to spy on the good man, and, seeing for himself the surprising fact of the rice being turned to money, was filled with fresh envy at his neighbor's good luck, and accordingly determined to borrow the *usu*. After much persuasion and some threats, he obtained the loan of it; but his rice turned into filth; at which he became so angry that he chopped up the offending *usu* and commenced to burn it, when the owner came to claim it—to find only the remains.

The good old man again dreamed that the little dog came to him, this time instructing him to obtain the ashes, and to go to the great highway where the nobles passed, and, by sprinkling the ashes, the cherry trees—then bare of blossoms or leaves—would immediately bud and blossom.

Now, these were the good old days, when nobles traveled in state with their retinues, dressed as befitted their high station, and rode on horseback, or in *norimon* (a kind of sedan chair), not, as in these degenerate times, when even the highest in the land condescend to ride in *jinrikishas* (a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by a man), wear ill-fitting and uncomfortable foreign clothes, unsightly hats, and get attacks of dyspepsia from badly cooked foreign food—composed of material too strong for their weak stomachs—and affect to despise what their forefathers were proud of. These were the days when the Tonosawa was open-handed to the poor, ready with his sword for the insolent.

Our good old man went to the wicked old man's house, and begged for at least the ashes of his property, only to receive a portion—the rest being retained on suspicion that there must be some urgent reason for coming so far for apparently such a trivial thing. The good old man took the ashes, and mounting a cherry tree on the high road, awaited the approach of the great man who was expected to pass that way. When he drew near he asked the old man what he was doing in the tree, and why he did not prostrate himself before him; to which the old man replied by saying that he would show him the tree bursting into blossom before his eyes by sprinkling upon it a pinch of ashes.

Stopping his retinue, he ordered the old man to try his skill; and the trial was attended with success, to the astonishment and delight of the noble, who ordered the old man to be suitably rewarded, and to be brought on a visit to his palace.

The bad old man, hearing of this, determined, with the remainder of the ashes, to try his skill on the occasion of another great lord passing; but the ashes flew in the faces of the noble and retainers, who, in their rage, beat the foolish old man severely, tied him, and put him in the lock-up.

The good old man's story becoming public, the wicked man was turned out of the village, and afterward died on the wayside. The good old man lived happily many years after.

II.—THE BOILER BEWITCHED.

A long time ago the priest of a temple Morinji, of Fatebayashi, in the province of Joshu, found in the lumber-room of the temple an old iron *kama*, or boiler, that seemed as if it had not seen the light for many years. Being a thrifty man, and wishing to turn everything he possessed to the best advantage, he cleaned it and set it on the fire to boil some water. Presently, to his intense astonishment, it commenced to move about, and the tail, head, and legs of an old badger grew out of its sides. Before the priest could recover from his surprise, or could even mutter a short prayer, the pot flew up to the ceiling and tried to escape. The priest called to his neophytes, and they chased it with bamboos, until finally knocking it down, they seized it and fastened it up securely in a box, intending to send the uncanny thing to a safe distance.

A rag-dealer was sent for and the box opened to show him the pot, when, lo and behold! it appeared the same old rusty

thing it was before the priest cleaned it. The dealer would not give more than *ni kan* (twenty cents) for it. However, the priest, after a little haggling over so low a bid for such a heavy boiler, was glad to be rid of such a troublesome thing. The dealer found it heavier than he had anticipated, but with a great deal of trouble succeeded in getting it home. At night after going to sleep he was awakened by a noise in the direction of the place where he had left his purchase, but it ceased whenever he looked that way. Presently, peeping under the bed-cover, he saw the boiler had turned into a big, ugly old badger, and it was dancing about the house, now balancing himself on one leg on top of the frame of the night lamp, then on the rafters overhead, to the great consternation of the rag merchant. In the morning he went to a friend in the same trade, and related to him the marvelous performances of the old boiler. This friend, having heard when a child a story of a certain boiler that was bewitched, thought this must be the identical boiler, and advised its owner to exhibit it as a remarkable curiosity, first gaining the old badger's confidence and good will, but on no account to repeat prayers or perform any religious ceremonies in the meantime, as these would drive the badger away. Acting on this advice, a suitable place for the exhibition was erected, and the badger induced to show off his tricks before the public. The pot was placed on the stage, then, at the word to commence, out sprouted the head, tail, and legs; and it hopped about, and, jumping on a tight rope, went through the various dances with umbrellas, fans, and so on.

In a short time the rag merchant became rich beyond his highest ambition, and, having neglected his devotions, feared the anger of the *Kami* (Sintoo deities); so he took back the boiler to the temple, and presented the priest with a large sum of money in order to obtain his prayers to the *Kami*, beseeching them not to punish him for his neglect, and to permit him to retain his wealth.

The priest then, with the assistance of a further donation from the quondam rag merchant, built a beautiful temple, in which the boiler was kept in due state, and canonized, and where it may be seen to this day.

Not long ago, in a neighboring city, one of the belles of society accepted the matrimonial proposition of a worthy young gentleman, and was asked by him to name the happy day. She consulted her parents—who had previously given their consent to the match—and a family council was held. The decision reached was curious, as well as characteristic of our country and age. The father and mother agreed that the social position of their daughter required a grand wedding. The father, however, announced that misfortunes in business had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy; that he was, in fact, preparing to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. To this the mother replied, that the grand wedding being of primary importance, it must of course take precedence of the assignment, for pecuniary reasons easily understood. And it was so ordered. The marriage occurred amid a blaze of glory, duly chronicled in the newspapers, and a few days afterward Mr. Smith's paper went to protest, and his creditors took possession of his limited assets. Not long ago, considerably nearer home, a fond husband informed his loving wife that his financial affairs were in that condition which indicates a speedy and disastrous collapse. The wife said little, but thought much. The result of her meditation was that the next day she went down town and bought a seal-skin sacque and a set of diamonds. She told a female neighbor, who knew of the impending calamity, that the sacque and diamonds "would last her a lifetime; that if she did not get them now she never would, and so she got them." The collapse came in due season, and it is hardly necessary to remark that the furrier and jeweler are whistling for their money. These twin incidents are true. They are only two out of the many, equally true, that never find their way into the uncongenial and unwelcome atmosphere of print.

After the newspaper carrier, the letter carrier, and the telegraph boy had appeared, not to pay, but to get paid for their addresses on New Year's day, a fourth ring was heard, and the master of the house went to the door.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"I? Oh, I'm the chap that lights the gas lamp just in front of your door here."

"Ah, well!" and he gives him a quarter.

Another fifteen minutes, and another lamplighter at the door.

"My friend," said the gentleman, still good-natured, "I've already paid upon the lamp."

"Oh, sir," said the visitor, "that was the fellow who lights it."

"And what do you do?"

"I? I put it out."

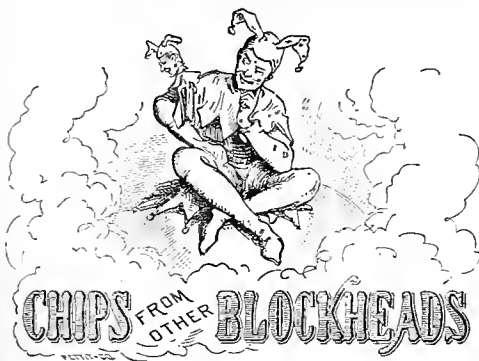
The following heroic challenge has been sent to the New York Sun. Truly this is an age of gladiators: "Sir: I hereby challenge any person under the age of eighteen years to eat apple pies with me for the championship of the United States. The pies to be thirty inches in circumference and one and two-thirds inches thick, and to be made by any person who can prove himself a good baker. By printing this in the Sunday Sun you will oblige T. J. MCNULTY, 'Champion Apple Pie Eater of the United States.'"

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, February 16, 1895.

Beef Noodle Soup (see Vol. III, No. 13).
Boiled Turbot, Genoise Sauce (see Vol. III, No. 19).
Stewed Mushrooms. String Beans.
Roast Beef. Mashed Potatoes.
Cress Salad.

Orange Jelly. Fancy Cakes.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Bananas, and Oranges.
Walnuts, Almonds, and Chestnuts.

TO MAKE ORANGE JELLY.—Eight oranges, two lemons, three-quarters cup of gelatin soaked in half a pint of cold water, three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, one pint of boiling water, beaten whites and shells of two eggs. Rub the loaf sugar on the peelings of two oranges and one lemon; squeeze the juice from six or seven oranges and two lemons, and strain it. Take off the rind carefully from two oranges, leaving only the transparent skin surrounding the centers, and separate all the sections without breaking them. Soak the gelatin half an hour in half a pint of water; boil the other pint of water and the sugar together, skimming until no more scum rises; then put in the sections of oranges, and when they have boiled about a minute take them out. Pour this syrup over the soaked gelatin, adding the orange and lemon juice, the beaten whites and the shells of two eggs. Put it on the fire, let it boil about a quarter of a minute without stirring; then, placing it at the side of the fire, skim off carefully all the scum at the top, and pass it through the jelly bag. When half the jelly is in the mould, put it on the ice, and let it set hard enough to hold the orange sections, which place in a circular row around the edge of the mould; then add enough more jelly to cover the sections. When this has hardened, pour over the remainder of the jelly, which should have been kept in a warm place to prevent it from hardening.



Some men marry rich widows for the same reason that others drink whisky. All they want is the effects.

That was a ghastly joke that a sinful townsman played on a stranger whom he promised to introduce to a rich planter, and then took him around and presented him to the leading undertaker.

With face plump up to the window-pane,

Intently watching the falling snow

(That turned to slush in the after rain),

Young Tom let this conundrum go:

"Do you know what that white stuff is, mamma,

'That's comin' down from the sky up there?

Do you give it up? Well, I guess it are

The dandruff out of the angels' hair."

The expression of a boy's face at the end of a straw that lacks two inches of reaching the cider in a barrel, is supposed to be the model that the artist selected in the delineation of Adam leaving Paradise.

We have about decided to sail for Europe as soon as this issue of the paper goes to press. We can no longer hold back. Paris mothers call distinguished Americans to kiss their pretty grown-up daughters.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He's coming home or he's a liar,
Baby mine, baby mine;
He is now chuck full of wine,
And he's feeling mighty fine;
He had better bide his sign,
Baby mine, baby mine.

He had better come in soon,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I've been waiting since high noon,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I am waiting with a broom,
I will chase him 'round the room,
While his nose shines through the gloom,
Baby mine, baby mine.

My new boy (says Edison) is double back action, perpetual motion, automatic, and all the latest improvements in one grand combination, and he has lungs in comparison with which the noise of the elevated railroad is as the sighing of the summer breeze on a lazy afternoon.

A well known local clergyman made the trials of Job the subject of his discourse a few Sundays ago, when, after enumerating the repeated messages of misfortune which came fast one after another, he gravely remarked: "It is characteristic of Job's simplicity of character that he did not suspect this extraordinary accumulation of trouble of being a hoax."

The other evening a man with eight good-looking daughters found four of them hanging over his front gates trying to entertain a callow-looking young man with a good deal of collar and cane. He invited them in and set the gates again, and in just thirty minutes by the watch caught the other four with an equal allowance of young man. This was the last he landed; he had no more fresh bait.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief and shame.
I dell you vot der drouble ish:
I doesn't know my name.

You dinks dis ferry vunny, eh?
Ven you der story hear,
You vill not vunder den so mooch,
It was so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had two leedle twins;
Dey vos me und mine brudder;
Ve lookt so ferry mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys vas "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name;
But den it made no tefferer;
Ve both got called der same.

Vell, von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dat ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I'm in drouples;
I gan't kit droo mine hed
Vedder I'm Hans vot's bing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead!

A stranger with a weak back walked into a drug store, the other day, and said he wanted the strongest kind of a mustard plaster. With a fiendish grin, the clerk built up a terrible mixture and passed it out. That night the inmates of the hotel were startled from their slumbers by loud cries in room 57. When the door was burst open, they found the stranger wrestling with that mustard plaster in Græco-Roman style. But the plaster had thrown him twice, and was now thumping him against the wall, preparatory to throwing him through the transom. It took two policemen to get the two.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

PIANOS

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED PIANOS.

Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

J. W. EVANS, 20 Post Street, San Francisco.

MARBLEIZED
IRON MANTELS.

IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY of finish, and durability of polish, they are every way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

ENAMELED GRATES.

FRENCH COOKING

RANGES

All sizes, suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Families, and Boarding-Houses.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

TO OWNERS

REAL ESTATE.

PERSONS OWNING REAL ESTATE that has heretofore been assessed in the former owner's name, or misspelled, or otherwise misdescribed, are requested to appear personally, or send their Deeds to the Assessor's office (New City Hall), and have the proper changes made for the Real Estate Roll 1879-80. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the Roll will commence in a few days, after which it will be too late for any alterations.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,
City and County Assessor.

司公市噤

JAPANESE and CHINESE Servants of all kinds will be speedily furnished by the undersigned, who, having had seven years' experience, feel confident of being able to give satisfaction in all cases. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and leave orders. PIERCE & SON, 609 Sacramento Street, up stairs, San Francisco.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
320 POST STREET
San Francisco.

THE
Automatic
SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Makes the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad, thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$4
Suits, - - - 15
Overcoats, - 15
Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



TO ORDER

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at Wholesale Prices.

Any length cut, and all kinds of Cloth kept in Stock. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

CLOTH AND WOOLEN BROKER.

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,

727 Market Street, 505 Montgomery Street, 18 Kearny Street,
And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 69.—The monthly dividend for January, 1878, will be paid on February 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, February 5, 1879.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3 AND 4, SHERMAN BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco
(P. O. Box 770.)

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA CO.
OF LONDON.

A Flattering Compliment

—TO—

STEINWAY & SONS.

Academy of Music,
New York, Dec. 28, 1878.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Gentlemen—Having used your celebrated Pianos in public and private during the present opera season, we desire to express our unqualified admiration of their sonority, evenness, richness, and astonishing duration of tone, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice. These matchless qualities for accompanying the voice, together with precision of action and unequalled capacity for remaining in tune for a great length of time, render the Steinway Pianos, above all others, the most desirable instruments for students of vocal music and the musical public generally.

MINNIE HAUKE,
ETELKA GERSTER,
MARIE ROZE,
CL. CAMPOBELLO,
G. LABLACHE,
LUIGI ARDITI,
ITALO CAMPANINI,
A. F. GALASSI,
G. DEL PUENTE,
J. FRAPOLLI,
A. J. FOLI,
F. DE RIALP,
J. H. MAPLESON.

NEW YORK, December, 1878.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

Dear Sirs—Allow me to express to you the entire satisfaction I feel in praising your magnificent Pianos. They are the finest and most superior instruments in the world, and I have therefore taken every opportunity, while in Europe, to extol their sterling qualities. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours, very sincerely,
MINNIE HAUKE,
Royal and Imperial Court Singer.



INDEPENDENT LINE

—FOR—

ASTORIA AND PORTLAND, OREGON.

Splendid Low-pressure, Side Wheel American Steamship

GREAT REPUBLIC,

382 TONS,

JAMES CARROLL, Commander

Will sail from Spear Street wharf, for the above ports, On THURSDAY, Feb. 20, at 12 o'clock M.

Steerage Passage..... \$2 00

Cabin Passage..... 7 00

In Bridal Rooms..... 10 00

Freight..... at Lowest Rates

FREIGHT RECEIVED DAILY.

For freight or passage apply at the office on Spear Street wharf. Tickets also for sale at No. 3 New Montgomery Street, under Grand Hotel.
P. B. CORNWALL.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

A Romance of Real Life.

CHAPTER I.

Away back in the early time of California when the century was new, a stalwart young Englishman of adventurous spirit came to the Pacific coast. The country was unoccupied, and he had everywhere among its beautiful valleys and its hill-sides to choose a home. After many pleasant journeys, sometimes in sailing vessels cruising along its shores, now and then entering its beautiful roadsteads and harbors, sometimes on horseback from mission to mission, crossing streams, mountains, and valleys, camping now on wooded heights, and again lighting the fires of his bivouac in romantic glens, he prospected the whole country.

Lands unoccupied were easily attainable, and titles could be acquired from the Mexican Government. It was desirous of colonizing this, its outlying province, and was especially generous to bold, enterprising, and intelligent men who were willing to make this land their home. The savage race was dominant here, and only the Jesuit missions had begun their conflict with the aboriginal people. Joseph Workman—for that was the name of our English adventurer, finally chose for his home a beautiful place in the beautiful valley of the San Gabriel. The San Gabriel River came down from among fruitful, grassy hills, with its pure and sparkling water. The San José streamlet crossed it at another angle, while all around and on every side were broad, grassy plains—the very spot for the raising of herds of cattle, droves of horses, and flocks of sheep. From the Mexican Government he obtained title to the Rancho La Puente, 48,790 acres, a broad and beautiful domain. There was none in his native land that exceeded it for beauty and fertility; not a ducal estate in all of England could compare with it.

He married a maiden of the country; sons and daughters grew up around him. One daughter married Mr. Temple. The old adobe house was exchanged for a magnificent stone mansion, and it was embowered among groves of orange, lemon, lime, and walnut, with vineyards. All around were gardens, groves, and blooming fields. The son-in-law built for himself and his growing family a costly mansion among groves and vineyards.

As time advanced, these gentlemen added to their estate the Rancho Potrero Grande, 4,431 acres, the Rancho La Merced, 2,363 acres, and the Rancho Potrero Felipe Sugo, some 4,400 acres more—a truly magnificent estate. It became covered with flocks and herds.

The United States conquered Mexico, acquired the country, confirmed titles, and there came from all the world an adventurous immigration to this land of gold. From the placers and gold-bearing streams of the Sierras, groaning with the accumulations of gold, there floated down to this beautiful valley of San Gabriel, and its larger neighbor, the valley of Los Angeles, a splendid population. The country was semi-tropical. The climate was simply perfect. The soil was fruitful beyond anything known. It was the land of the pomegranate and the olive, of the orange and the lemon. The apple and the pineapple would grow side by side. It was a land of enchantment. It was the Happy Valley of Rasselas. There grew up a great beautiful city in it. Stately buildings, luxuriant homes, public edifices, and commercial blocks worthy of an older civilization.

In this city of Los Angeles Temple & Workman bought and built, built and prospered. A splendid pile of buildings in the town known as "Temple's Block," the Post Office building, was theirs. They opened a bank. Old residents, wealthy, honest, with two or three millions of landed estate, with flocks and herds, orchards, vineyards, and orange groves, they had the confidence of all, and their bank became the depository of workingmen's accumulations.

CHAPTER II.

The great civil war had brought inflation, false values, false prosperity to the land. The Rebellion ended, and the wave of progress having rolled back and left the business of the nation stranded, hard times, money stringency, ruin, swept from the East. The great Bank of California, mother of speculation, inflation, and false business morals, went down, down with crime and blunders; and though it was restored, it was not in time to save the other tottering bricks. The bank of Temple & Workman staggered under the blow, revived, stumbled again, and fell. It owed everybody; its books had not been balanced; its proprietors, unused to this business, floundered in a sea of confusion. Mortgages floated them for a time, till in the person of E. J. Baldwin, a lucky gambler in mining stocks, the trembling firm found a "friend." He came to their rescue with a loan and a promise; the loan for some \$250,000 was to bear interest at two per cent. a month!—two per cent. a month!—to compound monthly! To save appearances the amount was placed in the body of the instrument to represent a principal that was content with a nominal one per cent.—two per cent. to compound in default of payment of interest; making a loan at the rate of three per cent. a month compounding monthly!

The storm burst and the deluge came; the firm was ruined; Joseph Workman committed suicide; assignees, receivers, proceedings in bankruptcy, and Reuben Lloyd, attorney for E. J. Baldwin, followed in quick succession. To

foreclose this Baldwin mortgage it was assigned to Camilo Martin, and proceedings instituted in the United States Circuit Court, the Hon. Lorenzo Sawyer, Judge. The creditors employed Messrs. Lattimer and Morrow; the family, E. Volney Howard; somebody else, James Eastman. Last week a decree was entered against the estate for \$576,754 52 and costs. The attorneys foreclosing were allowed \$12,000.

The certificates of deposit, something like a million of dollars, representing the accumulations of toiling men and hard-working depositors, are worth five cents on the dollar, and the land embraced in the mortgage is to be sold in four parcels, instead of being so subdivided into farms that individuals of moderate means could become purchasers.

We do not impugn the integrity nor good sense of Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, but if he knew the land as well as we do he would know that 20,000 of these acres are easily divisible into small farms, and that in this shape they would have brought \$1,000,000; that the two homesteads of Temple and Workman, the mill, the town property, ought to have been sold in separate parcels. The hill lands, properly divided into larger tracts, would have brought another million of dollars; and with honest computation of the money advanced by Lucky Baldwin, a reasonable rate of interest for its use, a proper mode of sale, every creditor of this unfortunate firm of insolvent bankers would have been paid in full.

Twelve thousand dollars were allowed as attorney's fees to foreclose this mortgage. So far as the simple work of foreclosing this or any other mortgage is concerned, it may be done by any lawyer's clerk; and this work undoubtedly was done by one of Mr. Lloyd's salaried clerks, who does not get more than \$100 a month. Yet Judge Sawyer allows \$12,000 for a work that would have been liberally compensated at \$500. The employment of McAllister & Berger to swell the total of this decree was not properly chargeable as proceedings in foreclosure. Judge Sawyer in 1852—then a better lawyer than any named in this romance—worked for \$100 a month. His salary is now, we believe, \$6,000. So Mr. Lloyd's clerk, in a labor not requiring one week, earned a two-years' salary of Judge Sawyer, and a compensation equal to ten years of his time when he was a salaried attorney.

No creditor can come in as redemptioner under this sale, because the amount in gold coin is beyond the means of other than a few wealthy men. Thus this great estate, with its mansions and mill, its orange and olive groves, its orchards of lemons and walnuts, its vineyards, its nearly thirty thousand acres of rich valley land, will be acquired by the stock gambler, surnamed Lucky, upon an expenditure of money not equivalent to one-tenth of its value. The farmers of the valley of the San Gabriel, the depositors in the bank, and creditors of the estate, will be permitted to come in as tenants under this great landed lord, who will, when he adds this property to others, have fifty thousand acres of land in the valley of Los Angeles. They will pay him one-quarter of their crops, their toil, their lives, to swell his income, and with it he will build opera houses, and his opera house will have queens of half the world, blazing in jewels and dressed in gorgeous robes, adorning his private box.

CHAPTER III.

If this were a true story there would be those who would say that something was wrong in the constitution of a society, of government, of courts, out of which could come such disastrous results; that under a better regulated condition of things these calamities to the families and children of Messrs. Temple and Workman would not have occurred. If there had been an honest Bank Commission the affairs of this bank would have been disclosed before serious loss could have occurred. If we had had laws against usury, regulating the interest of money, such a decree could never have been obtained.

If our courts had an equity jurisdiction to have cleared the proceedings from everything that was oppressive, burdensome, and unfair, so that honest justice might have been done between man and man, then Mr. Workman had not now been filling a suicide's grave. If Judge Sawyer had not drifted away from a proper estimate of lawyers' services, by a false and spurious *esprit de corps* that makes lawyers swear for lawyers, and had not acquired a mistaken judgment how to sell farm lands at the best price by the testimony of all sorts of land experts except the farmers who desired to purchase that they might till, there would have been a different outcome to all this business. It will be a curious postscript to this novelette to some day print, as we will, the bill of costs in this case—how much was paid to assignees, receivers, commissioners, sheriffs, clerks, experts, witnesses; for mileage, commissions, per diems, percentages, and all the luxurious accessories that come out of a fat goose that's picked.

If this were a true story, and not a mere romance, there would be a moral in it; and the stern moralist who thinks that men are equally endowed by their creator with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, might ask if the laws that enable property to be thus acquired are not in some degree unjust and oppressive?—whether the law is not affording opportunities for the acquisition of great estates, to the prejudice of the interests of the people?—whether in a government republican in form it would not be well to inhibit the Luckys from acquiring such great landed estates? Practical men of the middle class of society will soon be apt to inquire how long they are to stand between the two destruct-

ive elements—the men of great wealth, who exert all the devices that enable them to acquire property to escape taxation, and the great mob of idlers, tramps, and vagabonds, who have nothing to tax? How long will it be before this skeleton of agrarianism and communism, that now crouches upon the sand-lots, intrigues in ward politics, and hides itself in poverty and rags, will be an outspoken, rampant, aggressive, political force? Would it not be well for our very rich men to begin to study the signs of the times, and by a somewhat less selfish, and somewhat more generous, policy, begin to more kindly treat the beast they ride?

CHAPTER IV.

If the people of Los Angeles have any thing like public spirit; if they would preserve their valley from the desolation of being a rich man's paradise; if they would see it blossom under the cultivation of men and women who would own it; if they would convert it from a sheep ranch and coral into fruitful farms, and have it settled by intelligent people instead of sheep, and hogs, and land monopolists; if they would have their city prosper in the midst of a prosperous community; if they would have a million of busy toilers about it to give it business and to send live currents of trade through its dull and pulseless arteries; if they would breathe the breath of life under the ribs of its present death, let them make war against their only enemy—the land grabber, the land monopolist, the land pirate that makes the small farmer walk the plank or swing at the yard-arm of their low, black craft.

The man who tills his acres, broad though they may be, has some claim to consideration, but the land speculator who spreads himself over God's soil like a great black spider with his prehensile and poisonous tentacles should be crushed out of existence by a system of taxation that would discriminate against the land gambler in favor of him who cultivates. It would not be a desirable condition of things if such a story as we have drawn upon our imagination to narrate could be possible. It would not be creditable to our legislative or judicial system if bankers with two and a half millions of land and real estate values could fail, and their small creditors be robbed of more than a million of their hard earnings, when one creditor for \$280,000 could, by process of the courts interpreting contracts, secure not less than eight times the money he advanced upon usurious interest.

The Chinese question has been under consideration for twenty-five years upon the Pacific Coast. It has been exhausted by writers pro and con. Every statesman and prominent citizen of the nation who has visited us has been invited to observe the effects of Chinese immigration. A Congressional Committee has visited our State and taken testimony in reference thereto. The press, the clergy, the politicians, the business men, the professional men of the coast have given expression to an almost universal public sentiment: that it would be a wise policy to restrict it. After debate in Congress, and after deliberate consideration, a restrictive enactment passes, and yet the measure is in doubt. It is said the President will veto it, and veto it in obedience to the wishes of a religious sentiment of the Methodist Church, of which he and his wife are professing members. If this religious organization is the high tribunal of ultimate appeal which is to decide this great political question, would it not be well to refer it to the Methodist Church of the Pacific Coast? We will venture the prediction that the lay and clerical members thereof would give an overwhelming vote in favor of restricting Chinese immigration.

If the question could be left to a popular vote of the Chinese themselves, it would be overwhelmingly in favor of the bill. We declare that it is our opinion that if this question could be considered in a convention of professing Christians and honest-minded clergymen of all denominations upon this coast, there would not be found five per cent. of dissenting opinion. There is probably not one clergyman on this coast that will, in his to-morrow's sermon or prayer, attempt to tell his congregation or his God that Chinese immigration is desirable. There is probably not one intelligent professor of religion in California who is disinterested and honest that will not admit that the demoralization and injury these people do the Christian religion and Christian civilization far outweighs any corresponding good that may be done them.

A pious correspondent sends us the following selected meditations—one for each day of the first week in Lent: "Pluck up the stones, ye sluggards, and break the devil's head with them. Every one draws the water to his own mill. The net of the sleeping takes. Better a grape for me than two figs for thee. Men cut broad thongs from other men's leather. One ass nicknames another Longears. He who serves two masters has to lie to one." If one will give his mind to meditating on this kind of things he can live through the first week without other nourishment. But on the second week he'll require his whole ARGONAUT.

A colored woman was recently made insane by the Rev. Mr. Talmage's preaching, and the doctors are treating her views with reference to the unfeeling and unfeeling.

MISS ARMSTRONG'S HOMICIDE.

A few weeks ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion on the corner of California and Mason Streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bath-room with a room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, having never before known of their existence. The wires were removed, and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember:

On the 14th of July, 1862, a Professor Croftly was found dead in the bath-room I have just mentioned. Croftly was well known among scientific men as a professor of chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintance in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion, that he was dead. Even the *Call*, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the head lines.

Croftly, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of so curious a nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged, and gaping, and there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made. Even the detectives who visited the scene of Croftly's death shook their heads and were at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide," remarked one of the reporters.
"How came those wounds on the back?" asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded the journalist. And neither man had anything more to say.

A *post mortem* revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a University.

The newspapers vied with each other building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair, the Coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide, for want of anything better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair—as related at the time—can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact, I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Croftly's remarkable death.

He came to the coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel, and there met Edward Dean, a young man, who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. The two became intimate, and, finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and home-like. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a mutual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California Streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker, and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Croftly and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he liked the men personally, and partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men of taste could wish. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a back cove up to the door, and a woman, clad in wraps, bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like most Western girls who are blessed with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A fusillade of kisses followed.

It was his daughter, Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through, and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Professor Croftly had suggested the idea of living somewhere nearer the centre of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attentions, and, as a matter of course, she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that one of the most effective ways of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover, and the man who treats her with indifference is soon preferred. Some men learn this by experience; Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Croftly soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could ascertain how a woman could form an attachment for a man who hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that some women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and do it so neatly and scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed him busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congelation might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course, you understand that sudden evaporation uses cold."

"I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than acknowledge my ignorance."

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant," pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of say one hundred omes of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly one hundred gallons of water."

Here the Professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But *this*"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself."

I deemed it impertinent to question him further. He then attached the wires of his battery to the water.

"When I make the connecting current the water will become ice."

I watched, much interested, and he laid his hand on a piece of metal which was part of the apparatus, and the turning of which caused the currents to connect. He turned the brass piece, and instantly a cloud of vapor rose from the surface of the water. Crystals shot from the sides of the basin with astonishing rapidity, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the water expanding in it caused a strain upon the basin, which pressed out the sides.

"With five hundred omes," continued the Professor, "I can freeze five hundred cubic feet of water."

I left the house much impressed with the discovery made by the Professor, and a few days afterward learned of his death. The public considered it a case of suicide. I made a careful examination of the premises, and came to a different conclusion. It was the hand of Alice Armstrong that killed Professor Croftly.

Let us go back a little. After the Professor realized what could be done with his new appliance of electricity, he determined to utilize it in the murder of Dean. He hit upon the grand idea of freezing him in the bath.

"She will not love him cold," he said, and began to arrange his plans. Dean was fond of the bath. He retired at midnight, and always took a bath just before. The bath-room of Armstrong's house was an exceptionally good one. It was situated but a short distance from the suit occupied by the Professor and Dean. The tank was of marble, eight feet wide, ten feet long, and six feet deep, capable of holding four hundred and eighty cubic feet of water. Croftly connected the bath with his own room by means of wires. One entered the bath by the waste-pipe. He reached this by digging in the garden under the pretext of planting flowers. The wire ran down the side of the house and into the ground. It was concealed from observation by a lilac bush. The other was connected with the pipe which furnished the water. He bored a hole in the wall and found the pipe, as he expected, running in the rear of the room close to the floor. He then increased the jars of his battery, and raised its strength to five hundred omes.

No suspicion was excited by this, as he had been for months before making electrical experiments. His apparatus was fixed on a stand near the wall, and the wires from it connected with those leading to the bath. When the apparatus was removed its wires would be pulled away from the others, and no trace would be left of previous connection.

On the night of the 3d of July all was in readiness. Croftly laid his plans with nicety and deliberation. Dean always took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Croftly had purchased two seats at the Metropolitan Theatre and given them to Armstrong, who took his daughter to the play. By eight o'clock everything was quiet in the house. Croftly knew that he was safe from interruption until eleven o'clock, and perhaps later.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then tested his wires over and over again. Everything was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, wherein lay the secret of his discovery. Having done this, he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now nine o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to disperse the shadows, took an easy chair, and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the sultriness of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pangs than he who knows he is about to die. Croftly paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank, and murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, five hundred omes."

There was a gas jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. To Croftly the atmosphere seemed to have been generated in a blast-furnace. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than an hour. Croftly turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and, throwing off his clothes, plunged in. He could discover no disagreeable trace of the chemicals, and once more he felt the delightful sensation of being cool. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

Suddenly the hall door was slammed, and he heard the voice of Miss Armstrong talking with her father. The pair had indeed returned, having left the theatre because they did not care to be bored with Mrs. Bowers' hackneyed rendering of "Queen Elizabeth." Passing along the hall, they saw the Professor's door open, and the gas in full blast. Armstrong hated to see anything go to waste, and told his daughter to go in and lower the gas, as the room was unoccupied. Miss Armstrong went in, as directed, and her father passed up stairs. While alone the girl could not resist the temptation to pull a little note from her bosom and read it again. She had received it that morning, and had already perused it about twenty times. It read:

"DEAR ALICE:—Will you be my wife? Yours,
"EDWARD DEAN."

Dean was a young man who, when he had anything to say, said it at once, and stopped on reaching the point.

She pored over the letter about five minutes, and then returning it to its place, looked about her. Her eye presently fell on the instrument connected with Croftly's battery. She

took up one of the wires, and was about to lay it on the other, and see if there would be a shock, when her courage failed her and she dropped it across its mate. A spark flashed out, which startled her. She drew back, lowered the gas, and went to bed.

At the instant the wires were connected, Croftly was in the centre of the bath. A shock and terrible chill passed through his frame, and he felt a cloud of vapor rising from the surface of the water and sweeping into his face. Myriads of spear-like crystals shot out from the edge of the tank and converged toward him like so many shafts of death. He realized his situation, and dashed to reach the steps; as he did so, he threw himself against the jagged edges of a sheet of ice half an inch thick. There was a frightful gash in his side, from which blood was streaming. He struggled madly amid the ice, and every throe brought fresh wounds. His limbs moved no longer in water; they were enveloped in slush. The ice closed about him like a vice. He was dead.

After the evaporation of the chemicals the electricity no longer had any effect, and the heat of the room began to tell upon the ice. The mass melted, and by four o'clock in the morning the corpse of Croftly was floating upon the surface of the bath. He was not missed until nine o'clock next morning, when Dean burst open the door and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and Edward Dean were married on the 22d of the same month.

SAM DAVIS.
VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., February, 1879.

The Gift of Tears.

It is common nowadays to say of a tragic or an emotional actress, when she fails to move her audience perceptibly, that she has not the Gift of Tears. There are some fine dramatic artists who plainly have this lack on the stage, though it is altogether probable that they possess such gift and can use it effectively and plentifully in private. Many actresses, even clever ones, act far better off than on the stage, and for this reason never get the public reputation they deserve. The poorest of them, if they could and would delineate in the theatre what they delineate in their own drawing-room or chamber, would awaken tumultuous applause. All women, as a rule, are actresses more or less. The great majority have a degree of histrionic talent and exercise it unconsciously, though seldom, if ever, in vain. And the principal source of their success is their tears, which would seem to have been given them as a set-off to the superior strength, aggressiveness, and rapacity of men. Poets may sing of idle tears, and of knowing not what they mean; but tears are not idle, and they hold a deep significance when shed by a woman who understands the art of weeping.

Woman's grandest achievements of a lachrymose sort are always before an audience of one, and that one a man. If she fails in an aqueous way on the stage, it is because too many witness her performance. If the men who sit it through unaffected and dry-eyed could be exposed singly to her influence, and it were her interest to touch them, most of them could no doubt be made to blubber like school-boys. Really many men, particularly men of the Anglo-Saxon race, have a dread of weeping, especially where they are visible; and they have nearly an equal dread of seeing women weep, conscious that tears not only produce sympathy, but are apt to be contagious. They seldom know what to do when a woman's eyes begin to flow. They are in a most awkward dilemma. If they leave her in her sorrow, they are barbarous; if they remain, they are like to show themselves fools. They hate to appear as barbarians; they abhor to be considered fools. Go or stay, they will regret it. Do one of the two things, and they are sure to wish they had done the other. Their sole security is in meeting women who do not weep; and that woman has not been born.

The Gift of Tears! What a potent and terrible gift it is! How it has prevailed over man from the earliest recorded time, and prevailed unquestionably over the pre-historic man. No hero of ancient or modern days has been able to withstand it. The iron will of Julius Caesar, foremost figure of the antique world, was melted by Cleopatra's passionate tears. He could conquer Gaul; he could bend Rome to his purpose; he could subjugate the fiercest tribes; but he was vanquished again and again by Egypt's streaming eyes. Beneath them he forgot his armies, his fame, his ambition, his very self. The cruelest tyrants, like Nero and Caligula, were humanized, and demonized at times, by Fabina, Poppæa, and Milonia Cæsonia's briny drops. The great Napoleon, who had no faith in any living creature, who was wholly destitute of moral principle, was as wax while he gazed into Josephine's swimming eyes. And ordinary mortals feel that they have no chance wherever woman can reach them, and open the flood-gate of her heart.

How many thousands of men there are, the earth over, who would rejoice at the creation of a woman deprived of the Gift of Tears! They would be delighted, if not for themselves, at least for their posterity, hoping she might be prolific and found a fair race incapable of crying. Then they would feel some sense of distant security, which they never can while women is constituted as she is. What a divine being woman would be, they think, without her watery ways! But how can they tell? They can not conceive of a woman minus her liquid sensibilities, any more than they could conceive of themselves innocent of egotism. They may long for her dispossession of the Gift of Tears; but, were they put to it, would they unsex her by a wish, and make her a creature neither masculine nor feminine? They can not, they dare not, answer; they can only murmur, with countless vivid recollections of bow they have been wheedled and undone, "Alas! alas! the Gift of Tears."

An eminent pianist, having suffered much from the irrepresible conversation of drawing-room audiences, devised the other day a means of giving a lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest, that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear, and distinct above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats—the voice of a lady: "We always fry ours in lard."

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The almost exhausted lamps in the hallway gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartments, when I thought I heard a noise at the foot of the staircase. I called out, twice: "Who's there? What do you wish?" and was answered in a soft and touching voice: "It is I; don't you see that I am waiting for him?"

As I was not the person expected I was walking away, when the same voice called to me: "Pray, come here; but do not make a noise." I approached, and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dressed in black, and her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders. "I never did you harm," said she; "pray, do not hurt me. I have touched nothing. I am here in a corner where I can not be seen. This injures nobody; but don't say anything about it. Don't mention it to him. He'll come down presently. I shall see him, and then I'll go away."

My surprise increased at every word, and I tried in vain to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me as well as her person. She continued to speak, but her ideas became so confused that I could discover nothing but the disorder of her head and the distress of her heart. I interrupted her and endeavored to bring back her attention to our situation.

"If somebody else," said I, "had seen you before I did at the foot of the great staircase?"

"Ah!" said she, "I see very well that you do not know all. *He alone is somebody.* And when he goes away he does not, like you, listen to all he hears. He only hears her who is above. Formerly it was I; now it is she. But it will not last! Oh, no, no, it will not last!"

At these words she took a miniature from her bosom, and seemed to examine it with much attention. A moment after we heard a door open. A servant holding a light at the top of the stairs enabled me to see a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs. As he passed, this hapless victim was seized with trembling, and scarcely had he disappeared when her strength gave away, and she fell on the lower step behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me. I took the poor, senseless creature in my arms. The shutting of the door above was then heard. She started at the noise and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She tried to speak, but the sounds she endeavored to utter were stifled by grief. We remained some time in a silence which I did not dare to interrupt, when, at last, having entirely recovered her senses, she said to me, in a soft, faltering voice:

"Ah! I see very well; I should have warned you. The accident which has just happened to me must have made you uneasy, for you are good and kind. You must have been afraid; and I am not surprised at it. I was afraid, like you, when I found myself in this situation, that I was going to die; and I feared it because it would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him—which is all that I have left! But I have found out—yes, I have found out—that I can not die. Just now, when he passed by, I left myself to go to him. If he dies, I should die to; but without that it is impossible. We only die where we live; and it is not in myself, but in him that I exist. Some time ago I was mad! Oh, yes; very mad indeed! And that will not surprise you, as it was the beginning of his going up this staircase. My reason is now returned; everything goes and comes, and so does that. This miniature, which you see, restored it. It is a portrait—but not of my friend. What good would that do? He is very well already; he has no occasion to improve; he has nothing to alter. If you did but know whose portrait it is. It is the wicked woman above stairs. The cruel creature, what trouble she has given me since she approached my heart! It was so content, so happy; but she has changed and destroyed all. One day—I recollect it very well—I happened to go alone to my friend's room. Alas! he was no longer there. I found this portrait on his table. I took it; ran away with it; and since then I am better."

After saying this she began to laugh, talked of the public drives, of phaetons, and of horses; and I once more perceived a perfect confusion in her ideas. Some moments after she left off speaking I drew near to her, and asked her why she preserved with so much care the portrait of the wicked woman up stairs.

"How!" answered she; "what! you do not know? Why, it is my only hope. I take it every day, put it by the side of my looking-glass, and arrange my features like hers; and by taking pains I shall resemble her exactly. I will then go and see my friend; he will be satisfied with me; and will no longer be obliged to go to her above stairs; for except that, I am sure he likes me best. Only think on what trifles our happiness depends: on some features which he no longer found disposed to his liking. Why did he not say so? I would have done then what I do now; and he would not have been obliged to apply to a stranger. Nothing was more easy, and it would have saved us both a great deal of trouble; but without doubt he did not think of it. Every evening I wait at the foot of the staircase. He never comes down before the hall clock has struck two; and then, as I can't see, I count the beatings of my poor heart. Since I have been in possession of the portrait I count every day some pulsations less. But it is late, and I must go away. Adieu!"

I accompanied her to the street door; as soon as without, she turned to the left, and I walked on some paces beside her; she then fixed her eyes on the stream of light the lamps formed before us. "You see all these lamps," said she; "they are agitated by every breath of air. It is the same with my heart; it burns like them; but they consume, and I burn for ever!"

I continued to follow her. "Stop," said she; "again return home; I carry with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame, for sleep is very sweet; it is even so to me. I see in it what is past!"

I feared to afflict her by insisting any longer, and left her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate girl still before my eyes. I reflected on the cause of her anguish; and some regret, and the remembrance of some past circumstances, mingled with my tears.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

H. R. J.

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.

I hold the true philosopher
Not he who wears a solemn frown—
Who speaks alone of those who err,
And swears the world is upside down—
Who aims at every shining mark
The shafts of wisdom tipped with hate—
Who walks for ever in the dark,
And deems men's lives are ruled by fate;

But he who looks across the tide
Of troubles incident to man,
Still seeking on the other side
Fulfillment of some bounteous plan—
Who feels men's hearts are made of stuff
That should resist each petty grief,
And bravely turns from each rebuff
Unconquered in his strong belief.

Who mourns not for the olden time,
Declaring, with a sombre sneer,
The world is more debased with crime
And life more wretched year by year,
But boldly says that men to-day
Are nobler than they ever were,
And doubts this doctrine of decay—
He is the true philosopher.

The cynic's crown is lightly won,
And simple are his scornful ways,
For, ever since the world begun,
'Tis easier to rail than praise.
A moment—you may cloud the stream,
And dim its rippling breast with clay,
But it will wear its silver sheen
Again the livelong summer's day,

The morning sun that lights the grass
With diamond flashes from the dew,
The morning winds that as they pass
Waft dreams of flowers the lattice through,
The morning hopes that fill the heart
And all its thrilling pulses stir
When on to bear his earnest part
Goes forth the true philosopher,

Are deep, convincing evidence
That smiles befit us more than tears—
That, call it fate or providence,
Some mighty power directs the years;
And if we take the good and ill,
And chide the cynic's heresy,
With humble faith and steadfast will,
We have the true philosophy.

OAKLAND, February, 1879.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Unborn Soul.

Life! I have heard strange tales of you,
Of your weird winds, and starlit dew,
And temples wonderfully cold;
Your cities full of loneliness;
Your twin souls, glad in one caress;
Your faces passion-worn and old.

I have known souls that came from you
With sad brows bound with weary rue,
And after them a weeping came;
But some without a sound go by
Crowned with unchallenged purity,
And eyes intense with sudden flame.

Blind cravings urge me in my dreams:
I am not yet, but still it seems
I shall be soon. The hidden source
Of being seems to slowly fill;
I wait with passive yearning still
For the great flood of human force.

The souls as yet ungarmented
Press round me without nose or tread;
And there is one dear soul who saith
That she will clothe herself ere long,
And if I find her in the throng
We shall have love through life and death.

NILES, December, 1878.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Pansies for Effie.

Ho! little yellow faces,
In your purple velvet hoods,
Peeping out from hiding places
Where the callow groundling broods,
Say, are ye fairy changelings
With your faces dusk and rare?
Are ye royal Indian children
Caught in some enchanter's snare?

What strange mesmeric talisman
Is yours to ease the heart
With magic touch, to soothe its pain
And bid its grief depart!
O heart's-ease! teach to me thy charm,
Rarest of all there is,
And, shielded thus from every harm,
I ask no other bliss.

Thou prayer in flowers, thou type in rest,
When life with me is done
Spread thy rich wings upon my breast,
Flower, butterfly, in one,
No lily pale, no jasmine fair,
Shall hint of my release,
But thou alone shalt nestle there—
God's gracious gift, Heart's-ease.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

LOUISE H. WEBB.

Song.

Hush, hush, my heart! Sing softly!
Your sweet song rings so clear
To my happy, listening fancy,
It seems the world must hear.
"He loves me, oh, he loves me,"
Rings out so sweet and clear
To my happy, happy fancy,
It seems the world must hear.

Shine, shine, my eyes, less brightly!
Your new-born light will be
A tell-tale of the story
He whispered soft to me.
To my soul's most quiet shelter
Its strange, new joy would flee—
Then oh, shine not so brightly,
For all the world to see!

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

OUR MINISTERING ANGELS.

The ladies of Japan are said to gild their teeth; and those of the East Indies to paint them red; while in Cjuzert the fashion is to render them black.

A Chicago paper says that "a young lady should never stretch her feet out in company." Very good advice, especially if her feet are long enough already.

While a Massachusetts man was on his knees praying, his insane wife killed him. The idea that he was wearing out his pants at the knees was more than her brain could stand.

The King of the Cannibal Islands always speaks of lovely woman as—

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Stylish lady holding a lapdog is about ready to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says: "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her gloves." Passengers roar with laughter.

A woman—a real live woman—has the good sense to write: "First in the qualifications advisable in a husband, I would suggest virtue, but if this were made essential, I am inclined to think the whole generation of women would die old maids. Of course, there are virtuous men in the world—indeed, I have been assured of this fact by gentlemen themselves, so I cannot doubt it—but I am skeptical enough to fear that the supply of virtuous candidates might run short; therefore, let us ignore this subject for the present and pass on." Thanks, a thousand thanks!

The elderly King of Holland delivered this somewhat enthusiastic address of welcome to his young wife when they first arrived at Dutch territory, the other day: "I am delighted to be able to welcome your Majesty on the soil of the Netherlands. Your Majesty may be proud of the reception with which you have met. As King of Holland, I am deeply moved. Your Majesty may rest assured that no queen on earth is at this moment richer than you are in love, in honors, and in attachment from a famous, honorable, and faithful people. Long live the Queen of Holland!" Truly it must be fine to be "an old man's darling," and have him call you "Your Majesty!"

Mary Clemmer Ames writes of Susan B. Anthony: "I like Susan. Her jaw has the resolute grip it would naturally get in a life-long tussle to have its own way. Her eyes are round, large, and gray, and look straight at you. She has no end of common sense, and lots of keen wit, no sentiment, and little culture in the æsthetic sense. But she is as affectionate and as simple-minded as a child; a brave, noble woman, who has given her whole life to her convictions, and in battling for the equality that she does is simply true to the traditions of her Quaker birth and education. I like to look upon her at a safe but silent distance, where she can not turn and rend me for my silence on 'the cause.'"

Some ingenious Indianapolis ladies are painting buttons for their dresses and necklaces for their pretty throats. The common wooden button-moulds are first covered with a layer of soft cloth, and then with silk of any desired shade, and then painted with the least of flowers, each button a different blossom or leaf. The necklaces, covered and painted, are formed of graduated buttons, and just encircle the neck. A large pendant is made by cutting off squarely two sides of the largest size of button-moulds. This necklace, tied with long ends of floating ribbons, is lovely. Scrap-book pictures give excellent models for the flower designs, and the painting is very easily accomplished. Common cuff-buttons are covered and decorated in the same manner.

Mrs. Mackay is one of the most charming hostesses of the American colony in Paris. Accomplished and intellectual (she speaks French and Spanish as perfectly as she does English), the charms of her mind would eclipse those of her person, were not both thrown into the shade by the exquisite loveliness and sweetness of her noble and elevated nature. She is very lovely, and still quite young. Her form is *petite* and faultlessly proportioned, her hair dark, and her eyes of exceeding beauty, being large and lustrous, of a dark clear blue, shaded with long black lashes. Unspoiled and unspoilable by a position that would have turned the heads of ninety-nine women out of a hundred, she wears its onerous dignities as gracefully and with as little ostentation as she might a fresh-plucked flower. All the ridiculous stories that have appeared respecting her in the papers are pure inventions. She never wanted to illuminate the Arc de Triomphe, for instance, and never offered to buy it. Gentle, gracious, generous, and kindly-hearted is she, and the world is all the better for having such a woman in it.

The Princess Louise is exceedingly interested in church-work, in Sunday-schools, and in schemes for the relief and comfort of the poor. She recently entertained at Rideau Hall all the teachers and pupils of the Sunday-school connected with the church which she attends. The servants were dismissed, and the hungry children were served by the Princess, the Marquis, and their suite. Addressing a pretty little girl the Princess asked her if she would not take more cake. The little guest declined with awe; and her hostess, fearing that bashfulness was standing in the way, pressed her again. Again she declined. Her Highness, struck by the sweet modesty and child-like simplicity of the pretty creature, cut a large slice from the cake and said: "Well, my dear, you must, at least, take this home as a present from me; let me put it in your pocket." The child hesitated, blushed, and exhibited a decided unwillingness to accept the proffered gift. And the more unwilling she seemed, the more charmed the Princess became with her innocent look and blushing diffidence. Using a gentle force, she found the poor young visitor, when lo! to her infinite astonishment, covered that it was already filled to overflowing with cake, which this bland little heatben Chinese had snatched from the table.



Mr. Thomas Archer, a well-known London *littérateur*, has written a book on the important events in history. He necessarily omits all mention of what he probably esteems the most important event of all—the publication of his book.

In a review of English literature for 1878 a writer in the *Daily News* cites only one American work as worthy of attention. This is Mr. Henry James, Jr.'s, *Europeans*; but the writer, with admirable effrontery, hastens to claim it as belonging to Europe, "not only by its title and its subject, but also, and above all, by its literary execution." For other American writers there is only a general allusion to "the ordinary amount of low comedy—which has taken for its principal theme the plague of children."

Eugene Fromentin's *Sahara and Sahel*, a beautiful French book of travels in Algeria, is a paper quarto of four hundred pages, uncut, and contains twelve etchings and forty-five relief engravings. This work and Sir Joseph Hooker's *Morocco and the Great Atlas*, which Macmillan & Co. have just published, form two of the most sumptuous books of Old World travel that have been printed in many a day.

A book collector, well known to dealers in New York, has devoted several years to illustrating the works of five authors, at an expense of \$40,000. These works are Shakespeare, Milton, Irving's *Washington*, Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, and Scott's *Waverley Novels*.

Says Mr. Richard Grant White in the *North American Review*: "There are millions of people in England, and millions in America, and almost millions in Australia, to whose enjoyment of life novels are almost as necessary as food is to their life itself, all of whom take some credit to themselves for the time they pass in 'reading,' complacently contrasting themselves with idlers and those who are given up to the frivolities of life. As a child opens its mouth and has sugar plums put into it, so the ordinary novel reader sits quietly and thoughtlessly, and has a story poured through his eyes into his mind, or into what serves him in that capacity. It is in quite another spirit and with another purpose that great works of imagination are approached by those who can appreciate them."

We are nothing if not inflated braggarts. For years we have been printing it that this country was Herbert Spencer's chief support; that more of his works were sold here than in Great Britain, and that he attributed all his success to America. It now appears that the sale of the great philosopher's works in America is extremely small as compared with their sale in England, or even Germany.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson has written another comedy, and says, also, that she shall repeat her recent lecture oftener than she had intended. If there is anything in perseverance Miss Dickinson will some day eclipse Shakespeare as a dramatist, and drive all other lecturers from the field.

The late George Henry Lewes left an unfinished defense of Positive Philosophy, and the philosophers of that persuasion are moving heaven and earth to obtain the manuscript. They are afraid George Eliot will complete it.

"Josh Billings" says he has made a hundred thousand dollars "with his pen"—the profits of illiterature. The one hundred thousand dollars made with the pen of a forger are more honestly and decently earned.

Fanny Kemble's *Records of a Girlhood* is not selling very well, we suspect, for the publishers have taken the trouble to send us a lithograph "Literary Note" declaring that it is.

Queen Victoria's favorite authors are said to be Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Wilkie Collins, William Black, and Walter Scott. She has also a kind of intellectual tenderness for the author of an immortal work entitled—*m!* what is the title?—the book she wrote herself, you recollect.

Mr. James S. Goodman is the author of a newly published book on "The Boston of the Future." Being himself a Bostonian he probably means heaven.

Cowper's *Task* has been admirably illustrated by Mr. Birket Foster—so it was not written wholly in vain.

In *Dick Sands, the Boy Captain*, Mr. Jules Verne has excelled his former miracles by wrecking on the shore of Africa a ship bound from Australia to San Francisco. The wicked cook had placed a piece of iron near the compass. The iron drew the continent of Africa out of its place, probably.

The late Dr. Ramage's last work is *Bible Echoes in Antiquities*. Following the order of the Biblical books, he has collected from Greek and Roman writers passages containing parallel or similar thoughts. If these show that the Pagan writers were familiar with the Scriptures it probably shows something else.

WRECKED WITH MODJESKA.

After enduring the fervent heat of July at the Centennial, it was a pleasant change to find myself, August 17, 1876, among the passengers of the *Colon* steaming out of the harbor of New York, bound for San Francisco and home. Among our motley number in the cabin was a Polish lady (with her husband and son), then unknown as Modjeska, and unknown to fame. As the "Polish lady" she was known to all on shipboard, and to a few of us as the Countess Bozenta. Dame Rumor, as omnipresent on sea as on land, whispered in under tones that they were refugees, that P. Bozenta was a caricaturist, and that they were driven from unhappy Poland by autocratic fiat of the Czar for caricaturing some obnoxious officials of the Russian Government. Of the truth or falsity of this I know nothing. The quiet, silent man often sketched groups and scenes on shipboard, while apparently reading his paper or magazine, so life-like and at times so grotesque as to prove beyond all doubt that he might have so offended.

For three days we steamed southward, with skies so bright, weather so pleasant, and ocean so placid, that all the marine weather-prophets who said it would blow great guns "off Hatteras" were silenced and subdued to a level with us land-lubbers; but on the fourth day a change came over the scene, sudden and for a time appalling. While at divine service, and singing "Gates Ajar," there came a shock so severe as to throw many off their feet, followed instantly by the most frightful sounds of escaping steam. Nothing but remarkable presence of mind on the part of our heroic commander, Griffin, prevented a panic, and probably great loss of life. To have the door to the engine-room closed, to shut out the death-dealing steam, and to order all on deck in a firm, assuring tone, was all the work of a moment—but what a moment! glad, exultant song had died out in the wailing of despair, and the blanched faces of our little congregation I shall never forget.

I never saw Modjeska in mimic life, but I doubt if she ever equals in any impersonation the acting that here was real. With pallid face, firm set lips, and erect form, she awaited the coming of our awful doom; but, except to two of the ship's crew, the doom never came. And to us who leaned over the ship's side to see if she were sinking came each moment stronger and stronger the hope that the hull of the vessel was uninjured. This hope was fully realized in a few minutes, as soon as the immense volume of escaping steam permitted an examination of that part of the vessel. Doubtless the glad news that we were not in a sinking condition would have been received with loud rejoicing but for the death of the two men, who were killed instantly and utterly cooked by the steam.

Our disabled steamer now rolled lazily on the sea, helpless, but not hopeless. How eagerly we scanned the horizon all that delightful summer afternoon for some friendly sail that would see our signals of distress and come to our relief. And how we talked of and hoped for the success of a plan to send next day an open boat to Watling's Island, more than one hundred miles distant, to intercept a steamer; and all the time a strong sea-current was carrying us south-eastwardly and farther from the hope of aid. But, long before nightfall, far away to the westward we discovered a steamer. How provokingly for a long time she kept on her course to New York, and with what joy we hailed her final discovery of us! In our great joy even the bodies awaiting their burial at sunset were forgotten, and with exultant shouts we answered the call of the dinner gong.

I wish I could close this account by describing in fitting terms the after-dinner scene. A burial at sea is always a matter of serious interest to passengers; this was thrillingly so; and in some inexpressible manner the chords of sympathy were touched in every heart, and, with faces bathed in tears, we saw their bodies consigned to ocean's depths, and then turned our eyes to the vessel now within hailing distance and coming to our aid amid the gold and crimson splendors of a glorious sunset.

I shall never forget the sympathetic face of Modjeska as it appeared in this scene, nor its strong and strange contrast to the same face seen in the moment of peril a few hours before. Our week's trip back to New York—towed by the *Etna*, of the Atlas line—and how, over the cables that bound us to her, we transferred northern news and northern fruits for those of the tropics; the balmy weather all the way on our return; how we speculated on how we could speculate if in New York selling Pacific Mail Stock short; our arrival, and how I was prevented from reshipping on the *Crescent City* and hurried by rail across the continent to answer in person a telegram reporting a daughter as dying—all these matters are of little interest to you, reader, but help to make up a never-to-be-forgotten chapter in my experience, to be recalled with that delicious, indescribable thrill that always accompanies a strong admixture of sorrow and joy, or a sudden transition from tears to laughter. And no matter what victories may yet await Modjeska, I doubt if any achievement in mimic life will ever dim, much less efface, the memories of this part of her real life.

OAKLAND, February, 1878.

CHARLES F. LUCAS.

Obscure Intimations.

F.—We can not publish the letter of the crazy Dutchman "C. B." to Clara Morris. We could—and, if we dared, would—write her a better one ourselves.

SINGLELINE.—Your sermon is not available. God o' goodness! are we a pulpit?

SALIS.—Sometime, maybe; this Chinese question is bothering us now, and the grave seems a long way off.

"ALPHONSE KARR."—Thanks; we shall be pleased to consider it.

CONUNDRUM.—We shall have to give it up—to the writer.

LUCY H.—You pay thirty cents in postage to send us a manuscript, for the return of which, if rejected, you inclose a three-cent stamp. Do you think at your age this is right?

SAN JOSE.—Not to inform us of your name and address when sending manuscript is the height of prudence and foresight; it gives your work absolute security from publication.

BASE INGRATITUDE.

Though the Chinese passenger bill finally passed the Senate by a vote of 39 to 27, the test votes upon Mathews', Conkling's, and Edmund's amendments show that the real friends of the measure numbered but 33 to 31 against it. The change of a single vote from no to aye upon either of these amendments would have put it in the power of the Vice-President to give the casting vote against California and in favor of the Chinese. All the accounts received from Washington agree in this: that throughout Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week, while this momentous struggle in behalf of free white labor in California was pending in the Senate, Senator Sharon never once left his seat, nor was he absent at any of the roll-calls. Had either one of those hostile amendments been adopted by the Senate, the question of stopping Chinese immigration would have been postponed almost indefinitely, and, as we have seen, the change of a single vote might have accomplished that result upon this occasion; therefore, Mr. Sharon, though not a representative of this State, has laid its people under a very heavy obligation to him. He stood, so to speak, guarding the Golden Gate against the entrance of any more Chinese into California.

And while Mr. Sharon was thus serving the people of this State and city in Washington, how, let us ask, were they reciprocating his good offices? At the very time we speak of—during those days of anxiety and peril to the Pacific coast—a few men in this city, who are determined we shall have a grievance, and whose policy it has been and now is to keep alive a sore spot upon the body politic that they may profit by the irritation which it causes, were engaged in hatching out a scheme whereby the property of Sharon in the Spring Valley Water Works is to be confiscated.

With malice almost superhuman these men, having first matured their scheme of spoliation, set to work, through the *Bulletin* and *Call*, to seduce with honeyed phrases the autocrat of the sand-lots to give it his sanction in order that it should be incorporated into the new Constitution. And by one of those curious coincidences which fate seems to take pleasure in prearranging, on Friday last, at the very time that Sharon was working like a beaver to save us from the spread of these Asiatic locusts, the Constitutional Convention, acting under the dictation of the sand-lots and ward clubs—who, in turn, were carrying out the behests of Pickering, Fitch & Co.—adopted a proposition which takes away from this city the power to acquire by purchase, construction, condemnation, or in any other manner, water works for its inhabitants, but which subjects the property of Sharon and his co-owners in Spring Valley to confiscation at every municipal election to be held hereafter in San Francisco.

Under this constitutional provision the income of the water company is to be established by resolution of the Board of Supervisors in February of each year. But although the supervisors are to "regulate" the rates to be charged for water, we are told in advance that the valuation to be placed upon the property of this company shall not exceed \$4,000,000, and upon this basis its income shall be calculated.

This proposition to regulate water works, as first presented in Convention, was as broad as the State itself, embracing all counties as well as cities and towns therein; but finally the word "counties" was eliminated from it, and now it applies to cities and towns only—which really gives Pickering, Fitch & Co. a monopoly of the business of "regulating" water rates.

Saturday last the Chinese passenger bill passed the Senate, and on Sunday the workmen assembled in great force at the sand-lots to listen to their favorite orators, who, it was expected, would enlighten them upon the question uppermost in all minds that day. We expected to see resolutions unanimously adopted by that "horny-handed" multitude thanking those noble men in Washington, who had just said "No more Chinese shall come to this country."

The expression of such a sentiment by the workmen of San Francisco would have been but natural upon that occasion, seeing that for many years they have attributed almost all their misfortunes to the presence of the Chinese in our midst. But instead of this Denis Kearney treated his audience to a two hours' harangue upon the water question, making free use of such choice epithets as "water rats," "water thieves," "corruptionists," "scoundrels," "hell-born and hell-bound villains," etc., and these epithets were—we blush to write it—leveled principally at one who is absent, and who, but a few hours before that meeting, by his vote and influence in the Senate of the United States, gave to the workmen of California the promise of the dawn of a brighter and better day for themselves and their children, and all who come after them in this favored land, which, as has been said, "bounds at once the empire and the continent." But the ingratitude of mankind seems almost boundless.

X.

Numbers 5 and 6 of *The Chefs-d'Œuvre d'Art of the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1878*, contain admirable photographic representations of Gérôme's "Harem Bath," Robert Fleury's "Dr. Pinel at the Hospital of Salpêtrière," Hector Leouex's "Vestal Tuccia Carrying Water in a Sieve," and Pasini's "Promenade of the Harem." There are also two fine wood engravings—Bouguereau's "Flora and Zephyr," and Francais's "Daphnis and Chloe." These classical subjects please us best, and we like wood engraving better than photography, but the whole work, with its minor pictures, initial letters, and lucid descriptive text, is excellent.

Governor Stanford has been at no time seriously ill—a cold, a relapse, and a malarial fever. We have had them, and the community was not at all alarmed lest we should not recover. Governor Stanford's life is a useful one—a precious one, just now. With great projects on hand, and a railroad system to perfect, the community has been anxious concerning him, and has felt that it could not spare him. As with all strong, overworked men, when the machinery breaks down it takes time to repair it. He is now out every day. On Thursday he rode twenty-five miles, and although not in business harness, he soon will be again at work.

The *British Quarterly Review* speaks in terms of the highest praise concerning Mr. Edward Eggleston's *Roxy*.

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

The Directors of the Art Association have, without doubt, taken a step in the right direction in determining that the approaching exhibition—which opens on the 4th prox.—shall consist exclusively of the works of local artists, and of these only such as have not been previously exhibited. This is as it should be. I have never been able to see any good reason for mixing up the annual exhibition of our progress in art—assuming this to be the motive of it—with the mass of good, bad, and indifferent painting that has hitherto been permitted to monopolize a great share of the wall space and distract the attention, unless, indeed, it is to be found in the plea that there was not sufficient home work to make what is called an "attractive" exhibition, and that without this "attractive" feature—*viz.*: the complete covering of the walls—the exhibition would fail—to pay. That there would be less money taken at the door I will not presume to doubt; one would have to be very ignorant of the condition of our art *culte* to fancy for a moment that there exists a sufficient interest in the progress of our local workers to attract many visitors, or bring much coin to the treasury of the Association. Whereas, when the exhibition contains many pictures from private owners, these owners and their friends have a direct interest in the matter that helps to swell the receipts; or if, perchance, a five or ten-thousand dollar painting from the gallery of one of our art swells can be secured, the success of the exhibition is assured beyond all question. But I do not understand it to be the object of our Art Association to speculate in picture exhibitions, nor do I think that by so doing it has in any way advanced the interests of art or artists in this city. On the contrary, the difficulty, when accepting the loan of any pictures, of declining the bad ones (that are frequently offered from the kindest motives), has generally resulted in the hanging of much questionable work as well as much about which there could be no question whatever; and this work, having received the sanction of the hanging committee and the indorsement of the Association, takes its place among the various influences that go to make up our art atmosphere. The bad pictures mostly receive as much attention as the good ones, and get as much newspaper praise, too, if they but belong to some "influential citizen," or to one who is generally supposed to be a connoisseur. But, all this apart, it is only just to our local artists that their work should be considered by itself; it is their privilege to have the undivided attention of that part of the community that is interested in their progress, and they may be considered sufficiently strong to make a very interesting exhibit without calling to their aid the odds and ends that may have been picked up by ambitious art patrons, and are kindly taken down from parlor walls for the *quid pro quo* of having the owners' names appear in the catalogue.

Mr. Toby E. Rosenthal, who is spending the winter in this city, visiting his parents, designs adding his latest work to the exhibition, having received the assurance of its owner—who resides at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania—that it will be forwarded in full time. This is particularly gratifying, as Mr. Rosenthal, although domiciled at Munich, belongs to us, both in the beginnings of the career that has made his name famous, and in the pride that we have in the eminent position that he has won for himself in the art world.

Mr. Ferrer's concert, originally announced for the 23d inst., has been postponed, and will be given on the 12th proximo.

The first of the new series of Recitals by the Schmidt Quintet was given at New Dashaway Hall on last Tuesday evening, and was, on the whole, a most satisfactory performance, despite an unfortunate combination of circumstances that were sufficient in themselves to imperil the most carefully prepared programme and unsteady the nerves of the most sturdy veterans of the concert stage. To begin with, a change of *locale* is always a very trying matter to players of *ensemble* music. The tone-quality, as well as quantity, has to be adapted with the greatest nicety to the new space and surroundings, and, as this can not possibly be done while the room is empty, a first performance is necessarily in a great degree experimental. Then, the humid condition of the atmosphere always renders stringed instruments rebellious (they seem to get colds in their heads), and converts any attempt to produce delicate effects upon them into a seeming struggle as to who shall get the best of it, the fiddle or the fiddler—and the fiddle generally wins. Add to this a careless janitor, who had forgotten to light up the stage—and who could not be found, in order to do it later on—a programme which, although exceedingly interesting, was a little over-quiet for our audience, and a *débutante*; and altogether, as I said before, the circumstances were not very propitious.

And yet it was a very good concert. That is, there was much good music, mostly very well performed, and mostly, also, thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. The quartet numbers were both gems; that of Carl Schuberth full of a certain Slavonic color and fire that we are accustomed to find in the new—and rapidly advancing—Russian school of composers, while that of Mozart—the one in D—has all the grace and purity of his inimitable style, together with a brevity in the treatment of the movements that adapts it peculiarly to a concert programme. The quintet—piano-forte and strings—of Rubinstein is a superb composition, with themes of a grand type of beauty and enormous dramatic force, and was played in a masterly manner. The task of the pianist, in this quintet, is one of no ordinary difficulty, and Miss Schmidt acquitted herself of it in a way that entitles her to very high praise. The solo numbers were a *Serenade Orientale* for violoncello, by Popper, an interesting, but to my mind not very beautiful, composition, which Mr. Ernst played as well as the damp strings of his instrument would permit, and the *Fantaisie Caprice* of Vieuxtemps, in which Mr. Clifford—also with "misty-moisty" strings—displayed some exceedingly brilliant execution (especially in the *finale*, which, bristling with difficult staccato and octave passages, is extremely hazardous) and a growing grace of style which, when he has somewhat subdued that extreme Frenchness that is the besetting weakness of young violinists and painters alike, bids fair to ripen into something very nice.

I have reserved Mrs. Tippet's songs, together with the *Bilder aus Osten*, for a paragraph by themselves, inasmuch as they form to me a quite distinct and separate feature of the Concert, and caused me to stumble upon a reflection that may not have very much of novelty in it, but, I fear, has considerable of truth. It is that our most musical public does not, after all, care very much for music, as such. In other words, I do not consider it a safe public to approach with pure music that is entirely devoid of any sensational quality, such as, say, brilliancy of execution, obvious dexterity, piquancy of effect, or pretty heavy sentimentality. Mrs. Tippet, who apparently knows her audience and its weakness, endeavored to make her peace with it, and obtained its consent to her introduction on the programme of two genuine songs—of Schubert and Mendelssohn—by making her entrée with an operatic trifle by Victor Massé that suited neither her voice, her style, nor its musical surroundings. It was a bit of stage frippery which she felt obliged to parade that she might get a hearing for the better things. I was rather pleased that she did not sing it well—of course it got an encore—and almost surprised afterwards to find how well she could sing when she had something to do that thoroughly suited her. The Schubert song was lovely; voice and style seemed to fit it perfectly. The "Bilder" were evidently an infliction to the majority of the audience. I think there was a general impression that a piano-forte duet should consist of brilliant passages and plenty of fireworks, and, when none of these were forthcoming, a sense of disappointment and disgust. It wasn't a *real* concert piece; it didn't show that it was difficult. There was a *débutante*: Miss Bacon is known to be talented and promising, and that she should merely play beautiful music intelligently and musically was not enough. She should have made a display of fireworks. Miss Schmidt has no right to hide her facile fingers under the musical bushel of Schumann's composition; she can play passages, and she should be made to play them. Well, the next time these young ladies play I hope they will prepare a goodly supply of musical explosives—they can both do it, and without much trouble either—and do something sensational. Meantime I willingly credit them with having played Schumann's lovely pieces beautifully—in spite of a little natural nervousness on the part of Miss Bacon—and hope that they will persevere in the study of just such music, even if our audiences do find it a bit of a bore.

The soiree of Trinity Church Choir filled up Wednesday evening very pleasantly, and brought with it a welcome opportunity for a rehearsing of Romberg's respectable, but somewhat humdrum and antiquated, setting of Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*. Thoroughly respectable the music is, beyond a doubt; well-written, sound, healthy music that wears a queue, very proper small-clothes, and the neatest of silver-plated buckles to its high-heeled shoes. But what dreary stuff it is, to be sure, with its dead level of regularly cadenced melody and conscious rectitude of extremely proper choral treatment that spins itself out to any desired length with the most dexterous avoidance of freshness either of idea or form. What dreary, dreary stuff it is! And yet this music was exceedingly popular, and not more than thirty-five or forty years ago formed the *pièce de résistance* of all larger singing societies. "To this complexion shall we come at last," all of us who dip our goose-quills in the ink-pot of the muses and with much burning of the midnight oil grind out the cantatas and things that are to write our names high on the roll of fame. Thirty or forty odd years' of endurance for the best—or luckiest—of us, and then comes some little newspaper scribbler who sits in solemn judgment on us and votes us "dreary" and "humdrum." The fashion changes and we are gently but decisively shelved. Well, I for one feel inclined to thank Mr. Gee for his resuscitation of Romberg's cantata, the more as it was quite nicely sung and evinced most careful rehearsal and study. The chorus, as well as solo parts, were exceedingly creditable. The residue of the programme consisted of choruses—one charming one, *The Skylark*, by Barnaby—and solo songs, and was very pleasantly rendered.

Madame Jaffa's Concert, given at Platt's Hall on last Thursday evening, brought one of those miscellaneous programmes which, from their hybrid nature, are exceedingly difficult to speak of from any serious standpoint, and yet occasionally—as in the case of the one under consideration—present points of real interest which it would be manifestly unjust either to overlook or treat without a becoming gravity. I need scarcely say here that I regard all such mixed programmes, in which a heterogeneous lot of musical scraps are thrown together without any method or attempt at coherence, with a certain horror; they are at once illogical and absurd. Still it is a custom that has the sanction of long usage, and has been followed by many artists of much repute. But it is dying out in older and more advanced communities, where a concert programme is considered in some sense an intellectual *menu*, in which it is hardly in good taste to indiscriminately mix up breakfast and dinner dishes, or introduce the puddings and sweets immediately after the soup, and it seems to me that we might advantageously adopt the latest fashion in this matter, and begin to mix a little brains with our programmes. Of Madame Jaffa's share of the concert it is impossible to speak without respect, although I can not say I find her piano-forte playing in the least enjoyable. She has great facility, a light and dexterous wrist, cool nerves, and considerable endurance; but she does not play at all beautifully. She lacks sympathy, warmth of conception, and—in a marked degree—both style and finish. Her playing of Beethoven's enormously difficult *Concerto* in E flat—absurd as the undertaking appears with the meagre accompaniment of a string quartet—was quite a heroic performance, and deserved to be followed by something better than Liszt's flash second *Rhapsodie*, or Woelfe's dry and super-stupid *Non plus ultra* Sonata. Her song—very nicely sung by Mr. Borneman—is a pretty and creditable composition, good in color and of correct musical form. The interest of the residue of the Concert centred in a harp *Fantaisie* with which Mr. Solano created a furor—he played it admirably—and Mons. Sauret's accompaniments, which were in the main exceedingly musician-like.

Mr. Howell's *Atlantic* story, "The Lady of the Aroostook," has faded out.

MARRONS GLACÉS—FRENCH FROZEN TRUTHS.

The wife of a French democratic free thinker obstinately persists in preserving in her bedroom the portrait of the Duke of Orleans.

A friend expressing her surprise at finding such a portrait in the house, the husband replied, excusing his wife: "What would you have us do? It's her only superstition."

The owner of a large landed property happened to meet the wife of one of his farmers who had just lost her mother. "Well, my poor Rose," he said, "there is another good woman gone."

"Yes, indeed, sir," replied the daughter, "she was really a good woman, and should have a good place in Paradise. When I say a good place, I mean good for people like us."

A professor of rhetoric who is fond of *dehors* said to his pupils the other day:

"The reign of Nero was dreadful. You know the atrocities which that monster committed. He caused to be burned in his presence slaves whose bodies had been previously covered with pitch. But history has recorded of him acts still more odious. He was a gambler. When he played and was in an unlucky vein he forced his courtiers to bet on his side!"

Two friends lived close to each other, one of whom was in a state of constant impecuniosity. The latter got up in the middle of the night and rushed breathless into the house of his more fortunate neighbor.

"I have had an awful dream," he said. "I fancied you were ruined and reduced to the last degree of want. I rose from bed under the impression of this nightmare, and I ran to my desk to get some money to take to you."

"How good of you," said the friend.

"Yes," said the dreamer, "and you can imagine my annoyance on finding that I had not a sou in my drawer. It was completely empty. By the by, do you happen have fifty louis in the house?"

They were speaking of the pretty Countess of X—, whose beauty, alas! is not equaled by her wit.

"She never opens her mouth unless it is to say something silly," says a friend.

"Never mind," was another friend's reply; "she's a woman that it's a pleasure to see speaking."

One of the Paris papers publishes the following:

"There are Gascons in America as everywhere else. One of them recently said:

"In the State of Ohio the cold is so intense in the winter that this happened to me: I was attacked by a robber. I took out my pistol. There was powder in it, but no ball. I was inspired by a lucky idea. I spat in the barrel and I fired. The spittle froze on its way and the malefactor was shot dead!"

At a wedding party at a restaurant a maladroit waiter contrives to upset a tureen full of rich soup on the satin dress of a lady guest, who takes on terribly and threatens hysterics.

"Do not worry, madame," says the waiter kindly, "there's lots more soup in the kitchen."

Madame X., who has no teeth, is in the habit of speaking very ill of Madame Z., who has very ugly ones.

Their respective situations were thus pleasantly summed up by a mutual friend:

"If Madame X. had teeth she would be quite as ugly as Madame Z."

Madame R., a Parisienne, whose least defect is to be as old as she is coquettish, arrived the other evening after eleven at the house of a friend, where only a few intimates had been invited.

"How late you are, *ma belle*," said the lady of the house, in a tone of friendly reproach.

"I am very sorry," replied Madame R., "but the truth is that I have a *femme de chambre* who is slowness personified. Would you believe it? She took more than an hour and a half to dress my hair."

"You had one consolation," interposed one of the ladies present, "and that was that you might have taken a walk during the operation."

On the signboard of a shop in the Rue Richer, Paris, appears the following curious announcement:

Ici on remplace les mauvaises lêtes.

It should be added that the establishment is devoted exclusively to the sale and reparation of children's dolls.

In a French assize court:

The President—Well, you acknowledge that you assassinated the girl Clement?

Prisoner—I do.

President—And why did you commit such a crime?

Prisoner—It was all owing to jealousy, Monsieur le President.

President—But, having committed the murder, I should like to know why you cut up the body into seventy-two pieces.

Prisoner—I suppose because I gave way to a feeling of impatience.

An old servant enters the shop of an apothecary and presents him a prescription in which is ordered a potion containing two decigrammes of morphine.

The apothecary's assistant weighs the dangerous ingredient with the greatest care.

"What a shame!" said the old woman to him, with a shove at his elbow. "Come, don't be so stingy—it's for an orphan."

It was during one of the numerous managees which have so rapidly succeeded each other at the theatre. A young author had presented a comedy in five acts! exclaimed the director; "we can't do that. Our theatre is too small."

OUR POLICY TOWARD ALIENS.

The agitation which has been aroused by the relief which the Chinese are seeking from the over-population of their country, by migrating in vast numbers to the Pacific Coast,* the thickly settled condition of some of the Atlantic States, lack of work for the laborer, reduction of wages, overcrowding of the poorer classes, the rapidly increasing population, the facilities for immigration, lead us to inquire whether the liberal policy of the United States toward aliens should not be modified.

Is it not time to extend the term of residence before naturalization, or declare that nothing but birth shall entitle a man to citizenship in this country?

Is it not time to discourage rather than invite immigration? How can we discourage immigration in the future?

These are the questions which are forcing themselves upon the consideration of the statesmen and thinkers of the day. Among the inducements which it has been the policy of our Government to hold out to foreigners and encourage immigration, has always been the liberality exercised in granting to aliens the right of naturalization—the highest privilege which one nation can confer on the subjects or citizens of another.

Let us compare the condition of our country when the policy was first inaugurated to the condition which it now presents.

The first naturalization law of the United States was passed in 1790. Two years' residence within the limits and jurisdiction of the United States was required for admission to citizenship. At such an early period in the history of our country it is not to be wondered at that every inducement was offered to the foreigner to live among us and share our fortunes. The total population was under four millions of souls, scattered over a vast territory, living principally on the sea coasts. The means of communication and travel were slow and limited; our frontier was subject to frequent incursions of savage tribes; the life of the frontiersman was threatened with constant danger; we needed men to protect us from enemies at home and abroad; the greater part of our territory was unexplored. An invitation to foreigners to come and settle with us was almost a necessity, and it was considered a wise policy. We offered citizenship, cheap lands, and a republican form of government.

Since then the term of residence has been changed several times. By the Act of January 29, 1795, five years' residence was required. By the Act of June 18, 1798, the term was extended to fourteen years, and subsequently reduced to five years by the Act of April 14, 1802. Since then no change has been made in the term of residence; the later Acts relate to other provisions of the law of naturalization.

The early Acts upon the subject were not passed without considerable discussion, and the policy of admitting foreigners to citizenship was even then seriously questioned.†

The views of those who were opposed to naturalization, and those who advocated a longer term of residence, are to be found in the "Madison Letters," said to have been written by Honorable A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia.

The sparsely settled condition of our country was an argument powerful enough to dictate the policy which has ever since been adhered to, although the principal reasons for its adoption have long ceased to exist.

The advantages which have resulted to the United States from its liberal policy toward aliens, and the encouragement it has given to the immigrant, have been inestimable, and should not be undervalued. But with the improved and changed condition of our country, would it not be prudent to vary from a policy which was created to meet a state of affairs which existed nearly a century ago, and which no longer exists? Would it not be well to adapt our policy to the changed condition of our country?

Have not the ends and aims of the policy of our early fathers been accomplished?

We have a population estimated at 40,000,000, which is enough for protection and progress. We are rich, great, and powerful; no savages to dread at home, no enemies to fear abroad; our means of communication and travel are easy and rapid.

We hear our statesmen deploring the overcrowded condition of some parts of Europe, and at the same time they seem to encourage a policy which necessarily hastens upon us the same misfortune.

Let us rely upon the natural increase of our population for inhabitants; let it be their descendants who will people our lands.

The profuse and liberal hand of nature showering its resources upon us, the fertility of our soils, and the favorable circumstances surrounding us, account for the extraordinary rapidity with which population has multiplied.

The time which it requires for the population of this country to double itself, exclusive of the effects of immigration, has been variously estimated by writers on political economy and social science to be from twenty-five to thirty-two years. The United States Census Reports give the following figures:

YEAR.	POPULATION.		
	NATIVE.	FOREIGN.	TOTAL.
1790			3,929,214
1800			5,308,483
1810			7,239,881
1820			9,633,822
1830			12,866,020
1840			17,069,153
1850	20,912,612	2,244,602	23,157,214
1860	27,304,624	4,138,697	31,443,321
1870	32,991,142	5,567,229	38,558,371

The causes which have prevented the natural increase of population are each year growing fewer in number. War is less frequent, medical skill has prevented the ravages of many epidemics, and, with increasing knowledge, will continue to find additional remedies for diseases. Cleanliness, good diet, warm clothing, draining of marshes, and many

improvements made by a rapidly advancing civilization, tend to increase the average of human life.

Assuming that every 33½ years the population of the United States will double itself by natural increase, 100 years from now it would amount to 320,000,000.

We have reason to believe that in the United States, with its immense area of 3,603,884 square miles, comprising extensive lands of great fertility, inhabited by an industrious people, the same favorable conditions for the rapid multiplication will continue to exist, and with the reasonable expectation that labor will be liberally rewarded, the American rate of increase will be maintained for a century.

"The liberal reward of labor, therefore, as it is the effect of increasing wealth, so it is the cause of increasing population."*

It is unnecessary to discuss the axiom, "that there is a constant tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment prepared for it."

It is not necessary to refer to the celebrated theory of Malthus, nor for the purpose of considering what is the most prudent policy of the United States toward aliens is it necessary to extend any consideration as to the probable overpopulation of the entire world; and it is, likewise, immaterial, though not foreign to the question, to reflect upon the proposition as to whether the limit of population of a country is the number of people which its soil is capable of supplying with food, or whether it is the number which the whole earth can feed. We should not, however, subscribe to any doctrine which would render us careless or indifferent to a threatened evil or misfortune to our national welfare, even though it may be centuries removed; the nation has its duty to perform to the remote descendants of its present citizens.

Our object should be to maintain for as long a period as we can the prosperity with which we have been blessed; the happiness and welfare of all classes should be our aim, and our policy as a nation ought to be so directed as to accomplish these desirable ends.

Our laboring classes enjoy an abundance of the necessities of life, many of the comforts, and some of the luxuries; wages are admitted to be fair. We should endeavor to uphold the price of labor, and strive to ameliorate and improve the condition of labor; low wages are not conducive to the prosperity of a nation, and to produce strong, active, able, diligent, and intelligent workmen, labor should be liberally rewarded.

The chief cause of the reduction of wages with us is undoubtedly attributable to the number of foreigners who annually find a refuge in the United States, and it is to this fatal tide of immigration we must ascribe much of the poverty of our laboring classes. A thoughtful writer on political economy, referring to the causes of the decline of wages, says:

"The only causes which strongly tend to a depreciation of wages in this country are the vast and constantly increasing immigration of foreigners, the increased burden of taxation, and the want of sufficient encouragement for our manufactures. These causes may produce a lamentable effect in wages in the United States as other agencies have caused in Great Britain and Ireland. At present our institutions are preserved, and general content exists among the people, because no class in the community finds itself doomed to irretrievable penury, and not one individual is without the well-grounded hope of improving his condition, and perhaps of rising even to high rank in the social state. But let the rate of wages here be reduced to what the English economists regard as their natural and necessary standard—that is, to a bare sufficiency for subsistence from day to day—and the class of laborers who must always form the majority in any community, and who, with us, also have the control in politics, will not be satisfied without organic changes in the laws, which will endanger at once our political and social system. Our immunity thus far ought not to betray us into a blind confidence for the future. A few years have produced a marvelous alteration in our prospects, and the change has not been altogether for our advantage. The Atlantic has been bridged by steam, and the ties which connect us with Great Britain, and link our commercial and social well-being with hers, are strengthening every day. Ireland is depopulating itself upon our shores, and the influx from Germany and China is rapidly increasing. For the four years next after 1849 the average number of foreigners who arrived in the country was over 400,000 a year; for the three years before 1846 it was only 121,000. About 1,000,000 arrived during the three years preceding 1870."†

Our population will increase with sufficient rapidity without the aid of immigration; and if no restriction is made, the time will soon be at hand when wages will fall, and the laboring classes sink to an inferior condition.

No society can be in a flourishing state, or happy, where the greater number of its members are poor and miserable; but let the laborer and his children be well fed, clothed, and lodged, and we have at once a contented, cheerful, and progressive state.

While political economists in Europe are busily engaged in solving the causes of the fall of wages, and suggesting remedies, let us busy ourselves with prudent measures to prevent, or at least delay, the spread of the evil in our own land.

It is true that we have immense tracts of rich agricultural lands, but should we hurry to draw from it its resources? Is it prudent to exhaust the fertility of our best soils? John Stuart Mill says:

"When for the purpose of raising an increase of produce recourse is had to inferior land, it is evident that so far the produce does not increase in the same proportion with the labor. The very meaning of inferior land, is land which with equal labor returns a smaller amount of produce. Land may be inferior either in fertility or in situation. The one requires a greater proportional amount of labor for growing produce, the other for carrying it to market."‡

And, again, he says: "The countries which export food may be divided into two classes—those in which the effective desire of accumulation is strong, and those in which it is not. In Australia and the United States of America the effective desire of accumulation is strong; capital increases fast, and the production of food must be rapidly extended. But in such countries population also increases with extraor-

dinary rapidity. Their agriculture has to provide for their own expanding numbers as well as for those of the importing countries. They must, therefore, from the nature of the case, be rapidly driven, if not to less fertile, at least what is equivalent, to remoter and less accessible lands, and to modes of cultivation like those of old countries, less productive in proportion to the labor and expense."*

We have a large proportion of our inhabitants carrying on agricultural pursuits; our exportation of cereals is enormous, and we thereby assist foreign manufacturers to undersell American productions in our own market; by giving them cheap food, they demand and get cheap labor. As we do not restore to our soils what we take from it, the fertility of our fields declines, and the recourse which must soon be had to the cultivation of our inferior lands, if immigration continues unchecked, renders the prospect of our future agriculturist cheerless.

An extract from an able article which appeared in the supplement of the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1878, is not out of place here. It is entitled, "Economy of Nitrogen," and it is a firm protest against the thoughtless waste of that "indispensable constituent of every vegetable seed and of every animal ovum." The writer concludes as follows: "We know now, approximately at least, the extent of the earth's resources. We have no more vast and scarcely trodden continents for us to discover. We can no longer calculate on finding coal, or phosphates, or other useful products at any point where we may choose to dig. No more can we comfort ourselves with vague hopes that emptied mines and exhausted soils will spontaneously grow rich again, or that plants can create their own nourishment. Nor can we lay the flattering unction to our souls that for every utility no longer procurable a substitute will be found. The dreams indulged in by enthusiasts in the earlier portion of the present century—of a future measured perhaps by millions of years, in which mankind will be constantly improving in power, in knowledge, and in happiness—are being somewhat rudely broken. Science tells us in unmistakable tones, that the earth can not forever afford a home for a race like ours. What, for instance, would be the condition of mankind were all the inhabitable parts of the globe as populous, as industrial, and as luxurious as are Western and Central Europe and the eastern part of North America? Whence would they all be able to import their needed supplies of food, of manures, of raw materials for manufacturing purposes?"

"Time was when England produced a sufficiency of food for her own inhabitants. Then came a time when she began to import, and that in ever increasing proportions, both food and manures. Next we mark that the countries which formerly exported food and manurial matters—*i. e.*, ground bones, etc.—ceased to do so, became importers instead of exporters of both, and competed with us in the market. The Atlantic States of the American Union import manures, and can scarcely supply food for their home population. By and by must come a time when Chile, California, South Russia, and Hungary will require all the wheat they can produce for their own consumption. The eyes of our political economists will perforce be opened to the truth, that every country unable to feed its own population is in a dangerous predicament."

"Shall we ever succeed in obtaining food direct from its inorganic elements without the tedious and circuitous interposition of plants and animals? If so, the future of the human race may be both longer and brighter than we can at present dare to hope. Meantime, to economize nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, to recover these bodies from waste, and to find substitutes for their present 'profligate' applications, is the most sacred task which the chemist can take in hand. The reforms which may shield us from occasional pestilence sink into insignificance compared with those required to guard posterity, in a not very remote future, from chronic scarcity, from recurrent famine, and from a wolfish struggle for food, in which man must relapse into a worse savagery than that from which he has emerged."

The fundamental principle of government is protection: the citizen at home or abroad can ever call upon his country to protect him, and his voice will be heeded. The citizens of the United States, whether foreign-born or native, are calling upon their government to protect them from the overwhelming tide of immigration which threatens to destroy the laborer's prosperity, the security of capital and the nation's peace. Let us no longer induce strangers to come here by offering them citizenship. Let us deny to them a voice in the affairs of our nation; or at least let us discontinue granting naturalization on such easy terms. Increase the term of residence, and place further safeguards around the system.

It is true that in individual cases the exclusion of foreigners from a participation in the affairs of our government may operate harshly, but regulations of such importance and magnitude must be made general, and the inconvenience to which the deserving foreigner must submit by being debarred from citizenship will be much less than the danger we incur by indiscriminate admission of all classes to that right.

Prohibitive laws to check immigration would not be regarded with favor. They would be deemed a too radical change of our policy of government. We would be accused of retrograding, and anathemas of moralist statesmen would be hurled at us from all sides. But a resort to a system of taxation upon the immigrant could be had without much complaint and for just causes, and would only be deemed the exercise of a proper, prudent, and justifiable policy. A hospital tax of one or two hundred dollars or more would accomplish a result as satisfactory as direct prohibitory legislation, and the vast flood of immigration would be checked; the present evils under which we groan from that source would soon disappear, and the evil which threatens us in the future would be long postponed.

Let us for a moment consider the class of the foreigners who now land on our shores. In the East we have the paupers and destitute of Europe; in the West we have China vomiting upon our shores the scum of its population, from its worst districts; a people differing from us in language, customs, modes of thought, social peculiarities, and physical structure, and who, by their frugal and economical mode of life, which has become habitual, underwork the white laborer and crowd him from his legitimate sphere.

* Smith's Wealth of Nations, Chap. 13.

† American Political Economy, Bowen, pp. 181-2.

‡ Principles of Political Economy, Vol. XII, §2.

* Principles of Political Economy, Vol. I, Chap. 13, §3.

This article was written before the bill prohibiting vessels from carrying more than 25 Chinese passengers was introduced in the House of Representatives. See Abridgement of Debates of Congress, Vol. I, pp. 184-190; Vol. II, pp. 1-77.

We have already alluded to the facilities of immigration, and as to the character of the present immigration we can do no better than quote from the profound author of *England in the Eighteenth Century*:

"In the present century the immigration of a large foreign population is seldom favorable to the moral condition of a nation. Emigration has become so easy and so familiar that it is the recourse of multitudes but little removed from simple pauperism. Men of ordinary characters usually deteriorate when severed from the ties of home tradition, associations, and opinions, and they seldom feel any strong attachment for a country which was not that of their childhood. But in the seventeenth century the conditions of emigration were essentially different. The difficulties were such that those who encountered them were almost always men of much more than common strength of character, and they were to a very large extent men whose motive in abandoning their country was the intensity of their religious or political convictions. It is the peculiarity of the British colonies in America that they were mainly founded and governed by such men. Puritans in New England, Episcopalians in Virginia, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Catholics in Maryland—each province contained numbers who, during the persecutions of the Stuarts, or of the Commonwealth, had sought in the western world the opportunity of freely professing their faith. From the time of the Pilgrim Fathers to the time when the Salzburg Protestants flocked to the new colony of Georgia in 1732, America was preëminently the home of the refugees, and this fact is perhaps the most important in its history. After all that can be said of material and intellectual advantages, it remains true that moral causes lie at the root of the greatness of nations, and it is probable that no nation ever started on its career with a larger proportion of strong character, or a higher level of moral convictions, than the English colonies in America."*

It is well known that there is a larger proportion of foreigners than native-born in our jails, prisons, almshouses, insane asylums, hospitals, and other institutions of like character, whom we are compelled to maintain. We will not refer to many figures, but take several examples:

By reference to the United States Census Reports for 1870, we get the following items:

Total Population, 38,558,371. Native, 32,991,142; Foreign, 5,567,229.

Paupers.—Total number of paupers, maintained at an annual cost of \$10,930,429, are 76,737. Native, 53,939; giving us .0016 per cent., or 16 in every 10,000. Foreign, 22,798; being .004 per cent., or 40 in every 10,000.

Insane.—Native, 25,372—.0007 per cent., or 7 in every 10,000. Foreign, 11,221—.002 per cent., or 20 in every 10,000.

Criminals.—Native, 24,173—.0007 per cent., or 7 in every 10,000. Foreign, 8,728—.0015 per cent., or 15 in every 10,000.

It is difficult to arrive at a true estimate of the proportion. It has been stated, that of the 49,423 prisoners in the city prisons in New York for one year before January, 1870, 32,225 were of foreign birth. And in the Eastern penitentiary of Pennsylvania, according to Dr. Bittinger, from one-fourth to one-third of the inmates are foreigners; in Auburn, from a third to a half; in Clinton, one-half; in Sing-Sing, between one-half and six-sevenths.

In the Albany penitentiary the aggregate number of prisoners during the last twenty years was 18,390, of whom 10,770 were foreign born.†

Being compelled, as we are, to maintain, at an immense annual cost, a large foreign criminal and pauper element, we find in this fact alone sufficient reason to justify a tax upon the immigrant; and though we may attach to it the importance which it demands, we are not compelled to appeal to that fact for our justification in adapting our policy to meet the necessity of protecting our laborer and providing for the security of all classes, which are claims strong enough in themselves, without other considerations, to impel us to such legislation, even to alter our fundamental law if necessary, to achieve those ends.

To those moralists who would oppose a change of policy to meet the changes of the times, and who deduce their arguments against it by reference to morals and dogmatic theology, and who argue upon the principle that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth," and "that we have no right to shut a man out of any vacant lot which he needs to earn his bread," and who undertake to solve questions of political economy, international law, and national ethics, by an appeal to scriptural text, we must respectfully beg that the discussion be relegated to its proper field, and a solution can be reached by a reference to principles of political, economic, or social science.

There is no higher law than self-preservation. It is the underlying principle which regulates individual and national conduct. To it we appeal. We owe duties to our citizens first—to the children of those we invited to dwell among us, and who shared our fortunes, and to their posterity.

We must guard and protect our descendants; and in the struggle for national life we must, by prudence and forethought, preserve our strength and vitality, and be among the first in the rapid march of civilization and progress to reach the goal of a nation's greatness. S. HEYDENFELDT, JR.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

* England in the Eighteenth Century; Lecky, Vol. II, p. 1 and 2.

† Dangerous classes of New York; Buel, p. 36. Transactions of Nat. Cong., p. 282.

A DOLEFUL TALE.

Part I.

Listen awhile, a tale I tell,
List to a tale of sad disaster;
How the catastrophes befell
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Built in a shady grove divine,
Close to a tank of weedy water,
Stands the big idol's holy shrine—
Idol of hope and slaughter.

Shikkamy Shaster's form was stout,
Shikkamy Shaster, lumpy, dumpy;
None had piety more devout,
None had a leg so stumpy.

Many a year his friend had been
Billika Bucher, lengthy, lanky;
Never a funnier face was seen,
Never a leg so shanky.

Saturday month, the two, arrayed,
Went to the shrine to show devotion:
All of a once a lovely maid
Gave them a strange emotion.

Billika Bucher chased her thence,
Caught her, and, oh, would fain detain her;
Shikkamy Shaster showed more sense—
Hear what he did to gain her:

Straight to the shady shrine he went,
Folding his arms in true contrition,
Double his homely form he bent.
This was his odd petition:

"Father, beside this holy place,
Hear what a maid I saw before me.
Oh, such a face! Such easy grace
Brought a queer feeling o'er me.

"Thick as a thunder-cloud her hair,
Curved is her nose as is a parrot's,
Round as a moon her face, and fair
Fair with a tinge of carrots;

"Soft as a doe gazelle's her eyes,
Hands and feet are trim and tender,
Neck like a dove's in shape and size,
Waist as a panther, slender.

"Tell me, O Father!" thus he cried,
"Father of hope and sportive slaughter—
Tell me with whom does she reside?
Who can have such a daughter?"

Idol of idols answered: "Go—
Go to her uncle, lone relation;
Make your salam. His name is Jo,
Washing, his occupation.

"She with that uncle lives alone,
Washerman, nunky, soapy, suddy.
This is the name by which she's known—
Beautiful Muggama Chuddee."

Shikkamy Shaster made reply:
"Father, if you demand a martyr,
Marry the girl to me, and I
Promise my head in barter."

Often he bowed as thus he vowed;
Suddenly moved the scarlet plaster;
Idol of idols howled aloud:
"Done with you, Shikkamy Shaster!"

Part II.

Quickly a month had passed away—
Pleasure had made it pass the faster;
Happy the man who claimed to-day
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Shikkamy Shaster's wedding day!
Never a day had shone so sunny.
Ready they stand to start away,
Feeling a wee bit funny.

Bidding adieu to all she knew,
Sadly to Jo, her ugly nunky,
Muggama Chuddee kissed a few;
Shikkamy felt too funky.

Nobly the steed he sits astride,
Billika next, and friendly peasants;
Merrily last of all the bride,
Bringing the wedding presents.

Happily thus the miles they pass;
Then, as they feel a wee bit weary,
Gayly the men bestride the ass;
She with the tail is cheery.

Suddenly Shaster fills with fears—
Surely he sees good cause to falter;
Straight in his only road appears
Idol of idols' altar!

Idol of idols grimly smiled,
Smiled with a face of scarlet plaster;
Shikkamy's ass with fear was wild,
Wild his unwieldy master.

Pious he always was and good;
Surely the vow was not forgotten!
No; for he felt the sheath of wood,
Hoping the blade was rotten.

"Oh! what a sinful wight am I!
Idol of idols, high and haughty,
How can I tell a fearful lie?
How can I be so naughty?"

Thus in his mind he seemed to say;
Then to his pair of glad companions:
"I to the idol wish to pray,
Rest you beneath the banyans."

Grimly he grasped his shiny sword,
Straight to the temple humbly stumbled,
Grimly the holy place adored,
Chopped off his head and tumbled.

After a while his wife, alarmed,
Muggama Chuddee, face of fairies,
Said to her friend: "He can't be harmed;
Terrible long his prayer is.

"Billika Bucher, say I grieve;
Run to the temple lightly, sprightly."
Billika Bucher took his leave,
Bidding adieu politely.

There she remained. But wond'ring, he,
Ever intrepid, ever dreadless,
Found his old friend in pieces three—
Bodiless, hatless, headless.

"Nobody could believe that he
Could ever be so holy, lowly,
Thus to obey the god's decree,
He! such a roly-poly!

"Every soul will think I planned,
Cruelly planned a bad transaction;
Better to die than bear the brand,
Brand of an evil action."

Thus did he speak, his sabre drew,
Dealt his neck a blow so bloody;
Such that he fell in pieces two,
Calling to Muggama Chuddee.

Muggama Chuddee long had sat,
Sat for a long, long while in wonder,
Wondering what the two were at,
Vexed to be thus asunder.

Straight to the shrine she strode alone;
There the sight doubly worked her wonder:
Billika Bucher had fallen prone,
Shikkamy Shaster under.

Sadly she heaved her sweetest sigh,
Spoke to herself in lovely languor:
"Every soul will think that I
Slew them in hate or anger.

"Think of the female tongues let loose!
Jimminy! what will they be saying?
Better than hear their bold abuse,
Better myself be slaying."

Placing her neck the swords between,
Ready she stood her head to sever.
Suddenly such a sight was seen,
Such as afore was never.

Idol of idols, feared of men,
Down from his holy seat descended,
Struck to the ground the swords, and then
Highly the girl commended.

"Girl, I am amply pleased, and soon
Favor will have, and surely show it:
Muggama Chuddee, ask a boon—
Ask, that I may bestow it."

Muggama Chuddee, widowed bride,
Gladly replied: "O holy master!
If you are really satisfied,
Give me my Shikkamy Shaster!"

This was his answer: "Take their heads,
Join to his trunk each knobby noddle;
Quickly they'll leave their stony beds,
Quickly begin to toddle."

Muggama Chuddee, pleased, arose,
Rose in a state of hurry, flurry—
Hurry from which began her woes,
Trouble, and endless worry.

Whether through haste, or fun, or funk,
Thus she contrived new men to model,
Joining to Shikkamy Shaster's trunk
Billika Bucher's noddle!

Shikkamy Shaster's head devout
Billika's slender carcass carried!
Now came an awful ugly doubt—
Which of the two was married?

Each of the voices coaxing cried,
"Muggama Chuddee, rosy, ruddy!"
Angrily each his friend defied:
"Don't you touch Muggama Chuddee."

Here is a scene of endless shame;
Here is a scene of sad disaster;
Solemnly both have vowed to claim,
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Eagerly both have seized an arm,
Eagerly both are heaving, hauling;
Muggama Chuddee, all alarm,
Set up a squeaky squalling.

Here is an end. My tale is o'er.
Still are the rivals heaving, hauling;
Muggama Chuddee's arms are sore,
Sore is her throat with squalling.

Verily naught remains to tell;
Told is a tale of sad disaster:
How the catastrophes befell
Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

We have all heard of the doctor who was "death on fits," but it has not hitherto been known that he published his prescriptions. These, however, are undoubtedly "his'n":

For a Fit of Passion—Walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a Fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a man.

For a Fit of Extravagance—Go to the workhouse, or speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

For a Fit of Ambition—Go to the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man in his best estate.

For Fit of Repining—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your light afflictions.

For a Fit of Envy—Go and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped in flannel, and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy.

The curious practice, says an English exchange, which has sprung up of late of having sets of china composed of pieces of different patterns and colors does not come from the fashionable, but from the trade side of the question. A few seasons ago one of the lady-leaders of fashion, while inspecting the stock in a pottery warehouse, was struck by the beauty and artistic effect of a variegated tea-set, and wished to buy it. The shopman explained that what she saw before her was not a tea-set, but only a collection of individual patterns of different sets. All in vain; the lady would have the collection as it stood, and bought it at a fabulous price. Her example spread, and so came into fashion the so-called "harlequin tea-sets," which it is now the right thing for every lady who has any any pretensions to *bon ton* to possess.

The King of Siam out-Mormons the Mormons by having six hundred commissioned wives, and two thousand four hundred wives by brevet, all of them living in polygamy in Bangkok. And the best of it is he is on good terms amiably with the whole crowd, all the members of the sect said to have much regard for him, as indeed he has for them.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday February 23, 1879.

Pepper-Pot.
Fried Mountain Trout.
Broiled Snipe on Toast. Fried New Potatoes.

Stewed Celery. Salsify.

Vegetable Salad.

Chocolate Ice Cream. Lady Fingers.

Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Apples, Pears, and Bananas.

TO MAKE PEPPER-POT.—Take a good stock, veal or beef; cut two pounds of tripe in small oblong pieces; chop four or five small potatoes, one onion, and ten sprigs of parsley very fine; add salt, plenty of pepper to make it hot, a little sweet marjoram and thyme. Boil about four hours, and add several very small dumplings about half an hour before dishing. Some prefer to make it with a fresh knuckle of veal and a beef bone, but the stock, as you always have it on hand, saves time.

A Hartford man gave his wife a \$3,000 diamond ring for a Christmas present. It is not stated whether he is a plumber or an editor, but no doubt he is.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } - - - - - Editors.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

If our Olla-Podrida of this week is not altogether a romance—if it is substantially true and the narrative be a recital of facts and not an effort of the imagination—then there is something rotten in this great California pumpkin of ours, and there exist some things not creditable to our civilization or to our legislative or judicial system. If this be a true story, and out of an insolvent bank a money-lender can gobble up thirty thousand acres of the best land in our State for one-fifth of its value, and then forever prevent its cultivation and settlement, thus creating a desert in Los Angeles and thus hindering our prosperity, there is something wrong. We suggest to the people of Los Angeles that if they stand supinely by and see Baldwin and others gather up their rich valley acres in tracts of fifty thousand, there will be no necessity for the city of Los Angeles, and there will be no enterprising population that will make a prosperous city possible. Baldwin's estate will be covered with sheepherders, or if cultivated will be cultivated by tenants. Those tenants will be poor, and in time will be ignorant. The next generation will be inferior to this, till the tenant-farmers of Los Angeles will be like all similar communities in their standard of intelligence, enterprise, and wealth. This character of population will cause the balance of society to deteriorate, until the valley will be avoided as the home of cultivated people. An hundred Lucky Baldwins owning the land of Los Angeles, living in San Francisco, spending their summers in the country and their money in the town, will depreciate the value of Los Angeles city property to a point where its rents will not pay its taxes. A million industrious, frugal, intelligent people occupying and cultivating the land of Los Angeles and its neighboring valleys will give value to town property and build up a community that it would be a pleasure to live among. Hence, we say to the inhabitants of that city and neighborhood, purchase this thirty thousand acres of land; subdivide and sell it to farmers. There is an immediate moneyed profit in the transaction; there is future prosperity to the country. It would make a splendid colony enterprise. It may be purchased at the marshal's sale. It may be acquired by the process of redemption. In conclusion, we desire to remark, in a friendly way, if there is not genius, money, and brains enough in Los Angeles to rescue this property from the land-pirate system, then Los Angeles is not worth saving.

This sand-lot business affords us a vast deal of pleasure; we watch the proceedings of Denis Kearney as we would those of any other curious specimen of natural history, expecting that he will do just the things that his birth, his associations, his education, and his surroundings compel him to do. We expect the ass to bray, the mole to burrow, the monkey to climb, the fox to intrigue, the skunk to smell bad, the jackal to steal, the serpent to wriggle, and the magpie to chatter. We know that ignorance, greed, insolence, cowardice, malevolence are inheritable qualities, inherent and irradicable in certain natures. We know that there are classes made to fawn, and flatter, and follow; that hope of office, opportunity of official plunder, and ambition will warp the minds of men. Never has there been a time in history when brazen-voiced audacity could not find a following. Just now we are intent upon the *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Post*, and *Bulletin*, and are following with unusual interest their little game. The *Chronicle* created Kearney, and lifted him into an undeserved prominence. The *Bulletin* and *Call*, fearing lest their rival should score a point, lifted up their voices and howled like the wild asses of the desert. For a time these rival journals howled in unison. Kearney is always an echo. First, he echoed the *Chronicle*; now he is echoing the *Call* and *Bulletin*. When he reflected the *Chronicle* his brass-bound mouth shouted denunciation to the railroad and the bonanza

kings, and was silent upon gas and water. Now he is voicing the wrongs of the *Bulletin*, and Spring Valley Water Company is getting hark from the tomb. Now, for two Sundays, Kearney has denounced the thieving, hell-horn, hell-bound water rats, and passed water resolutions that have seen the editorial rooms of the *Call* and *Bulletin*; so Mr. Pickering styles him "our friend Denis," and Mr. Fitch writes him "Mr. Kearney," "President Kearney," and "Mr. President Kearney." The *Call* prints two columns of his water speech, and our friend Mr. Pickering, in one of his able editorials, entitled "Duplicity," says: "We are pleased to see that our wily newspaper contemporary, which has labored on every possible occasion to aid the Spring Valley Water Company in its exertions, does for once tacitly admit that the course of the workmen is right in trying to save the people from its rapacity; but we imagine this is done in order to try and get the Workingmen's party to nominate men for office who can be used by the Spring Valley Company. The trick is full of duplicity, as the people will see in due time." And our friends of the *Chronicle*—*mirabile dictu*!—make fun of Kearney, ridicule him and his sand-lot mob; entitle the remarks of this "white-plumed Navarre" of oratory a "funeral oration," "worked off in perspiration and pedestrianism," with the alien Wellock to "wet his whistle" while he read "a mused and voluminous manuscript" written by some one else. Kearney is called the "stout little President," with "Roman cloak of pickled olive tint, Cardigan jacket, and dirty shirt"—and so on down through a column of satire. The "Dictator" is laughed at and scoffed at, held up to ridicule and contempt, jeered at and spit upon through a whole column of vituperative wit, with editorial mention of the sand-lot meeting as "adroit, mealy-mouthed prevarications heard on the sand-lots." All this indicates that the wind from the sand-lot is blowing in another direction; that the *Bulletin* and *Call* intend to become the organs of the new organization; that the old Independent party, No. 33 Secretary, with its sleepless eye, is to be revamped under guise of the Workingman's party; that Dashblank is to be its candidate for Governor; that in the *Bulletin* editorial room is to be held its nominating convention. All this indicates the possibility of an existing conspiracy that shall injure the Republican party more than the Democratic, give the members of Congress and the electoral vote to the Democracy, and the city of San Francisco to the *Bulletin*.

In declaring that not more than fifteen Chinese persons (ambassadors and shipwrecked persons excepted) shall come to the United States of America upon one vessel the American Congress has taken a new departure with reference to immigration. Heretofore we have invited to our shores all people, and have trusted to our breadth of continent to absorb and harmonize all the discordant elements, of diverse civilizations and unassimilative races. This sentiment—the growth of humanity, policy, sentimentality, religious stupidity, and demagogism—came to be called "liberality." It became crystallized into acceptance, and we were taught by the churches, the politicians, and the dreamers, that it was selfish, undemocratic, wicked, and impolitic to pass any laws restrictive of immigration. True, we had found that we could neither absorb nor assimilate the Indian race, so we massacred it, and stole its lands. We found the negro race a difficulty, both social and political, and we went to war over it. All this did not deter some weak-minded people from continuing blind to the dangers of Chinese immigration. Our churches at the East, and some of the preachers who knew no better, thought the Chinese had souls to save, and that it was our duty to save them. Some of our rich people, recognizing that money could be made out of Chinese cheap labor, thought the material advancement of our State and their purses matters of large consideration. Some politicians, looking to the time when Chinese should vote, prated in a demagogical manner of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Some dreamers, poets, humanitarians, and magpietists chattered of the earth being "the Lord's," and that any of his gypsy races should come here to enjoy its fullness. We here in California, being intelligent, observed the practical effects of Chinese immigration. We on this coast were wiser and better informed upon this matter than the reverend jackdaws of Eastern pulpits, or the shallow thinkers of Eastern stumps, or the smatterers of the Eastern press, or the well fed and cultured thoughtless, who saw no danger because it was the breadth of a continent away from them. The Pacific coast observed, then reflected, then spoke, then begged, then threatened. First our men of pioneer thought, then our politicians, then our clergy, then our sand-lot, then everybody; and the Congress of the United States has answered our prayers, conceded our arguments, or feared our threats—we care not which—in giving to the nation a law that more than any other law of this decade aids to save our civilization and preserve our form of government. If it had not done so the problem would have been worked out in violence and blood. Our Representatives in Congress have all of them done well. Mr. Sargent has done especially well. Senator Booth's speech was broad, massive, dignified, and effective. We thank him. Messrs. Page, Davis, and our other Pacific Coast Representatives we also thank. The Chinese was not a political question.

It was simply a question of national life and self-preservation. The value of this bill is great in another direction: it opens the door to a consideration of the proposition whether we may not profitably revise and make less "liberal" our naturalization laws as now applicable to European people. We can not much longer afford to allow the ignorant, the criminal, and the pauper outpourings of Europe to make our laws and control our political affairs. In continuation of this line of thought let our readers peruse the very able communication of Mr. Solomon Heydenfeldt, Jr., printed in another column.

The New York *Times*, of February 5th, under heading of an article entitled "Shall There be Another Monopoly?" suggests the formation of an alliance between the Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific railroads. The Texas Pacific, under the manipulation of Tom Scott, says the writer, has been losing ground in the Southern States; the Southern people have awoke to the realization of the fact that the pretense of a "Southern" road manipulated by the head of a great Pennsylvania corporation is a dishonest one; in a word, that the Texas Pacific road, instead of being Southern in its objects and interests, is totally at variance with both. The Texas Pacific is weaker to-day in Congress than it has ever been before; hence the writer concludes that Tom Scott would gladly effect a bargain with his principal competitors. In the meantime the Southern Pacific is gradually advancing eastward. It is progressing without aid from anybody. Nevertheless there are grounds of distrust and suspicion against the Southern road because of its alliance with the Central Pacific, and danger is scented, lest it shall be but a new monopoly, or a branch of the present one, "as odious in its methods and as injurious in its effects upon business interests as the monopoly formed by the Union and Pacific companies." Now, as to this railroad monopoly of which we hear so much, it must be considered from different standpoints. If we were writing this article for the New Orleans *Picayune*, we should favor the construction of a Southern Pacific road, independent and competitive, that should be managed in the interest of the cotton States, of which New Orleans is the chief commercial city. If we were writing for the St. Louis *Globe*, we should favor its ownership and control at St. Louis, and would have it manipulated in the interest and advancement of that locality. If we were writing for the New York *Times*, it would be the interest and advancement of the great emporium of New York that we would first regard. What would advance New York would, in our opinion, be the best thing to do. If we owned clipper ships Panama Railroad and steam navigation stock, we should feel sadly vexed that one or more transcontinental railroads should affect the values of our property. If we were doing business at Reno, or anywhere in the State of Nevada, we would grumble at paying freight for goods to San Francisco and back. If we wrote for the San Diego *Herald*, and thought Tom Scott or the devil could build a railroad to Horton's Addition, direct the oriental commerce from San Francisco to San Diego, and pile its wharves with the teas and silks and spices of India, we would favor Thomas and aid him to procure unlimited subsidies and indorsements from the General Government. But, we are writing for San Francisco. We live here; our property is here; our interests are here; and we have not attained that moral elevation and condition of self-abnegation to which most editors attain. We are selfish; we are for San Francisco; we are for its merchants, and its people, and its property; and because the Central Pacific is owned here and controlled here, and because its interests run parallel with the interest of San Francisco, and because it can not help itself without helping us, and because it can not make money without building up and extending and helping all the interests of this community, we are with it and for it—with it against San Diego, Reno, St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Tom Scott, and the devil. We are desirous, and only desirous, to realize for San Francisco her destiny. We desire she should become a great, wealthy commercial emporium. We desire her port to be the only entrepot of the Asiatic trade. We desire all the business of the coast to centre here. We are not going to throw ourselves into any great moral contortion if the Central Pacific does not pay money into the national treasury as a reserve fund to pay bonds that will mature next century. We are in favor of letting the Central and the Southern Pacific Railroad Companies alone, so long as they are extending their roads. In this they are extending our trade jurisdiction; they are giving value to our city property; they are adding to our wealth; they are contributing to the realization of our dreams of commercial greatness for San Francisco; they are compelling the merchants of Nevada to purchase in San Francisco, where they ought to buy; they are preparing to let our merchants and traders supply Arizona that belongs to us, and whose trade ought to come here, and not go eastward. In a word, they are helping us, and we feel that it is our duty to kindly treat the ass that bears our burdens. When the roads are all done, all built, and the question of regulating fares and freights comes up, why, of course, we reserve to ourselves the privilege then of joining the mob for their regulation, confiscation, or whatever name popular virtue may then clothe itself in to steal them.

AFTERMATH.

If the Chinese bill fails by the Presidential veto, we advise the Republican party to consider whether it will be necessary to run any electoral ticket at all. A Republican candidate will not dare to pledge himself upon the issue, and none other can receive the votes of California, Oregon, and Nevada. To a solid Democratic South will be added the Pacific States. This Chinese question is destined, if not settled now, to become a national one. It is a narrow mind that does not see that it will array all the laborers of the nation against unlimited immigration. If the Democratic party shall oppose the Chinese inflow and the Republican party favor it, there will be no Republican party outside of New England. The cotton mills of Massachusetts and the clock peddlers of Connecticut may for a time impose upon the Eastern public the belief that this is a question of humanity or religious sentiment. We know that it is a question of cotton cloths and clocks. We have never heard any suggestion of a withdrawal of the Pacific States from the Union upon this question, but if our people should prevent the Chinese from landing what would the Government do about it?

Suppose a mob should burn an English or an American Chinese passenger ship, and suppose a jury trial for the crime, or a civil suit for damages, then what? Would the Government guard our port with armed troops? Would it use its small army to force us to receive Chinese coolies and Chinese prostitutes, gamblers, and opium-eaters? Who would compose the rank and file of the little army? Suppose the State of California should tax the Chinese on their trades and occupations, what would the Government do about it? Suppose instead of sending them to jail for violating our municipal ordinances we should set them to work in chain gangs, what would the President or Mr. Conkling do? Suppose the people of San Francisco and of California should quite resolutely and quite earnestly say: "This is a matter to us of life and death, of personal safety and self-defense, and we will risk our lives and our property before the East, and the Methodist Church, and the sensational clergy, shall dictate laws to our injury;" then what would the Congress of the United States think it best to do?

A large majority of the citizens of this State entertain most generous feelings toward the Chinese, and every day protect those at present among us against violence. We recognize their rights under the treaty; we use them in our houses and in all employments. We ask that no more be allowed to come. If Congress will not give us a law in this direction what will Mr. and Mrs. Hayes do if we kill the new-comers and burn the ships? Will they declare war against us and kill us? Now we do not intend to do anything of the kind; but if we did what would Mrs. Hayes, and Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Conkling, and Mr. Hamlin, and Henry Ward Beecher, and the Reverend Joseph Cook, and the clock peddlers of Connecticut, and the Methodist Church, and the people in Boston, do? Is there any known and practical mode of compelling us of San Francisco to admit to residence in our city a class that we will not have?

Suppose we get up a public sentiment here that will not allow houses to be rented to Chinese, nor anybody to employ them, and that we let the Chinese so severely alone that they can not even make wages or buy bread, will the people of the East pay the passage of an hundred thousand Chinese to come over and live upon them? Suppose we impose upon the Chinese and murder them until there are actual lawlessness and violence in our State, and the Legislature is in session, and it will not ask Mr. and Mrs. Hayes to interfere to suppress this little civil insurrection, how then about sending the army to us? We are not going to do any foolish thing. We are not going to become crazy over this question. There are a hundred ways that in this game with the pious wing of the Republican party we can beat it. We are right and the Methodist magpietists are not right. God will not answer their prayers, for they are but the ravings of fools. We shall keep cool and keep our tempers, and, just as sure as Republican Government survives and God lives, we will triumph, and the barbarous hordes of Chinese heathens shall not overcome us.

"Well, old man," said a friend of ours the other day to a friend of his, whom he had not seen for some months, "how is your rheumatism?" "Oh, it will not bother me much longer, please God, if this weather holds," was the thoughtful reply; "it is nearly cured now." "That's good news—devilish good. What are you using?" "Consumption."

The humorous verses in another column entitled "A Doleful Tale," though cut from *Harper's Weekly*, are not formally credited, as we are not informed from what publication the editor of *Harper's Weekly* cut them. We should say they were pretty certainly written in London, and in the *Weekly* they were illustrated with excellent wood engravings which, also, we judge to have been executed for an English periodical. If we are wrong in these matters we will cheerfully apologize whenever the Harpers will stop their system of im-

porting the blocks of such papers as the London *Graphic* for use in their own journal without any hint to the reader that the admirable pictures so obtained are not original.

By the way, we are indebted to *Harper's Weekly* for still another bit of verse this week—the three stanzas called "The Fountain of Tears." They appeared in that journal December 3, 1870. As to their authorship we can only say that last October these stanzas (and three additional ones of notably inferior quality) were sent to us in manuscript, accompanied with a note signed "Emma A. Dervan," who gave her address as 35 Fifth Street, San Francisco. Mrs. (or Miss) Dervan writes: "I submit the inclosed to you, hoping you will think it worthy of insertion in your paper. Any reward that you may see fit to offer will be thankfully received."

It is not our habit to read the agony items in the daily papers unless they seem to contain some more than usually toothsome scandal, but here is a head-line that commands attention: "A Slighted Husband Kills Himself after Poisoning his Three Children." This certainly was most reprehensible. It is doubtful if the poisoning of one's own children is ever justifiable. Philosophers, we believe, accord a certain latitude of action with regard to the children of others, but hardly any conjugal slight short of a dead cut would justify the poisoning of persons not slighted, even if they were strangers and adults.

It is a common expression to say that politics is in a chaotic condition, but really there is no better expression to indicate the utter confusion of political affairs in this city. Kearneyism is a new element, and in the solution of the political problem an unknown quantity. It is new, earnest, and energetic. It has carried the city of Sacramento, the capital of our State. It has carried Oakland, the Athens and Hub. It has carried San José and Los Angeles, two wide-apart and representative communities. It has carried the city of San Francisco, which is the metropolis. To underrate the importance of the movement would not indicate political sagacity. Kearney is uneducated; his career is an accident; he may or may not be honest; his followers may or may not be workmen or tramps—at all events they vote, and Kearneyism is a power. The Democratic party is utterly demoralized; it is cowed down and frightened; its leaders have so far shown themselves to be political dung-hills; Kearney gaffs them till the blood runs; crows over them, and, from Senator Gwin down to Joseph Nougues, we have yet to see the Democrat who has the moral courage to assert himself against Kearney. In the meantime, Kearney kicks and cuffs, abuses and insults them, and declares that he will not even stoop to pick up the organization they have thrown away.

The *Chronicle* is souring on the drayman, and just to the extent that the acetic fermentation sets in at the *Chronicle* office, just to that extent do the *Call* and *Bulletin* sweeten on him.

Rumor says that John F. Swift is likely to become the Kearney candidate for Governor; that the *Bulletin* and *Call* will support a movement that shall acknowledge Swift for its Mirabeau with a slate for State and county names that Messrs. Fitch and Pickering shall aid to make up. This would be a formidable movement, and might be a success, sweeping both the Republican and Democratic parties clear out of sight of success. At present there is but one party in California. The Republicans are endeavoring to organize. M. D. Boruck is working like a beaver. Clubs are being organized, and the idea of a divided Democracy leaving a walk-over to the Republicans inspires certain ambitious politicians to bestir themselves for nominations, but the rank and file of the party are indifferent to its welfare, and if President Hayes should veto the Chinese bill it will be found very difficult to organize Republicans at all.

In the meantime Kearneyism is beginning to quarrel. The opposition in his own party is becoming very pronounced and active. Knight, the brains of his early movement, denounces Kearney as dishonest and mercenary. Hundreds of his most active followers have deserted him. In the quarrel between the *Chronicle* and Wellock he chooses to throw overboard a journal that has done everything for him, without which he would have been unknown, and adhere to an ally who has but one vote, and who is personally unpopular. It seems strange that Kearney should choose the alien and ignorant Englishman under these circumstances, unless there is some truth in the oft-repeated assertion, that he is in the power of Wellock, and afraid of him.

Kearney will meet another danger when the Convention adjourns. He must be either for or against the Constitution, and whatever position he takes he must win a victory. Like all new leaders, he can not survive a defeat. When his nominating conventions convene he must decide between a score of candidates for each office, and when they adjourn he will reap his first harvest of disappointed, angry politicians. Kearney should hold no nominating conventions. He must be dictator or nothing. An absolute monarch has no body of constitutional advisers; he has a council, and his decrees are absolute. He might nominate a ticket for State

and municipal officers, and such is the nature of the mob, and such the condition of political affairs, that it is possible, and we had almost said probable, that it would sweep the county and the town.

In the meantime it is the part of dignity for the Republican party to mind its own business, perfect its organization, hold its conventions, and ignore Kearneyism altogether. It would be the dignified, decent, and honest course for the Democracy to do the same thing, acting as though there was no such scum as Kearneyism rising upon the bubbling Democratic pot.

Under English rule Malta is rapidly taking its place among the favored spots of the earth in respect of civilization and enlightened Christianity. Executions there will henceforth be conducted privately, and the hangman will no longer be permitted to add the weight of his personal influence to the heavy woes of the condemned by leaping on his shoulders to tighten the rope. This is a distinct advance toward mercy and good breeding; the culprit will not have so easy a death, but will be spared an affront to his feelings harder to bear than even the most protracted strangulation.

It is all very well for the Eastern States to laugh at the "mutterings of secession" which their ears have reached on the Pacific Coast, but if we can get no relief from this Chinese incubus the mutterings may be no laughing matter. And this we beg them to consider: in addition to several brigades of white militia—the Drathers—we can put into the field fifty thousand Chinese troops; whereas, taking their politicians, editors, and preachers all together, they can not possibly muster an effective feebleness of more than a half-million men of all legs; and if one Chinaman can't thrash ten of them while the militia look on and count the slain we underrate the speed of the celestial warrior.

In the Oakland ferry-boat disaster a man lost a portmanteau containing, he confesses, six hundred manuscript pages of dissertation on the Chinese question. The destination of that MS. was, without a reasonable doubt, the ARGONAUT office, and we lift our palms in gratitude to a merciful Providence who provided a collision in order to sink it. We shall never again look upon our beautiful bay without thinking of it as our waste basket, and our only regret—a tender one—will be that the writer survived his work. There is still a hope that he may drown himself trying to fish out his diluted arguments for the *Call*.

There is a town in Massachusetts—West Suffield—which exults in the possession of a stern Puritan who added a decent and godly gloom to death by haling one of his children into the room where its mother was engaged in dying, and diligently flogging it before her fading eyes until all was over. A certain levity has grown up about the death-bed in this frivolous age, and we note with satisfaction this attempt to dispel it and give to the transition from the sorrows of earth to those of heaven that air of seriousness which it had in the early days of the New England colonies.

It has been decided at Baltimore, by Judge Bond, of the United States Circuit Court, that under the laws of the United States stuffing a ballot-box is not a penal offense. It is at least not a very moral proceeding, and, except when performed in the interest of the Republican party, ought, we think, to be discouraged by unfriendly legislation by the States.

At the San Francisco Verein an American was trying to convince a German that the military establishment of the Empire was a costly toy. "Why," said he, "the new bronze steel artillery about to be adopted would itself entail an onerous taxation." "No doubt," assented the German, "the new guns will cost something in the end, but consider how gradual their substitution has been managed. First, there were the old-fashioned brass and cast-iron pieces. These were replaced by the Krupps, and these in their turn must give way to the new model. The expense of getting a perfect weapon is thus spread over a number of years."

General Grant says that the recent losses of France in men and territory were a small price to pay for getting rid of the Empire. It certainly is a good deal smaller to those survivors of the war included in the present boundaries than to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine and the fellows left dead upon the field of battle. The Republic came very cheap indeed, also, to General Grant. It does not seem to occur to most observers that the people who reap the reward of a nation's sacrifice of life are not the same people who made the sacrifice.

An anonymous correspondent—we do not commonly reply to anonymous correspondents, but make an exception in this one's favor, for he lives at San Rafael, and probably does not know any better—wants to know if an Irishman is not as good as a Chinaman if he behaves himself. We must have more data. What well-behaving Irishman is meant, and does the Chinaman mentioned behave himself? And what is meant by "good"? Being informed points we will cheerfully undertake to answer according to our prejudices.

A VOYAGE ROUND MY POCKETS.

Adapted from the French.

There is no use trying to hide the fact—last night I was horribly tight. Let him that is without sin throw the first bottle.

How came I so? At an improvised little supper at the Café Anglais—that I know. Afterward—let me see—afterward, I—I can really recall nothing of what took place afterward. A cloudy curtain has descended upon my memory, like the *entr'actes* curtain in a fairy extravaganza.

Something did happen—must have happened; that everything proves, especially the fact that I slept in my boots, and have a terrible pale and tired-looking face.

Nice goings-on, indeed. A man of twenty-eight overtaken by champagne like a school-boy out for a holiday! Disgraceful is no name for it.

How on earth am I to find out what happened last night? Suppose I ask the servant! But no; all he could do would be to say at what time I got home this morning. Cuvier, they say, from a single bone could reconstruct an antediluvian animal; let me see if from such point of departure I can not reconstruct my existence during the last twelve hours.

But where to look for the bone? Happy thought! My pockets * * * I tremble; what shall the harvest be? My purse is—empty. Devil! Ha, what papers are these? Bill from the Café Anglais; this must be the most important document. "Salon No. 14"—I could have betted upon it; 14 is my favorite room. "Total, 820 francs." We must have been going it, though. How many of us were there, and who were we? Probably some of the boys, but which of them? Let me see if I can identify them. "*Huitres Portugaises*"—that stands for Lucien: Arcachon oysters, he pretends, are the only ones fit to be eaten. Lucien was there, ten to one. That's one. "*Polage à la purée de gibier*." If I am not mistaken that soup—I mean that conflagration—was suggested by Maxime. That's two. "*Filets de sole à la Joinville*"—Fernand, who is a thoroughbred Orleanist. "*Canetons de Rouen à l'orange*"—pre-cisely: Polastron comes from Rouen. "*Salade de légumes à la Russe*"—Semenoff was there, too. "*Bombe à la cardinal*"—who the devil was he, anyhow? Let-me—see. I have it: Marcel is Cardinal Donnet's cousin.

Lucien, Maxime, Fernand, Polastron, Semenoff, Marcel, and myself—the party is made up. Any women? Probably there were. Certainly there were, or else these photographs lie most foully in their cards. It is all the fashion for superperesses to distribute their photographs by the pack. That's Henrietta, with her galvanized smile. This is the eternal Jenny, in powder, and smiling over her weather shoulder at the risk of dislocating her neck. And this is—who is she? I don't know that I ever saw her. Singular!

Not so bad-looking is No. 3; in fact, she is rather inclined to be good-looking. Head small and cast in the modern mould; no forehead, very little nose, and a mere suspicion of mouth. Nothing but eyes, but they are glorious. And what lashes! Fair, I take it; and I'm glad she is, though I don't know why. Those little curls on her forehead must look like golden smoke.

Young—a mere child—seventeen at the most. Modest, I judge from her dress, which is puritanically plain and high. What a figure! Our forefathers would have compared her to a willow, but our forefathers never were particularly strong in the matter of similes. No ear-rings, no bracelets. Who the deuce can she have been? Where did she come from, and how did she get there? It is evident that she sat by me—in my quality of Amphitryon I can have permitted nothing else. I must have talked with her—made a fool of myself, offended her probably, and then got drunk to drown my sorrow.

Well, in *salon* No. 14 there were nine of us—three of the sex to which we owe our mothers. So much for the actors; but where is the drama? Let me proceed on my journey through my pockets.

Two cards—"R. de Fayet Moret, *lieutenant aux chasseurs à pied*," "Jules Buthot, *capitaine du 12^e de ligne*." What is the meaning of this. I never knew so many officers in my life.

I have it—there has been a quarrel and we have exchanged cards. That's the drama; one duel, at least; possibly two. But what with, what about, with whom? What was the provocation? I know that I am abominably quarrelsome when I'm tipsy; but was I challenger or the challenged? That left cheek of mine does look a little swollen; a blow, doubtless. O Lord! There is a penciled memorandum on the pasteboard of the lieutenant, "Bois de Boulogne—10 o'clock."

Phew! Have I time to get there? O, horror! It is on the stroke of noon. I am a dishonored man—posted as a coward by this time; and who will believe that I overslept myself? I have hardly courage to take another step; but on—on. Let me know the worst.

A handkerchief—fine cambric—a baronial crest in the corner. Young man, you're on the high road to the gallows, now; pocket-picking or highway robbery, sure.

(Oh, my poor head, my poor head!)

And where did that nosegay at my buttonhole come from? The little pansies are drooping and the thread is untied. I never can have bought such a trumpery thing from a flower-girl; it was given to me or else I took it. It was given to me, of course. This is the sequel of the story of that little blonde. She gave it to me, knowing I was about to fight—probably to fight for her. That must be it.

My apprehension redoubles. A while ago I wished to know all; now I fear to learn too much. What if I found—Why, confound it, this isn't my overcoat!

My overcoat is chestnut-colored and this one has the hue of the Corinthian grape!

I have been traveling round some one else's pockets!

But this not being my overcoat it follows that—

The duel isn't mine;

The bill wasn't mine;

The photographs aren't mine;

The cards weren't given to me;

No more was the bouquet.

And the pretty blonde—she isn't mine.

For did I steal the handkerchief.

For—good God!—I must have stolen the overcoat!

THE VALUE OF THE CAT.

All wild fur-bearing animals are becoming extinct. They are fast disappearing before the march of civilization. Where is the future supply of furs to come from? Evidently, if furs continue to be worn, recourse must be had to breeding in captivity or domesticating the animals which bear them. But, it will be answered, they do not thrive, few of them will live in captivity, and most of them are untamable. What then can be done? Nothing is left but to evolve the familiar domestic cat up to his highest capacity as a fur producer. Here man can improve upon nature. If he desires a pig with a small head, in the course of a few generations the pig has, so to say, that kind of a head put upon him. By a judicious selection of animals for breeding, wonderful changes and improvements have been made among other domestic animals. Our horses, sheep, dogs, and poultry, all bear witness to the power of man to produce among them great changes in form and stature, appearance, disposition, and intelligence. Had the marriages of mankind, during the last thousand years, been governed by the same exercise of reason which has compelled such marvelous improvements among the domestic lower animals, what a noble race of men would fill our shoes to-day!

But while the efforts of breeders have given us a "Rarus" and a "Plymouth Rock" the cat has suffered from neglect. Left to the influence of natural selection, he has degenerated. Civilization has not improved him, save perhaps to soften the ruggedness of his disposition and to add greater flexibility and wider compass to his voice. In the vocal cultivation of the animal his physique has been neglected. He has been bred a mere musician, and has degenerated in all truly valuable qualities. Such eminent naturalists as Temminck and Ruppell traced his descent from the Egyptian cat (*felis maniculata*), an animal two feet and five inches in length, and sporting a nine-inch tail. This ancient Egyptian was nine and a half inches in height at the shoulder. Compared with one of his ancestors of old Nile, the best of corner grocery Toms would look a kitten. The time has come to change this state of things. In view of what may be done in the fur trade, it is worth while to see what may be made out of the cat.

In California, wool-growing has been in general profitable, but it has its uncertainties. Stock-men may soon find the production of fur more lucrative. In Holland, careful breeding has given the cat a covering of fine and salable fur. The skins are sold at half a guinea each. Of the scrub race on this coast, California has probably upward of a million. It would be difficult to estimate the vast number which are annually slaughtered for their tallow. This single product of our cats is all they yield of any commercial value at present. An importation of Dutch Toms to begin with, crossed with carefully selected native stock, would, in a few years of our glorious climate, give us a grade of cats in fur and flesh the peers of that boasted race, the pride of the Flemish heart. Let us not breed for fur alone, but aim at a thorough development of all valuable qualities. Tallow they have now, while flesh, bone, and fur are lacking. These will follow from the infusion of the Holland strain. With proper care and attention there could scarcely be a limit to the cat's development in this air and sunshine. His increase is so rapid when encouraged that we may soon have ten millions, and in a few years probably one hundred millions, in this State. The owners of our furred stock should be entirely utilitarian in their aims. Breed out the voice, breed in the tail, should be their motto. The more tail, the more fur. The unhappy controversial disposition of the animal will require correction. Its manifestation usually results in more or less injury to the fur.

Besides the fur and tallow, the bones and flesh can be utilized. Catbone is tougher and more elastic than whalebone. It is owing to these properties of his bones that Tom is enabled to drop safely off the roof of a church, and walk sedately home with an unruffled air of philosophic piety. His meat is similar to that of the rabbit, but more delicate, and the anatomical resemblance of the two animals is great. The fur of the cat is much like the ermine; therefore, when the market for fur is inactive, we can export whalebone; should whalebone be quiet, we furnish an excellent article of canned rabbit; should rabbit become dull, we ship whalebone and ermine again, etc. It is this very variety of the products which the cat can be made to yield that makes him of so great prospective value.

Perhaps the best use of the cat may be found to lie in his capacity to generate electricity. If stroked rapidly with the hand in a dark room, he fairly sparkles with the fluid. By means of carefully adjusted stroking machinery, running at a high velocity, a single old Tom generator might be made to brilliantly illuminate a whole block.*

It is rather early to discuss the proper seasons for gathering the fur and the best means of divesting the animal of his covering. This must remain a matter for future investigation and experiment. It is known, however, that the cat's vitality is not impaired by the growing of three perfect skins each year. Possibly it would not be too great a tax on his powers to take off four. The frequent skinning of the quadruped is said to injuriously affect his temper, and the process may be one of some difficulty. The pelts obtained from the living cat are known to be far superior to those which are taken from him after death.

WM. A. LAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

* For this valuable suggestion the writer is indebted to Professor Benjamin, of the San Francisco Academy of Sciences.

It has been truthfully remarked that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully. A writer in the London *Saturday Review* begs to differ here, and declares that the ability to leave one, easily and judiciously, is superior. He thinks it painful to see people anxious to beat a retreat from a call or visit, and yet apparently as unable to escape as rats in a trap, although nothing bars their egress, and all persons would gladly dispense with their company. A bulky essay might be written on the art of going away and the difficulty in bidding farewell to a host in a manner that will convey to him the impression that you have enjoyed yourself. The subject is commended to the consideration of those eminent students who make social conventionalities a study.

THE TRAMP.

In the gathering darkness of a chill November evening a dejected-looking tramp came slowly down a street in San Francisco. His appearance was forlorn enough to have created pity in the most obdurate heart; but although he brushed against several persons hastening by, they were too much absorbed in their own interests to notice him.

As he neared a large house—the residence of some prosperous merchant or successful speculator—the glare from one of its lower windows suddenly caught his eye, and, turning aside, he looked into the apartment. It was a dining-room, about which the gaslight and a bright fire in the grate diffused warmth and cheerfulness, while the abundance of food on the dinner-table mocked the wanderer's hunger and misery. Placed in so striking a contrast with this scene of warmth and plenty, his condition grew even more pitiable and desolate. Not long, however, did his famished gaze peer through the window, for a servant—unaware of the stranger's presence—closed the inside blinds.

The wanderer was now quite in darkness, the feeble rays of the street lamp being lost in the gloom before they could reach his position in the shadow of the front steps, and the moon not yet visible.

Heeding neither the sound of voices nor the rattle of knives and forks in the room, and oblivious to being alone in darkness, he still lingered at the window, his aching head pressed against the glass. A strange numbness seemed to paralyze his limbs, but his thoughts were free. Back, on swift wings, they carried him over all the weary journey, upon which he had started in obedience to the resistless migratory impulse of his nature. Not as a passive spectator did he see his life pass panorama-like before him; but as a living participant he reentered upon all its vicissitudes. Involuntarily he shuddered at the recollection of the dangers which had threatened his life, and of his miraculous hairbreadth escapes! Now he was stealing a ride on a farm-wagon, or crouching unseen on a steamer, or clinging (half-asleep) to the under side of a freight car, all to expedite him to his unknown goal.

In his trance-like state he seemed to be with his wayside companions again, adding his voice to the lively hum of theirs. But more often, weary, and deserted by his false friends, he took his solitary way over barren tracks and forsaken regions, to fall fainting on hot, sandy plains.

Though only a tramp, he was endowed with æsthetic faculties, and he loved to linger among the beauties of nature or works of art. In such contemplation he could forget his cares and exhaustion. Even as he stood by the darkened window the memory of those happy moments, so few and so brief, overpowered his senses, and he dreamed of a brook whose banks were decked with fragrant wild flowers. But the harsh recollection of stern hardships and cruel deprivations dispelled the restful illusion, and relentlessly his thoughts hurried him on.

Again he seemed to stand at the door of a farm-house, or by an open kitchen window in the city, trying to get a morsel of food. Distinctly, as if the voices then jarred upon his ear, he heard the coarse and unfeeling denials of his prayer for bread. He felt only too painfully the wet dish-cloth flash in his face as a rude menial bade him depart. And yet none were too poor to spare what would have satisfied his hunger—that hunger, the keenness of whose pangs was never dulled.

On, on flew his thoughts, and full well he remembered the nights passed under steps or in woodsheds; but no memory of peaceful slumbers soothed his spirit. Sleepless and in pain had he spent many a night whose morrow brought naught save renewed exertion and additional fatigue to his tired frame.

And now, as once again the silent majesty of night surrounded the outcast, a strange presentiment warned him that his wanderings were nearly ended; the goal was almost reached. Lower on his breast sank the wanderer's head, and drooping were the wings of thought. The images of his retrospect began to fade; they became entirely indistinct. Colder and stiffer waxed his body, and the hour grew late. No footfall now echoed on the chill night air. The clouds had parted, and high in the heavens the moon beamed with a clear, cheerless light, while the very stars shone with a glitter of cold steel.

Night melted into the gray dawn, yet the traveler stirred not; and in the morning, his last breath a white frost on the glass, was found the rigid, lifeless wanderer—a fly, frozen dead on the window-pane.

FAIRFIELD.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

An observant spectator will notice that the first-floor windows of a large house at the corner of Norfolk Street, London, present a peculiar appearance. The shutters are up, and they are covered thickly with dust, while through the chinks can be seen the blinds, also thick with dust, and mouldering away with age. These shutters and blinds have been in exactly the same position untouched for more than forty years. During that time no human foot has entered that room. And the reason is: Forty years ago Lord Dysart was engaged to be married. The day was fixed, the wedding morning arrived, the breakfast was laid out in the spacious and handsome room, when it was discovered that the bride was missing. A note in her handwriting was found, addressed to the bridegroom, briefly informing him that she had eloped that morning with his best man, a gay and gallant captain of dragoons. The jilted bridegroom did not say much, but he went alone to the room in which the wedding breakfast was laid out, with his own hands put up the shutters and drew the blinds, locked the door and took the key. He gave orders that the doors should be nailed up and barred with padlocked bars, and that no one should enter the room again. When the house was let it was stipulated that the room in question should remain untouched, and the sum of £200 per annum was paid to the tenant to compensate him for the deprivation of the use of the room. The room has never been entered since the day he closed it, and there are the "wedding meats" mouldering silently away, and the ornaments crumbling into the dust in the funereal gloom.

You can not dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

INTAGLIOS.

In a Garret.

This realm is sacred to the past;
Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare
Of dust and dreams: the years are long since last
A stranger's footfall pressed the creaking stair.

Along the low joists of the sloping roof
Moth-eaten garments hang, a gloomy row,
Like tall, fantastic ghosts which stand aloof,
Holding grim converse with the long ago.

Here in the summer, at a broken pane,
The yellow wasps come in, and buzz and build
Among the rafters; wind and snow and rain
All enter, as the seasons are fulfilled.

The mildewed chest behind the chimney holds
Old letters, stained and nibbled—faintly show
The faded phrases on the tattered folds,
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear-wet—who may know?

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse that shaped
His winter nest between those rugged beams,
Was happier that his bed was lined and draped
With the bright warp and woof of youthful dreams?

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust?
Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more;
Leave the dead years to silence and to dust,
And close again the long-unopened door.

Free Will.

Strength of the beautiful day, green and blue and white!
Voice of leaf and of bird!

Low voice of mellow surf far down the curving shore!
Strong white clouds and gray, slow and calm in your flight,
Aimless, majestic, unheard,

You walk in air, and dissolve, and vanish for evermore!
Lying here midst poppies and maize, tired of the loss and
the gain,

Dreaming of rest, oh, faint
Would I, like ye, transmute the terror of fate into praise.

Yet thou, O Earth! art a slave, orderly without care,
Perfect, thou know'st not why.
For He whose Word is thy life has spared the gift of
Will!

We men are not so brave, our lives are not so fair,
Our law is an eye for an eye,
And the light that shines for our good, we use to our ill.
Fails boyhood's hope ere long, for the deed still mocks the
plan.

And the knave is the honest man.
And thus we grow weak in a world created to make us strong.

But woe to the man who quails before that which makes
him man!

Though heaven be sweet to win,
One thing is sweeter yet—freedom to side with Sin!
In Man succeeds, or fails, this great creative plan;
His liberty to sin.

Makes worth God's winning the love even God may not
compel.

Shall I, then, murmur, and be wroth at Nature's peace?
Though I be ill at ease,

I hold one link of the chain of His happiness in my hand.
JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Sonnet.

Vainly my heart had with thy sorceries striven;
It had no refuge from thy love—no heaven
But in thy fatal presence—from afar
It owned thy power, and trembled like a star
O'erfraught with light and splendor. Could I deem
How dark a shadow should obscure its beam?
Could I believe that pain could ever dwell
Where thy bright presence cast its blissful spell?
Thou wert my proud palladium; could I fear
The averting Destinies when thou wert near?
Thou wert my Destiny; thy song, thy fame,
The wild enchantments clustering round thy name,
Were my soul's heritage, its royal dower,
Its glory, and its kingdom, and its power!
SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

The Fountain of Tears.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-morrow and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows, with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion,
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

Eventualities.

O sluggish and silent sea,
Where never a bark hath sailed;
O shores of the realm to be,
When the summit of hope is scaled;
In the vastness of Time, shall we,
When the day star on high hath paled,
Abide by that desolate sea,
Where never a bark hath sailed?
From the German of Heine.

If It Could Be.

If I could hold your hands to-night,
Just for a little while, and know
That only I, of all the world,
Possessed them so.

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here to-night,
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail,

Your cold white dress its folding lost
In one broad sweep of shadow gray;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
The sweet old way,

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain,
The darkness crossing half your face,
And just the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace.

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the furthest sky,
Where, past the trail of dying suns,
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips to-night,
And steal the sadness from their smile,
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while!

If it could be—oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, as the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control!

In vain the longing of the lips,
The eye's desire, and the pain;
The hunger of the heart. O love,
Is it in vain?

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view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly im-
proved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is
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and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow
houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds un-
derlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; and
water furnished from the works of larger Belmont;
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fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table,
range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted,
rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain
is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a
moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars,
inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 322 Cali-
fornia Street.

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cheap.

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adopted in preference to all others, and now are the

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satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are
respectfully requested to give them a trial.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 7th day of February, 1879, an assessment (No.
22) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twelfth day of March, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
first day of April, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan
Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Dis-
trict, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the seventh day of February, 1879, an
assessment (No. 37) of one dollar per share, was levied on
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eleventh (11th) day of March, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the thirty-
first day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Gold Mining Company, San Fran-
cisco, Cal., Feb. 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors of the above named company, held this day, Divi-
dend No. 12 of one dollar per share was declared, payable on
Wednesday, February 12th, 1879. Transfer books closed
on Saturday, February 8, 1879, at 12 o'clock M.

Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLI-

cation of the Brooklyn Land Company to be disincor-
porated.—Notice is hereby given, that the application of the
Brooklyn Land Company, a corporation organized and ex-
isting under the laws of the State of California, to be disincor-
porated, has been presented and filed in the County
Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of Cali-
fornia, and that Monday, the 10th day of March, A. D. 1879, at
the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court-room of
said court, in said City and County of San Francisco, has
been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing the
said application. THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By JOHN H. HARVEY, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARTHA A. SHORE, plaintiff, vs. NELSON A.
SHORE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
Nelson A. Shore, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby made—that the care, custody, and control of the
minor children, issue of said marriage, be awarded to
plaintiff—and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
7th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

[SEAL.] SAWYER & BALL, No. 502 Montgomery Street, Attor-
neys for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELAN-
GER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARY BELANGER, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce
dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By Jno. H. Morris, Deputy Clerk.

Jno. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LI-
CENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN
LINUS, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days—
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court, setting aside the deed executed by defendant
to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1858, be reformed and
amended in the description of certain real property particu-
larly described in the complaint on file herein, to which refer-
ence is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d
day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator
with the will annexed of the Estate of JOHN BLISS,
deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims
against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the neces-
sary vouchers, within forty days after the first publication
of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of busi-
ness, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in
the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 13th, 1879.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John
Bliss, deceased.

PHILIPS & ELLIS, 66 Nevada Block, Attorneys for Estate.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada
Block, Room 37, San Francisco, February 12, 1879.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named com-
pany, held this day, a dividend (No. 40) of one dollar per
share, was declared, payable on THURSDAY, February 14th,
1879. Transfer books closed until February 11th, 1879.

Office, Room 37, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, Cal.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 20, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I remember that when *Rose Michel* was first produced, all Paris was attracted to witness this really remarkable play by the extensive circulation of a very clever newspaper yarn. The author gave out, as you may remember, that previous to its rehearsal he had spent many weeks in looking up the chum of his boyhood, on account of a certain genius the said chum had for startling the police by shrieking "assassin!" from some ambush, in a weird, strange voice, suffocated with anguish. Its effect was said to be something supernatural. The story goes that he found the chum, who had developed meanwhile into a grave and sedate physician; and, after a perfect siege of persuasion, induced the retired alarmist to instruct the great Mlle. Fargeuil in this singular and thrilling cry. I can not imagine a sedate physician doing anything so absurd; but, at all events, the hoarse "assassin! assassin!" of the first "Rose Michel" was an extraordinary success, and became as famous as the chameleon changes of Croisette in the *Sphinx*. I heard a sage little critic of latter-day fiction remark the other day that she did not like the deeply involved mysteries of some of the great novelist's plots, because when they were unraveled they never really amounted to anything. I think *Rose Michel*, with all its strongly drawn characters, its absorbing interest, its thrilling situations, has yet something of this fault.

It is a very admirable line of action in "Rose Michel," or any other woman, to hold her tongue; but I generally observe that after all, dear Madge, the consequences are quite as disastrous as when she speaks. It seems rather ridiculous for "Rose" to go through all those acts of misery and terror until she becomes a Conscience in capital letters, only to avoid predisposing her daughter's young man against the family of his future wife. But "Rose Michel" is a heroic martyr, even though her cause be little. I am always astonished when I come across a French woman, either in book or play, who has any very deep feeling of any sort. It is a bit of race prejudice, perhaps, for where do they find their *petroleuses*, their Madame Defarges, and other cheerful personages peculiar to them? When their stronger passions turn to good instead of bad they are like "Rose Michel." I think it Rose Eytinge's best part. This is one of the plays in which she is exquisitely natural. This is one of the greatest charms of her acting—a charm which is utterly impossible either in the heroic drama or tragedy, since no heroine the world ever saw made a custom of going about on every-day stilts.

Rose Eytinge seems to have brought only half the play with her when she left little Carrie Wyatt behind. How charmingly they played together the tender little scene between mother and daughter. How pathetically Carrie used to lift those great, brown, plaintive ox-eyes and that funny little snub nose to the handsome face above her, and how thoroughly artistic was and is Rose Eytinge in all the affecting little by-play of the scene. Carrie Wyatt was as promising as Lottie Cobb was until she became as stilted as Lottie Cobb is. But, then, I am not easy to satisfy, for I have been wishing for Barton Hill back again, too. It is a little unfortunate that he should be absent just when he is most needed. His "Pierre Michel" was something to live in the memory, while in the present cast Mr. Cyril Searle undertook the part. Poor young man! He has been so dreadfully cut up that one hates to say any more about him. It was not quite so bad as "Antony," but the "long perspective of his style" in it was something amazing. It was quite an experimental affair. First he tried it one way and then another, and the changes were made with a sleight-of-hand quickness which would be really admirable in another branch of the show business. Still, for all that, as he is essentially modern, "Pierre" was a marked improvement on "Antony." If they gradually get him into pantaloons parts, where, it is very evident he belongs, he may come to be acceptable. I fancy he is rather good-looking under favorable circumstances. Felix Morris made quite a hit as "Moulinet," the fond, foolish poet. He has an unfortunate propensity for repeating himself, which makes him use the vacant stare too often; but he is almost the only one in the company, unless it be Welles, who bestows upon his part any real study; and Welles, as yet, is not artistic, while Morris is. Say what they will of genius, there is a charm to art and finish which the rudest understanding does not fail to enjoy, even though it do not comprehend.

There is one blessed good thing about the California Theatre: there is always something to look at. The scenery is faultless. *Rose Michel* was beautifully mounted, especially the set

"Where the lamps quiver
Far over the river,
With many a light."

Rose Eytinge gives good-bye without playing *The Geneva Cross* or *Led Astray*, but presents her terrible picture of "Nancy Sykes," with which she captured the London critics but not the London shillings.

Jack wanted me to go to the Minstrels the other night—not the Rentz Minstrels—but I refused. I will not go into a chain-hung, frescoed, crimson-cushioned little bijou of a house to see negro minstrels. Jack went himself, and reported to me a good band, having, of course, absolutely nothing under the sun, but doing everything they had to do

exceedingly well. There is a man called Wilson, who is funny; and a man called Barlow, who is an excellent dialectic comedian, and has "Old Black Joe" down to a fine point; and a man called Eddie Fox, who is an eccentric violinist; and two men called something else, who gave a double song and dance in a very superior manner; also, the whole troupe gives some very good music in very good style. What more can any one ask who loves minstrelsy! But I last saw Clara Morris on that stage, not in one of our great parts, but making a small part great. *Mons. Alphonse* has been made over, as we say of our old frocks. The change was not perceptible, save that "Mons. Alphonse" was called "Octave," but when I saw it last there was Clara Morris to play "Raymonde." For compensation we had that charming child, Fay Templeton, who, however precocious she may have been, never lost the beautiful grace of childhood. *Mons. Alphonse* is but a sketch—I believe its entire action is supposed to take place in four or five hours—but it is a very touching little play, and its humor is very French. In fact, a little miss of ten years was so mystified by the frequent bursts of laughter that she kept her embarrassed mamma inventing all sorts of plausible explanations, greatly to the delight of her neighbors, who enjoyed it quite as much as they did the perplexities of the "Admiral" and "Mme. Guichard."

On dit that they tried to induce Clara Morris to play an engagement at the big Grand Opera House, but she is wise in her day and generation, and refused. So they took the regular company over and opened to a full house in *Almost a Life*. They call it *Within an Inch of his Life* now, but they have a mania latterly for changing names in this company, and the new name is never an improvement. I am going again, to see the play in earnest, for a hurried glimpse gave me but an imperfect idea. I gathered that it was a stock company play, rather than one suited to the all-grasping star. A murder is committed, of course. All other crimes are so extremely venial nowadays that it is almost impossible to harrow up an audience with anything else. As a matter of course James O'Neill, whatever his *alias* for the night may be, is suspected of having committed it, and is thrown into prison. The number of times that he has been suspected and thrown into prison—in mimic play—since his advent in the *Celebrated Case* is something inconceivable. He never knows his lines any more excepting in a prison scene, and in that it has almost become possible for him to speak extemporaneously. Mr. Lewis Morrison plays the part of an idiot who, in the last act, exclaims: "I must speak or I shall go mad," which is a specimen of the refreshing ingenuousness of an idiot.

The mystery of the murder, unlike that in the *Celebrated Case*, remains not only unrevealed, but unsuspected, until the last act, even then it is almost as astonishing as the *Moonstone* robbery. I have always thought that the *Celebrated Case* began at the wrong end, and since the production of *Almost a Life* I am sure of it. We were to have had this play at the California with the New York company and Maud Granger's dresses, but its production at the Grand will probably change the programme. It would possibly have been no better, for it is played at the Grand with even excellence, from Rose Wood down.

I think the Rentz Minstrel engagement something of a fiasco, and I am glad of it, for the sooner Livingston, or Kennedy, or whomever the place belongs to, gets the theatre back to its standard the better for themselves it will be.

I have always observed that, when there is any superlative genius in one of the lower theatres, it is sure to emerge from the mire at some time or other; circumstances may place it there in the beginning, but it is bound to rise. If a woman be intelligent enough to be interesting, and beautiful enough to be admired, it is in human nature to seek that admiration of women as well as of men. I asked Jack last year, when he came home from the Rentz Female Minstrels, what he thought of them. His reply was characteristic. "Betsy, they look like any of the spectacular girls, from their boot-heels to their necklaces, but they have faces on them like pine knots." Jack is always more perspicuous than elegant, and I always believe him. It is not the correct thing to mention the Rentz Minstrels, but, dear me, Madge, you know we always do want to know what they are like. Hence, I give you the report *verbatim*.

Eliza Weathersby's "Froliques" have made some changes in their dresses, and have introduced some new songs, but they cling to *Hobbies*, as people always do. *Hobbies* do not always pay so well as in this case, however; so they are right. But, although Goodwin is the subject of much conversation, there is no more news for you yet about these people. Adieu. BETSY B.

The fourth and last of the Steinway Hall assemblies took place on Tuesday evening, and was a very *recherché* affair and a most successful finale to this charming series of parties. Owing to the unusual number of Germans given here this season, it was wisely decided by the managers to have general dancing throughout the evening. The guests were received by Mesdames Sanderson, Freeborn, and Castle, the fourth patroness (Mrs. Cornelius Cole) being prevented by illness from attending. A more than usual number of beautiful toilets were seen on the occasion, but among such an unlimited display of silks, velvets, and jewels, we dare not particularize beyond the patronesses: Mrs. S. W. Sanderson wore a rich toilet of white silk and duchess lace, with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Wm. Freeborn appeared in a superb costume of pink gros-grain silk, point lace, and diamonds. Mrs. Michael Castle looked lovely in white silk, point applique, and diamonds. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Field, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Giffen, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Holladay, Jr., Mrs. J. C. Flood, Mrs. Matthias Gray, Miss Schaffer, Misses Corbitt, Miss Van Clief, Miss Wilkins, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Mung, Misses Cole, Miss McMullen, Miss McDougall, Miss Sharon, Miss Woods, Misses Belden, Miss Flood, Miss Crockett, Miss Donahue, Miss Bancroft, Miss Bradley, Miss Hale, Miss Beaver, Miss Irwin, Miss White, Miss Crocker of Sacramento, the Honorable Cornelius Cole, Lieutenant Anderson, Lieutenant Crozier, Lieutenant Blume, Messrs. Cole, Currier, Talbot, Crocker, Sheldon, Glenn, Redington, Gilmour, Pinkard, Balfour, Nutall, Forman, Alexander, Beazley, McDowell, Honore, Sims, McAfee, Hussey, Skae, Coleman, Adams, Reed, and Tevis.

A PASSION PLAY.

In the early ages of the world's history, dramatic representations of the acts, loves, and sufferings of the gods, demi-gods, and heroes were among the most powerful aids to religion and the most cherished amusements of the people. The awakening of the earth from the icy sleep of winter by the renovating power of the sun, whether typified in the persons of Osiris, Ormuzd, Buddha, Christna, Bacchus, Brahma, or any other of the numerous avatars who "for us men and for our salvation descended from heaven," has always possessed a strong dramatic charm, and its impersonation has ever been the centre of interest to all people in every age. The monks of old, when the religion of Christ began to push the elder deities from their thrones, failed not to copy this, as well as other features of the old religious and "miracle plays," as they were called, and they proved potent persuaders to devotion. In fact, the Rev. Robert Taylor, in his "Diegesis," has not scrupled to assert that the entire scheme of Christianity is built upon the dramatic and astrological myths acted all over the eastern countries by strolling bands of "Therapeuts" or "Essenes," from the college of Alexandria, in Egypt, a sort of pagan monks, who combined the offices of prophet and priest with those of actor and quack doctor. Be that as it may, sacred dramas continued to instruct and minister to the enjoyment of the people all through the Middle Ages, and even at the present day the performance of such pieces is sanctioned by the Church and supported by the people on the continent of Europe, as at Ober-Ammergau and other places. Some weeks ago a play of this nature was read by the author, Mr. Salmi Morse, to Archbishop Alemany and many of the heads of the Catholic Church in California, who, one and all, pronounced the work to be good, pure, and free from all taint of irreverence. Many Jewish and Protestant leaders of the people were also consulted, and a like verdict was obtained. Whether our public will take kindly to the introduction of sacred personages upon the stage, each "in his habit as he lived," remains to be proved. The "unco guid" will lift eyes to heaven in holy horror, and timorous Christians of Mr. Feebleheart's kidney will "tremble afar off" at the audacious attempt; but, for all that, should the play prove to be worthy of the tremendous subject it purports to represent, and should it be rendered with fitting preparation, and an earnest desire to attain as nearly as possible to the sublimity of its awful theme, we can see no reason why sacred personages of Holy Writ should not be portrayed by flesh and blood as well as by marble and paint. Surely the pure precepts of Jesus will lose none of their beauty by coming from the mouth of a cultivated speaker, who will deliver them with "due emphasis and discretion," instead of being stammered forth by some callow fledgling preacher fresh from college, or some shining-pollid elder, whose faith may be strong, but whose lungs are weak, and in whom sound doctrines may be plenty but sound teeth may be scarce. We who boast ourselves superior to prejudice, to whom art is art whether it be sacred or profane, and poetry is poetry whether the subject matter be "Comus" or "Paradise Lost," can see no impiety in dramatizing the sublimest tragedy that ever shook the listening world, and, provided that the *Passion Play* be rendered truthfully, reverently, and, above all, artistically, we heartily wish it success whenever and wherever it may be given to the public. PHILO JUDEUS.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

Book-Cover Reviews.

From the house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. we have receive a most valuable addition to our library—especially valuable to us, as it discourses of the proper mode of rearing children. We are up in puppies, colts, Alderney calves, fancy chickens, white mice, canaries, squirrels, kittens, gold-fish, and other pets of the home and farm, but our experience in family government has been very limited. This work is entitled "Aids to family government, from the cradle to the school, according to Froebel, by Bertha Meyer; translated from the second German edition by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.; to which has been added an essay on the rights of children and the true principles of family government, by Herbert Spencer. 'Come let us live for our children.' Published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York." All this is on the title page. Of course we have not read the book; our mode of book reviews does not contemplate that labor. We would not epitomize its contents for fear of spoiling the sale of it, and we do not intend to encourage the display of that kind of learning that is only familiar with books through the reviews. Sam. Williams is ruining all the young girls who have a taste for reading by tempting them to an immodest display of their blue stockings, by airing their reading as they get it at second-hand from the *Bulletin*. The author of this book is Bertha Meyer—we presume Miss Meyer, for it is said that old bachelors know all about matrimony, and old maids all about children. She is evidently strong-minded, and therefore presumptively childless. She demands for women "increased culture and elevation of character," and for children, "a broader culture and a more perfect education;" and so she would take all the German, Irish, and Yankee babies from their respective cribs, cradles, and sap-troughs, and from the time they begin to suck their little fists she would develop in them a taste for sucking in that higher culture for which Boston is so pre-eminently distinguished, and of which our Board of Education is so tenacious.

We do not accept the doctrines of this German school as at all practical in developing a nation of workers and thinkers, a people of workers and readers. We are not quite willing to adopt as the motto of our lives: "Come, let us live for our children," as we have none, and are not at all disposed to live for the children of anybody else. Let the children live for themselves; let the next generation take care of itself; let those minds that are eager for a higher and better education climb for it. We pronounce the greater half of all this educational nonsense sheer, unadulterated humbug and sentimentalism, calculated to make labor to be despised, to raise the working class out of its place, to foster and encourage the idea that it is only respectable for boys and girls to live by their wits; and we assert that the tendency of all this superlative educational nonsense is to idleness, crime, vagabondage, poverty, and a low estimate of female virtue.

THE ÆSTHETICS OF FRAGRANCE.

Among the many delights that Nature has given us there is none more subtle and exquisite, even though evanescent, than flowers—so beautifully called by the poet, the "footsteps of the angels." It matters little that dry science pronounces them only developments from the feeblest leaves, which, as they decayed, displayed color—the result of decay, rather than of vigor—the poetic mind, that alone comprehends the highest secret of the Beautiful, sees in them, even if the later, still the most lovely thought of a beneficent Creator. Who is there that has not the recollection of some special flower that is blended with his earliest associations? To him, the art that preserves the fragrant reminiscence and embalms it in a lasting and convenient form, must be a precious one. And, apart from mere sentiment, there is ample proof that perfumes are more than merely pleasant to the senses; they are often actual preventives of disease. During the prevalence of cholera in London and Paris some years ago, it was a notable fact that nearly all those engaged in the making of extracts and essences escaped contagion. The manufacture of perfumery is mentioned in the oldest chronicles. The Hebrews of ancient times were particularly lavish in their use, making them important constituents in all their religious rites as well as their social festivities, and in Exodus the "art of the apothecary" is mentioned with special honor, Moses himself officiating at the burning of choice perfumes. But their greatest popularity was reached when, in the old Roman and Athenian days, it was the custom to anoint the body two or three times a day, besides using baths, pastilles for burning, and various other luxuries of the kind, and men's brains were daily taxed in unending endeavor to invent new delights for the fastidious and voluptuous nobility, until Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, found it necessary to enact prohibitory laws against their extravagant use. Alcoholic perfumes were originated in the fourteenth century, the first made being Hungary Water, a perfume distilled from rosemary, and made by Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, in 1370, after a recipe obtained from a hermit, and the use of which, it is said, preserved her beauty to a great age. The idea probably took its rise from the practice of infusing their drinking wines in violets, roses, and hyacinths to give them an additional bouquet, which was common with the wealthier classes. From this beginning we have now the almost innumerable varieties of extracts that adorn our tables. The French supremacy in the manufacture of perfumery dates from the marriage of Catherine de Medici with Henry II., when that queen brought with her from Italy the famous Florentine chemist, René. From Cannes we have the rose, tuberose, cassia, jasmine, and neroli, or oil of bitter orange; from Nismes, thyme, rosemary, aspic, and lavender; from Nice, violet and mignonette, and from Sicily, orange, lemon, and bergamot. Some of the perfumes derived from animal sources are musk, civet, ambergris, and hartshorn. But France and England monopolize the making of these luxuries only by virtue of long experience. We have in America, in our Southern States, and preeminently in the flora of our own coast, far greater possibilities than any other country can show. Our climate, so favorable to the growth of all vegetation, is the hospitable home of every blossom known to the botanist, from the pale, delicate blossoms of the north to the heavily-scented blooms of the tropics. As an instance of the capabilities of our flower fields, it is only necessary to point to the famous Yosemite cologne which is made by our well known chemist, Slaven, of the Baldwin Pharmacy, the fame of which has already extended beyond the seas. Besides the manufacture of this delightful specialty, this house, which takes the lead in the more artistic and dainty adjuncts of the toilet, is deserving of the thanks of all refined persons for having brought the price of the fine imported perfumes to a figure that makes it possible for almost every one to indulge in them. The Lubin's Extracts, so long sold for a dollar and a quarter a bottle, have been reduced by them to seventy-five cents, and more recently still to sixty-five cents. In this instance notably, as in that of other leading merchants of the present day, in every other line of business, we see the tendency of advancing civilization, which brings in its train an increased sentiment of brotherhood, to equalize the pleasant things of life so that all may be able to share them alike. To all the profusion of past ages to which we have alluded, it is not necessary to remind the reader that it was only permitted to the wealthy and noble classes to indulge in these luxuries. The means to procure them, were waiting to the lower classes, and the aping of the extravagances of the rich, in ever so small a way, would not have been tolerated by laws and opinions that bore with iron weight on the body of the people. Now, on the contrary, the wife of the mechanic may save from the slenderest income sufficient each month to keep her toilet table supplied with sweet-scented soaps and powders for her babies' use, and dainty perfumes for her own, by practising the slightest of economies in other directions. All these refinements tend to not only make life pleasanter, but to refine the character as well, and by constant association with them, raise each succeeding generation higher and higher in the æsthetic scale.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

A REMINISCENCE OF '49.

The writer of this article was master of the schooner *Honolulu* in 1849. He had the honor of taking the whole of the southern delegation to the first Constitutional Convention from Monterey down the coast as far as San Diego. Many of those members are now dead. Among the most prominent were Don Pablo de la Guerra, Don Manuel Dominguez, Don Diego Scott, Mr. Covarrubias, and many other gentlemen—twenty-seven in all. As is usual in all cases on the arrival in a port of entry, I had delivered my ship's papers to Mr. Halleck, the Collector at Monterey, who had put them in his pocket, and shortly afterward taken passage on the *California*, for San Francisco, carrying my papers with him. When I got ready to sail, and had notified the passengers of time of sailing, I went in search of my papers to the Secretary of State's office. After inquiring for the papers, I was told I could not go without the ship's papers. I expostulated with him, stating the great injury it was to my owners (Salmon & Ellis, San Francisco), as I would lose twenty-seven passengers at \$50 each. The answer I got from Captain Halleck was: "Go at your peril." I said: "I'll be d—d if I do not go!" Orders were given to a tall, red-headed major to turn me out. This I avoided by keeping my face towards the major and two others, threatening to knock down any one who touched me. From the government office I went to Mr. David Spence's residence, to notify the passengers of immediate departure. I got all on board safe, and fearing that Captain H. would carry out his threat to stop me, I called the steward, and told him to give the passengers lunch below, and by all means hold out every inducement to keep them below, even with fine French brandy and English ale. In the mean time I informed the chief officer how I intended to proceed, and gave orders to loose or cast off the gaskets, all but two on each sail, heave the anchor, close up, and then up sail quick. I took the helm, and also assisted to hoist the main sail. I was off under whole sail, when lo and behold, a smoke from the mouth of a cannon, and a ball dropped so close to the stern that it splashed the water all over me. The wind was from the northwest, and I kept her off a slashing full, when there came another ball, passing over the vessel in close proximity to the mainmast, and expending itself ricocheting on the water. I now felt safe, knowing I was nearly out of their reach. Sailing free to the southeast beach I got off, anyhow, but not without scaring the passengers. They did not know the meaning of it until we were perfectly safe from any injury that Captain Burton's gun could do. DAVID P. MALLAGH. SAN LUIS OBISPO, February 3, 1879.

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BY THIS MYSTERIOUS GIFT OF GOD TO MAN, THE MOST SHATTERED CONSTITUTION CAN BE BUILT UP IN THREE WEEKS; ACUTE CASES CURED IN A FEW MINUTES. ALL PAINS AND PAINS INSTANTLY DISAPPEARING, AND HEALTH RESTORED.

Now, I don't say that I can cure every disease or every case, for that would be absurd, and would evidently rob the grave. But I do say that I am constantly curing cases in which other methods utterly fail, and so confident am I (from past experience, having made over 3,000 cures in this city in the last year) that I here openly challenge any physician in the city of San Francisco, or in the United States, in the sum of

One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000),

to effect a permanent cure in nervous diseases, broken-down constitution, loss of vitality, etc., in man or woman, by the use of medicine, in so short a time as I do, simply by the influence imparted through my hand. The influence thus imparted has the property of affecting the action of the vital forces and instantly setting the wheels of life in motion, giving the nervous feeble patient a new life-power immediately, and thus enabling him, or her, to set at defiance the whole Army of Gen. De Bility. I do not confine myself to specialties, but treat all manner of diseases without any medicine whatever.

Read the following testimonials emanating from worthy members of the profession. I could give over 3,000 in this city, but space on my part, and patience on the part of the reader, will not permit:

TESTIMONY OF DR. DAVIS.

This is to certify, that I have been suffering from nervous prostration for some months past, until I applied to Dr. McLennan. After four days' treatment I was entirely relieved. I have now a good appetite, and feel well. I consider Dr. McLennan a marvelous healer. (Signed) C. E. DAVIS, M. D., * November 18, 1878. St. Helena, Cal.

PARALYSIS CURED.

To whom it may concern.—This is to certify, that on the 15th of April, 1878, I had a stroke of paralysis of my left side, extending from my shoulder down to my hip. I found no help until I came to Mr. McLennan, 220 Stockton Street, who gave me instant relief, and saved my life. His power as a healer is wonderful. (Signed) J. L. WILBERT, Deotist, 18 Third St., S. F.

December 3, 1878.

The above speaks for itself. Dr. Wilbert is well known in society here, and is second to none in his profession. He may always be seen at his magnificent operating parlors and laboratory, No. 18 Third Street.

NOTICE.—To avoid confusion and interrupting my appointments with patients, I devote Wednesday of each week in giving free examinations, on which day ladies will please come from 10 to 2, and gentlemen from 4 to 7 P. M.

J. D. MCLENNAN, Vital Magnetic Healer, Temple of Health, 220 Stockton St.

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JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Halifax.*

III.—MOMOTARO AND THE TREASURE.

A long time ago there lived in a certain country place an old couple who had not been blessed with any children, and who grieved over their lonely lot in their old age. They were kind-hearted and devout old bodies, and their neighbors were sorry for them.

One day Granny went to the stream to wash, and saw floating by a fine, large, ripe peach, which she appropriated. Instead of greedily biting it to try its flavor, she took it home to the old man, and he took a knife and divided it, to give her half, when out jumped a fine little boy. They were delighted, and thanked the *Kami* (Sintoo deities) and the *Hotoke* (Buddhist deities) for sending them at last a child that would take care of them in their old days. They named the boy Momotaro (*momo* means a peach; *taro* is a common affix to names), and under their care he grew to be a fine man.

Wishing to make the old people some return for their care of him, he bethought himself of going on a pilgrimage to certain shrines and consulting the augury. When he returned he had a dream which decided him in his choice of what to do.

There was an island not far from the shore inhabited by demons, and known as *Onigashima* (Demons' Island), where it was said there was great quantities of precious things hid in caves, closed by strong iron doors, and guarded by a demon sentinel. Now, in his dream, he thought he had been to this island, and had beaten the wicked demons and taken their treasures, and that he was assisted by the *Kami*, in the forms of animals. Momotaro devoted himself to practicing and perfecting himself in the use of an immense club and other weapons, and then told his adopted parents of his plan. They were loth to see their boy rush into such danger, but at last, thinking that the deities, who had sent him to them in a peach, would assist him, as in the dream, they gave their consent, and prepared a lot of *dango* (dumplings) for him to take with him on his expedition.

When he had said "good bye" to the old people, his favorite dog ran after him, barking and gamboling round him, and asked to be taken to the *Onigashima*, where he would help; and begged a share of the *dango*. So the pair trudged along for some time till they met a monkey, who said: "Good day to you, Momotaro; and where are you bound to with all these heavy weapons?" Momotaro said he was going to kill the Oni, and take the treasure to the old people as some return for their care of him. "Then," said the monkey, "I will join you and lend you a hand." Momotaro was so glad that he gave the monkey quite a lot of his *dango*, and they were so nice that the monkey called to his gay friend, the pheasant, to have some. The pheasant, hearing where they were all going, offered to accompany and help them. So away they went together—man, dog, monkey, and pheasant.

When they reached the shore there was only one boat, and it was fastened to a stake out in the deep water. But the monkey called "doggy," and, telling him to swim out, perched himself on doggy's back, and thus entered the boat and gave the rope to doggy, who swam back, dragging the boat after him. They all got in except the pheasant, who flew across to find a place where the demons would not see them, and where the boat could land; for if they lost their boat they would not be able to get back with the precious booty. Safely landing, they approached the entrance to the great cave that the pheasant had spied out, and Momotaro rapped on the iron door with his club, but there was no answer; then, getting impatient and angry, he broke the door open and entered—not a cave, but a beautiful palace, where lived the chief of the demons.

The pheasant flew about, the monkey clambered on the roof, and the dog crept under the floor to spy out where the treasure was kept; and they all soon returned with news for Momotaro, who at once went straight to the apartment of the big demon, and beating the small demons, that were the servants, they ran away, and he burst into the room in which the big demon was seated. When the great demon found that his people were beaten and had run away, he was angry; but while Momotaro beat him, the dog bit his heels, and the monkey jumped on his back and put his paws over his eyes so that he could not see, while the pheasant flew after the runaways and pecked out their eyes. So the demon begged for his life, which Momotaro promised to spare if he would give him the most precious treasures on the island. Then the blind demons were made to carry them to the boat, and our hero returned with his three friends, all right merry.

When the old couple saw the treasures Momotaro had brought from the Demon's Island, they were happy; and Momotaro, out of gratitude, kept the dog, monkey, and pheasant with him as his very good friends all his life. With part of the treasure he built a magnificent palace, and also distributed large sums in charity. He likewise built a handsome and comfortable residence for his adopted parents, where they retired for the remainder of their days. The pheasant told him of a beautiful princess living in a garden not far away, and here Momotaro sent his mother to obtain her for his wife. Momotaro's fame as a powerful warrior was great, and the princess was glad to have so fine a husband. Thus every one was made happy.

IV.—THE KIND-HEARTED MAN AND THE SPARROW.

A long time ago there lived in the hills not very far from the city of Kiyoto (the old capital of Japan) a poor old man. One day the old man saw a crow pursuing a young sparrow, and, chasing the crow away, he saved the sparrow's life. It is the duty of every good Buddhist to save life; and this old man was not only kind-hearted, but also devout. He bought a cage for the bird, and fed it daily. By and by it became quite tame, and would, when the door of the cage was opened, fly to and fro, enjoying its liberty, but always returning to the cage for protection from its enemies, the cats, martens, and rats.

Now, this good old man's wife was a very wicked old woman, and her unkind heart often gave the old man much sorrow. One day, while he was out working, the door of the cage being open, the sparrow flew out, and was caught by the old woman pecking at a bowl of starch which she had just

prepared for some clothes she was washing. In her anger she caught the poor little innocent sparrow, and, with her scissors, cruelly cut its tongue and turned it loose, frightening it away.

When the old man returned and found his little pet gone he was much grieved; but the old woman soundly rated him for his soft-heartedness, and told him what she had done, and the cause of her anger. But he was so sorry that such a trivial fault should have brought down such cruel punishment, that he at once went in search of the bird, calling it as he searched through the woods. Passing through a bamboo grove, he came to a beautiful garden with a nice house in it, standing amid flowers, and a beautiful young lady ran out joyfully to meet him, crying, "You dear old, kind daddy! I am glad you have found me out!" The old man, after some explanations, recognized her as his lost sparrow thus transformed; and she led him to the house, where a feast was spread for him of all sorts of good things, and she and her companions amused him with dancing and singing till it was late, and he was induced to remain for the night, although fearing the scolding that his wife would give him when he went home.

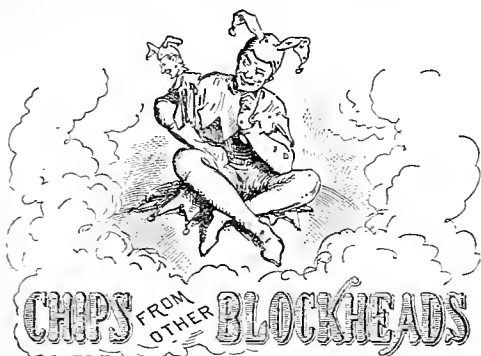
The next morning the old man took his leave of the sparrows, and thanked them for their treat, and when going away was asked to accept a present, being given his choice of a heavy basket or a light one.* Being old, and by no means covetous, like his wife, he excused himself and chose the light one. He soon found his way out of the forest and hastened home with a light heart. After resting himself he opened the basket, and, to his great delight, found it full of all sorts of beautiful things—gold coins, coral, silks, and many other articles of value.

Now, the old woman, seeing this and hearing her husband's story, dressed herself up and went in search of the sparrows. From the old man she inquired the path, and found the house, but not till after a weary search. The sparrows consulted together, and, as they could not turn her away, were fain to give her a little wine and some trifle with it, thus hoping soon to get rid of her; but as she seemed disinclined to move, it was thought she would take herself off if they gave her a present. Accordingly, she was given her choice of a light or a heavy basket, and after examining several, she chose the heavier. Being a greedy woman, she tried to peep into the baskets to find out which had the nicest things, but she was unable to see into them. After another weary tramp with her heavy basket she arrived at home, her covetous old eyes expecting to see more and better things than the old man's basket had contained, the basket being larger and very much heavier. When she unfasted the lid, off it flew, and out jumped serpents, skeletons, goblins, and other horrible things, which greatly frightened the naughty old woman, and which she well deserved for her greed and cruelty.

*It is customary with the Japanese to present parting guests with a gift—sometimes the guest's share of the remainder of the feast. According to the Buddhist faith, good works bring their return in this life if done without hope of reward, such as kindness to dumb animals, etc.—T. E. H.

Under the head of "Don't Do It," the *Baltimore Every Saturday* gives the following good advice—which will, of course, be scrupulously followed: "Young man of nineteen summers whose lip still shows the down of unrazored innocence, and who still canst borrow a V with the intention of repayment; young woman who amid the bustle of fashion still preserveth a sweet simplicity of manner and of dress, if ye feel the divine afflatus of primitive poetry rising within ye and running pen-ward—don't do it. Pause and listen to the words of wisdom from the lips of experience. If you honestly love poetry as an art, and not as a means of gaining cheap praise and coddling your vanity—leave it alone. For one great poet arising once a century there are perhaps a thousand versifiers. The result of which is that the true poet is crowded out of timely recognition by the mere rhymers who preoccupy the field; and moreover, the amount of vapid thought, false metaphor, and mangled metre daily printed is appalling and alarming. Pause before you commit a crime against the literature of your country. Remember there is hardly one great poet of any nation who has not condemned all poems penned by himself before the age of thirty. If you feel rhymes coming into your pretty head, dear Isabelle Eliza Jones, take a run in the fields and shake off the incubus, or glide into some shop where you are well known and indulge in a deep flirtation with the sprucest clerk. If, however, you must put your rhythmic eccentricities on paper, don't send it to the patient and long-suffering editor, but wrap it up tenderly in a rosy ribbon and plant it in the northeast corner of the garden; dig it up in a year, and if any unprejudiced person can decipher it, that is a sign of its eternal value as a poem. If not—then *vice versa*; which last is Latin, and means, being interpreted, verse-making is a vice. But let us be serious. We mean what we say, and we speak to the youth of both sexes. Horace, the wisest and wittiest poet of the world, in his lecture on poetry advises the blooming youth and budding maiden to wait nine years before publishing a poem. This accords very well with our previous remark in regard to thirty as the fit age for beginning the composition of poetry. If you are really a poet, you will be greater for the waiting and the careful study of great models. If you are not, you will be wise enough at thirty to suspect yourself of an intellectual folly in your early aspirations."

"Fair scene of peace and sunshine," writes a European correspondent from the Rhine, "noble purple mountains, whose crests are reflected in the magnificent stream, who has ever seen you that has not a grateful memory of those scenes of friendly repose and beauty? To lay down the pen and even to think of the beautiful Rhine land makes one happy. At the time of summer evening the cows are trooping down from the hills, lowing and with their bells tinkling, to the old town, with its old moats and gates and spires and chestnut trees, with long blue shadows stretching over the grass; the sky and river below flame in crimson and gold, and the moon is already out, looking pale toward the sunset. The sun sinks behind the great castle-crested mountains, the light fails suddenly, the river grows darker and darker, lights suddenly quiver on it from the windows of the old ramparts, and twinkle peacefully in the villages under the hills on the opposite shore." All of which is very fine, but no finer, perhaps, than it was when written by Thackeray.



A man's character is like a fence—you can not strengthen it by whitewash.

Tacks and hypocrites point heavenward when they mean the most mischief.

Palestine was the land that flowed with milk and honey; but, alas! it grew no buckwheat pancakes to use them on.

We would not wish Eli Perkins dead, but we would like to hear that he has commenced to light his fires with kerosene.

A Connecticut man recently said: "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left me, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

The sword of Bunker Hill was raffled off at a church sociable, the other evening, at a Western town. Old Hill was given a vote of thanks.

Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates, the *Buffalo Express* hopes "they open outward, so as to give easy egress in case of fire."

A recent poem by Kate Putnam Osgood is entitled "Ten Years After." After what? Jacob was ten years after Rachel—and got her. We await further news from Kate.

Only a little while ago Edison was lauded as the greatest inventor of the age. Now the papers swear he couldn't invent an improvement on the bone handle of a jack-knife.

At dinner the host introduces to the favorable notice of the company a splendid truffled pheasant amid murmurs of admiration. "Isn't it a beauty?" he says. "Dr. So-and-so gave it to me—killed it himself." "Aw, what was he treating it for?" says one of the guests.

A man went into a clothing store the other day, and after picking out some very fine cloth, said: "I want to make my father a present of an overcoat. Just measure me for it. Of course, it will be too big for him, but it's pretty good wearing cloth, and as the old man's in bad health I'll have to wear it sooner or later, any way. Just make it a little broad across the shoulders."

Jakey Kline:

You're a dainty little creature,
Caroline, Caroline;
And I love your every feature,
Caroline, Caroline;
But your father is a snooze,
And wears number 'leven shoes,
Which he knows well how to use,
Caroline, Caroline;
So to call I must refuse, Caroline.

Caroline:

You're an awful story teller,
Jakey Kline, Jakey Kline;
You're a base, deceiving feller,
Jakey Kline, Jakey Kline.
If you'll come around to-night,
'Neath fair Luna's mellow light,
When our dog is loosened tight,
Jakey Kline, Jakey Kline,
I'll assure him of a bite of Jakey Kline.

Two old-fashioned, well-bearded, professional hunters after bargains embarked at Hamburg for London, to attend one of the great annual jewelry auctions. The steamer had scarcely lost sight of land when a terrible storm arose. The waves beat over the decks with frightful force, and even the captain feared that the ship would founder. The two familiars of the auction room prayed and wept fervently, and at the instant of their extreme despair the man on the look-out yelled at the top of his voice:

"A sail! a sail!"

One of the suppliants thereupon jumped to his feet, and turning to his brother-voyager, exclaimed, in deprecatory accents: "Mein Got, mein frent, 'a sale! a sale!' und ve are here mitout a catalogue!"

When the *Hawkeye* man had just finished convulsing his hearers with an account of a youth's experience with his first moustache, a young man leaned over to his girl, and whispered:

"That's true to life, I can tell you."

"How can you tell me?" inquired his girl.

"How?" he repeated in a whisper; "why, by experience; that's just the way I felt when I first got shaved."

"When was that?"

"Oh, before I raised my moustache," he returned.

"What moustache?" she queried, a little surprised.

"What moustache do you suppose?" he retorted, turning red.

"Why, Charlie," whispered the girl, "I never saw any moustache. Do you mean that?"

"Never mind what I mean," hissed the young man, baring his clenched teeth. And he stared very hard at the girl for all the rest of the evening, but somehow could not find anything to laugh at.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT,

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1898.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Stations is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, and Texas Hill (64 miles east from Yuma).

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1898, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave SAN FRANCISCO: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays excepted).

(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

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FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

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For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

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C. P. R. R.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1899, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

Overland Ticket Office at Ferry Landing, Market St.

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 12.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.), Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Fallside (Bureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Stages for Prescott and Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Texas Hill (64 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa, Phoenix, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.

(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To Alameda.	To Folsom.	To East Oakland.	To Niles.	To Berkeley.	To Del Norte Street.	To Del Norte Street.
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
6.10	7.00	8.00	8.10	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00
7.30	8.20	9.20	9.30	10.20	11.20	12.20	1.00
8.50	9.40	10.40	10.50	11.40	12.40	1.00	1.30
10.10	11.00	12.00	12.10	1.00	2.00	3.00	4.00
11.30	12.20	1.20	1.30	2.20	3.20	4.20	5.00
12.50	1.40	2.40	2.50	3.40	4.40	5.40	6.30
1.10	2.00	3.00	3.10	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.30
2.30	3.20	4.20	4.30	5.20	6.20	7.20	8.00
3.50	4.40	5.40	5.50	6.40	7.40	8.40	9.00
5.10	6.00	7.00	7.10	8.00	9.00	10.00	10.30
6.30	7.20	8.20	8.30	9.20	10.20	11.20	12.00
7.50	8.40	9.40	9.50	10.40	11.40	12.40	1.00
9.10	10.00	11.00	11.10	12.00	1.00	2.00	3.00
10.30	11.20	12.20	12.30	1.20	2.20	3.20	4.00
11.50	12.40	1.40	1.50	2.40	3.40	4.40	5.00
1.10	2.00	3.00	3.10	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.30
2.30	3.20	4.20	4.30	5.20	6.20	7.20	8.00
3.50	4.40	5.40	5.50	6.40	7.40	8.40	9.00
5.10	6.00	7.00	7.10	8.00	9.00	10.00	10.30
6.30	7.20	8.20	8.30	9.20	10.20	11.20	12.00
7.50	8.40	9.40	9.50	10.40	11.40	12.40	1.00
9.10	10.00	11.00	11.10	12.00	1.00	2.00	3.00
10.30	11.20	12.20	12.30	1.20	2.20	3.20	4.00
11.50	12.40	1.40	1.50	2.40	3.40	4.40	5.00
1.10	2.00	3.00	3.10	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.30
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11.50	12.40	1.40	1.50	2.40	3.40	4.40	5.00
1.10	2.00	3.00	3.10	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.30
2.30	3.20	4.20	4.30	5.20	6.20	7.20	8.00
3.50	4.40	5.40	5.50	6.40	7.40	8.40	9.00
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9.10	10.00	11.00	11.10	12.00	1.00	2.00	3.00
10.30	11.20	12.20	12.30	1.20	2.20	3.20	4.00
11.50	12.40	1.40	1.50	2.40	3.40	4.40	5.00
1.10	2.00	3.00	3.10	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.30
2.30	3.20	4.20	4.30	5.20	6.20	7.20	8.00
3.50	4.40	5.40	5.50	6.40	7.40	8.40	9.00
5.10	6.00	7.00	7.10	8.00	9.00	10.00	10.30
6.30	7.20	8.20	8.30	9.20	10.20	11.20	12.00
7.50	8.40	9.40	9.50	10.40	11.40	12.40	1.00

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GROVER & BAKER SEWING AND

Embroidering SILKS, Pure Dye, Full Weight. To the trade and at retail.

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STORES, ETC., ETC.

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DIFFERENT SIZES, STYLES, AND PATTERNS to select from.

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SUSPENDERS ON WHEELS

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Automatic

SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Makes the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

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C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad, thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - \$4

Suits, - - - 15

Overcoats, - 15

Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



TO ORDER

Black Doeskin

Pants, - - \$7

White Vests, fm 3

Fancy Vests, - - 6

Beaver Suits, \$55.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at Wholesale Prices.

Any length cut, and all kinds of Cloth kept in Stock. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

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Pants, from\$5

Suits, from20

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Usters, from15

Dress Coats, from20

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Silk and Wool Vests, from 6

Uniforms of All Kinds Made.

Boys' and Children's Clothing.

Money returned if goods prove not satisfactory. Work made on the premises by White Labor.

Short Time Orders Carefully Attended to.

PUNCTUALITY GUARANTEED.

Samples and Self-measurement Rules sent postage paid.

Measures for future reference cheerfully taken

TO OWNERS

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

PERSONS OWNING REAL ESTATE that has heretofore been assessed in the former owner's name, or misspelled, or otherwise misdescribed, are requested to appear personally, or send their Deeds to the Assessor's office (New City Hall), and have the proper changes made for the Real Estate Roll 1879-80. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the Roll will commence in a few days, after which it will be too late for any alterations.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,

City and County Assessor.

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JAPANESE and CHINESE Servants of all kinds will be speedily furnished by the undersigned, who, having had seven years' experience, feel confident of being able to give satisfaction in all cases. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and leave orders. PIERCE & SON, 609 Sacramento Street, up stairs, San Francisco.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

Nos. 2, 3 AND 4, SHERMAN'S BUILDING,

Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco. P. O. Box 770.)

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 1, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

MOUND-BUILDERS.

"O my prophetic soul! my Ant!"

Sir John Lubbock, M.P., F.R.S., etc., of England, is devoting a portion of his aristocratic time to the observation of ant life; so, also, are certain leisured ladies in our own land, and that reminds me that I, myself, know something about ants.

My field of observation is in the great sage-brush territory, mostly in the State of Nevada. In Nevada the ant, in various phases, is numerous and ubiquitous. He is to be found in the lowest valley and up to the top of the highest mountain of this dewless region, rushing about in his business-like style, over the rough, arid surface, and down into the lower levels of his mining works. When an ant has anything to do (as he generally has) he is sure to attend to it. He is a warrior, a robber, a builder, and a miner; but I doubt, even in the face of strong assertion, if he is an agriculturalist. It may be that he is a "stock-raiser," if his attention to plant-lice can be construed that way.

It is true that some ants, which locate their "diggins" mostly in the valleys, have a way of building mounds, like the most ancient human residents who do not reside any more in the Mississippi Valley, and also of cutting away the bunches of coarse, wild grass and sagebrush, and smoothing off the ground for, say, three feet each way in a circle. This space around their mound they keep clean as a threshing floor, cutting away everything likely to make ambuscading ground for their enemies. The mound is, I infer, a fortification, with a space cleared over which to observe and attack an approaching enemy. When the garrison in one of these fortifications falls into weakness, and the work gets too heavy for the force, a sparse growth of slender grass, from lost seed, is, for a time, permitted to spring up in the cleared space. This accident may have given rise to the assertion that the ant engages in agriculture.

There may be another reason why the mound-builders clear a space around their mound. In a colony of ants some member, or number of members, attends to the art of laying eggs. The building of eggs is said to be a very simple process—but that remark must have been made by some fellow who never tried it. The ants know all about it; but I do not know how they do it. It does hardly seem that they can lay them, because ant eggs are greater in diameter than the ant is. Yet they may lay them small and have some way of swelling them afterward.* At all events there is an awful lot of white eggs in an ant-hill; and in the dashes of big rain which sometimes fall in the sagebrush, the hill should get soaked through, so as to dampen and chill them, then the boss of the hill pipes all hands to carry out eggs and lay them in the clearing, to get dried and warmed by the sun's heat. The sides of the mound and the clearing around present a busy scene in egg-drying time. Each ant comes charging out with an egg, nearly as large as a grain of wheat, in front of his nose (if he has a nose), upborne by his arms, and after hastily, yet perfectly, putting it down in a row with other eggs, skips immediately back into the mound for another load.

When all the eggs are carried out and laid in the sun, over the cleared place and mound sides, a strong party of ants is left on guard, while the main force hurries away to forage for grass and weed seeds, to bring home bodies of either dead, or murdered, or live insects. The guard moves about among the eggs, turning them over from time to time to equalize the warmth. Egg-drying time is a season of great peril for "unborn millions" in the country of the ants. A hail storm, a drenching rain, birds, horned toads, wasps, lizards, yellow-jackets, etc., are feared yet fought at this critical period. At any time when the weather is not too cold a horse hatched and left standing over an ant-hill finds silent music enough to keep him dancing; but in egg-drying time he finds cause to put in several extra-winded, stamping kicks, enough to make the gravel fly behind him like a mild discharge of buckshot at every kick. And a man—say a poet or a preacher—found loafing about there in a state of ecstatic abstraction, is soon informed that there are things on earth worthy of his immediate attention; and this man generally attends to them right away after he receives the information.

Sometimes the noble tumble-bug† takes his walk abroad with much sable circumspection and slow dignity, and as he walketh upon his way, his great, grave intellect absorbed in some spherical problem, he is pleasantly surprised to find himself entering upon a wide space of cleared and even ground, over which his horny legs carry him with much ease and slight celerity: but anon, he finds himself more surprised, and very unpleasantly surprised, and surrounded by an army, the soldiers of which travel upward upon his several legs, as hastening human firemen do up ladders leaned against a flaming house, and, setting at naught his black coat of mail, proceed to swarm over him and assault him at all points. The idea of imminent danger at length reaches the slow intellect of the dull beetle, and with all the agility of a house on stilts he turns about to retreat, but he turns too late, the Philistines are upon him. One of his legs falls apart in pieces, then another leg, and another, until the monster rolls over a helpless hulk in the midst of the ever-increasing number of his swarming small enemies.

Then a certain force of ants—presumably the professional anatomists of the colony—are left with the corpse to make an autopsy of the remains, while the rest disperse, bearing away with them the numerous legs of poor old solemnity. Any other insect shares the same fate if the ants can catch him. There is a brownish wasp which is a regular hawk after ants, and pounces down upon Mr. Ant, to use a poetic simile, "like a hawk upon a June-bug," and bears him away on his silken wings to a death in the upper air. The yellow-jacket also, at times, but not usually, follows the example of the wasp. The yellow-jacket does not seem to have so keen a relish for the adult ant as he does for the eggs and infants. The y.-j., in higher altitudes particularly, is a ravenous carnivore; but he does not like tough meat as well as he does the tender flesh. Neither of these savage insects dares to remain longer than an instant upon the battle-ground of the ant; for with the least delay would come the warriors, who, after a sudden and fierce assault, would cling to the flying enemy through space and through life, let him fly where he would or die where he might.

The dry-land lizard—the muchly deteriorated son of that saurian sire, the iguanodon—is not averse to a plate of fresh ant; but he takes the ant unawares by lying in wait near the ant's colony, to dart his long, sticky tongue out of the end of his cunning countenance upon the hapless ant like a flash—and the ant is "gone in," while the saurian winks his eye as much as to ask, "Did anybody observe an ant anywhere about here?" There is no poetry in the remark when I say, "the saurian winks his eye," because any man, or, I don't mind if I do add, any woman, who is much acquainted with the dry-land lizard, will support me when I say that the modern saurian is a deuced cunning-looking fellow, and capable of any amount of ocular astuteness. I do not include among my saurians the newt, or water-lizard, which is a cold, slow, sprawling, slippery, disgusting species of uninteresting innocence—good enough to be an angel and ugly enough to be a saint. The dry-land lizard is "peart and chipper and sassy," very cleanly in his habits, nice enough for a companion and naughty enough to be damned—which last I have no

doubt he will be if the prayers of pious ants can have the same effect which the supplications of other small creatures are supposed to have upon the Creator of both parties.

The horned toad—a saurian of testudineous proclivities—is a burglar. A horned toad is a unique reptile, or beast, or animal—I do not think he is a fish, and I will take mine oath he is no bird. I know, by the by, that there is a lot of science wasted on all these animals, reptiles, etc.; but I am not writing science—at least not word science. All the same, the horned toad is a burglar; for he goeth in the chilly night-time, when the ant is asleep in the lower levels of his works, and he burieeth his body in the surface of the ant-mound, leaving only the horny part of his head to protrude from the mound; and then and there lieth in wait for the unwary who swarm at sunrise and are taken in by a mysterious flashing instrument that cometh upon them with the irrevocable force of snap-judgment. That flashing instrument is the horned toad's tongue. To the ant this instrument, coming upon him from among the pebbles of gravel, is the direct antipodes of the renowned "clap of thunder from a clear sky." I have no doubt that authors, orators, and particularly politicians in the ant-world, describe a calamitous surprise by comparing it to "a toad's tongue from a bare mound." But the toad does not have it all his own way; for, though his head is impregnable to antibiotics, as a pebble is, his cream-colored belly is assailable. The ant, after suffering great loss in the list of "missing," finally takes in the situation, and, going below, proceeds to excavate in an upward direction till he strikes the body of the buried toad. The toad must gird up his loins or "git." He "gits." He comes out of the ground like a young earthquake, and makes haste, for the tide of victory has turned; the biting ants are adhering to his abdominal region and getting their work in without any perceptible delay. A horned toad does not make haste as does a common hop-toad. A horned toad does not hop—he shuffles. As a shuffler he has no equal—I mean as a single shuffler; for of course I do not pretend to say he can come the double-shuffle of African descent. A pretty looking figure he would cut on his hind legs trying to be a negro minstrel; but at his own shuffle he is graceful and perfect—and I hope he is happy, as his shuffle is an easy way to rub his belly along the ground, and that position is calculated to grind away adhering ant to atoms. It is a wise provision of nature that a horned toad can outrun an ant; that is to say, the toads consider it a wise provision; the ants no doubt have other views on the subject. This calls up to mind the curious fact that between fighting enemies the Providential delivery for one is Providential calamity for the other, among animals as well as among peoples.

I do not believe that lizards, toads, or insects prefer ants for food, because there are so very many ants in the sagebrush land that if they were good food the eaters of them ought to be proportionately numerous, but such does not seem to be the case. The same creatures which feed upon ants also feed upon the various flies, and I am led to believe that these creatures prefer flies for food. But the flies are only to be had in the warm summer season, while ants are out at any season in that country when there is a warm day. Your ant can stand the weather at Fahrenheit's zero, and will be actively abroad during the sunny hours of such days if the earth is perfectly dry. It is wet weather of any kind that depresses your ant, and cold wet weather sends him out of sight. More than once have I got up from bed, out of doors in the sagebrush, to find the ice half an inch thick on the water in the bucket, and yet, by a little after sunrise, the ants were carrying away the crumbs of bread as though it were mid-summer.

Flies are as ubiquitous as ants in the sagebrush, but not any way nearly as numerous. And considering how readily both these insects take to the diet of the white man, which seems indispensable to them, particularly to the flies, after they have found it, it is wonderful how they continue to live and prosper where there are no white people. The same reflection, as a side note, will apply to mosquitoes. I have camped in dark cotton-wooded cañons where no man ever set his foot, or at least no man ever slept there prior to my visit, yet the mosquitoes sang and quarreled over my sleeping face as blood-thirstily as though they had drunk human blood all their lives, leaving me in the morning with a bitten face to ask what blood they could possibly live upon when I was not there—for there were no animals, tame or wild, for miles around.

Once upon a time in a new settlement we planted the corner awning-post, in front of the store and post-office, in an ant-hill, because the ant-hill happened exactly where the post had to be; but though we dug a considerable post-hole, which played hob with the colony's calculations, they did not desert, but went to repairing the mound around the post.

So much of that as could be reconstructed each night, was kicked over and trampled down each day, and every day, from early spring-time to late autumn during the years of 1867, '68, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, and part of '75. I presume the work is still going on, but I left that country about that time, and have not since inquired; but I can inquire if any responsible person wants to know about it. The man who keeps that store has done his level best to drive away that nest of ants, but he had not succeeded at last accounts. Coal oil, coal tar, castor oil, carbolic acid, water, and many other things have been tried, but the ants refuse to evacuate the premises.

This colony of ants has, however, advanced in civilization. The awning spoken of is an evening resort in fair weather for the men of the little village, where they can smoke with great comfort, sitting in arm-chairs and having their legs resting with feet placed up on the sides of the awning-posts. At first it was a standing—perhaps more of a sitting—joke to have a party sit down at the corner post, for the ants soon caused a precipitate getting up and grotesque scattering of the sitters; but in the course of time the ants, either from discouragement or getting used to it, ceased to object, and spoiled the joke.

In the post which was inserted in the ant-hill, as aforesaid, there was a wide seasoning-crack, which began at the lower end and ran about half way up the post. I took a lath of wood and closed the surface of this crack from some little distance beneath the earth's surface to a point about one foot distant above; then I tramped and rammed the ground down tight around the post, hoping thereby to close up the entrance to the colony, but it was no long time before the ants came out of the crack over the upper end of my lath, seemingly well contented with the alteration. The surface of the post, except as to the crack in it, was planned smooth and straight, and was perpendicular every way at all points. I gave the ant, which was a red insect about as long as a barley-corn but not nearly so heavy, a full-grown grain of barley and watched him.

He (one ant) dragged the grain a distance of over two feet; he then, in some way, called another ant to his assistance, and the two, going backward in front of the barley, carried it up the perpendicular face of the post, over the top of my lath, and dropped it down the crack in the lower works. I next inclosed another barley grain in lead foil, such as comes out of a tea box, but the ant handled this grain just as he did the other. This last feat I take to be equal, comparatively, to two ordinary men going up a perpendicular surface with a load of one ton weight.

We brought the water out of Hot Creek, Nye County, Nevada, and made a little irrigated garden around our house; but there was an ant-mound in our garden, and the ants would not let anything grow on that spot where the mound was. "Drown them out," said I. Then I shoveled the ant-hill over the wall, scattering it in the road, dug a trench for the water, sank a sump-hole in the place where the ant-hill

had been; then I waited, before I turned on the water, to see what Mr. Ant would do about it. Well, he came pouring but of an orifice in the precipitous side of the sump-hole, made a rapid estimate of the damages, and was about proceeding to repair them when I brought on the water in a slow but steady stream and gave him something else to think about. The water ran down to the bottom of the sump and began to rise like a silent tide toward the orifice where the ants came out. This orifice was a round hole about as large as the end of a man's little finger, and it opened upon the precipice I had made with the spade about midway from top to bottom, but there was a little ledge half an inch wide left by the spade an inch or so below this round hole. Many ants came out on this ledge and looked down upon the rising water. A few went to the water's edge, ran to and fro uneasily, and then hastened back up to the ledge. The water kept on rising more rapidly as the saturated ground absorbed it less and less. The ants seemed to comprehend the state of affairs. I turned the water on more heavily. The ants retreated into their hole, and after them "came the deluge."

I went into our house, leaving the water still running over the flooded ant colony. After an hour I turned off the water and let the deluge subside. Then, when the last water was sunk into the earth, I took a spade and dug again; but I was not a little surprised to find that some dampness but no running water had gone into the ant-works. This was easily explained by finding a ball of ants closely locked, each ant in the embrace of another, with their heads all one way. They were a little chilled and stupid on being dug out, but they soon recovered when exposed to the sun's heat. They had performed the heroic acrobatic feat of packing themselves in the orifice at the critical moment, thus shutting off the water from flooding the lower levels.

Among ants, water for domestic use may be desirable, but they can go without as easy as a mosquito can live without human blood. At Stockton Station, on the wagon road from Carson City to Reese River, there is a dug well over three hundred feet deep, and it holds the only water about there in any direction for miles; but the ants live and flourish on the surface of that arid spot. At Hot Creek, Nevada, the blacksmith wished to dig a well for water. Some one told him to dig under an ant-hill and he would be sure to find water at no great depth. He dug away the ant-hill and sank a well at that point, but he went down sixty-four feet before he struck water, while at five feet he lost all traces of ants. The theory was that ants must have something to drink, and therefore, in desert places, must dig down to the underflow of water. In fact, if the mound-building ant, the rattlesnake, the horned toad, and the dry-land lizard ever drink water or get a drop of dew for months at a time in the State of Nevada, I could not find out in ten years' residence among them when or how they do it. I have found more of these reptiles and insects in places ten miles distant from any moisture, than in any other spot.

Besides the ant I have so far spoken of in this writing, there are several others in the sagebrush land. The mound-builder, as I have said, is a red ant, about one barley-corn in length, energetic and active. His dwellings are in the valleys and open country. Alongside of the red ant comes a dark brown ant, nearly black, in fact, about half as large as the red ant, but rather more stoutly built. This latter ant does not build any mound, but burrows in the earth among boulders which are under the soil. Around the orifice of his home he throws a little circle of small gravels, or rather coarse sand, but for what purpose I am unable to conjecture. This ring is no protection against rain or snow—indeed, I should think it would act as a rudimentary funnel to guide the rain-fall into the ant-hole; and it may act as a sort of dam against the very infrequent flow of storm water in the desert. Yet, if it were for that purpose, I should judge that the ant would put it only on the higher side of the grade and in a half circle. I once came near thinking it was a mere dump of debris from below; but after I had kicked the circle away some half a dozen times only to find it promptly restored, I gave it up. The whole circle would not yield materials enough to fill a double hand, while the mound of the red ant will fill a bushel measure, or, if the colony is heavy, more than that.

I once essayed to dig out a colony of these smaller ants, but I failed to because the cunning fellows had fixed their home in a subterranean pile of boulders, thereby rendering the contract too heavy for me. I thought I would try strategy. So I went to a red ant hill, aroused the inhabitants, and when they came out to make war upon me I shoveled them up, carried them off mound and all, and dumped them down on top of the brown ants. War existed "by the act of the enemy" right off; but the result was not what I looked for. I was playing to have the red ants clear out the little brown ones, but the lesser ants proved the better fighters. They climbed up the legs of the enemy and saved them off, one after another, at the joints, until the red ant was a helpless, dilapidated trunk; and then the insatiable little brown fellows divided the abdomen from the rest of the body, by sawing through the slight connecting substance by which the ant is related to himself. Thus ignominiously perished many hundreds of red warriors. The sun went down upon this field of carnage, while silent-footed darkness came sadly from the East, like mourning Mercy, to enshroud the dead. I do not know if the victorious army slept upon the battle-field, because I shouldered my shovel and wended my way homeward, while the clash of arms was still in progress; but I called round late next morning, and found the red ants all dead, the circle of gravel restored, and the mutilated remains of the defeated host thrown out to fester in the sun, beyond the outer rim of the circle—a horrid sight in a Christian era!

The moral of these latter attainments is, that the small brown ant is no cannibal. Like a good Christian knight, he takes exquisite delight in slaying his enemy, but he will not eat him. Chivalry!

I know some more about ants; about how they are endowed with wings, and go flying about when they are in love; how they drop their wings and go to work, like other earthly angels, after love-making is accomplished. I know about the very little nasty black ant that goes visiting in single file. Also about the black carpenter ant, who thatches his home with straws, spalls, and little sticks. But it is not the fashion for an ant sharp to tell all he knows in one lesson. J. W. GALLY.

We are glad to see the names of our leading clergy appended to a dignified dispatch asking the President to sign the Anti-Chinese Bill. Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish, Bishops, Priests, and Rabbis, uniting to give expression to the opinion that the presence of Chinese upon this coast is highly detrimental to the spiritual, moral, and material welfare of our people. The expression of the opinions of such leading divines as Dr. Scott, Bishop Kip, Rabbi Cohn, Bishop Alemany, and others of our Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish clergy, ought to carry great weight to the thinking and honest-minded people of the East.

Many journalists in San Francisco will remember Mr. William M. Laffan who used to write things for various papers here. "An amosin little cuss," was Laffan, and bright. He left and went to Baltimore, where he had a newspaper; then he burst up; then he went to sketching—made articles for *Scribner* and illustrated them, wrote for "Tide Club" papers for it, and has done an infinite number of things. He is now dramatic, musical, and art critic of the *New York Times*, and is so noted. So this paragraph is a puff, and we have no right to be disgusted.

*The scientists say that there is a queen ant, as there is a queen bee, and this royal female swells up as large as a bayo bean, and lays all the eggs in one colony; but the writer of this article has not made that observation for himself and neither asserts nor denies it.

†This insect is not the *Scarabaeus pilularius*, but a larger beetle of a perfectly black color. The *S. pilularius* I have not seen in the Empire of Artemisia.

THE HOUSE OF MY PEOPLE.

My sister Jane looked at me with a shade of doubt upon her face, and reproach and surprise creeping into her dark eyes. "Sell the dear old house? Mary, you are beside yourself," said she. "Not for any price! Not for any price!" Then the needle she held poised in air took up its seam again, and her lips closed after a moment with their usual sweet smile.

I caught up the handful of handkerchiefs I was hemming for Mistress Fenwick, after another half hour, and went out in the pleasant spring time, under the apple trees blooming with radiant pink, like a vivid snowfall, between the two halves of a splendid afternoon. The old place—the family's even in the day of my grandfather's father—was glorified in its fair new dress of grass and blossom, but I saw it not. To my young eyes it was homely and ill-favored. The brick house was like an old dress made over, one generation adding a furbelow here in the shape of a wing, another a flounce in the porch that ran around it, and our own day had seen the coat of red paint put on—sadly enough it needed a new jacket again—but through all the attempts at modernizing it, the old-fashionedness of it was as plain and prominent as the weathercock that shot about in the wind on the far end of the peaked roof.

My mood was off though by supper time, and I thought Jane looked relieved as we sipped our tea out of mother's old "Chaney ware," because I never alluded to the proposition I had made to her so suddenly. But my spirit was up in arms, none the less that I bided my time. All through the summer I thrust artful words at her. I sighed wearily over Mistress Fenwick's hemstitching, and said how the price that would buy the house would keep us in comfort in the village without the needle for pin-money. As the autumn drew near I complained that the old house was melancholy, and when December came I shivered and said the winds wailed round the corners and crept under the shingles till the cold ran up and down my very bones. Jane grew used to these little arrows of suggestion, but all the time, though I tried to shut my heart against the knowledge, I knew they pained her. The truth is, my mind was running hard on Robert Fenwick. I wanted to be in the heart of the village where I could see him every day. I wanted to smarten myself with ribbons for his eyes—perhaps you'll excuse a young girl for her foolishness. I never thought how one likes to search out the hidden flowers; I never dreamed that I should be really throwing myself at his head; but I know now that when a girl does that she puts away from her all the sweet joys of being coaxed, the tenderest thrills of the courting. So it came to be Christmas week, and on the Tuesday of it, for the first time, Jane spoke in a discouraged way. "Well, Mary," she said, "you're young, and, perhaps, it's but natural. May be it's best the old house should go. I know you'd like more life and stir. God forbid that I should drag you down into the quietness of my years before your time. Yes, yes," she added, with a sort of sob, "we'll look for a purchaser right away, sister." My heart smote me then, but it throbbed quicker at the vision of Rob Fenwick that rose before me—handsome, with his curly hair, his round, red lips, and his white forehead.

Christmas Eve we sat toasting our toes by the andirons, their dog-heads standing out plain against the coals and shining in the dancing blaze. Jane clasped her hands behind her head and looked around her sadly. "I've known this sitting-room ever since I was born," said she. "I remember seeing you carried before this very fireplace, a little, red, close-fisted baby not an hour old; and it was over in yonder corner the coffins of the four little brothers lay to have a hymn sung and a prayer said over them before they were taken away to the graveyard."

Jane was versed in the folk-lore of the family. She knew the names reaching away into the far branches of the tree, and many a time had she told over the Christmas gatherings, the harvestings, the festival times throughout the year that she had known in the old house. All the family, into cousins and second cousins, she would tell about; their looks and manners and ways, even to old great-grandfather Lowther, whom you'd have guessed she had been playfellow with, so well did she know him. And ah! such endless tellings of my mother; how she had wept when one by one the little brothers died; how she sat and rocked on the porch of summer evenings; how, when Jane was twenty years old, on her death-bed she had said with the death-break in her voice: "Take care of the little sister, Janey," and she kissed me—the baby—on my mouth and died, with father heart-broken lying with his head next hers on the pillow.

It was midnight when we lit our candles, turned the ashes over the roasting coals, and kissed each other once oftener than usual for Christmas Eve. The old clock chimed upon twelve as we parted—beginning with a rattle, ringing the hour with a stentorian echo, and ending with a bang. "When I was a little wee girl, father used to hold me up in his strong arms to let me wind the clock," said Jane half absently, as if to herself.

The wind whistled outside as I shivered myself under the bed covers, and the moon shone in through the window, pale and calm and cold, and looked like a silver shield let into the heavens. The boughs of the great tree overhead raked and scratched against the house, and I heard old Towler sniffing outside in his kennel. All of a sudden the moon went out, or the sky opened and took it in; every sound hushed, and I lay still without breathing. People and people were beginning to come, moving in and out; sitting in chairs, on the stiff, hair-cloth sofa, in the best room; talking to each other, smiling, nodding their heads. I had never seen them before—most of them—but I knew them every one. There was Aunt Ann Crumpet, with her rheumatic back and her stick, and Grandfather Lowther, with a long white beard, and my father John, and great grandfather, strange as it may seem, in his blue coat with brass buttons, younger, and redder-cheeked, and taller, and straighter than the other two. There was sweet Aunt Mary Lowther, slender and graceful, with shining ringlets round her head, and a hand like a ball of cotton, it was so plump and small and soft.

"I'm so glad the last Mary Lowther looks like me," said she. I knew she said it, though I heard no sound; yet I thought her voice was sweet, and it was like the hush that falls after the peal of the bells.

"All the Mary Lowthers are beauties, and they make the

finest women in the country. I'm hoping great hopes of this one." Uncle Twitchell looked over his gold-rimmed specs, and pinched my cheeks, then passed me round to the company. Mother smiled such a smile as she took me in her arms. The four little brothers trooped silently about in the rooms—little Roderick, and William, and Luther, and Lewis—and their faces were like snowflakes, they were so pure. I looked over backward into the past before I was born and saw them.

Cousin Tilly put a white flower in mother's hair. "The minister is waiting," she whispered, and mother floated off into the middle of the best room, and there she was married. Father held Jane up to the clock, and mother said, with a tear in her voice, "Take care of the little sister, Janey." Then the four little coffins were carried out in a row.

Grandfather Lowther said to Aunt Hitty: "John's to build a wing on for him and his wife; tell your Jacob there's place for another on 't'other side the house. If the house isn't big enough to hold us all, we'll stretch it, Hitty," and the left wing, where Jane slept, slowly unfolded itself and Uncle Jacob and Aunt Hitty lived in it.

A young man came riding up to the door on a great roan horse, with a cloak so big about him he was almost lost in it, and a hat drooped over his face so that it was quite hidden. "I'm looking for John Lowther's place," said he, in bold, ringing tones, and he stood erect and haughty.

"John Lowther lives here, sir," answered my father, peering into the darkness as he held the door-latch in his hand. "It is your daughter Jane I come for," the stranger said, and then the door was flung wide, and my sister ran out crying: "Arthur—Arthur Prince!"

She laid her head upon his heart, and he put his two arms about her. "My pretty little Jane!" I heard him say.

He was given the seat at table at father's right hand, and Jane forgot her knife and fork in gazing at him with timid eyes, and she had no gray hairs, and no lines like wrinkles were about her mouth or forehead. But his great roan horse threw him, and his head struck the flagstone at the door. His yellow hair was red with blood, and his face was whiter than the stone; and a long coffin, covered with a black pall like his cloak, came in at the door and went out again.

A soft rustle of skirts, like doves' wings, was in the hall, and the faces clustered and the forms gathered thicker and faster. Oh! how many there were of the family since grandfather's father's time! And all dead but Jane and me! How many, many graves full of the Lowthers and Lowther kin! Were they all come back for Christmas?

A shadow began to darken the faces, regret shaped itself upon the lips, and tears slowly filled the eyes. They all wondered, and shook their heads with the old Lowther shake that had been in the family as far back as ever I had known. They all shook their heads, and Uncle Twitchell leaned his forehead on his hand, and put his elbow on the back of the old stuffed chair in the sitting-room. Grandfather curled his fingers round his ear, and bent over to a little Mary Lowther that went on a journey and was lost at sea. "Little Mary," said he, in trembling tones, "I surely never heard them right. Why, I was born in this house, and I danced grandmother's first country dance with her on this very floor. Eh! but it's sad times, sad times!" Aunt Ann Crumpet hobbled up to me with her stick worn smooth and polished at the nob with so much fondling next her chin. "The old house is going to be sold," said she to me in her cracked voice. "Poor Jane! it was to have been her wedding portion when she married, but Prince Arthur, handsome Arthur Prince, was killed before her eyes. Ah! but she'll take it hard!"

My mother leaned back in her rocking-chair out on the porch, and seemed to make a hushed plaint, a noiseless little moan, and covered her eyes with her slim hand. My father came and took her head in his arms. "The babies were all born here, weren't they, my wife?" said he, heart-broken. "And here we were married, and lived our lives together, and died. As I came in from the orchard out yonder, standing under the old gnarled apple trees, I used to watch you getting supper on the table, with the children clinging about you." Then they kissed each other and said: "Poor Jane! Poor Jane!" and mother whispered: "Take care of the little sister, Janey." And I saw my sister Jane hovering round the lower step on the stair. "He kissed me once for every step on this stair that night," she murmured. "I am so glad he knew the old house. I shall live in it forever for his sake. Here he stood, and there he sat, and yonder he smiled upon me," and then she clasped her hands wistfully, and with a look here and there of deep anguish, I heard her whisper: "But we'll sell the old place, Mary, and I'll look for a customer to-morrow."

The tears were flowing into my heart like drops of blood, and it was like to burst, and they began to crowd and mass together with wailings. The Mary Lowthers, a dozen or more of them among cousins, and aunts, and great aunts, wound their arms about each other and made a group by themselves, each with soft eyes and plump, small hands, and ringlets of hair falling on her sloping shoulders. And grandmother grew out of the shadows with her cap, and her fold of neck linen, and her knitting-needle, and with her face wrinkling, and creasing, and working with feeling, she went in among them, and her old voice shook as she said: "Benjamin, let us take our leave of the old house."

Then they went about taking their leave, each saying good-bye to the spot they loved best; and Jane stole under the apple trees, and, gathering a handful of leaves, buried her face in them and sobbed aloud. Cousin Patty, and Lily, and Reuben, and David, and Joseph, and Harriet, and Uncle Twitchell, with little Mary Lowther by the hand, came close to the fire-place where the dog-nosed andirons shone. Grandfather went out upon the back stoop with the orchard spreading beyond it, and mother went up into the corner where the little coffins had stood. Such a procession went out and leaned over the well-curb, and two or three children swung to and fro on the gate. They all went with their faces twitching, and with tears. Aunt Crumpet went into the spare chamber, with her young husband on her arm, where she was dressed for a bride. She got down on her knees and fell to choking, as if with a great hiccup of sorrow that sounded like the crooked bough scraping and knocking on the house, and then I tossed my arms and threw my head about in pity for them all, and cried aloud in the agony I was suffering for them; and behold! I clutched my pillow, and my cheeks were wet with tears. Thank God!

Thank God! it was, indeed, the bough rubbing on the roof; it was my own wet pillow; it had been a dream, a dream!

Half gathering my wits about me, and sobbing like my own Lowther kinfolk, I rushed in upon Jane sleeping quietly in her own bed. I stole my arm about her neck, and "Jane, Jane," I cried, "we'll never sell the house, Jane, never, never!" I was shaking from head to foot as I, Mary Lowther, was never shaken before, and my head was burning, while my hands and feet were cold as ice, and a shiver like an ague had seized my tongue as well.

But a purchaser never was sought for, and we never did sell the old place. And never sewed I handkerchief for Mistress Fenwick after, for Rob came riding down on Christmas day like Jane's lover of old, and asked for Mary, and Mary had he for the humble asking.

To the old house and Jane who never will leave it I go at every holiday time, and methinks they who are dead and gone come forth to meet me as I swing the gate and go up the path. Then, when I wake in the night, I lie and think I see the throng again coming through the house, and, because of its peopling and the dear faces that have shone upon it through the generations, I love it dearer than all other habitations this side of the graves where they lie.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879. KATE HEATH.

The Lion Growls.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—In your paper of January 18, 1879, occurs the paragraph commencing "England's military glory," and ending "We have always thought it a great misfortune that instead of our civil war we could not have tried our valor in a brush with England." I agree with you that it was a great misfortune; you would have beaten us so easily—as easily as you were going to beat the Southern people before Bull Run. Three months would have been far too long to have given you, and we should have been as soundly thrashed as the Southerners were in that battle.

Instead of comparing England's recent successes in India with an imaginary contest between United States soldiers and Digger Indians, why not name that affair of Sitting Bull and his Sioux, where the gallant Custer was killed and Reno's heels saved his hair? Would Great Britain, think you, have allowed the death of a brilliant officer like Custer, and the brave men who followed him, to pass by unavenged? No, indeed. If boasting were fighting, then the Americans are the masters of the world; for, as far as boasting goes, they are the Gascons of the English-speaking race. God forbid that I should say that the Americans are not a brave people, for I have served under their flag and know better; but I noticed then that the boasters took care not to do much of the fighting; the hard knocks were left to somebody else—the Irish, Scotch, English, Canadians, and Germans could apply and take the lion's share. The native-born citizens liked shoulder-straps and newspaper notoriety better.

What credit can you take for the suppression of the rebellion? With every advantage you could have—an open seaboard, a large navy, unlimited credit, every facility for purchasing material of war in Europe, a larger population, and enlisting mercenaries from every part of Christendom to fight for you; deprived of these advantages, that brave little Confederacy kept you at bay for years, and yet you would like to have a brush with a first rate power. Why, Spain has trailed her jacket for you more than once; try her to begin with, and you may work up. You have generals enough to begin with, in all conscience, though few of them have anything but a newspaper reputation. I except the illustrious McComb. Perhaps quantity will make up for quality. Read the historic page of your later military achievements as written by people of other countries, say from 1812, and compare. In conclusion, I hope with you to live long enough to see England engage in a war with some first class power, and that power the United States; and I trust that after it is over you will have a more just opinion of your own nation and a better one of mine. Yours, respectfully, H. SEYMOUR.

PALMERSTON (Nova Scotia), February 12, 1879.

A gentleman of this city has devoted a great portion of the time he has spent on the Pacific Coast in contracting bills, which he did not find could be conveniently paid when due. Having lived in California since '59, and being what is called "a generous liver," he has numerous creditors, and the sum of his debts is respectably large. Some years ago he determined to attempt the gradual payment of all his liabilities. Endowed with a fine sense of justice, it puzzled him to decide upon a plan of liquidation that would be fair and equitable to all his creditors. After long consideration he hit upon a method which he found entirely satisfactory. He explained his plan yesterday to one of his recently acquired creditors. A bill was presented him with a request for immediate payment. He took the account, and carefully checking all the items, and footing up the long column of figures, found all correct. Then he quietly and neatly folded up the bill, indorsed it, and filed it away in a pigeon hole marked "W." Turning to his waiting creditor he explained as follows: "Mr. Williams, it will be some little time yet before your bill will come up in the regular order, but you may depend upon my attention. Some years since I adopted an alphabetical system of paying off my indebtedness, and I have now got as far as C. Don't trouble yourself to call again. As soon as I get to W, I will call upon you with the amount." Struck with the debtor's systematic and equitable method of doing business, the creditor hopefully withdrew.

She sat in her elegantly appointed boudoir and sang thus to her lute:

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
I speak and my minions obey;
But I long for a masculine brute.
O solitude's charms, that the pen
Of the poets has warbled about;
Better live in a hovel with men,
Than dwell in a palace without.

A professor, examining a student on Bible history, asked him why Moses was buried in such a secret place that the Israelites could not find him? The youth replied that he supposed it was for fear they would dig up his body and stuff it. This young person was the son of a showman.

RELIGION.

By Nathan, an Essenian.

If any man, whose intellectual and ecclesiastical growth has been nourished by habitually "sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary," desires to obtain any actual information as to what really constituted Christianity while it existed among men, it would be well for him to forget as far as possible all that ecclesiasticism has taught as the truth, and to read the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, and nothing else, in order to disentangle in his own mind what Christ taught from what men have been teaching in His name, but without His authority. The immediate results of such a course would, perhaps, be somewhat startling. The first result of it would perhaps be this: the inquirer would find that the doctrines of the Trinity, Transubstantiation, Election and Reprobation, Predestination and Free Grace, Final Perseverance, Close Communion, Hell, Papal Infallibility, Apostolical Succession, The Three Orders of Priesthood, the Church itself as a Corporation, Guild, Sodality, or as anything else except an assemblage of believers, and an endless rigmarole of other theological *opéra bouffe* and sanctified Black Crookism, would fade away out of Christianity at once. Or rather it would appear that all of this ecclesiastical kite-flying was never in the thought or purpose of Christ at all, but was the product of after ages, and of that mere theological gong-beating which, perhaps, began when Peter and Paul cross-fired upon the question whether the salvation of a Gentile were possible without circumcision, and which continued through all the controversies about "things clean and unclean," about "meats offered to idols," and through the irreconcilable controversy between Paul and James about "justification by Faith," or "by Faith and Works," and which has continued down until our day about other ecclesiastical fripperies.

Beyond doubt every intelligent reader of the Gospels and of the Acts would be impressed at once with the conviction that Christianity as Christ taught it was an exceedingly meagre thing—plain, simple, direct, and absolutely barren of doctrines or ecclesiasticisms—and would begin, perhaps, to wonder where our ornate ecclesiasticism originated. Certainly, Christianity embraced nothing except God the Father, Christ the Son, the Holy Ghost, the Church (*i. e.*, believers as opposed to unbelievers), the Forgiveness of Sins, the Resurrection, Immortality, and the Communion of Saints (*i. e.*, the communion of believers). Beyond this there was nothing in it, except, perhaps, singing, prayer, exhortations, etc.; a washing with water, symbolical of admission to the commune before Christ's death, and the same baptism and the sign of the cross, for the same purpose, after it; and the customary use of thaumaturgical power, given to demonstrate the divinity of the Teacher and the verity of His teachings. He would be astonished to find that Christ never wrote a line upon the subject of Christianity; never wrote at all, except one sentence with his finger, in the sand (and what that sentence was no man knoweth); and never authorized any one else to write; and he would, perhaps, begin to wonder what authority there ever was for ecclesiasticism, with its impenetrable wilderness of creeds, decretals, confessions of faith, disciplines, allocutions, etc. All that constituted the Faith by which Christ proposed to accomplish the social, political, and spiritual regeneration of mankind, could be taught and learned in an hour; all the rest of it, which is really a learned profession, requiring several years on the study of it, and a regular system of education at colleges, seminaries, etc., is merely theological kite-flying. The early preachers set out only the necessary truths of the gospel—which are few and simple—and then raised the dead, cured the blind, healed the sick, and performed other thaumaturgical works in order that men might believe. Ecclesiasticism, having lost the power to demonstrate the truth by working miracles, seeks to substitute for this lost thaumaturgy a regular system of intellectual and literary bombardments.

As to the Trinity, the doctrine is not found in any teachings of Christ. It would have been sufficient to demonstrate the falsehood of His teachings if it had been there. Three are not one any more than one is three. God can not create a two-year old colt in a minute; for mere contradictions are not the object of divine power. The Trinity is a mere mistake, and ever since the days of Athanasius the doctors of divinity have been splitting metaphysical hairs in vain at tempts to explain what is impossible, and to vindicate what is absurd—so grossly and palpably absurd that even to label it with the imposing title of a "Sacred Mystery" can not conceal its absurdity from the eyes of common sense. What Christ *did* teach was simply that He himself was the Son of God—not God. (To suppose that He was God would show the justification of a sinner to be impossible, for a reason that will be developed hereafter). The son of a dog is canine; the son of a man is human; the Son of God is divine—of the God-family. Christ taught nothing about the Holy Ghost at all.

The Greek for ghost or spirit occurs one hundred and twelve times in the New Testament, and it affirms nothing at all as to sex. But the terms father and son imply, also, the term mother. Christ was "begotten" of God—a man is begotten of his father; Christ was "conceived" of the Holy Ghost—a man is conceived of his mother. If, therefore, the idea of spiritual sexhood is tangible at all (and it is certainly warranted by the very words of Christ) God was the Father of Christ by Spiritual generation (not creation), and the Holy Ghost was his mother. *Ergo*, the Divine Nature is Father, Mother, Son, Family; and the fact that man (to whom alone the idea of family pertains) was created in "the image and likeness" of God is susceptible of a common-sense interpretation. Moreover, according to the Egyptian, Assyrio-Chaldaic, Hindoo, and Chinese theologies, in their most ancient forms, God was conceived of as androgynous—a being combining both sexes in one, spiritually hermaphrodite. From the fact that sexhood is nowhere predicated of the Holy Ghost, it may reasonably be inferred that Christ meant to teach that God is a dual being.

This was undoubtedly the faith of Moses, as is proved by the otherwise unexplainable fact that although he was a monotheistic Jew, and a good hater of ever polytheistic idea, his name for God was the plural form of a Hebrew noun. The mistake of the Trinity arose out of an earnest desire to maintain the absolute divinity of Christ without incurring the danger of fostering polytheistic views; and the gifted

young priest who maintained the doctrine at Nicia did not understand that the son of an androgynous God must necessarily be a divine being himself. And this is not Ebionitism, Arianism, Patripassianism, nor any other ism or ology whatever, but is Christ's teaching.

Now Jesus proposed this faith as the only foundation upon which social, political, and spiritual regeneration is possible. Was there any mistake about it? Or is it so grandly true that the fact that He did so ought to be held proof conclusive of His own divinity, and of His right to teach and to command? Let us see:

While it is, perhaps, true that the existence of the personal God can not be asserted to be a strictly scientific fact, a fact within the narrow limits of ascertained truth—actual knowledge—yet it is scientifically accurate to declare that every gens and generation has, in some shape, however crude and rudimentary, believed in such a being. From the lowest, most debased idolatries, through all the wonderful myths of Egypt, Hindostan, and other peoples, in all time and place, faith in the idea of God has been the common language of mankind. "There is no speech where its voice is not heard." The snake-whisperers and the rain-makers assert it as certainly, however inarticulate and feeble the utterance may be, as did the temple service of the Jews, the grand, poetic faith of Egypt, or the Oriental splendors which the deft fingers of Hindoo subtly wove into magnificent vestments for clothing the one idea that is the common property of mankind—God. Did this grand thought arise out of nothing to curse the human race? Does it exist for ever, and yet tend toward merest nihilism? In what correlation of psychic forces did this grand conception find its genesis? What theory of development by natural law and the survival of the fittest could by any possibility give birth to this "universal consciousness of God"? How came this yearning, mighty, inappassable want of God into the human consciousness at all? How procure itself such universal recognition that no race ever had a habitation that did not also have some holy place? Is it, can it by any possibility be, a mere aching, agonizing emptiness and vacuity of human intelligence, with nothing whatever to answer to its vain, imitatable longing?—a universal and specific want of what is not?—a deathless hunger and thirst for a mere nothingness?—a necessary, inevitable, everlasting delusion and insanity inherent in all human intelligence by virtue of the fact that it is human and intelligent? If otherwise, is it not true that this fact of the existence of the personal God is based immovably as Alps or Andes on the very roots of consciousness itself; and if the consciousness which is the root of reason be fallacious as to this primary and necessary truth, what better are we than daring lunatics in attempting to reason at all? For there is no escape from this universal and necessary truth. If we could, by an act of volition, hurl ourselves past "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," clear beyond the limits of the universe into utter bathos, it is not absolutely certain that the first act of intelligence outside of the merest ego would be in some shape to assert the idea of God? What force, what verity, can there by any possibility be in any metaphysical jargon which goes about to deny such high, supreme, absolute, inevitable, necessary, universal consciousness? True, the fact is not susceptible of proof, and all of "the evidences" with which ecclesiasticism has worried the mind are mere kite-flying, gong-beating, theological cobwebs; witness *Butler's Analogy*, *Paley's Natural Theology*, and the incurable verbosity which has afflicted the whole tribe of Levi. But the fact can not be disproved; and from Celsus and Lactantius to Darwin and Prince Bismarck all argument and effort in this direction are a mere jargon, doomed to certain failure, because they are not directed against a mere theological dogma which may be true or false, but against consciousness itself, which is of necessity veracious and invulnerable.

What then? Why only this, that the existence of the personal God, a fact incapable of proof or disproof, is a necessary, universal, and weighty want of the human, and is to be accepted by faith only; and it is merely one of "the follies of the wise" to attempt to do anything else. For faith in this fact antedates all history, philosophy, ecclesiasticism, and is part and parcel of the universal consciousness. "By faith only," so taught the good Essenian. So, also, every argument against the reality of moral distinctions is a mere beating of the wind. *Fas et Nefas*, the conception of right and wrong, is a necessary, universal, inevitable truth. The dispute as to what constitutes right or wrong is, of course, endless, but the reality of the distinction between them is a truth of the consciousness against which there is no argument. For every gens, every generation, every man, knows that no individual of the human race has ever accomplished all the good, or avoided all the evil, that was possible to be done or avoided. It is an historical fact that through all the ages human nature stands, like the lepers in Israel, with uplifted hands crying out to God and man, Unclean, unclean! As a necessary fact in human consciousness there is a state of alienation between God and man, for which in some way the human alone is to blame. The conviction of sin is universal. All climates, ages, and nationalities demonstrate the truth. This conviction of sin has no reference to any specific act of transgression, but to a state of conscious alienation from God; it antedates all accusation; it refuses to plead, or accept, any defense or justification; and by a natural, inevitable, necessary confession higher than any processes of reason, resistless as the precession of the equinoxes, spontaneous as the flowing of the tides, human nature pleads guilty before God of sin never charged against it by man, angel, or devil; never written in the forms of any statute, human or divine; never designated by any sign or symbol known to men; self-accused, self-tried, self-condemned. From this profound, inevitable, merciless consciousness of sin there is no escape. In the torrid deserts of lower Africa, where the distinction between the human and the brute seems almost to fade away, the Bushman feels the sting of sin and grovels in the dust; Ashtaroth and the star-god Remphan attest its sway over Babylon, the mighty and the then known world; Isis and Osiris proclaim its fatal dominion over all the lands and ages watered by the Nile. Bramah and Vishnu mourn its prevailing power over all the castes alike, and its corruption of the very warp and woof of human life in the purest, subtlest, delicate civilization ever known to history. Homer sung its sorrows as vividly as he sung the sacking of Troy; Jupiter and Venus, Plato and Paul, Mahomet and Christ, all men, all arts, all

civilizations, bear record of this fatal truth. So terribly earnest and real is this conviction that Buddha, whose religion is that of one third of the human race, conceived the highest blessedness to be *Nirvana*—*i. e.*, annihilation as an antidote for sin. This was the end sought through all the metempsychoses—the *summum bonum*. How came this conviction of sin into human consciousness? What devilish ingenuity of fate or chance, what satanic cunning in development by natural law, arrested human nature already over-burdened with all physical discomforts and pain, and fixed upon that nature the ineffaceable brand of moral delinquency, the ineradicable stigma of sin, if, indeed, the brand itself was a lie?—if the human is not by nature sinful? Surely, against so high, universal, necessary, inevitable consciousness all argument is vain. Surely, this conviction of sin, "this boundless upas, this all-blasting tree," whose lethal shades have darkened every human heart and life, must be a fearful fact, a real "heritage of woe" to which every man on earth is lawful heir by virtue of the fact of his humanity. But sin is want of conformity to the will of God, the transgression of moral law; and by a necessity of thought from which there is no escape, if there be any moral law of which sin is the transgression there must be, also, a law-giver; and so the personal God that is affirmed as a universal want of the consciousness is again affirmed as the giver of moral law, the author of moral distinctions, the source of the necessary idea of *Fas et Nefas*. What need have we of snakes and apples in a garden, or of the Levitical economy, or of any theological thimble-riggism whatever, about such a matter as this? If it were demonstrated that all "Revelation" were the merest chaff, does not the truth remain immovable that "he that believeth not is condemned already?"—self-accused, self-tried, self-condemned, of sin against God by a necessary law and fact of consciousness deeper, truer, and more profound than all of the ecclesiastical systems on earth? "Canst thou unloosen the bands of Orion?—or bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?—or bring forth Mazzaroth in his season?—or guide Arcturus and his sons?" If not, why seek to measure the universal truths of Jesus with little ecclesiastical pint-pots? Why seek to decorate the mighty Christ with theological show-coatisms and swaddling-bonds? Ah, but the truth of Christ is infinitely larger than all of the social, political, and ecclesiastical systems on earth!

True, this fact of sin can not be proved; it can not be disproved; and because it is a necessary truth of the human consciousness, it must be accepted by faith only, even as the grand Essenian taught.

Moreover, in the cognition of the idea of God, it seems to be the uniform process of reason, if not in fact a law of thought, that God must be to every gens, and to each man, the highest idea of the Perfect. God is the infinite Perfect of that of which man is the imperfect and finite. Man and God are reciprocal ideas, and the existence of either one implies that of the other. So if it were possible for one to conceive any idea of a perfecter Being than he conceives God to be, definite and tangible enough to take even a single steady glance at it, it would infallibly appear that this perfecter Being is the real God and the other a mere mistake. Now, necessarily the conviction of sin subsists in the fact that consciousness puts every man under indissoluble bonds that he render a perfect life to God, and under necessary, inevitable conviction that he miserably fails to do so. He knows that he is not as perfect as the law of his own nature requires him to be. His idea of this perfectness is higher and more inevitable, just in proportion as he is himself a higher and holier being. Hence, he can never get any closer to his own ideal of the perfectness required; hence, can do nothing to secure the favor of God or release himself from the conviction of sin; hence, the best man is as truly under conviction of sin as the vilest; hence, self-righteousness is utterly incompetent to effect any reconciliation between himself and his God; and hence, through mere despair of ever being able to do anything to justify itself in the sight of God, human nature, in all climates and ages, has turned away from its own incompetence, imperfectness, and sin, and has sought relief for burdened conscience in some form of sacrifice that might be made available by faith for its own justification; and hence, the idea of sacrifice for sin is both logically a necessity of human consciousness, and historically a necessary fact in the experience of mankind, and is both truth and fact. Of necessity, therefore (a necessity that grows up out of human consciousness itself, independently of all ecclesiasticism whatever, and is truer, deeper, profounder than all the theological systems on earth—a necessity that existed before any of them were invented, and will survive them all), justification is by faith only through sacrifice.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Here is somebody's ideal woman: She is at once passionate and innocent, strong and delicate. Her manners grow on her like leaves on a tree; they are beautiful, and they are her own. Her smiles and her frowns, her laughter and her tears have all long roots; they live down in the depths of her heart. She is tender, yet she can resist unto death. Night and morning meet in her hair and in her eyes. You would never know, till you had listened to her, how many tones a sweet voice can possess, yet be always sweet. She is simple, but proud; and while you would confidently demand of her any charitable service, you would never venture to touch her hand unless she first offered it to you. Neither would she offer it lightly.

Cheerily dawned the morning,
Warbled the wood birds around,
When they brought out the croquet wickets,
And laid off the croquet grounds.

Drearly closed the twilight,
Scarcely a word was said;
But they carried him out to the graveyard,
With a mallet lump on his head.

The Prince of Wales and Dr. Playfair were standing near a cauldron filled with boiling lead. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Oh, yes," said the Prince. "Will you plunge your hand in the boiling metal?" "You tell me to do this?" said the Prince. "I will." The Prince then ladled out some of the molten lead in his hand. It is a fact that the moisture of the hand is from lead boiling at a white heat.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Richardson having written *A Primer of American Literature*, the London *Academy* is pleased to be displeased with the patriotic venture, and asks if there is "really enough of American literature yet to make a primer of it desirable." Our critic thinks not; thinks we are "too young;" fears that we have not had time to have a history; laments that our annals are crowded with mediocre names; and complains that too many of our writers are still living. The last objection is a grave one, and is, we fear, insuperable, the law not permitting their extinction. The *Academy*, it is barely worth while to mention, is the literary authority in whose pages a writer—no doubt the same one—recently criticised as a new work a book which had the honor of exhaustive examination by the inferior genius of one Macaulay.

Among American comic writers of the class represented by Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, the *Daily News* (London) finds two remarkable features—their "rusticity" and their "puritanism." They are Puritans at bottom as well as rustics. Their familiarity with certain religious ideas and certain Biblical terms is "amazing." Their boldness in the use of the Scriptures "is certainly very odd to us in England," but in their "astounding coolness and freedom of manners" there is "nothing of the social funkiness which too often marks our own satirists." As for the "genial showman," the *News* remarks that his reports of his "conversations with the mighty of the earth were made highly ludicrous by the homely want of self-consciousness displayed by the owner of the Kangaroo, that 'amooosin' little 'cuss,' and of the 'two moral b'ars.'" Mark Twain has "an almost Mephistophelian coolness," and "a glorious vein of exaggeration." His "colossal exaggeration is, of course, natural to a land of ocean-like rivers and almighty tall pumpkins." His story of the sufferings of a greenhorn who had purchased "a genuine Mexican plug" is "one of the funniest things in literature," and one of its passages is "more moving than anything in Rabelais." The weak point in American humor, however, it finds in the *Innocents Abroad*. Here is the place where it "has always failed." It has "lacked reverence and sympathy."

Fanny Kemble, when a girl, had a fondness for the poetry of Byron; but, finding it injurious to her mind and heart, she gave up reading it. When visiting an aunt in the country, she again began to read, "Cain" and "Manfred" most deeply impressed her. They stirred her whole being "with a tempest of excitement that left me in a state of mental perturbation impossible to describe for a long time after reading them." Giving up this poetry was "a great effort and a very great sacrifice, for the delight I found in it was intense." After this noble renunciation, Miss Fanny read Byron only in the privacy of her own boudoir.

Mr. Bret Harte and his recent lecture have both pleased the Londoners. The *Athenaeum* calls him "a true artist, possessing rare mastery over language, skilled to express ideas, pathetic or grotesque." Referring to his lectures, it mentions "choice language excellently spoken, describing the picturesque of quite unfamiliar scenes, telling of strange and romantic forms of life, and appealing in swift succession to the hearer's poetic imagination and to his sense of humor."

By the way, if you wish to read the Serbian translation of Mr. Harte's best stories ask for the *Shest Kaliforniiskikh Priča Breta Harta*.

Mrs. Burnett's early heroines wore pearl rings on their forefingers and swansdown around their throats.

The London *Times*, in a leading article of January 3d, spoke of the Hebrew as a language which possesses but a single volume of literature. The library of the British Museum contains not less than ten thousand books printed in Hebrew. Steinschneider's catalogue of Hebrew books and manuscripts, in the Bodleian Library, is a quarto eight inches thick. As the *Times* is edited by a professor of Arabic, this cavalier treatment of an opposition literature is natural and commendable.

We have not done with English opinions of American literature: The *Saturday Review*—severest of our censors—calls Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust* "one of the most remarkable feats of translation achieved in any modern language." That paper further says he "has rendered the whole poem in English wonderfully close and wonderfully free from strain and harshness. Line for line and metre for metre he followed Goethe's way, flinching before no difficulties, and seldom otherwise than victorious; a labor so great that no man could have hoped for success who had not in himself enough of the poetic spirit to undertake it as a labor of love."

Swinnburne is going to join the Roman Catholic Church, if they will let him.

Mr. Edmund Yates has engaged in a new literary venture—the publication of a monthly miscellany to be called *Time*. It will be "no more" long before Gabriel, with one wet foot and one dry one, shall make proclamation to that effect.

The "old South Church" is fatal to genius. In the March *Atlantic*, Mr. Whittier's verses, designed to preserve it, ought to seal its doom beyond hope of reprieve. It has been the parent of more cheap sentimentality than any building in America, and we heartily hope it may burn down.

The San Francisco News Company are about to publish a book by Ring Jenson, entitled *Among the Mormons*. It purports to be an account of the "lively experiences" of an American and an Englishman who "went to Salt Lake and married seven wives apiece." There is no doubt that this would be lively enough; whether the book is lively remains to be seen. The Gentile literature of Mormonism has hitherto been redeemed from dullness only by malice.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's new volume is called *Mixed Essays*. Compounded of "sweetness and light," eh?

"ANGRY PASSIONS RISE."

VIRGINIA CITY, February 25, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT—Sir: I am sorry that my verses on "The Devil Fishing" should have inveigled you into a row with your contemporaries. Permit me further to express my regret that I am obliged to use your columns in reply to an article in the *Post*. I feel like the man who used the king's sceptre to belabor a jackass, apologizing for his conduct on the ground that he took the first thing handy. The paper I have alluded to prints a poem from Pread, from which it says that my verses (I do not claim them to be poetry) were plagiarized. I never saw Pread's poem before, and the only similarity I can discover between Pread and myself is that we wrote on a similar subject—the devil. If the *Post* man had pursued his literary investigations further he would have discovered that Pread took his idea from Byron's "Devil's Walk," and Byron foraged extensively from Chaucer, Shelley, and Keats, who also wrote about the devil, as they doubtless had a right to do, the subject not being copyrighted.

But speaking of plagiarism, let me give a more striking illustration of the subject. Some four years ago I wrote for the *News Letter* some verses on George Bromley's sweeping machine. The man then editing the "Town Crier" department erased my name from the bottom of the article after it was in type, and then claimed the production as his own in the next issue. This man (I am now informed) does the "Derrick Dodderings" for the *Post*. I will not mention his name, as I am not positive of his identity, and if I charged an innocent party with any connection with the "D. D." column, my accusations would certainly be actionable. Some years ago I wrote a special article for the *Post* on "Bohemianism in San Francisco." About a year ago an article appeared in its Saturday's issue under the same head. What was my surprise to find that about half of my article had been appropriated *verbatim* and printed as original matter; and the writer had stolen the worse half, which indicated a lack of discrimination on his part quite in keeping with his surroundings. Neither the poem stolen by Mr. "D. Dodd" nor the prose appropriated by the other fellow amounted to much, but if either constituted any considerable addition to the literary reputation of the parties making use of them they are welcome to it.

Now what right has the *Post* to attempt to make me out a plagiarist while it employs men who have stolen my productions in their entirety, and why does it fish among its old files for my articles when it has a staff of eight or ten writers on its pay-roll. It seems to me that with one "back-file editor" and a pair of shears, the services of at least six men might be advantageously dispensed with.

Yours, respectfully,

SAM DAVIS.

A Short Sermon.

"Put money in thy purse."

Make it thy soul's delight to gather coin. Suffer not thy thoughts to stray from this purpose. Make corners in bread, so that the poor shall go hungry. What is it to thee that hundreds suffer? Make corners in water, through the great Father poured it out without stint for all his children. Fence it up; gather it into reservoirs and make the thirst as well as the hunger of the people fill thy purse. What were hunger and thirst made for but to help thee put money in thy purse? Watch the progress of industry, and buy up the land that lies in its course. Hold it for high prices; hold it until the homeless and landless must have it at any price. What is it to thee that industries are paralyzed? Put money in thy purse.

Thy brother may be fainting by the wayside, crushed by misfortune and sickness. Heed not his cry of agony. Shut all avenues of the heart to the cries of suffering humanity. What is the world to thee? Put money in thy purse.

The world is full of beauty. Every little flower that opens its petals to drink in the sunshine is full of marvelous, self-acting machinery. Heed it not. Turn not aside from thy great work. The rocks of the earth, all the elements tell a wondrous story of the creation, extending through myriads of ages, of changes from chaos to order; from darkness to light and life; of alternating ages of torrid heat and icy solitude. The stars spangling the infinite blue deep tell a marvelous tale of the extent of God's works, and suggest the possibility of a future greatness of the soul; of a wandering at will through endless beauty—wondering, admiring, and learning. Leave such things to fools; they are nothing to thee. Put money in thy purse.

Work for money with all thy might, mind, and soul, and it shall flow to thee, as the water floweth to the sea, in streams ever widening and deepening, gathering strength as it comes. Thou shalt own broad acres in the hearts of cities, and principalities in the country. Thy flocks shall cover a thousand hills, and thy bank accounts increase by day and by night. Though, in the pursuit of wealth, thy features become the incarnation of all that is vile, a record of years of sin, at thy approach with the golden key the doors of palatial residences will fly open, obsequious servants will conduct thee to the innermost shrine, melodious voices will sing for thee the sweetest songs, gray-haired wisdom will lend thee its aid, and youth and beauty will come to thy arms. Thou mayest ride rough shod over the people, for hast thou not the where-with?

But know, O mortal! that thy millions can not purchase one atom of love or respect; that the poorest sewing girl in the city, or the dirtiest dustman, is richer than thou art, for some one may have for them a tender thought; but thou shalt be abhorred of all. When sorrow cometh to thee, no heart will beat in sympathy, no tears will mingle with thine. Every man's hand will be against thee as thine has been against mankind. Every dollar of thy millions will be a demon to gnaw thy withered, shrunken soul. Thy heart shall be like a desert land, without green thing, fountain, or shade. The harpies of the law shall quarrel over thy ill-gotten wealth as the wild dogs and wolves over the fallen bison of the plains, and thou shalt have lived in vain, for what doth thy wealth profit?

A famous artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Whoever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Whoever saw one with less?" was the counter question.

WHAT I SEE FROM MY WINDOW.

If it interests you to know where said window is located, I answer, in the language of the advertisements, on California, between Larkin and Kearny Streets. Will that do?

I have not been near it for several days, as I was sick. How I greet it as an old friend and try to derive some amusement from it by looking out. The first object of notice is a yellow monster floating high in the air. By the help of my faithful glass I discover it to be the flag of H. I. C. M. Consulate! There is a picture on it of a dragon. I first thought it was a full sized bumble-bee; comes from being near-sighted.

Somebody bows up from the car. Wonder who she is! Politeness requires that I return the compliment, so there goes—a graceful bow. I think those people across the street must live entirely on a diet of ham. I counted twenty-four a fortnight ago, and there is another cargo unloading. "Toujours perdrix" would not be my taste, much less ham, "mais les goûts sont différents." By the way, I enjoyed the ARGONAUT's French column very much indeed. School is out. Wish I was one of those youngsters with satchel and lunch-basket. They are happy. They have no interest in the fluctuations of the stock market, no bills payable, no money in the French Bank, no board account to settle, and no splitting headache. It seems to be the top-spinning season with them. Wonder if that messenger boy is in a very great hurry to deliver his telegram! He took a top away from a little boy to show him what he could do in that line, but after five ineffectual efforts he walked down the hill, a wiser and colder boy, for he actually rubs his hands.

"Wild game, wild game!" sounds a melodious voice. No, I thank you; not any in mine. At home, where I came from, all game is considered wild. There must be tame varieties here, I suppose, although things generally are lively enough. The car stops. Somebody for me? No; an elderly lady gets off the dummy and drags her better half after her. For the time being he looks decidedly like the worse one; his lunch must have disagreed with him, poor fellow! At least his face is putty colored, his eyes glassy, and his steps tottering. She tries to pilot him up the hill; he pushes her away. She advances a few steps alone; then, like a true soldier, with flying colors (her bonnet strings), she returns to her charge, and, Victoria! the haven of rest, the porch of their pretentious dwelling, is reached at last, and I am glad of it.

The policeman at the corner seems to be in a brown study. Maybe his new hat did not cost the regulated \$4.50, and he is turning over a shrewd plan in his fertile brain how to avoid getting one of those Fishy "orders signed and countersigned." Well, he has my best wishes for success. How the wind plays with the nether garments of the ladies' toilets! The average size of the pretty ones' pedestals seems to be 5¾. Now, if I were a lady, and my understandings were not of the most genteel dimensions, I would not give the zephyrs a chance by sitting on the dummy. One of the gentlemanly engineers of the C. S. R. R. always sports a flower in his button-hole; to-day it is a carnation, to match his face, which the wind took the trouble of dyeing with soft blushes.

If Mr. Bergh, from New York, were in my place, he would unharness that poor old Rosinante, and make the human brute pull the cart up hill. I always feel like giving that ilk a sound whipping when I hear them curse and beat the poor animals. Family down street must be out; the milkman, with his "crème à la pump" has been knocking for five minutes already; no, the door is opened now, sorry I can not see by whom. Well, I declare! what funny creatures the dear little ladies are! Two friends making carriage calls leave the vehicle at the upper corner, and walk down-hill fully three-quarters of a block, and that in full dress, without as much as a lace scarf. Is it because Jehu went go?—excuse the wicked thought—is it, may be, to see and be seen? I hope they will find their friends at home, and be duly admired.

The flying bakery is passing the second time already, but seems to have shut up for the day. I deem it wise to follow its example.

Obscure Intimations.

DOBBIN.—Your "Soliloquy" recalls too many tender recollections of our own lamented mule; we can not use it.

MIA.—The matter will be referred to Mr. Somers on his return from the East.

C. W.—Thanks; please send them.

"RATS."—As you are "a subscriber to the ARGONAUT," your neighbor certainly has not "the right to let rats caught in a trap, run in a public street" to damage your store and goods. If you were a subscriber to the *Bulletin* it would be different. Bishop Hatto, of excruciating memory, who was devoured by rats in his island tower, was a subscriber to the *Bingen Bulletin*.

CHARLES P. SOMERBY, Publisher, New York.—If you must review books for us, please condemn those of other publishers instead of praising your own. It is in better taste.

"AFTERWARD."—We made an error in your address, and have not your name. Shall we ask posterity?

"A SACRAMENTO SUBSCRIBER."—Does it not strike you as uncivil not to sign your name to a note which you address to another person—even if he happen to be an editor? We do not, of course, take the trouble to read what is commended to us by the kind of taste which writes anonymous letters.

SERMON.—The carpenter is at work on our pulpit, the harness-maker rebinding our Bible. When we are ready to get into the one to hammer the other it is likely that your homily will be hurled at the heads and hearts of the ARGONAUT's devout congregation—our fellow-workers of Mammon. On second thought we'll hurl it now.

EL. R.—No apology for not liking your manuscript, no stamp for returning it, and don't care a kettle cobbler's malediction what you think of us.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The next Quintet Recital—second of the current series—will fall due next Tuesday, 4th instant, and introduces for the first time Mr. Jacob Müller, the favorite baritone, who will sing Schubert's *Wanderer*, and the song *To the Evening Star*, from Tanhauser. Of novelties there are to be a *Nocturne* by Field, and transcription of Liszt (of the *Spinning Song* from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*) by Miss Schmidt, *Hungarian Dances* by Brahms (in the violin arrangement of Joachim) by Mr. Louis, Jr., Quartet by Rubenstein, and Trio by Schubert. The *Abendlied* of Schumann—for string quartet—will be repeated in compliance with many requests, and the balance of the programme will consist of a string Quartet by Haydn and a Quintet of Mozart.

Mr. Chauncey's *Berceuse*, the new composition that made such a profound impression at one of the Orchestral Matinees several weeks since, has just appeared at Gray's, arranged for the piano forte. Besides its freshness of thematic material and novel treatment of the instrument, this piece brings quite an interesting effect in the second part, where the author, displaying a remarkable *finesse* in the matter of rhythm, has introduced his *sextollets* with the audacity of a genius who knows and acknowledges no rules. I do not believe that there is a living composer—Wagner and Liszt, perhaps, excepted—who would not have written these six notes as two triplets; and certainly there are few pianists—among amateurs, I mean—who can play them as Mr. Chauncey has written them. But this, we must remember, was also said of Beethoven's later Sonatas at the time of their first publication, as well of many things of Schumann, Chopin, and others, and yet they have survived and become classical. So there is hope for the *Berceuse*.

There called upon me, one day this week, a young gentleman, who is thought by his friends to have a promising voice, with the request that I would hear him sing and advise him with regard to the desirability of devoting himself to a musical career, and also give him my views as to the possibilities or probabilities of such a step, the best method for pursuing it, etc., etc. Mr. A. (let us call him so) brought a note of introduction from a mutual acquaintance, through which I was informed that he was about twenty-two years of age, had sung several times in company with great success, and had but little money with which to undertake a musical education, but that if there was any likelihood of his achieving great things with his voice the means would be forthcoming. Before asking him to sing I made some few inquiries as to his previous studies, etc., and ascertained that he was a clerk—in a broker's office, I believe—on a salary of \$75 per month, liked his business, and was well liked by his employer, knew nothing of music further than to read a vocal part passably, could not play on any instrument, and had heard no singing, excepting occasionally, for the past few years, in this city. I then let him sing to me. He had brought—his letter of introduction spoke of him as a Tenor—the *Cujus Animam* of Rossini, *If with all your hearts* from "Elijah," several Italian Arias, and two English songs. Of these I selected one which, being comparatively easy, would give him the best opportunity to do himself justice. My young gentleman did not seem particularly comfortable over my choice, fidgetted a bit, and at last suggested—but with perfect modesty of manner—that he was but little accustomed to singing English songs, and that, if perfectly agreeable to me, he would prefer to sing one of the Italian ones first. So we took up the *Cujus Animam*. I was a little shocked at the outset by the rather explosive manner with which he attacked the opening phrase, but, remembering that he had probably never had an opportunity of hearing it properly sung, permitted him to proceed for, say, about a dozen measures, when it occurred to me to look up at his face. It was well nigh purple with the effort he was making, and I begged of him to desist, and sing me a scale. He did so, and now I made several discoveries. Firstly, that he had no Tenor voice at all, but a high Baritone instead. Secondly, that he had no ear; or rather, perhaps, a very stubborn ear, that could retain the outlines of a melody if they were very decided and strongly marked, but was not willing to accommodate itself to the varying whole tones and semitones of a diatonic scale. Thirdly, that he had a very imperfect sense of rhythm. It was simply an unusually high Baritone of considerable *timbre*, flexibility, and smoothness, but not in any way remarkable. I did not tell him all this at once (it seemed to me almost more than one could bear at one blow), but led him on to speak of himself and his hopes for the future, and found that he had been to an Italian singing master ("late of the opera"), who had assured him that he had a very remarkable tenor voice, with which he could eventually make a fine career on the stage; that one year—or two, at most—would suffice to prepare him for such a career, and had, in fine, begun by teaching him the very song of Rossini over which he had a moment before almost exploded in my hearing. He had been thinking of giving up his place in the office, in order to have more time for study; and on consulting a friend—my acquaintance—with reference to it, had been advised to see me first. Of course I had to tell him the truth about his case, as best I could; but it was a painful task which I would have gladly been spared. I advised him, firstly, not to quit the respectable position that was bringing him a decent living. I do not know the rate of promotion for a broker's clerk, but fancy that it ought eventually to bring him up to, say, \$3,000 per annum, and this would be a great deal for any but a first rate baritone singer to earn. I then suggested that he try, for a year or two, to forget as far as possible the existence of his voice, with the double purpose of resting it from the over-exertion to which it had been subjected in singing tenor songs, and employing the time in studying the piano forte and something about music generally. Then, by going to some real singing teacher, one who knows the voice and how to train it, he might possibly learn to use his, and in time derive much pleasure from it. But no profit. This was what, above all, I endeavored to impress upon him: that the voices that justify the abandonment of an honorable and profitable business career in the hope that singing will pay better are very rare, almost phenomenal, and that, to make a successful singer, the possession of such a phenomenal voice must be accompanied by a genuine and pronounced musical talent. No singer is se-

cure in the possession of his voice; it may leave him at any day. And then, if he be not a musician, with a real knowledge of his profession (which can be gained only after long years of study and experience), his life may be said to be wasted. He is obliged either to change his business or become a mere pretense, a charlatan. Out of all the singers in the world, ninety-nine of every hundred are bad singers. Of such there are more than enough, then. It is only those who have the reasonable assurance of some day becoming good singers—that is, who possess at once voice and talent—who should feel called upon to take up the voice as a profession. And even such will do well to deliberate long and earnestly before casting the final die; they must be prepared for much, long, and very hard work, many bitter trials and bitter disappointments, and much feverish and uneasy tossing hither and thither upon a couch which, if it is apparently strewn with roses, has many, and sharp, thorns concealed underneath, not a few of them tipped with a subtle poison the merest contact with which is moral paralysis, if not death.

In speaking of Madame Jaffa's concert, last week, I took occasion again to make my protest against the miscellaneous style of programme that is mostly made by our concert-givers, and ventured to advance the hope that custom, at least, would in course of time bring about the mixing of some little brain in such matters. This, of course, would be much more likely if it were the fashion to adopt the better and more sensible customs of those whom we should make our models in matters of taste, or if we were in the habit of assimilating the genuine thought that should be our guide in matters of art, instead of looking only to those who have the ear of the world—which may always be set down, broadly, as the ignorant part of it—and aping from the surface impression that we get of it their manner of making the success that brings notoriety and influence. When I said that the mixed programme was dying out in older and more advanced communities I referred to the species of *olla-podrida* that is usually put together by a concert-giver who, having his own selection thought out and prepared according to his possibilities, or limitations, sets to work to fill up the two hours of music that it is considered necessary to give by getting together such people as are more readily available, and, throwing whatever they are willing to play or sing into a sort of variety entertainment that is dignified by the name of concert, prints his programme—headed, invariably, *Grand Concert*—and gravely invites his friends and the rest of the public to pay their dollar each for the two hours of weariness and vexation of spirit that is the almost invariable result. I hear people complain almost daily that concerts are a nuisance and a bore, and in the main—as matters are conducted with us—I agree with them. A concert that is a mere jumble of impressions, in which Beethoven is relieved with Ardit, and Bach, or even Haydn, placed side by side with Bellini or Verdi, and in which there is no attempt at a logical arrangement of the numbers or their relation to each other, is an intellectual—or rather *unintellectual*—barbarity, not entirely unlike those "Quotations from Favorite Authors," with which a certain portion of the reading public is supplied under gilded covers, and which, under the pretense of condensing the author's brains to the capacity of a tea-spoon, are really all tea-spoon and no brains at all.

A logical—sensible—concert programme should be founded upon an idea. It should be a programme of *Chamber music*, *Salon music*, or whatever else it aspires to be, with a harmonious arrangement throughout; with a point, or climax, carefully prepared, and a similar preparation of the usual *encore* numbers that should also be in keeping with what has preceded or is to follow them. There should be in it no florid and bespangled *aria* of Rossini tripping on the heels of a Beethoven Symphony or Concerto, no trashy sentimentality of Millard or Claribel in immediate contrast to a quartet of Schumann or Schubert. Either may be good in its place, but the fitting place for the one is not alongside the other. The Beethoven Sonata that follows *Una voce* is more than likely to strike the average listener as somewhat prosy—neither Beethoven nor Rossini being in the least answerable for this—nor can I imagine the most delightful *Suite* of Bach getting even a respectful hearing after an audience has been subjected to the mellifluous intoxication of a beautiful Tenor voice and a "Good-bye, Sweetheart." The most charmingly written essay of Montaigne would be dull reading after a chapter of Peg Woffington; yet who shall say that the Frenchman is a lesser or duller writer than the English novelist.

The miscellaneous programme is based upon the view that a concert audience is easily wearied and impatient of monotony; that it requires variety and entertainment. This is undoubtedly correct, and, furthermore, is founded upon a lasting principle of art. Whatever is monotonous is bad, when it becomes wearisome. But there is a monotony that is at once delightful and interesting; a one-tone that must prevail in every work of art that makes any pretension to excellence; it is the harmony of the painter, the symmetry of the sculptor, the form of the poet. And a concert programme to be good, should be in some sense a work of art. The bearing this in mind, however, need not in any case result in that monotony that would prove wearisome to either performers or listeners; what is essential is that there should be unity of style, and within this there are illimitable possibilities of variety and relief. A programme of Chamber music can easily provide itself with vocal numbers out of the well nigh countless songs—*di camera*, the Italians call them—of the best composers, while the modern *virtuosi* and writers of Salon music have furnished no end of attractive and pretty gewgaws to be strung in among the *arias de bravura* and sentimental ballads with which our singers delight to tickle their audiences. The plea that it is desirable to suit all tastes will not hold good. Firstly, those who want the Beethoven don't want the other stuff, and those who care for the "stuff" don't want the Beethoven. Secondly, those who have stomach for both at a single meal are afflicted with artistic dyspepsia, and need regulating. A consequence of this fashion of dishing up everything in the same pot, is that most of the hearers are impressed by the noisy, jolly things, and eventually come to consider Messrs. Beethoven *et al.* an infliction that has to be borne in order to obtain the "taking" pieces. And I don't entirely wonder at it, either. S. E.

CONCERNING EDITORS.

A friend is politically ambitious; he would like political honors. He is honest, learned, rich; he is too proud to fawn, he is too clean to mingle in the dirty ward wallow. We recommended that he see the leading gentlemen of the press, and consult with them, and let them understand his aspirations and his views. We suggested the honored names of Thistleton, Marriott, Pickering, McCrellish, de Young, Fitch, Wentworth, Boruck, Pen Johnson, Basset, and others. "These gentlemen," we remarked, "are the first minds of our coast. They are the moulds in which the form of public opinion is cast. They are the leaders in our political and social organization by virtue of their unselfish love of their fellow man, their pure moral lives, their elevated tone of thought. They seek only to promote the public good; the common welfare the only aim of their industrious, self-denying lives."

He replied: "I have been to them all; I have interviewed them, seeking their advice, and have come away with a reflection. The reflection contains an idea; the idea is embodied in a story. The story is of an incident that occurred at Washoe in its early days. Sam Brown was the most popular and dreaded of all the early murderers. Most of his exploits of killing were by daylight in crowded saloons. He was an artist that delighted in the exhibition of his work. He was confessedly at the head of his profession, and took a just pride in his reputation."

"One day Sam Brown, finding himself at leisure, and the day being an agreeable one—Washoe zephyrs playing over the fragrant sagebrush, the air laden with perfume—be thought himself to go down from Virginia City, through the Devil's Cañon, up the valley and by the brawling river, to kill Van Sickle, a publican, who kept a road-side tavern on the Carson. On his way Sam overtook a diminutive little Jew named Levy, well known at Virginia for his honest dealings, his genial temper, and his pleasant ways."

"Their respective mules fell into a harmonious jog, and little Levy, full of fear and full of guileless anxiety lest in some playful moment Sam would kill him in a sportive way, made himself most agreeable to his companion. At Silver City, and the Gate, and at every road-side inn, he played the generous cavalier. It the outspoken friendliness of a generous nature Sam informed Levy of his purpose to kill Van Sickle, and into his purpose the small Levy entered with full sympathy, convincing Sam of his earnest coöperation, and assuring the blonde murderer (for Sam was fair haired and blue eyed, of Saxon type) that he might rely upon him for his coöperation and assistance, should the exigencies of the case demand his aid. Thus in friendly converse the tedious day passed not unpleasantly by. Sam beguiled his companion with tales of murder deftly accomplished; of the trick of turning the knife within the wound; of the bullet sent with unerring aim to offending parts; how once he was winked upon, and of the brain he shattered through the insulting orb; how a blow was arrested by a derring ball that broke the arm and killed; how he had shot the victim in the back that had turned his back upon him; how he had killed a rascal that had snored by stamping his blade down through his offending nose as he slept."

"Van Sickle saw the approaching pair, and, from his verandah, with a double-barreled gun, welcomed Sam to a hospitable but bloody grave. The duel was a hot one. Sam's ready arsenal opened fire, and for a time the fusillade was incessant. Levy trembled and fled; but the incoming stage, laden with passengers—all armed, as was the habit of the country—rapidly nearing the scene, Levy rallied and returned. It was an uneven fight, and Mr. Brown succumbed to the unequal conflict. He fell, pierced with many wounds, bleeding at every pore; dying—not a cartridge left in his arsenal. Levy pressed into the group that surrounded the dying man. 'Shentlemens, I ask one favor. D—n you, Sam Brown, you murdering villain! Shentlemens, do me von little favor. Let me shoot him just vonce.'

"The crowd consenting, Levy fired, and Sam Brown, smiling, died."

"And," said our friend, "that is just the way I feel toward editors. I do not want to know them. I do not want them to notice me. I would avoid them. I am afraid of them. I am compelled through personal fear to assent to all they say when I am with them. I would like to murder them—the whole fraternity—but I dare not fight them. I admire the man who does; and if the whole gang could be killed I would deem it a great favor to just shoot the last safe shot into the expiring carcass of the last dying editor."

We would suggest to the Buffalo colony, now organizing in Western New York for emigration to California, that it purchase the Temple-Workman Ranchos, in Los Angeles County. Thirty thousand acres of land can be obtained for \$600,000—this is \$20 per acre. One-third of the land is worth \$100 per acre; one-third, \$50 per acre; and a small part of the hill land, from \$10 to \$20. The whole is worth \$1,500,000. There are two streams running through it—the San Gabriel, a bright river, and the San Jose, a nice, enduring mill stream. The Southern Pacific Railroad cuts the land into two parts, with four stations on it. It has two splendid residences, with groves of orange, lemon, and lime trees, olive orchards, vineyards, out-houses, tenant houses, wine presses, etc. A large part is fenced. It has a flouring mill. The land is especially adapted to wheat, barley, and corn; the hill lands to pasture—all covered with soil to their summits. The foot-hills are fruit and vine lands. It is all naturally irrigated, and is, we have no doubt, the finest body of land in California—near to Los Angeles, and nearer to several lesser but promising towns. Twenty acres of this land will support a family. Forty acres is an independence. There is a good local market. There can not be found elsewhere in our State so desirable a tract of land for colonization. Any part of it that the colonists might be willing to part with would be taken in Los Angeles. The scheme would be popular in the county; wealthy men would advance money on the land to farmers in possession; and we have authority to say that one-half the purchase money of the whole tract could be negotiated in San Francisco, at low rates of interest. We suggest to those of our readers who know any of the Buffalo colonists to write, and let them the purchase of this property.

WIDOW COBB'S FIRST LOVE.

The fire crackled cheerfully upon the broad hearth of the old farm house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warmth, and a decrepit dog lying full in the reflection of the yellow blaze wrinkled his black nose approvingly as he turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been. Over the chimney there hung several fine hams and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned along the ceiling, and crooked necked squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkin in garnishing each window frame. There were plants, too, on the window ledges—horse-shoe geraniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose, just budding, to say nothing of pots of violets that perfumed the whole whenever they took it into their purple heads to bloom. The floor was carefully swept, the chairs had not a speck of dust upon leg or round, the long settee near the fire-place shone as if it had been varnished, and the eight-day clock in the corner had its white face newly washed, and seemed determined to tick the louder for it. Two arm-chairs were drawn up at a cozy distance from the hearth and each other; a candle, a newspaper, a pair of spectacles, a dish of red cheeked apples, and a pitcher of cider filled a little table between them. In one of the chairs sat a comfortable-looking woman of about forty-five, with cheeks as red as the apples, and eyes as dark and as bright as they had ever been, resting her elbow on the table and her head upon her hand, and looking thoughtfully into the fire. This was the Widow Cobb, relict of Deacon Levi Cobb, who had been mouldering into dust in the Bytown church-yard for more than seven years. She was thinking of her dead husband, probably, because—all her work being done and the servant gone to bed—the sight of the empty chair at the other side of the table, and the silence of the room, made her a little lonely.

"Seven years!" said the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifteen—and yet I don't look so very old, either. Perhaps it's not having any children to bother my life out, as other people have. They may say what they like, children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's worn to a shadow, and I'm sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the dish and began to pare it.

"How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these grafts! He will never eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose they have apples where he's gone to. Heigho! I remember very well how I used to throw apple-parings over my head when I was a girl to see who I was going to marry."

Mrs. Cobb stopped short and blushed. In those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and had always looked eagerly to see if the peel did not form a capital S. Her meditations took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Peyton was, and how much I used to care for him! Jerusha says he went away from our village just after I did, and no one has heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—Here came a long pause, during which the widow looked very steadfastly at the empty chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers played carelessly with the apple-paring; she drew it safely toward her, and looked around the room.

"Upon my word, it is very ridiculous; and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me."

Still the plump fingers drew the peel nearer.

"But they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowse will never know what it means. Of course, I don't believe anything about it."

The paring hung gracefully from her hand.

"But still, I should like to try; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went, and curled up quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowse, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and marched deliberately up to smell it.

"Bowse, Bowse, don't touch it!" cried his mistress; and, bending over it with a beating heart, she turned red as fire. There was as handsome a capital S as one could see!

A loud knock came suddenly at the door. The dog growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple-paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again because I tried that silly trick," she thought, tearfully, to herself.

Another knock, louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed:

"Hillo, the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed Levi was still safe in his grave upon the hillside.

"A stranger," said the voice.

"What do you want?"

"To get lodging here for the night."

The widow deliberated.

"Can't you go on? There's a house half a mile further on; if you keep to the right hand side of the road, and turn to the left after you get by—"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, coughing. "I'm wet to the skin. Don't you think you can accommodate me? I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I didn't know that." And the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door very quickly. "Come in, whoever you may be. I only asked you to go because I am a lone woman, with only one servant in the house."

The stranger entered, shaking himself, like a Newfoundland dog, upon the step, and scattering a little shower of drops over his hostess and her nicely swept floor.

"Ah! that looks comfortable after a man has been out for hours in a storm," he said as he caught sight of the fire; and, striding along toward the hearth, followed by Bowse, who sniffed suspiciously at his heels, he stationed himself in the arm-chair—Mr. Cobb's arm-chair, which had been "sacred to his memory" for seven years. The widow was horrified; but her guest was so weary and worn out that she could not ask him to move, but busied herself in stirring up the blaze, that he might the sooner dry his dripping clothes. A new thought struck her. Mr. Cobb had worn a comfortable dressing gown during his illness, which still hung in the closet at her right. She could not let this poor man catch his death of cold in that wet coat. If he was in Mr. Cobb's chair, should he not be in Mr. Cobb's wrapper? She went

nimbly to the closet, and took it down; fished out a pair of slippers from the boot-rack below, and brought them to him.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever, or something like it, if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying. And you must be hungry, too. I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away, "on hospitable thoughts intent," and the stranger made the exchange with a quizzical smile playing around his lips. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sunburned and bearded, and looked anything but delicate, though his blue eyes looked out from under a forehead as white as snow. He looked around the kitchen with a mischievous air, and stretched out his feet before him, decorated with the defunct deacon's slippers.

"Upon my word, this is stepping into the old man's shoes with a vengeance! And what a hearty, good-humored looking woman she is; kind as a kitten;" and he leaned forward and stroked the cat and her brood, and then patted old Bowse upon the head. The widow, bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attentions to her dumb friends.

"It's a wonder Bowse does not growl. He generally does when strangers touch him. Dear me, how stupid!"

This last remark was addressed neither to the stranger nor the dog, but to herself. She had forgotten that the little stand was not empty, and there was no room on it for the things she held.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said her guest, gathering up paper, candle, apples, and spectacles (it was not without a little pang that she saw them in his hand, for they had been the deacon's, and were placed each night, like the arm-chair, beside her), and depositing them on the settee. "Give me the table-cloth, ma'am. I've learned that along with a score of other things in my wanderings. Now, let me relieve you of those dishes; they are far too heavy for those little hands"—the widow blushes—"and now please sit down with me or I can't eat a morsel."

"I had supper long ago, but really I think I can take something more," said Mrs. Cobb, drawing near the table.

"Of course you can, my dear lady. In this cold autumn weather people ought to eat twice as much as they do in warm. Let me give you a piece of the ham—your own curing, I dare say."

"Yes. My poor husband was very fond of it. He used to say no one understood curing ham and drying beef better than myself."

"He was a most sensible man, I am sure. I will drink your health, ma'am, in this cider." He took a long draught and set down his glass. "It is like nectar."

The widow was feeding Bowse and the cat, who thought they were entitled to a share of every meal eaten in the house, and did not quite hear what he said. I fancy she would hardly have known what "nectar" was, so it was quite as well.

"Fine dog, madam, and a very pretty cat."

"They were my husband's favorites," and a sigh followed the answer.

"Ah, your husband must have been a very happy man."

The blue eyes looked at her so long that she grew flurried.

"Is there anything more I can do for you, sir?" she asked.

"Nothing, I thank you. I have finished."

She rose to clear the things away. He assisted her, and somehow their hands had a queer way of touching as they carried the dishes to the pantry shelves. Coming back to the kitchen, she put the apples and cider in their places, and brought out a clean pipe and a box of tobacco from an arch recess near the chimney.

"My husband always said he could not sleep after eating supper late unless he smoked," she said. "Perhaps you would like to try it."

"Not if it is going to drive you away," he said, for she had a candle in her hand.

"Oh, no, I do not object to smoke at all." She put the candle down. Some faint suggestion about "propriety" appeared to trouble her. She glanced at the clock and felt reassured; it was only half past nine. The stranger pushed the stand back after the pipe was lit, and drew her easy chair a little nearer the fire and his own.

"Come, sit down," he said pleadingly. "It is not late, and when a man has been knocked about in California and all sorts of places for a score of years, he is glad enough to get into a berth like this and have a pretty woman to speak to again."

"California! Have you been to California?" she exclaimed, dropping into the chair. Unconsciously she had long cherished the idea that Sam Payson, the lover of her youth, with whom she had foolishly quarreled, had pitched his tent, after many years of wandering, in that far-off land. Her heart warmed to one who, with something of Sam's looks and ways about him, had also been sojourning in that country, very possibly had met him—perhaps had known him intimately. At that moment her heart beat quickly, and she looked very graciously at the bearded stranger, who, wrapped in Mr. Cobb's dressing-gown, wearing Mr. Cobb's slippers, and sitting in Mr. Cobb's chair beside Mr. Cobb's wife, was smoking Mr. Cobb's pipe with such an air of feeling thoroughly and comfortably at home.

"Yes, ma'am. I've been to California for six years; and before that I went quite round the world in a whaling ship."

"Good gracious!"

The stranger sent a puff of smoke curling gracefully over his head.

"It's very strange, my dear lady, how often you see one thing as you go wandering about the world after that fashion."

"And what is that?"

"Men without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, turning up in all sorts of odd places—caring very little for life as a general thing, and making fortunes just to throw them away again—and all for one reason. You don't ask what it is. No doubt you know already very well."

"I think not, sir."

"Because a woman has jilted them."

Here there was a long pause, and Mr. Cobb's pipe emitted short puffs with surprising rapidity. A guilty conscience needs no accuser; the widow's cheeks were dyed with blushes as she thought of the absent Sam.

"I wonder how women manage when they get served in the same way," said the stranger, musingly. "You never meet them roaming up and down in that style."

"No," said Mrs. Cobb with some spirit, "if a woman is in trouble she must stay at home and bear it the best way she can. And there's more women bearing such things than we know of, I dare say."

"Like enough. We never know whose hand gets pinched in a trap unless they scream. And women are too shy or too sensible—which you choose—for it."

"Did you ever, in all your wanderings, meet anyone by the name of Samuel Payson?" asked the widow, unconcernedly.

The stranger looked toward her; she was rummaging at the table draw for her knitting work, and did not notice him. When it was found, and the needles in motion, he answered her:

"Payson? Sam Payson? Why, he was my most intimate friend. Do you know him?"

"A little—that is, I used to when I was a girl. Where did you meet him?"

"He went with me on the whaling voyage I told you of—and afterward to California. We had a tent together, and some other fellows with us, and we dug in one claim for more than six months."

"I suppose he was quite well?"

"Strong as an ox, my dear lady."

"And—happy?" pursued the widow, bending over her knitting.

"Hum—the less said about that the better, perhaps. But he seemed to enjoy life after a fashion of his own, and he got rich out there, or rather I will say, well off."

Mrs. Cobb did not pay much attention to that part of the story. Evidently she had not finished asking questions, but she was puzzled about the next one. At last she brought it out beautifully.

"Was his wife with him in California?"

"His wife, ma'am? Why, bless you, he has got none."

"Oh, I thought—I meant—I heard—" here the little widow remembered the sad fate of Ananias and Sapphira, and stopped short before she told such a tremendous falsehood.

"Whatever you heard of marrying was all nonsense, I can assure you. I know him well, and he had no thought of the kind about him. Some of the boys used to tease him about it, but he soon made them stop."

"How?"

"He just told them frankly that the only woman he had ever loved had jilted him years before, and married another man. After that no one, except myself, ever mentioned the subject to him again."

Mrs. Cobb laid her knitting aside, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

"He was another specimen of the class of men I was speaking of. I have seen him face death a score of times as quietly as I face the fire. 'It matters very little what takes me off,' he used to say, 'I've very little to live for, and there's no one that will shed a tear for me when I am gone.' It is a sad thought for a man to have, isn't it?"

Mrs. Cobb sighed as she said she thought it was.

"But did he never tell you the name of the lady who jilted him?"

"I knew her first name."

"What was it?"

"Maria."

The plump little widow almost started out of her chair; her name was spoken exactly as Sam would have said it.

"Did you know her, too?" he asked, looking keenly at her.

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

"Yes."

"Where is she now? Still happy with her husband, I suppose, and never giving a thought to the poor fellow she drove out into the world?"

"No," said Mrs. Cobb, shading her face with her hand, and speaking unsteadily. "No; her husband is dead."

"Ah! But still she never thinks of Sam?"

There was a dead silence.

"Does she?"

"How can I tell?"

"Are you still friends?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to know, and you do. Tell me."

"I am sure I don't know why I should. But if I do, you must promise me, on your honor, never to tell him if you should happen to meet him again."

"Madam, what you say to me never shall be repeated to mortal man, upon my honor."

"Well, then, she does remember him."

"But how?"

"As kindly, I think, as he could wish."

"I am glad to hear it, for his sake. You and I are friends of both parties; we can rejoice with each other."

He drew his chair much nearer hers, and took her hand. One moment the widow resisted; but it was a magnetic touch; the rosy palm lay quietly in his, and the dark beard bent so low that it nearly touched her shoulder. It did not matter much. Was he not Samuel's friend. If he was not the rose, had he not dwelt very near it for a long time?

"It was a foolish quarrel that parted them," said the stranger softly.

"Did he tell you about it?"

"Yes, on board the whaler."

"Did he blame her much?"

"Not so much as himself. He said that his jealousy and ill-temper drove her to break off the match; but he thought sometimes if he had only gone back and spoken kindly to her she would have married him, after all."

"I am sure she would," said the widow, piteously. "She has owned it to me more than a thousand times."

"She was not happy, then, with another?"

"Mr.—that was to say, her husband—was very good and kind," said the woman, thinking of the lonely grave on the hillside, rather penitently, "and they lived pleasantly together. There never was a harsh word between them."

"Still, might she not have been happier with Sam? Be honest and just say what you think."

"Yes."

"Bravo! That is what I want to come at. And now I have a secret to tell you, and you must break it to her."

Mrs. Cobb looked scared.

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see her, wherever she may be, and say to her: 'Maria—what makes you start so?'"

"Nothing, only you speak so like some one that I know."
 "Do I? Well, take the rest of the message. Tell her that Sam loved her through the whole; that is, when he heard that she was free again, he began to work hard at making a fortune; he got it, and he is coming to share it with her if she will let him. Will you tell her this?"

The widow did not answer. She freed her hand from his, and covered her face with it.

By and by she looked up again. He was waiting patiently.

"Well?"
 "I will tell her."

He rose from his seat and walked up and down the room. Then he came back, and leaning on the mantel-piece, stroked the yellow hair of Bowse with his slipper.

"Make her quite understand that he wants her for his wife. She may live where she likes, only it must be with him."

"I will tell her."

"What do you think she will say?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"What can she say but—'Come?'"

"Hurrah!"

The stranger caught her out of her chair as if she had been a child, and kissed her.

"Don't, don't!" cried she; "I'm Sam's Maria."

"Well, I'm Maria's Sam."

Off went the dark wig and the black whiskers; there smiled the dear face she had not forgotten. I leave you to imagine the tableau. Even the cat got up to look, and Bowse sat on his stump of a tail and wondered if he was on his heels or his head. The widow gave one little scream, and then she—

But stop! Quiet people like you and me, who have got over all of these follies, and can do nothing but turn up our noses at them, have no business here. I will only add that two hearts were very happy, that Bowse concluded after awhile that all was right, and so laid down again, and that one week after there was a quiet wedding at the house that made the farmers stare. The widow had married her "first love."

M. Champfleury, having recently published a book entitled "Balzac's Method of Working," it may be worth while to reproduce Edouard Ourliac's famous description of the way in which the great author's "César Biotteau," which was set up, rewritten and corrected fifteen times in twenty days, got into type: "The printers were ready and pawed the ground like waiting steeds. M. de Balzac sent in two hundred sheets of manuscript, written in five feverish nights. Every one knows his writing. It was a debauch, a chaos, an apocalypse, a Hindoo poem. The stoutest compositor turned pale; time was short and the copy unparalleled. Nevertheless, needs must, so the monster was transformed—translated as well as might be, into familiar signs. The most expert could do no more. The proofs were sent to the author. Next day, the author sends back the first two proofs pasted on four-sheet posters. From each printed word sets out a dash of ink hat curves and winds like a congreve rocket, and at last breaks into a fiery rain of phrases, epithets and nouns, underlined, crossed, written upside down, mixed and scratched out and superposed. A splendid—a dazzling sight. Imagine four or five arabesques of this sort, interlaced, knotted, clambering and tumbling from one edge of the sheet to the other, from the north to the south; as many maps in which were interwoven the towns, rivers, and mountains, all the hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs, and the fireworks of twenty festivals. At this awful spectacle, the printers smote their bosoms, the copy-holder tore his hair, and the apprentices lost their reason. The most daring tackled the proofs, where some recognized Persian, others the unfamiliar symbols of Madagascar, some Sanskrit. Work was pushed on with blind trust in Providence. On the morrow, M. de Balzac sent over two sheets of pure Chinese. Only fifteen days left; a maddened copy-holder endeavors to blow out his brains. Two more proofs received, very legibly written in Burmese. Two printers go blind. And thus the proofs went back and forth, till, at the seventh essay, some symptoms of excellent French were diagnosed; nay, there were even faint traces of connection between the phrases."

The editor of an English journal vouches for the respectability of his correspondent who relates the following story as a truth of which he has personal knowledge: A cobbler in Somersetshire dreamed that a person told him that if he would go to London Bridge he would hear something to his advantage. He dreamed the same the next night, and again the night after. He then determined to go to London Bridge, and walked thither accordingly. When arrived there he walked about the whole of the first day without anything occurring; the next day was passed in a similar manner. He resumed his place the third day and walked about till evening, when, giving it up as hopeless, he determined to leave London and return home. At this moment a stranger came up and said to him: "I have seen you for the last three days walking up and down this bridge; may I ask if you are waiting for any one?" The answer was, "No." "Then what is your object in staying here?" The cobbler then frankly told his reason for being there, and the dream that had visited him three successive nights. The stranger then advised him to go home again to his work, and no more pay any attention to dreams. "I myself," he said, "had, about six months ago, a dream. I dreamed three nights together that if I would go into Somersetshire, in an orchard, under an apple tree I should find a pot of gold; but I paid no attention to my dream, and have remained quietly at my business." It immediately occurred to the cobbler that the stranger described his own apple tree. He immediately returned home, dug under the apple tree, and found a pot of gold.

A woman in the cars sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant, and said: "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so; but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madam, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madam, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madam—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman."

JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Hallifax.

V.—TANUKI DAMASHI.

In the Katchi-katchi Hills there once lived a very aged couple. One day, while out gathering firewood, the old man caught a *tanuki* (badger) which he brought home and tied up to the rafters, telling the old woman to cook it for him. He then went out to the hillside again to cut more firewood.

When he gone away the sly old badger begged the old woman to untie him, as he was in great pain, promising, if she did so, to reward her by helping her to hull the rice, at which she was working so laboriously. The old woman was foolish enough to believe him, and the badger, as soon as he was free, seized her, stripped her off her clothes, and put them on himself. He then put her into the rice mortar and pounded her into mince meat, of which he then prepared the old man's supper before he came home. When the husband returned the badger appeared as his wife, and deceived the old man so cleverly that he made a hearty supper, and enjoyed it greatly. When the supper was over, the badger confronted the old man, and, abusing him for catching animals, told him he had been revenged, his supper being the old woman; and that if he would look under the verandah he would find her bones; having said which, the badger, leaving his victim's clothes on the mat empty, went away.

The poor old man was very much grieved at the sad fate of his wife, and, vowing revenge, carefully gathered up her bones to bury. When this had been done, he sat down on the mats and cried bitterly. Presently a rabbit entered, and being a great friend of the old man, because he only hunted and killed wicked animals, tried to comfort him, and promised he should be revenged on the cunning old badger. The rabbit then made a paste of red pepper, and took it into the forest; he also took a hatchet to chop wood; and, on his way called at the badger's burrow, of which he knew the whereabouts very well. Badger, not owning a chopper, was glad to go with Rabbit to chop wood enough for both, for, like most wicked, sly thieves, he was lazy. When Rabbit had chopped a lot, he told Badger he might have the small, light twigs, as he was old and not strong. This Badger was glad of, and Rabbit helped to tie them on his back, and then told him to go first and he would follow. So off Badger started; but, presently, Rabbit stole up behind and set fire to Badger's twigs, which blazed up and burnt him severely before he could untie them. He was in great pain; but Rabbit told him he had some good plaster which he always carried about him in case of accidents; and, spreading the red pepper paste on a leaf, he placed it on the burn. This caused Badger great torture, at which Rabbit ran away laughing, and in great glee went to the old man and told him what he had done.* The old man said he was afraid Badger would, in his anger, play some more pranks, and that the only way to prevent this would be to catch him and kill him. So they arranged a plan to make two boats—one of wood and one of clay—and get Badger to go out fishing with Rabbit. The boats being ready, Rabbit paid Badger a visit, and told him of his intention to go fishing, inviting him to join him. Badger, being still sick from the effects of the burn, and very hungry, readily accepted the invitation. So Rabbit got into the small wooden boat, Tanuki took the large clay one; and, when well out in deep water, Rabbit struck Badger's boat with his scull and broke it, and the boat at once filled and sunk, leaving Badger struggling in the water. Then Rabbit held him down with his oar till he was dead; after which, he dragged the dead body out, and carried it to his friend, the old man, to show him that his promise of vengeance had been strictly performed.

VI.—THE CRAB AND THE MONKEY.

Once upon a time, on the shady side of a hill near the seashore, there lived a crab. One day he found some boiled rice, and set off home with it; but on his way was spied by a monkey. The monkey offered to exchange the seed of a persimmon—the fruit of which he had nearly finished eating—for the rice. This the crab accepted, on condition that the monkey had not injured it with his teeth. The exchange made, Jocko devoured the rice, but the crab planted the seed in his garden.

A long time afterward, the monkey happened to pass the same spot, and was surprised to see a fine tree laden with fruit, and his friend the crab sitting on the balcony of a nice new house, admiring his fruit tree. The monkey being hungry, begged the crab to allow him to eat some of the fruit. But the crab apologized, saying that his friend would be quite welcome to some of the fruit, but he could not climb the tree to gather it. The monkey declared his ability to climb if the crab would allow him to try; to which the owner of the tree consented, stipulating that he should receive half the fruit that was plucked. So up the monkey clambered, and ate as fast as he could, selecting the best and ripest fruit, but was too greedy to notice the crab who was waiting patiently below. At length the crab, losing patience, accused the monkey of being a bad, deceitful fellow; upon which the monkey got angry, pelted the poor crab, and broke his shell. The crab's friend, the wasp, coming by, attacked the monkey and stung him so severely that Jocko scampered away frightened. The wasp sent for his friends Egg and Mortar, and, after due deliberation, they made it up amongst them to punish Jocko. They arranged that Egg should explode if put on the fire, the wasp should sting Jocko, and Mortar, placed on the roof, should roll off upon his head as he ran out of the door.

The next day the monkey, being hungry, called at the crab's house to apologize, and to beg another dinner of fruit; but, seeing no person in the house, he entered; and finding a nice large egg on a tray, he put it on the fire to roast it, as he could not manage raw eggs so well as hard cooked ones. Presently the egg exploded violently, and scattered the hot cinders over Jocko, who ran into the next room howling with pain; but the wasp flew out of a corner and stung him so badly that he rushed out of the house, frightened and almost mad with pain, when down dropped the mortar upon his head and killed him.

MORAL.—Cunning and greedy people rarely gain much, and ungrateful ones are generally punished in the end.

*This most popular child's story inculcates the pleasure of revenge; and the details of the tortures of the burnt badger are dwelt on in some versions with great gusto. Numerous other nursery stories have the same object in view.—T. E. H.

THE TIME OF RAIN.

The niggard sky, with wasting stores of light,
 With mines of silver stars and suns of gold,
 Yet grudges to the ragged earth one mite,
 And shuts the beggar out to rain and cold.

Sad Earth, poor prodigal with empty sheaf,
 With low head mantled in her dismal veil,
 All day doth weep in penitential grief,
 And blends her moanings with the south wind's wail.

And weeping sore, the sad Earth careless grown,
 Unkempt and disarrayed her gay attire,
 Sits faded like a wrinkled yellow crone—
 Her robes of verdure dragged in the mire.

The broad companionship of view is gone,
 Which filled with teeming throngs the desert place;
 The lonesome valley droops in mists forlorn—
 The hermit hills have scorned her faded grace,

And friar-like have donned their hoods of gray.
 The venerable mountains, clad in white,
 Like holy prophets of the ancient day,
 Have hid near heaven from ills they can not right.

The myriad voices of the Spring are still:
 Of little birds who sang at work or play,
 Of lambs which bleated on the sunny hills,
 No sound is heard throughout the dreary day,

But dismal croakings of the pool do vie
 With ceaseless mutterings of the roof and pane;
 From southward-going flocks a weary cry
 Is mingled with the sighing wind and rain.

Low lie the mirthful leaves and loving flowers—
 No more their whispered laugh and fragrant bloom,
 The gentle streams have borne through mournful bowers
 Their long and slow procession to the tomb.

But all is not forlorn: amidst the scene
 A thousand new-born rills among the hills
 Out stubble-fields, of life and light do gleam
 With eager haste whate'er remaineth still.

Ephemeral born, they leap and wildly rave
 With maddened riot through their twilight day;
 Their orgies holding in the hollow graves
 Of streamlets dead—tossing their bones in play,

Or dive in madcap glee from dizzy brink.
 In new eccentric ways their waters glance,
 Or, soiled and foaming with their speed, they link
 Their waves, and lace the fields in maniac dance.

SANTA ROSA, February, 1879.

HAM BERLIN.

Methinks a Bell is Ringing.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF FALLERSLEBEN.]

Methinks a bell is ringing—
 Whom is the sound to greet?
 I hear the song in the valley—
 For whom the singing sweet?

Not at the marriage altar
 Is this cortege to wait;
 They bear a silent burden
 Through yonder churchyard gate.

The banner on the steeple
 Is waving up and down,
 And on the casket trembles
 A fresh green myrtle crown.

I hear a small bell ringing
 Like a painful cry, and sad
 I hear a grave-song singing:
 "The fair young bride is dead."

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

C. MARCHAND.

Contrasts.

I.

The gray and silent clouds hang low
 Above the gray and restless sea;
 The moaning wind that luries past
 Shakes down the last leaves from the tree;
 A bird floats by on weary wing,
 And mourns the summer days gone by;
 The flowers, grieving for the sun,
 Let fall their petals pale, and die.
 And yet, 'mid all this gloom and death,
 My heart was never half so gay.
 Lift those shy eyes to meet my own—
 Dear love, this is our marriage day.

II.

The sunlight falls in countless gems
 That sparkle on the ocean's breast;
 The air is filled with music sweet
 Of twittering birds about the nest;
 The flowers, awakened into life,
 Unfold their beauty to the sun,
 And shed their fragrance on the breeze
 Which sings of summer joys begun.
 Amid this throbbing life and bloom,
 With trembling hands I gently lay
 White blossoms on thy heart, dear love—
 Dear love, this is thy burial day.

WEST OAKLAND, February, 1879.

E. M. D.

A Song.

Ye rose she stole ye ruby's redd,
 And when ye thief they seek
 She hides her stolen rosie hues
 Upon my true love's cheek.

Ye snowflake filched ye lily's white,
 And to avoid arrest
 She hid to where my deare love was
 And nestled on her breast.

Ye cloudes they stole ye night's own duke,
 And flying with their prize
 They founde no safer refuge than
 Within my lady's eyes.

Thus when I see all robbers are
 I needs must doe my part,
 So I shall steal a lover's arms
 And garson her heart.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1879.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, }

Editors.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879.

No land is historical that has not had its wars; no land is classic that has not had its bloody tragedies; no people are truly great who have not endured and suffered. We in California feel the poverty of our historic past. The early pre-annexation struggles were but Greaser scrimmages. Fremont was whipped by Pico, so there is no glory in that. Our Indian wars have been ignoble squaw conflicts with root and pine-nut diggers, armed with bows and arrows. Even the Modoc controversy in the lava beds did not raise Shack-nasty Jim to the dignity of a warrior chief; and Natchez over in Nevada never appears in hostile paint and plumes. Col. Barnes's Amador war, and William T. Coleman's civil conflict with pick-handlers, were bloodless and uninteresting. The civil war incarnadined with blood no Californian battlefield, and the achievements of the California Hundred are not emblazoned upon the historic page. General John McComb wears a sword innocent of battle stain, and though we have scores and scores of generals, their achievements have been confined to carving-knives and toothpicks. Our warriors have had no opportunity of achievement; our regiments of MacMahons, and Emmets, and Wolf Tones have been confined to processions and St. Patrick's Day; while our German and Austrian companies, with brass one-legged pots upon their heads, marching under double-headed eagle flags, have confined their prowess to the lager keller, and only sausages and sauerkraut have felt the terror of their unslaughter. We are a brave people, and we pine for the perils of the battle-field. The South has been to war, and we envy it the proud distinction it has achieved. We take not warning, but courage, by its example, and we are intent upon civil war. We have a grievance, and we defy the National Government. The Chinese shall not invade our shore, nor shall they pollute the sacred soil of our State. We have raised the standard of revolt, and from this time proclaim the sovereignty of our Pacific Empire. We defy those proud tyrants, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, and all their hired mercenaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We hurl our proud defiance at Roscoe Conkling, and not all the onions of Weathersfield shall bring to our eyes one tear of repentance. We spit upon the cotton lords of Massachusetts, and defy the mercenary traders, green grocers, and swappers of New York, and challenge them to send their armies to our coast. Speaking for the Central Pacific Railroad Company, we dare them to send their battalions across the continent, and their munitions of war, at the present high prices of freights and fares. We boldly defy the prayers of their chaplains, and challenge Henry Ward Beecher, Adirondack Murray, and the Reverend Joseph Cook to bombard the throne of God in favor of the heathen Chinese. Not all the proclamations of the President and her husband, not all the eloquence of the Hoars of Massachusetts, not all the stink-pots of the Chinese six companies, not all the resolutions of the nutmeg State, not all the prayers of all the Methodist Church, nor all the sniveling cant of the magpietists of Boston, shall prevent California from withdrawing itself from this hateful union of States. We are keeping house for ourselves over upon this side of the continent, and we claim the inalienable, God-given right to select our own boarders, and to exclude from our domicile unwelcome guests. We are entirely independent of the East, and we care nothing for it. We snap our fingers at its laws, we bite our thumbs at its armies, and the Chinese shall not come into our port of San Francisco. We have money enough in our hills to bribe the national Congress. We have grain enough to live without the East. We have wine enough to debauch and make drunk all the troops that may be sent to us. We have only one gun, and across this we will throw a chain. We have only one road, and upon this we will burn a trestle bridge. We

will barricade the only pass through the Rocky Mountains, and it shall be the Thermopylae, where, with our invincible three hundred, we will beat back the hosts that shall dare invade us.

Ours will be a holy war: to drive the infidels from the sepulchre of Christ was not a more sublime act of Christian faith than to defend our homes and firesides against the hordes of bias-eyed barbarians who now threaten to overwhelm us with Coolie slaves, gamblers, opium-eaters, and window-tapping harlots. The laws of self-defense authorize us to put forth extreme exertions that we may resist this incoming black death, this Asiatic plague. It justifies us in burning ships and establishing a military cordon along our coast. The ship that brings lepers to our shore may be burned, to arrest infection. A civil war will be profitable to us: it will bring us troops. Men will enlist at the East to come to California to fight us, and when the cruel war is ended they will remain to cultivate our lands. We need immigration, and this would give it to us at the government expense. We should have enough of loyal men to act as contractors, and we should find a market for our produce in providing army supplies, and out of the commissariat we would grow rich. A thousand millions or so of dollars spent upon this coast would be "just splendid" these hard times, and put us all upon our feet again. We have had our civil war in California: we suspended the laws, tied up the courts, hung criminals, exiled New York roughs, and defied the General Government, although General Wool was in command, and two ships of war, with their frowning batteries, were swinging at anchor in our port. We had our own way in our little civil war, although General William Tecumseh Sherman was in command of the law and order forces. Another vigilance committee would be attended with similar results. America is not strong enough, and has not armies enough, to subdue public opinion upon this coast in reference to Chinese immigration. We are not going to take Fort Alcatraz, or to fire upon a war ship, but we are going to prevent Chinese from coming to our harbor, and there are not merchants enough in New York, nor canting patriots in Boston, nor drooling Methodists in all the world, nor wisdom enough in Congress, nor military genius enough in the War Department, nor virtue enough in the Republican party, nor moral sentiment enough in all the Eastern States, to conquer our resolves in this respect. We are the outpost and picket guard of civilization upon the western border of this continent and in the interest of Christian civilization, and in defiance of an ignorant and sentimental Eastern public opinion, we will fight this battle.

This conflict has not its parallel in the recent events of the South. The Rebellion was in the interest of slavery and the wealthy class. This war is for freedom and in the interest of the white working poor. We are unselfish. We know that if we were indifferent to the interests of our race we can make money. We know that if we were indifferent to our poor we can introduce cheap labor to do their work. We know the comfort of Chinese servants. We know all about railroad building, construction of levees, reclamation of lands, irrigation, fruit picking, rice culture, and know how rapidly our material interests might be advanced by Chinese cheap labor. We know how broad is our national domain and how sparse our population. We know all about the desire of our rich men to get richer by Chinese. We know all about Chinese Sunday-schools and the Reverend Otis Gibson's Boston Methodist Mission. We know just how many souls he thinks he has saved, and just how many Chinese prostitutes he thinks he has rescued by marrying them to white men. We know all about the solemnity of that international treaty which Mr. Conkling is too honorable to violate. We know all about the splendid commerce of the Orient, the rich trade of Asia, the newly found track to India. We are duly impressed with the fact that of one blood God made all the nations of the earth; that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; that He made man in His own image. We know all about the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the importance of bringing Chinese souls here that we may snatch them—but all the same we say: "NO MORE CHINESE!" If, one hundred years ago, when the merchants of Boston, the traders of New York, and the soul-saving pietists who desired to bring Africans from Congo (to convert them) to Virginia, with her fruitful soil, rich climate, broad area, and sparse population—if at that time the Southern people had said: "We will have no immigration from Africa; we will have no slaves to supplant poor white workers of our own race; no ignorant, unassimilative population; we will keep our soil sacred from the polluting foot of barbarism, and in the interests of humanity we defy you negro traders of Boston and you mercenary merchants of New York"—then the Southern negro question would have presented the present aspect of the Chinese question, and we should have avoided a dreadful civil war. We have taken this question into early consideration, and we have resolved to solve it now and not wait till, with four millions of Asiatics among us, it shall wrench the Government and cost it six thousand millions of dollars and a million of lives to get rid of it. This is our

question, and in its solution we defy Boston, Connecticut, the Methodists, the Republican party, and Mr. and Mrs. Hayes.

But we are not going to war—God bless us, no. We are going to sit down on the Chinese, and then ask a paternal Government what it is going to do about it? We will fight the administration politically. We will give our twelve electoral votes to the party that thinks as we do. To the solid South we will add three solid Pacific States. Our six Democratic senators shall emphasize a Democratic majority in the Senate of the United States. We will send our members of Congress to sit on the anti-Chinese benches. We will elect a Workingman's candidate for Governor. We will fill all our offices, State and municipal, with anti-Chinese Workmen. We will elect anti-Chinese judges. We will have anti-Chinese boards of health, and anti-Chinese quarantine officers, and anti-Chinese license commissioners and fish commissioners. We will quarantine newly-imported ship loads of Chinese for six months in our harbor, and we will refuse to allow any provisions to be sent them. When they come ashore we will charge them with being paupers and mendicants; try them as such before an anti-Chinese police magistrate, and, if they appeal, he will summon from the sand-lot an anti-Chinese jury, which can convict by a majority vote under the new Constitution; and we will send them to the county jail, where an anti-Chinese Sheriff will cut off their cues, and from which an anti-Chinese Governor will not pardon them. We will refuse to allow their dead bodies to be taken back to China for sepulture, and thus they can never reach that celestial kingdom with which are connected all the superstitions of their religion. We will pass sumptuary laws, and make it a misdemeanor to eat rice. We will compel them to eat Boston brown bread and baked beans, and attend the Methodist Church on Sundays. We will condemn the Chinese quarter for a public park, under the law of eminent domain, and drive them outside our municipal walls as they do our people in China. We will put a tax upon them, extort licenses from them, and deny to them the privilege of street peddling, and rag-picking, and begging, and refuse to support them, when sick, in our hospitals. We will refuse to rent them houses in which to live, will tax their merchandise, shut up their theatres, compel them to occupy rooms above ground, and to sleep breathing fifteen cubic yards of air. We will submit them to medical inspection, and make them pay for it. We will make it a misdemeanor to use opium, and punish them for gambling. We will close up the Reverend Otis Gibson's alley by our health officers. We will declare the Chinese a nuisance, triable by juries, and on a finding will abate them by removal. We will persecute them in all manner of ways. In a word, we will sit down upon them; and if we do, what will the Government of the United States do about it? Will it declare war, send armies, bombard our city, proclaim martial law, place San Francisco in a state of siege, and keep a standing army under command of Major General McDowell? In earnestness, we ask the honorable Senator from New York if, with his understanding of the dual character of our Government—its sovereignty of States in the direction of taxation, police, and health regulation; its independence of judicial system; its right of jury trial to all accused persons—he can devise any practical system by which he can compel us to receive to our shores an alien and, to us, hateful race?—if he can devise any practicable code of Congressional enactments by which he can bring us into friendly and neighborly relationship with this people, whose race, color, civilization, and religion are not ours, and whose habits of life, modes of thought, and purposes of existence are not in harmony with ours?

Is it desirable or endurable that the Central Government shall compel us by military force to have a population that can not become citizens; that can not do military duty; that can not act as a *posse comitatus*; that can not perform jury duty; that will have no families in the land, will not spend their money in it, will not be buried in it; that pay no taxes; that fill our prisons and hospitals; that recognize no obligation to an oath; that murder infant girls; that make merchandise of women; that buy and sell them as slaves for prostitution? Will the Hon. Roscoe Conkling risk his reputation for statesmanship upon the assertion that America is the asylum of starving China; the refuge of redundant Asia? And will he, in the interest of an ignorant, hypocritical, religious cant, or a mercenary demand of trade, throw open the Golden Gate to the invasion of four hundred millions of barbarians? The honorable Senator is but a village statesman if such views bound the horizon of his political sagacity. Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are but soft-shell Methodists if they think we will submit to an invasion of Asiatic barbarians through respect for the laws of Congress, or fear of the military arm of the Government of the United States.

One of the Southern States has a legislature without enough lawyers in it to form a judiciary committee. What that State lacks in lawyers it will save in litigation. The laws made by its legislators will be so clearly drawn that they will be almost able to understand them themselves.

AFTERMATH.

The Reverend Otis Gibson, with the keen business sagacity that characterizes this most devout minister of God, has gone East with a learned Chinaman for whom he has written a lecture. Admission, one dollar; Sunday-school children half price. We regard this as a most excellent money-making device, not excelled by that of the gentleman from the East who is now exhibiting a learned pig in our city. We presume the pig exhibitor does not present his phenomenon as a specimen of Eastern pork, and so we hope this exceptional Chinaman will not be considered as a specimen of our average Chinese. The Reverend Otis exhibited his learned and pious heathen to a small but select audience before he left. The lecture is composed of platitudes and personal abuse of the editor of the ARGONAUT, whom, in his pious vocabulary, he styles "hoodlum," and other choice expletives peculiar to that branch of the church militant to which he belongs. May the blessing of any God who has use for Gibson and his Chinaman go with them.

On Monday, February 24, the *Chronicle* contained one of its most forcible and telling articles against stock gambling. It denounced Flood & Co., and charged upon them the poverty and destitution that does sometimes result from unfortunate investments in mining shares. The result of the article was most telling. The north end stocks advanced in value the same day several millions of dollars. A few more such scathing denunciations and the great bonanza firm will be able to retire from business upon a reasonable competency. This is a striking illustration of the power of the press.

Under the inspiration of Saint Patrick, the gentlemen having in charge the celebration of his birthday have refused to allow Denis Kearney to take part therein. This increases our respect for Saint Patrick. Denis issues a card, saying he feels honored by the act of discourtesy, and that the sole object of a Saint Patrick's Day parade is political, senseless, extravagant, exclusive, sectarian, unpatriotic, and not in harmony with the spirit of patriotism and American nationality. All of which being bold as coming from a Catholic Irishman, and true as coming from any body, increases our respect for Denis Kearney.

From the letter of Mr. Sam Davis, in another column, we learn that we have a quarrel on with the *Post*. We feel rather like the large man who, perceiving a small man whom he had unwittingly affronted earnestly engaged in some kind of occupation about his (the large man's) legs, looked down, asking what he was about. "Fighting, by G—!" was the undaunted reply. How could we know that the *Post* was pitching in?—the other papers had nothing about it. As for the other parties to the combat, they may pummel one another to the entire satisfaction of their feelings and reason; it is (or seems likely to be) their own funeral, and the burial service would appear to be more seasonable reading than the riot act.

Mr. Longfellow's poem in the March *Atlantic*, "The Chamber Over the Gate," concludes thus, referring to the lamented survivors in case of death:

"Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross,
And forever the cry will be,
'Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!'"

The cry will be, in other words: "Would God *you* had suffered the bitterest loss and borne the heaviest cross, O Absalom, my son!"

Mr. William F. White writes to the daily papers averring that what he "was reported as saying" in the *Chronicle* "is wholly untrue." We knew that; but did he say it?

We are rather inclined to think that Kearney has struck twelve o'clock, and that the great agitation has culminated. The *Chronicle*, having fanned the flame of agitation to a burning conflagration, is now engaged in throwing cold water upon the dying embers. The movement has done great harm in menacing social order. It has depreciated property values and disturbed confidence. Last winter was—owing to Kearney—a hard one for laborers, but things are now looking better. Those politicians and newspapers that have been frightened by the blatant vaporings of this wild ass of the sand-lot are now returning to reason. The Democratic leaders are getting back their courage, and there is now some talk of running a Democratic ticket. The Republican party, having demonstrated its moral courage by paying no attention to Kearney, will be strengthened by the adherence to its ranks of a larger number of intelligent, property-owning Democrats, who, by this movement, have had demonstrated to them the utter cowardice of their party in the presence of a political mob.

Larkin, of El Dorado, will return to grubbing his foot-hill farm like the honest Cincinnatus he claims to be. We shall see Clitus Barbour again practicing in the Police Court. Beerstretcher will sink to his level. Vacquerel, in white paper cap and muslin apron, will return to his soups, pots, and kitchen; while all the disgusting demagogues that have

crawled up, and all the viler political reptiles that have crawled down, into this small mud volcano, will be relegated to their original social and political positions. Volney E. Howard and Judge Terry will carry back to their darker obscurity no added honors. The *Call* and *Bulletin* will not, we think, be able to breathe new life under the ribs of this skeleton that the *Chronicle* has kicked to death.

The Catholic clergy have given no favor to this renegade and blasphemer. The respectable Irish gentlemen who have some pride of their native land, a proper regard for the rights of property and the amenities of social life, and some decent respect for their adopted country and its laws, have all sat down upon this ignorant Irish adventurer. Hence, we say, that it seems to us that Kearney has struck twelve o'clock, noon. He will stump the State. Farmers and workmen will be too busy to give him their honest hours; tramps and vagrants, social bummers, party vagabonds, and political demagogues will gather around him, but the bell has tolled his requiem, and the sod will long before election day be green over his political grave. The dog will have had its day.

"One strong peculiarity," says a contemporary, rather inelegantly, "certainly predominates in us as a people. It is progressiveness; we do not stand still." We can't; the ground is too hot under our feet. An American never dies; he breaks through.

The ghost of Bayard Taylor haunts us through the press. It walks at noonday and it stalks at night. It will not down at any bidding. It will not "troop" home to its church-yard at midnight. It will not disappear at the crowing of the cock. The name of Christ distinctly pronounced, the sign of the cross plainly made, and still it walks through the daily journals in open undisguise. Now poetry, then incident, now biography, and then interesting reminiscence. It began by his illness, was followed by his recovery; then he relapsed, then got better, then got well, then died, then was buried, then resurrected, then lay in state, then was buried again in funeral pomp. Then his body was incinerated, then placed in a solemn shadowy vault, then taken out to be brought home. The remains yet threaten us upon arrival. The press will burst out afresh with the arrival of the ship, the reception of the body, more funeral ceremonies, biographies, and reminiscences. Then he will have a monument—probably by subscription—more eulogies, more poetry, more biography, more tender recollections, and then the unavailing of the statue in some village church-yard and more gush.

We had it first by telegram, then by letter, then in the morning papers, and then the evening papers, and then further particulars by the Eastern papers, and now the poetry is coming with an increasing avalanche of pathos. We ask for rest. We pray that the press may have its attention diverted in some other direction. We hope some body else will die, that we may have relief from Bayard Taylor. The case is almost worse than those of Sam. Bowles and Senator Morton. In the language of the irreverent hoodlum, we ask the press to "give us a rest." Let Mr. Whittier's verses, in another column, and the *Saturday Review's* opinion of the translation of *Faust*, elsewhere in this issue, make an end of the whole business.

Lippincott's Magazine for March contains a biographical sketch of the late Colonel Richard Realf—a man who, in his youth, was patronized by Lady Byron, yet was not a prig; and in manhood by Colonel Jackson, yet was not a fool; whose early work was bad enough to incur the approbation of Sam Rogers, and whose late was good enough to escape that of Sam Williams.

An Eastern poet having projected his vision into the tenebrous interspaces between the Possible and the Conjectural discerns,

Glimmering on the dumb cold lips of dawn,
Pale languors of inscrutable unconcern,

And Joaquin Miller perceives in the Oregon Chinaman one of the noblest works of God. The Squaw-Man has evidently the sharper eyes.

Of course even Joaquin Miller has a right to an opinion, but only, we submit, on condition that he keep it to himself. His notion of the Oregon Chinaman is possibly correct; we will admit that it *is* correct; nay, we will maintain its correctness. We will surrender all our convictions on this Chinese question, and help the Government import more Chinamen. We will concede everything in all this world but the right of Mr. Joaquin Miller to express an opinion. There is neither sense nor safety in a country where freedom of speech is carried to such a length, and, by the Lord, we will pull up stakes and go to Russia!

The Chinese question, which we had blindly thought of paramount importance, we now see to be of none whatever, except in so far as it has been the means of bringing up for discussion and settlement the new and supreme political problem, "Shall liberty of speech be extended to Joaquin Miller?" We answer No; and upon the issue so made we will fight this Government and another. The Chinese are

welcome to come or to stay; the women of New England may marry as many of them as they like; the Methodist Church may ordain them as ministers; Mrs. Hayes may ply them with lemon water till they are drunk as lords. We don't care. But if there are brave hearts, clear brains, and strong arms on the shores of the Pacific, Cincinnatus Hiner Miller shall not say what he thinks if we can help it—and shall think it only because we can't help that.

"The actor who should undertake to represent the character of the Saviour who died on Calvary must be more than ordinarily audacious and profane."—*Bulletin*. With a little of the less picturesque audacity and profanity cut out of the part, ~~here~~ and there, perhaps Mr. Bishop could manage it.

The Pope—heaven forgive him!—has forbidden the traffic in relics, and our pious friend who is building a three-story house from pieces of the True Cross will have difficulty in obtaining lumber to complete it. The supply of the skulls of St. Paul for an ornamental border to his gravel walk will peter out, too, unless he had a point on the market and bought before the corner.

The *Call* is particularly strong in stories by local writers. The first installment of its latest serial, "The Mission of a Bracelet," begins thus: "A gentleman in the prime of manhood, *but upon whose brow rested a deep frown*," and ends thus: "She burst into tears and wept convulsively for nearly half an hour." Left weeping.

Of course exhaustive criticism of a dinner does not consist in sampling the soup and toothpicks; and there may possibly be good matter between the silly head and the ludicrous tail of a literary work, but the presumption is all the other way. We do not know how it is in the case of a story in the *Call*, nor do we as yet see our way clear to finding out without reading the story.

Quite as ludicrous, when taken together, though not singly silly, are the initial and final sentences of Mr. Horace Davis' recent speech in Congress on the Chinese question. No one, we presume, will deny that Mr. Davis can make a rational speech, and no one will affirm a general inconsistency or uncertainty in his views on this or any other subject. Yet his speech begins thus: "Mr. Speaker, the traditional policy of the United States has been to encourage unrestricted immigration, to greet with a welcome every man that came to their shores," and ends thus: "Let us push back this hostile invasion from our shores and restore the traditions of a Republic, united, harmonious, and free." It is, perhaps, needless to explain that the italics are ours. Mr. Davis did not utter them.

The Prince Imperial of the French Republic has sailed for South Africa to help the British troops thrash the Zulus. The Prince is quite a veteran. He received his "baptism of fire" in one of the early battles of the Franco-German war when he was a little tot no bigger than an imperial pint, and he did not like it any. From the way the Zulu war seems likely to end we judge that he will now get his baptism of smoke, and no doubt the spirit of the Third Napoleon will perch upon him in the form of a plucked pigeon, saying: "Thou art my reputed son in whom I am well pleased."

Concerning the "Passion Play," the *Bulletin* is moved to remark: "To reproduce the life and death of the Saviour on a stage which has echoed to the repartees, the love songs, the sharp dialogues and broad scenes of the modern drama, is shocking to every sense of propriety." To print the Holy Bible on a press that has run off a French novel is shocking to the, etc. To preach the Gospel in a hall that has echoed to the footsteps of giddy dancers performing the glide is shocking to—and the rest of it. To publish a sermon of the Rev. Dr. Holydrone on "spiritual regeneration through the quickening influence of the Paraclete," in the columns of a journal containing also the epic of a kicking mule is thing-amy to every jigsaw ruraliaity.

We note with gratification the announcement of the marriage, in Arizona, of "Jesse Fryer to Major Pauline Cushman." Now, my little dears, which is the man and which the woman?—for a brass pin and a bound volume of the *Puzzler's Ownest Delight* for 1878.

"I'll make that fellow just sick!" soliloquized a local journalist, the other afternoon on the Oakland boat, cutting something out of the *Bulletin* and wadding it into his vest pocket as a text for a paragraph. Then he threw away the mutilated journal, which the writer of this picked up and compared with his own. The item cut out was as follows: "The Emperor of Russia has ordered the construction of three new iron-clads and the formation of twenty additional battalions of cavalry."

Every North Carolina Governor for more than fifteen years past has been pardoned out of office in one or other before he had served out his term. As yet even so shall it be done unto you, Governors.

AGNES VERNON.

Two Scenes in Her Life.

"Tell you a story, Kate! Well, that is a fine thing to ask of a poor old woman who is a cripple on the sofa most of her days. I think it should be rather you who, from your gay outer world, should bring me stories of real life."

"Indeed, auntie, your stories often seem to me more like real life than anything I meet with. Perhaps when you moved about in the world you understood the things you saw better than I do. But be good, auntie; please do. Tell me now the story of the miniature that was found among poor papa's things, after his death, that no one knew anything about or could recognize but you."

"Well, dear, bring it here and let me look at it again, and I will tell you where and how I saw her, in the pride of her beauty, when she looked just like that miniature; and then I will tell you what it all came to. I never saw Agnes Vernon but twice, though I was so intimate with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Vernon."

"What! Was Mrs. Vernon her sister-in-law? Goodness! how I wish papa had married Agnes Vernon; then Mrs. Vernon would have been my—my—What would Mrs. Vernon have been to me, auntie?"

"Nothing more than what she is now, my dear—a kind, good friend. But you must wish no such foolish thing, dear Kate; for had Agnes Vernon married your father, as I feel sure he at one time hoped she would, it might have been a life-long sorrow to him. As it was—though she nearly broke his heart—your good mother made up for all that and brought him years of tranquil happiness before he died."

"Oh, to be sure, I would rather have dear mamma for a mother. This beautiful lady looks too much as if she could drive her chariot right over one's body with perfect unconcern—like the wicked Roman women. But, auntie, go on with the story, and please begin at the very beginning."

"Well, dear Kate, like the wicked Roman woman, poor Agnes Vernon suffered heavy retribution for all her faults, whatever they may have been; but, indeed, Kate, I do not believe they were any worse than what any beautiful girl may easily run into without dreaming that she is doing any great harm."

"You know that your father's career began in India, where, from the first, he took a high stand from the extent of his acquaintance with the native languages. After some years' stay there, he returned to England on sick leave. It was winter when he reached the Mediterranean, and there, by advice, he determined to remain until the spring had somewhat softened our rude climate."

"What happened during those few months we never exactly knew, though we heard from him regularly and with good accounts of his health. When he did return to us, however, he looked more like a dead man than a living one. It was evident that something had gone very wrong with him. Either some great trouble was oppressing him, or some great illness must be impending, he was so unlike himself; at times so excited, then again so absent-minded that he seemed unconscious of being spoken to; whenever the postman's knock was heard his impatience became uncontrollable. The only explanation he gave was that he expected letters; but they never came. This state could not last, and within a month he was down with brain fever. His ravings were terrible, and he constantly referred to 'Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes!' in tones of heart-rending reproach or of touching tenderness. This was the first time we had heard him mention the name; and who she was we, at that time, could not divine."

"For weeks we did not think his life could be saved. As it was, his recovery was slow and tedious."

"As soon as he was able to bear it, the doctors ordered a change of scene. A trip to some of the German baths was decided on, and I was to accompany him. When we had been at Ems about a fortnight, a slight improvement was perceptible in the invalid—a faint color began to come back to the wan cheek; a little more energy and interest in things around him was at times apparent. He promised me that soon, when he was a little stronger, we would visit together all the pretty places of the neighborhood. Meantime he urged my entering, as much as possible, into all the reasonable amusements of the place."

"One morning I went to the circulating library to exchange our last batch of books, the first in which my poor sick brother had shown any interest. I found there a party of English people, evidently new arrivals at the springs. One of them was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Tall, elegant, and somewhat stately, with slow tranquil movements and such a look of heavenly innocence upon her fair, white brow, and in her dreamy eyes, that she looked more like an angel of heaven than a being of this earth. From the crown of her sunny hair down to the rosy-tipped finger and little foot, she was all beauty, while every movement breathed *la grâce encore plus belle que la beauté*. The luscious lips, red as the royal rose, were so beautifully formed that the most fastidious could not have criticised them as too full. This miniature shows a beautiful face, but, believe me, Kate, it is no more equal to her than a picture of sunrise at sea is equal to the reality that bathes sea, air, and cliffy shore with inimitable glory."

"Under pretext of selecting books I lingered in the shop till this English party went out. I determined that this beauty, with the

'Face of the morning
When the shadows break apart,'

Should be introduced to me. That evening the weather was damp and chilly, so my invalid went home early from the promenade, leaving me with some acquaintance to enjoy this, the most fashionable part of the day, longer than he cared to do. The walks and colonnades of the public gardens were every minute more and more thronged with fashionable visitors. The German band was playing that soft, floating, delicious music which German bands, it seems to me, play nowhere but in Germany, when suddenly, through one of the windows of the Kursaal, I caught a glimpse of the same lovely face that had so delighted me in the morning. She alone, in all that roomful of butterflies, was dressed in the elegant affectation of simplicity that is so becoming to a really beautiful woman. It was evidently not the only one I was admiring her. Indeed, no one so beautiful had been at the springs that season, and she was already

the chief attraction of all who were not too busy at the gaming table to notice any thing else. I was soon informed, by those who had met the family the winter before, at Rome, that their *salon* there had been quite a rendezvous for the English in that city, and I had no difficulty in finding acquaintance who could introduce me to them. In a very short time I was quite at home with my new friends, and as much charmed with the manner and conversation of Agnes Vernon as with her beauty. We parted that evening fully resolved to meet again next day, and every day, and to be together all day long, if possible. Little did I think how I should see her again."

"Next morning my brother surprised me at breakfast by saying he did not believe the air of the narrow, damp valley of Ems was agreeing with him, and he would like to try Wiesbaden or Spa. As the trip was undertaken solely for his health, of course, I assented, though I was sorely disappointed at having to part so soon from my new friends, the Vernons. I was telling my brother of the delightful evening I had spent, and he, standing at the window, was listening with languid interest, when, suddenly, without the least warning cry or movement, he fainted dead away to my great alarm, as I knew how much a relapse was to be feared. When he recovered he insisted that he could not breathe another hour in the close atmosphere of that place, and that we must leave Ems that same day. This impression seemed so morbidly intense that it was in vain to resist it, and we set off in a few hours without having taken leave of any body. It was a long while before he recovered from the state of lethargic indifference which followed our journey to Spa. I never heard him speak to any one of the brief visit to Ems and its abrupt termination."

"The beautiful Agnes Vernon I never saw again until years afterward, when I returned from India to be present at your father's marriage. I then found that my old friend, Caroline Anderson, had married the brother of Agnes, and from her I heard that Agnes had become a confirmed invalid and hopeless sufferer in consequence of a very sudden and extraordinary attack of neuralgia—so the doctors called it—which seized her without any premonitions during the summer in which I had seen her at Ems, and while she was still in Germany. She had been out riding one warm day, and on returning home she had lain down and fallen asleep upon the sofa without taking off her habit, or throwing any additional covering over her tired, heated limbs. She awoke in intense pain, which never after left her, not even under the influence of the most powerful remedies; stupor they did succeed in producing, but natural, painless sleep never came to her again. She was brought from Germany to London with much difficulty, for the slightest movement, even the jarring of heavy vehicles as they passed, or the fall of any heavy body in the house, greatly aggravated her sufferings. The most eminent physicians in London were consulted, and every resource of science exhausted in vain attempts to give her relief. None ever came. The spine, they said, was the seat of the disease—the neuralgia of the spine, they called it. They could classify, but they could not cure."

"At last the poor sufferer was removed by slow and painful stages to the southwest of England, where, you know, the Vernons have a fine old homestead, and where, it was hoped, the mild climate might do her some good. No improvement took place, however, and here, in a padded room, built expressly for her and isolated from the rest of the house, with attendants trained to wait upon her perfectly noiselessly, she has since lived in unremitting torture, but soothed by that perfect quiet which is, perhaps, the nearest approach to enjoyment that her state permits of. Every part of her body suffers perpetually without relief, night or day; but three or four times a year increased paroxysms seize upon her, and then her agonies are boundless. At these times the aggravation proceeds from a distinctly marked spot in the back, which is slowly mounting higher and higher. When it reaches the head they think she will either die or become a raving maniac. She has kept her senses hitherto, and her faculties are unimpaired, except that she has gradually become stone blind. Until that happened she used to occupy herself indefatigably whenever she could control the expression of her suffering. Many a beautiful little poem, and many a sweet story for children Mrs. Vernon has showed me of hers, besides innumerable pieces of fancy work so delicate one might have fancied that fairy fingers made them, and these all came from her half darkened rooms."

"And did you never see her, auntie, in all the many visits you paid the Vernons?"

"Yes, Kate, I saw her once more, and but once. Indeed, I would not willingly see her again, the impression that sight made on me was so terrible. I had frequently expressed to my friend, Mrs. Vernon, my wish to visit the poor sufferer, but she had always evaded my proposal to do so with some excuse, such as that it would do her no good, that her own family seldom troubled her with their presence, she was past that, and the like. At last, however, after the poor lady became stone blind, she promised me I should see her for a few moments, if I would carefully obey her directions, and not speak generally of my visit, as it was a privilege that had been allowed to none but her most immediate relatives. At the appointed time, having dressed myself, as directed, in soft, noiseless garments and thin shoes, and removed every ornament that could make the least jingling or rattling noise, to which she was painfully sensitive, I accompanied Mrs. Vernon down a long, carpeted corridor, that led away from the rooms in general use toward the part of the house which Agnes never left."

"Of course, I expected to find her terribly altered. More than twenty years had passed since I saw her—years of unmitigated suffering to her—and I was naturally figuring in my own mind what the changes would be, and wherein I might perhaps be still able to trace a dim, faded likeness to the wonderful beauty she had once possessed."

"As we approached the end of the corridor the most distressing cries I ever heard reached my ears; not loud, but low and piteous, like some dumb, panting animal, that can flee and struggle for its life no longer."

"She is suffering more than usual to-day," said Mrs. Vernon, "I would not take you in if I had not promised, and you are going away to-morrow." She hesitated. Perhaps some thought that the complete seclusion of her poor sister-in-law might give rise to remarks injurious to her husband

and herself may have weighed with her, for in a moment she added: "Let us go on; it is nothing to her, poor thing!"

"We went to the farthest end of the passage. My companion opened the door of the room perfectly noiselessly, as it seemed to me; but the suffering frame of the inmate felt the jar, though she could not see light from darkness. She screamed out: 'Oh, don't, don't, don't come in now! Leave me to myself; leave me, pray!' Mrs. Vernon slowly closed the door. It was but a moment—a mere glimpse that I had—but should I live to forget everything else, what I saw in that moment will remain in my memory."

"The floor and sides of the room were thickly padded above the height of any person, light and air being admitted from the upper part of the wall above the padding. There was no furniture, except several couches, or rather raised divans, of various heights and sizes, in different parts of the room; these also were padded, and on one of the largest of them, bounding, twisting, writhing, was a little object, the like of which I never dreamed of. She was shrunken and shriveled in the most extraordinary manner to not more than half the size of an ordinary human being, and her frantic movements had the superhuman activity you see in those of a wild animal in a cage. Her skin was a dark brown color and one mass of small but very deep wrinkles. The hair—that beautiful golden hair—was snowy white, hanging loose upon her shoulders. She thrust her fingers into it—long, skinny, claw-like fingers—and tore it out in her mad agony. She waved her arms—which seemed unnaturally long in proportion to her shrunken frame—above her head, and quivered and palpitated all over as she beat her miserable body against the cushioned couch and walls. Then she wrung her thin hands and moaned, as if beseeching mercy; and then, with that low, wild, hunted cry, she dashed herself upon the floor, and struggled with her agony there."

"Oh, Kate, I never dreamed that a human being could suffer so and live; yet she is living still, and with no more prospect of relief than at the beginning of her great suffering, more than thirty years ago."

"Did papa ever know what became of her?"

"Not so far as I know, my dear. He never mentioned her name to me, and I had no reason for supposing that the 'Agnes' of his delirious ravings was Agnes Vernon until her miniature, so secretly preserved among his most precious treasures, carried me back to those old memories, and I saw a meaning in it I had never suspected before. I have never told her sad story to any one but you, dear Kate. Do not let it cloud your young life with sombre thoughts, but let it serve as a reminder, whenever you find your own heart flushed with exultation and triumph at the power which youth, and beauty, and high spirits give you—a reminder that she was once just such a one as you, and that life is not always summer."

J. F. W.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1879.

The mishap which befell a party from Boston last week in Philadelphia has caused much merriment in that city as well as in New York, where the unfortunates are quite well known. Among the round of entertainments provided for the visitors by their friends was an evening at the minstrels. The young relative who bought the tickets in the morning asked the ticket-seller whether there would be any "coarse jokes" or "improper allusions" during the performance. He simply asked, because "the Cliffords from Boston were coming." (The name is fictitious, but the story is true.) He was informed that "hardly ever" was there anything out of the way at the abode of minstrelsy. The evening came; a large audience filled the house; the overture was played, and one of the "end men" approached his first joke. Suddenly, up rose the whole band, and, motioning excitedly to the "bones," murmured: "Hush, be careful; the Cliffords from Boston are he-ah." At first the audience did not understand the joke, but when it was repeated, the annoyance of the party alluded to became so manifest that peals of laughter shook the house. At the third or fourth repetition "the Cliffords" could stand it no longer, and indignantly left the hall.

They have a dandy judge in England. The London *World*, in a recent article, says of Lord-Justice Cotton: "His robes, made evidently for the occasion of the present assizes, are of the brightest crimson, his ermine of the whitest. His *Archbold's Criminal Pleading and Evidence*, his *Russell on Crimes*, and his *Stephen on Evidence*, are each, notwithstanding certain symptoms of basty perusal, still radiant in the newest of covers. But his black cap!—that is indeed a sight worth a journey to Maidstone. Unlike the plain square of black cloth ordinarily used, it is daintily turned up at the corners, and secured apparently by pins, and presents somewhat the appearance of an ecclesiastical *biretta*. The shape and sit of this article of judicial attire have evidently been the subject of much thought, both on the part of his lordship and his body-clerk. Most judges, when they have to pronounce sentence of death, take the black cap from a drawer in the desk before them, or from their pocket, and place it on their own heads. Not so Lord-Justice Cotton. As the time approaches for sentence to be delivered, and while he is still addressing the prisoner, his body-clerk slips out of his seat, and, going behind the judicial chair, arranges the cap, pinned up as aforesaid, daintily on his lordship's wig, and lightly and noiselessly retires until sentence is passed, when my lord majestically retires to his private room, possibly with a view to study the effect at leisure."

They were sitting in an open buggy on the crossroad, and bounded on one side by the wood, and on the other by an orchard. The first we heard was: "Now stop, Will; you will muss my hair." He laughed, and she broke out with: "You don't love me one bit." The hugs he gave her would have made an anaconda turn pale, and as she threw up her head for breath, he said: "I am strong, eh, girl?" "Yes, you are; but I don't think you are as strong as you used to be."

A reverend gentleman who resides in a neighboring town has the misfortune to own a son who is addicted to drink. The other night, when the family had retired to rest, the son returned home in his usual condition. When the father opened the door to his graceless offspring, he exclaimed, sadly, "Drunk again, Henry! drunk again!" "All right, father," replied the staggering reprobate, "so am I!"

INTAGLIOS.

The Sonnet.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah, me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakspeare's shadow falls;
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a ford the narrow flow is laid
Deep as mid-ocean to sheer mountain walls.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

The Wanderer.

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!
We see him stand by the open door,
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.
He makes as though in our arms repelling
He fain would lie, as he lay before;
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling—
The old, old Love which we knew of yore!
Ah! who shall help us from over-spelling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden Lore!
E'en as we doubt, in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling!

ANONYMOUS.

Fair Mexico.

I look far down a dewy vale,
Where cool palms lean along a brook,
As crooked as a shepherd's crook;
Red parrots call from orange trees,
Where white blooms kiss the idle breeze;
The gray dove coos his low love-tale.

With cross outstretched—like pleading hands,
That mutely plead the faith of Christ—
Amid the palms a low church stands;
I would that man might learn from these
The priceless victories of peace,
And woo her 'mid these olive trees,
And win an earthly paradise.

I see black clouds of troops afar
Sweep like a surge that sweeps the shore.
I hear the hoarse-voiced cannon roar;
The red-mouthed orators of war
Plead as they never plead before.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Starlight.

While the broad night above me broods,
In all her shadowy plenitudes,
I let my roaming vision fare
Through many an aisle of starry air.

"Bright throngs," I muse, "that o'er us bend,
How vague the messages you send!"

"That fiery star, within whose rays
A wicked, blood-red ardor plays,
"May be some world where dwell serene
A race with souls divinely clean!"

"And that large tear of saintly light,
O'er the dead sunset throbbing white,
"Its snowy splendors looking, now,
Fit for some aureoled spirit's brow—

"That star through ages may have been
Some great world world that teems with sin!"
From "A Masque of the Poets."

The Old, Old Story.

I love thee, yes! 'tis vain to soothe my tremor,
The thoughts that bleed, but fill my soul with grief;
Alas, the smile that charms another dreamer
Brings back the past that is my sole relief;
That recent past—through summer forests splendid,
When all seem'd thrilling with new life for me
And reason's promise—it is broke and ended.
I love thee, darling, but—it can not be.

Each vine-clad work appeared a hallow'd bower,
Where thou might dwell, to our enchanted gaze;
The love-lit day gave way to twilight's power,
And moonlight tender won our cooing praise;
Our fancy gave to all an added glory;
That only hearts through lovers' eyes can see;
And yet we feel it is the old, old story,
I love thee, darling, but—it can not be.

JOHN SAVAGE.

Inconstancy.

A stripling plucks a flower fair;
The bright gold of his maiden's hair,
The azure of her eyes are there;
Too fervent is his clasped hand's heat—
The blossom's fragrance lasts an hour;
He drops it wilted at his feet
And plucks another flower.

His maiden love, with soft caress,
And low words full of tenderness,
He close unto his heart doth press,
His kisses steal away the rose
That blooms in blushes on her cheek;
A brief hour's bliss—then forth he goes
Another maid to seek.

Hearts Out of Tune.

Her white hand flashes on the strings,
Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
Its throng of throbbing notes abroad;
Music and moonlight like a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.

Oh, sweet the long and shivering swells,
And sweeter still the lingering flow—
Delicious as remembrance falls
Dying in distance long ago,
When evening winds from heavens were blown,
And the heart yearned for things unknown.

Across the lofty window-pace,
Peace fills the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star in outer space
His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
Wait all the fragrances of June,
The summer night is hushed to hear
The passion of the ancient tune;
Then why those sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah, listen! We and all our pain
Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topos height we gain;
It spurns that height, and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark.

The Drama of Love.

Act one, we meet;
Act two, give clasping hands;
Act three, some kisses sweet;
Act four, cold barren lands;
Act five, a granite slab that lonely stands.

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fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table,
range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted,
rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain
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ANNUAL MEETING.—The Annual
Meeting of the Stockholders of the Hale & Nor-
cross S. M. Co., for an election of a Board of Trustees to
serve the Company for the ensuing year, and for the transac-
tion of other business, will be held at the office of the
Company, Rooms Nos. 57 and 58 Nevada Block, northwest
corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, Cali-
fornia, on WEDNESDAY, March 12, 1879, at the hour of one
o'clock P. M.
The Transfer Book will be closed on Saturday, March 1,
1879, at 12 M., and remain closed until after the meeting to
be held on March 12, 1879.
By order Board of Trustees.
JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLI-

cation of the Brooklyn Land Company to be disincor-
porated.—Notice is hereby given, that the application of the
Brooklyn Land Company, a corporation organized and ex-
isting under the laws of the State of California, to be disin-
corporated, has been presented and filed in the County
Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of Cali-
fornia, and that Monday, the 18th day of March, A. D. 1879, at
the hour of 11 o'clock A. M. of that day, at the court-room of
said court, in said City and County of San Francisco, has
been fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing
the said application. THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
[SEAL.] By JOHN H. HARNEY, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELAN-
GER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARY BELANGER, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce
dissolving the bond of matrimony now and heretofore ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of
the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.
JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LI-
CENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
JOHN LICENS, signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS,
defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defend-
ant on March 1st, 1858, and the reference therein made
amended in the description of certain real property par-
ticularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which
reference is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of
the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d
day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator
with the will annexed of the Estate of JOHN BLISS,
deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims
against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the neces-
sary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of
this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of busi-
ness, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in
the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 13th, 1879.
WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John
Bliss, deceased.
PHELPS & ELLIS, 66 Nevada Block, Attorneys for 1 state.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 27th day of February, 1879, an assessment (No.
17) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twelfth day of March, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless
payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the
first day of April, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan
Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining
District, Storey County, Nevada.

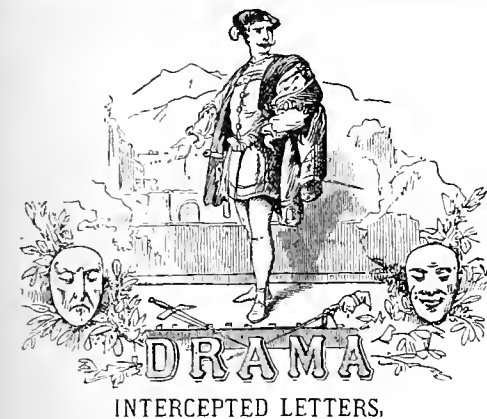
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the seventh day of February, 1879, an
assessment (No. 37) of one dollar per share, was levied
on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately
in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eleventh (11th) day of March, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the thirty-
first day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale.

Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada
Block, Room 37, San Francisco, Feb. 18, 1879. At a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the above com-
pany, on this day, a dividend of 10% on the capital
stock was declared, payable on WEDNESDAY, the 27th
day of February, 1879. Transfer books closed on
W. W. H.



SAN FRANCISCO, February 27, 1879.
MY DEAR MADGE:—You have heard long before this of Rose Eytinge's little flare of temper the other night, and will, therefore, understand how it came about that we have had another week of Florence. This is always a pleasure in itself, but when the great character actor follows hard upon a Cyril Searle, you can easily imagine how willingly we all went to see "Cap'n Cuttle" the other night.

What tortures close readers of Dickens suffer upon first seeing a dramatization of one of his works. How they watch and wait in vain for some familiar conceit that has caught the fancy. With what absolute consternation they view every hiatus. How frayed and ragged seems the adaptation. But a consecutive arrangement is impossible, so there is nothing to do but enjoy the character acting and never mind the story, nor the wild, improbable ways in which the dramatist leaps over time and distance, to say nothing of the people he leaves out altogether. Still, it does seem a little odd that *Dombey and Son* should be called *Dombey and Son*, when the poor little boy who was born *Anno Dombey*, and for whom Charles Dickens walked the streets of Paris all night in mourning and lamentation when they parted company, does not appear at all.

But we have "Captain Cuttle" in all the best scenes, although the MacStinger and her thorough rout of the old sailors is considerably omitted. Dear old fellow, how we all do love him, to be sure; and how thoroughly Florence has caught the spirit of good will in his heart, as well as the roystering heartiness of his manner. It was as if one opened the well-thumbed pages of "Dombey," and "Captain Cuttle," materializing himself, had walked out from the pages. His guileless goodness, his beaming good nature, are there, and a briny aroma seems to waft itself across the footlights, so perfect is the old tar's make-up from the top of his glistening head to the soles of his wide-spread feet. What a pity that there were no companion pictures. Yes, there was one, when I come to think—John Wilson's "Jack Bunsby." He really did take pains to give the Delphic wisdom of the sailor a proper setting. Mr. Bock made some approach to his part, and presented "Mr. Dombey's" inflexibility and his dignified peevishness, but not the intense pride and *hauteur* of the man.

As for the rest of the company, I fancy that, with delightful unanimity, they have one and all refrained from reading Dickens. Dear Madge, think of presenting "Edith Granger," the icy, statuesque, haughty "Edith Granger," as a spitfire! Miss de Forrest actually, in one scene, put up her hands as if she were going to scratch. "Edith Granger" scratching! Shade of the Master forgive them. It gave me chills to read of "Edith Granger;" her quiet, cold scorn is so piercing; her hardness so impenetrable, except to the gentle "Florence;" her pride so indomitable. But Miss de Forrest's "Edith" is another person altogether, and really, as I take it, no improvement upon the original.

Miss Marie Prescott as "Susan Nipper" took a new departure and combed those flying locks from off her brow. Also, she built on a nose. It was rather a remarkable affair, belonging to the snub type of architecture, but, as completed, it became a siphon. To this extraordinary structure she saw fit to add a pair of nostrils deeply, darkly, beautifully black. Her text would appear to have been the line which speaks of the ambiguous "Susan" as detaching "Florence" from a new friend by a wrench—as if she were a tooth. She played the spitfire with a capital S. In fact, Miss Prescott was really not bad, except that in moments of excitement her words were quite unintelligible. This is peculiar to the lady when she is visited with high spirits, so that we lost half of "Susan's" mysterious third person monologues. As for Miss Lottie Cobb, her "Florence Dombey" was really too inane to be worth mentioning, even to find fault with. "Mr. Carker," whose shining teeth gleam with a sinister significance through the whole sad story, might have been as toothless as a new-born babe for any dental suggestions on the part of "Mr. Carker." Mr. Bassett had a dim idea of what sly, old "Joey Bagstock" ought to be, and seemed to have lived on curry and red pepper for a month. Of course, I need not tell you that Mrs. Saunders as "Mrs. Skewton" did some justice to the faded "Cleopatra." Mrs. Saunders always does well enough and never does badly. But, then, she belongs to the old company—the real old company, not the one-half-and-half affair which people call the old company now, but which was the wreck of McCullough's managerial fortunes.

How strange that the actors will not take the trouble to dress themselves properly in a little play like this, where make-up goes for so much. In these plays, too, what with the profusely illustrated editions which abound, and the perfect familiarity of the mass of people with the text, ideals are formed which are easy enough for the actors to realize in appearance, at least. When so simple a thing as Florence's deft management of "Captain Cuttle's" book creates a positive delight, why should these other people, whose calling it also is to amuse and edify, hesitate to take a little extra trouble in doing so?

At the Grand, Willie Seymour in a minor part bestows an extra care on his make-up which certainly has its effect on the story. By the way, I do wish that critics and

book-reviewers could be induced to refrain from revealing plots. There is really nothing to Gaborian's play *Almost a Life*, excepting the masterly manner in which he keeps the secret of the murder until the moment comes for its proper dramatic *dénouement*. If I had not known what was coming I would have been buried throughout the entire evening in a really delightful maze of conjecture, a phase of mind rarely to be enjoyed nowadays. As it was, I had read the dailies, as every reasonable person does, and knew all that was to happen before I went. Of course "things seen are mightier than things heard," but the interest was not so intense. It is a smoothly-flowing play and put together with remarkable ingenuity, but there is nothing really great in it except the scenery. The fire scene is the best I have ever seen on the stage. Of course, a chateau makes a prettier fire than a hamlet does, and this is an exceptionally beautiful chateau. In fact, the scenery throughout is wonderfully fine, for whatever people think of the auditorium, the stage at the Grand is magnificent, comparatively speaking, of course.

I wonder whether public opinion will suffer the "Passion Play" to be put upon its boards. I opine not. I commenced to read the cast the other day:

"Jesus of Nazareth—James O'Neill."

No one is deeply religious in these latter times, but I write that line with such a shock as I know you will read it with. I can appreciate the pure devotion of the humble wood-carvers of Ober Ammergan, and realize the solemnity with which, after two years of devout preparation, they enact the "Holy Play." But the simple piety of the isolated Tyrolese will not bear transplanting. This is a land of churches. The shadow of the Cross falls over on the Joss house, where the gimcrack idols are set up in solemn, hideous dignity. The towers of the synagogue cleave the sky in close juxtaposition to Lutheran and Wesleyan spires. Even the Maltese cross stretches its arms over a few long-robed, queer-coiffed priests. Yet withal we are not religious enough to accept the "Passion Play" in the spirit of devotion; *per contra*, we are not irreligious enough to accept it as a theatrical spectacle. It shocks all our finer feelings. It not only seems sacrilegious and profane, but coarse and revolting. We wonder at the hardihood of the actor or actress who will accept a part in the play. We wonder at the daring of the manager who will present it. Public feeling runs high, and, in point of fact, Madge, the whole affair is simply awful. I can not imagine even an atheist, who has ever sat at a mother's knee, looting carelessly in an orchestra seat and regarding the spectacle of the Crucifixion, for they intend to go even so far as presenting that. For my part, I should think an actor would hesitate even to play "Pontius Pilate." He does not shine in history with any excessive lustre, but he has been so reviled through all the generations that he could not be made too revolting to suit the multitude. And who would willingly play "Judas Iscariot?"

No good and sufficient reason has been given for bringing the play out except that E. J. Baldwin and Tom Maguire shed tears over it when it was read to them. While this reveals a very commendable gentleness of heart on the part of the management, it is not enough. Any one may go to the Cathedral on Holy Thursday and see whole brigades of pious people shed tears over the spectacle of the Bishop washing the Apostles' feet. I once saw a man six feet high and of corresponding weight weep like a babe over it. And when the form was over, he arose and wiped his tears away with a monogrammed handkerchief, and walked down town to his place of business, and sold whisky and eternal what-you-call'em to his fellow beings at twenty-five cents per glass—he did not keep a bit-house. Do the tears really go for nothing? I hope, Madge, that they will not try to force it upon the public. Of course we should all go out of sheer curiosity. We could not stay away. But we shall be outraged and shocked to the last fibre. We will be prejudiced forevermore against the actors, and the stage of the Grand will always be entwined with recollections of the awful gibbet. I defy the most flippant not to feel signally uncomfortable at the mere thought of it. If it excite discomfort in the mind of the loose principled or the careless, what must it be to those with whom religious feeling is deep, and holy, and sacred? Simply an outrage.

Let me tell of something more akin to theatres. We are to have *Mother and Son*—a very successful play—at the California next week. I do not see many familiar names on the bills; but the play, I believe, is the attraction, rather than the people, although the people are well spoken of.

At the Bush Street Theatre Nat Goodwin has introduced two imitatively good imitations of Sol Smith Russell and Gus Williams. Every one has imitated Booth and Barret, Fichter, and poor Stuart Robson; but Goodwin branches out and gives us a new one now and then. I wonder Florence does not come in for his share. One or two songs and some new dresses are the other advertised attractions. A queer advertisement, truly, for surely no one goes either to see the new dresses or to hear the new songs. Goodwin himself remains the attraction par excellence. He does not promise any change of bill. So that next week we shall have only *Mother and Son*, unless, indeed, the tears of the two managers are potent. *Nous verrons.* Thine, BETSY B.

A lady calling herself Mme. Roebert-Fechter writes from Paris to the Philadelphia *Times*, hotly denying the newspaper statements that Fechter, the actor, is married to an American, on the ground that he is married to *her*. That might be a good enough reason in Paris, but it doesn't go for anything over here; we have emancipated ourselves from the effete systems and inadequate methods of Old World controversy, and while we have no tears to waste upon the lady's domestic misfortune, we sincerely compassionate her ignorance of enlightened logic.

How George Washington, who was not born until February 22d, could have been hanged on February 21st, is a problem to the solution of which many of our facetious correspondents are now setting their wits; the circumstance that the George who was born was a Virginia white and the George who was hanged a Kentucky negro appearing to have been but imperfectly considered. The constitutional amendment may have obliterated the distinction between whites and blacks, but we submit that there is still a wide difference between a Virginian and a Kentuckian—and each fervently thanks heaven it exists.

SOME ANECDOTES.

The late General Cadwalader was sent at the head of his command to keep the naughty Baltimoreans in order during the rebellion; and when he got outside of the town with his troops sent for Prescott Smith as the most popular man of the place, and had a long and confidential talk with him in the sight of the whole populace, at the end of which Smith retired among the crowd. "What did he say? What did he want of you?" were their nervous questions. "If you will not speak of it I will tell you. It was an awful demand. He said: 'My dear fellow, I want to ask you as a great favor to go to Guy's, on Monument Square, and order me a dinner for twenty-five, of canvas-back ducks, terrapin, roast oysters, champagne, madeira, and sherry.'" The rebels were relieved.

Lord Beaconsfield is never unobservant of a slight, and he never forgets one; but he bides his time with a truly Jewish humility, having laid to heart that axiom of Cardinal de Retz: "La vengeance est un plat qui se mange froid." He never hits at random, and it is noticeable that he likes to select for punishment pushing men of the talkative sort. He once disposed of Lord Grey very contemptuously by alluding to him as "poor Lord Grey." Of Mr. Carlyle he said: "He has his reasons for writing civilly of Cromwell—Cromwell would have hanged him." Of Mr. Browning: "I like Mr. Browning's verses, and wish somebody would translate them into English." A member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce came to tell him that the Chamber intended to vote some resolutions condemnatory of the ministerial policy on the Eastern question. "I have heard a great deal about Manchester 'clayed cotton,' which is disgracing the English name in China," observed his Lordship. "Please tell your Chamber that if they attend to my business, I will try and attend to theirs."

General Tyler told Commodore Vanderbilt that the reason he (Vanderbilt) succeeded so well was because he wore a white cravat, and every one took him for a clergyman. "That reminds me of a story," said the Commodore. "One day I got into a stage down at Bowling Green, and soon two young men, pretty well 'set up,' got in. I looked them over rather sharply, as I am accustomed to do, and one of them turning round, said: 'I suppose you think I'll go to hell?' No, I told him. He turned around very suddenly to the other one and yelled: 'Universalist, by G—!'"

General Grant, it is related by Miss Hooper, was asked what were his sensations when he stepped out upon the platform of an English railway station and saw before him a sea of human faces gathered only to gaze at him. "Madam," he replied, "I felt as though I were one of them."

The late Honorable George S. Hillard was always depended on to draw up resolutions on the death of a member of the Bar. On one occasion a friend found him thus employed. He looked up with a sad smile and said: "I wonder who will do this service for me when I am gone?" "They can not do better than to take some of your own resolutions," was the reply.

Dickens, it is said, used to tell a story to the effect that Godwin and his friend Holcroft determined one day that they would not die at all. They shook hands upon it and swore it.

A young Chinaman at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, is exceedingly backward in his studies. The faculty of the school sent an official notification of this fact to the Chinese Government, at whose expense the blockhead is being educated. The Government acted promptly and vigorously. Its instructions were brief and comprehensive: "Send him home and we'll behead him."

When Haaslar, an eccentric Swiss, was engaged in making government surveys, at the beginning of the century, Congress appointed a committee to inspect his work. "You come to 'spect my vork, eh? Vat you know 'bout my vork? Vat you going to 'spect?" The gentlemen, conscious of their ignorance, tried to smooth his ruffled temper by an explanation, which only made matters worse. "You knows noting at all 'bout my vork. How can you 'spect my vork ven you knows noting? Get out of here; you in my vay. Congress be von big vool to send you to 'spect my vork. I 'ave no time to waste vith such as knows noting vat I am 'bout. Go back to Congress and tell them vat I say." The committee did "go back to Congress" and reported, amid uproarious laughter, the result of their inspecting interview.

The Marquis of Tseng, the new Chinese envoy to France, is a thorough diplomatist and man of the world. Before he left Peking he was admitted to an audience of the Empresses, and the Empress-Dowager referred to his well-known linguistic accomplishments and asked him how much he knew of English. "I hear," remarked the dowager, "that you are wonderfully *au fait* at foreign languages." "Madam," replied his lordship, modestly, "it is true that I can understand foreigners when they talk to me; but, unfortunately, they do not understand me when I talk to them!"

We have received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York, their excellent reprint of the *London Quarterly Review*. Following is its table of contents: "Lessing," Aggressive Non-conformity; The Reflection of English Character in English Art; Prince Bismarck; Our Schools and School-masters; Is Political Economy a Science?; Dr. Smiles's Works on Self Help; Russia and the Indian Frontier; Party Government. Readers who are willing to note and mark the learning, thought, and thoroughness with which English writers treat of "weighty matters," should get this quarterly and compare the articles with those of a similar class in our own reviews and magazines, by native "thinkers." Even the formulated ignorance which we call "a common-school education" can hardly get so wide and strong a grasp of its subject; and the "self-made man" shines less by comparison than by the reflected radiance of the intellect which admires him.

CATALAN CLIPPINGS.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—The following are some extracts from a Barcelona journal, and translated from the Catalan dialect, which I thought you perhaps would think it worth while to give a place in the columns of the ARGONAUT. B.

When a child is born in Italy, the parents, anxious to know what will be its vocation, place it standing in the corner of a room, against the wall, and observe it closely. Does the little creature cry and scream, it will be a singer; is it quiet, its propensities are in the culinary line; does it kick, it will be a ballet dancer.

At Calabria they try a different process. There they show a child a silver spoon. If the infant puts its lips to the spoon, believing it to contain soup, the vocation is religious; does it seize the spoon, alas! nothing can prevent the cherished infant from becoming a thief.

The manner of detecting different nationalities: Place before each man a glass of beer, with a fly floating on the surface.

A Spaniard will seize glass, beer, and fly, and fling them against the wall. A Frenchman will ask for a silver spoon, and carefully fish out the fly. An Englishman will take out the fly with the tips of his fingers, and drink the beer. A German will swallow both at one draught. And last, the Russian will seize the fly, masticate it, and pitch the beer down his throat.

There is also a good way of telling the nationality of a soldier setting out for a campaign:

The German soldier carries a pipe and a flute; the Italian, his dagger and scapular; the English soldier takes a bottle of brandy and a good saucepan; the Spaniard never forgets his guitar and a slice of bacon.

According to an agreeable and inexorable law of 1803, no Frenchman can give his child a name not in the calendar or to be found in history. A Parisian *mairie* recently ruled out "Aramis" on this ground, and his Worship of the Sixth Arrondissement has been much perplexed over the proposition of a citizen to call his daughter "Odette."

"I beg your pardon," said the official, "but you can't call her that name; it's not in the calendar."

"Odette" is a historic name—that's the name of Charles VI.'s mistress, as you can see by consulting Halévy's book on the subject, or going to the opera."

"Wait a moment, please, till I consult my chief clerk," says the discomfited Mayor, and through the open door Odette's father hears the same dialogue practically repeated, but with a change in the roles, the Mayor finally crushing his subordinate by an appeal to the eminent historian, Halévy.

The following is a puzzle sonnet; the trick is to tell what animal it is about:

Minstrel that nightly at my garden gate
With shrilly yowl and catterwaul canorous,
Assemblest all thy feline mates in chorus,
Fiery-eyed *chef*, that on the fence elate
Through florid trills and tremulous ornate,
Leadeest thy tail'd orchestra sonorous,
And bringest all thy *repertoire* before us,
Nor hast regard for things aimed at thy pate;
I do not chide thee for thy strains forlorn,
I know 'tis Love that causes all thy labors;
Ver I beseech thee with thy pipes and tabors,
Thy dulcimers and rebeks, leave my door,
Stack all the baggage of thine amorous corps,
And get thee gone, I prithee, to my neighbors.

Baby was playing with the scissors, and his mother, perceiving this, snatched them away, saying:
"Do you know that if you play with those scissors and stick them into yourself, you'll be killed and die, and be dead, and mamma'll have no more little boy?"
"Yes'm."
"And do you know that when any one dies it's for a long time?"
"Yes'm, for all ooe's life."

Mr. Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, gives an account of a splendid live beetle which Mrs. Randolph Clay wears as a personal ornament. The beetle has been in captivity seven months, but does not eat. He is attached to his mistress by a chain of gold, and will move about the drawing-room table when the room is quite warm. The beetle was brought from Yucatan. The wing sheaths are of dead-gold color with ebony-black markings.

O king of the fiddle, Wilhelmj,
If truly you love me, just tellmij;
Just answer my sigh
By the glance of your eye:
Be honest, and don't try to sellmij.
With rapture your music did thrillmij,
With pleasure supreme did it fillmij,
And if I could believe
That you meant to deceive—
Wilhelmj, I think it would killmij.

Horny-handed son of a hod-carrier (loq.)—"Share all money equally, that's what I say." Wife of the same—"And what would ye do wid' your share, Michael O'Shaunnessey?" "Spind it like a brick, ye could fool." "And what would you do thin?" "Share it all over again, av course; hand me down that pipe."

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly; "we ain't been married more'n six weeks."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is a rather diminutive person, with a striking cast of features—regular, yet hardly beautiful—but with a quick mobility of expression, a lively sensibility, and the most penetrating, lovely eyes imaginable. They seem swimming in their own light.

A schoolmaster spoke of his pupils as having been so thoroughly disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the chairs themselves. It was probably because they were cane-bottomed.

"What is so rare as an honest man?" asks the *Christian Intelligencer*. Alas! yes; there are but few of us left now, and sometimes a feeling of loneliness—but let it pass.

"Ah," said the fly as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the moulting age, and—there it stuck."

In Sherman & Hyde's window is exhibited a fine, large photograph of Mrs. William J. Florence, surrounded by a circle of smaller "cabinet" pictures. They are executed in the best style of the art by the firm of Bradley & Rulofson, and attract a good deal of attention from the skill that has been applied to the creation of beauty where it was not, while preserving, at the same time, a fidelity of likeness that is surprising. It is to the solution of such difficult art problems as this that the firm of Bradley & Rulofson address their genius, with so eminent a degree of success as to shine among photographers like a sun among tallow candles.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Modern Artists' Etchings, 22 Montgomery Street.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....M. A. KENNEDY.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....P. H. KIRBY.

This (Saturday) evening, March 1st, and every evening until further notice.

MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M.

Gigantic Success—The Greatest Hit ever known—Genuine Sensation.

MATT MORGAN'S

LIVING ART PICTURES.

A beautiful series of Classical Statuary, representing Ancient Mythology, by the loveliest formed women in the world, superior to anything of the kind hitherto presented in this city. In addition will appear

MADAME RENTZ'S

CELEBRATED FEMALE MINSTRELS,

—AND—

MABEL SANTLEY'S

ENGLISH BURLESQUE COMBINATION,

In the sparkling burlesque,

FEMALE FORTY THIEVES.

Monday, March 3, entire change of specialties.

Seats at the box office one week in advance; also by speaking telephone at the principal telegraph stations throughout the city at theatre rates.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

Mission Street, between Third and Fourth.

LENTEN SEASON.

During the season of Lent, commencing Monday, March 3, will be rendered with all due solemnity and attention to historical facts,

THE PASSION,

Written by Salmi Morse, Esq., and given under his supervision.

A CHOIR OF EIGHTY VOICES—A LARGELY INCREASED BAND OF INSTRUMENTAL PERFORMERS.

THE PASSION

Will be presented on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock.

The house will be closed on Sunday night, in order to give suitable time for preparation.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

TWO PERFORMANCES TO-DAY. MATINEE AT 2; NIGHT AT 8.

LAST TIMES OF HOBBIES.

Monday, March 3 (Last Week but One), Entire New Bill.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S FROLIQUES

AND MR. N. C. GOODWIN, JR.,

In the new Musical Extravaganza entitled the

RAMBLERS.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Monday, March 12, Farewell Week of the "Froliques."

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MACUIRE.....MANAGER.

TREMENDOUS SUCCESS OF

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS.

Acknowledged to be the most brilliant and artistic combination before the public.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, March 1st, and every evening, including Sunday.

MILT. G. BARLOW, the great Comedian.

GEORGE WILSON, the unapproachable Character Actor.

PRIMROSE AND WEST, the unrivaled artists in Song and Dance, and Champion Clog Dancers of the World.

EDDIE FOX, the Minstrel Paganini.

THE QUEEN CITY QUARTET,

The Best Glee Party in the World.

WEDNESDAY MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Commencing Monday, March 3, the NEW YORK

UNION SQUARE COMBINATION

PROPRIETOR.....MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK.
MANAGER.....MR. A. M. PALMER.

In the last great New York success, the grand play in five acts, by Victorien Sardou, author of Diplomacy, entitled

MOTHER AND SON.

"The evil that men do lives after them."

The cast will include:

MR. GEORGE CLARKE,
MISS LILIAN CLEEVE CLARKE,
MISS ROSE OSBORNE,
MISS FANNY MORANT,
MISS MARIE WILKINS,
MR. BRADSHAW,

In their great original characters, supported by the California Theatre Company.

ONLY MOTHER AND SON MATINEE on Saturday

Seats at the Box Office.

LECTURE

.....BY.....

P. ANNETTA PECKHAM,

Latterly known as Mrs. John Wickliffe Ricks,

AT DASHAWAY HALL (Post St.).

Thursday Evening, March 6, 1879

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Lecture commences at 7:30.
Subject, "THAT DRUNKARD. Admission, 25 cents.

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No. 31 Post St., San Francisco.



GRAND OPENING

SPRING STYLES
T-O-D-A-Y.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS.

JAPANESE and CHINESE Servants of all kinds will be speedily furnished by the undersigned, who, having had seven years' experience, feel confident of being able to give satisfaction in all cases. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and leave orders. PIERCE & SON, 609 Sacramento Street, up stairs, San Francisco.

VITAL HUMAN MAGNETISM

Nature's Chief Restorer of Impaired Vital Energy.



BY THIS MYSTERIOUS GIFT OF GOD TO MAN, THE MOST SHATTERED CONSTITUTION CAN BE BUILT UP IN THREE WEEKS; ACUTE CASES CURED IN A FEW MINUTES. ALL PAINS AND PAINS INSTANTLY DISAPPEARING, AND HEALTH RESTORED.

PARALYSIS CURED.

To whom it may concern.—This is to certify, that on the 15th of April, 1878, I had a stroke of paralysis of my left side, extending from my shoulder down to my hip. I found no help until I came to Mr. McLennan, 220 Stockton Street, who gave me instant relief, and saved my life. His power as a healer is wonderful. (Signed)

J. L. WILBERT, Dentist,
December 3, 1878. 18 Third St., S. F.

Besides the above, I can refer with pleasure to the following prominent gentlemen that have been under my treatment: Gov. A. K. P. Safford, of Arizona; Judge S. P. Hall, of San Francisco; Judge L. E. Pratt, San Francisco; Judge Currey, San Francisco; Rev. John Tyerman, Australia; and one thousand and six hundred others, besides very many ladies and physicians of high standing whose names I am not at liberty to publish.

J. D. MCLENNAN,
Vital Magnetic Healer,
No. 220 Stockton St.

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BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NOS. 3 AND 5 MONTGOMERY STREET,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE,

The only really light-running lock-stitch Sewing Machine in the market.

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS

Elegant, stylish, and reliable.

J. W. EVANS, 20 Post Street, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk,
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

Nos. 2, 3 and 4, Montgomery Street, N. F.

POUR LES DAMES.

The spring chronicles give us some interesting facts concerning spring toilets. I believe it is beginning to be conceded that whatever is becoming and graceful may now be considered fashionable, without much regard to absolute styles. There are some designs, however, that seem so universally suitable, that they will be widely used. Among them are the new model for a polonaise known as the "Lamballe," the "Zophie" and "Frida" overskirts, and the many varieties of cutaway basques and vests. The "Lamballe" deserves something more than a mere passing mention, for it is destined to be exceedingly popular this spring. It has a basque front trimmed to represent a vest, a slightly bouffant back, which is draped low upon the skirt and held in by elastics underneath. The sideform, which is cut in a very graceful curve, is caught at the side by a bow of silk or ribbon. As it is quite long, the only part of the underskirt visible is the trimming, about a quarter of a yard in depth. Basques are oftenest seen made very plainly and usually cut square, front and back, they, as well as the vests worn with them, being quite destitute of trimming, the "lavense" folds in which the majority of the overskirts are plaited being considered sufficient ornamentation for street costumes. Some are worn with broad fancy belts. For morning wrappers, the "Princesse" and "Watteau" are still favorites, and the "Duchesse matinee," a long, half-fitting sacque, with side fouses extending to the shoulders, bids fair to be received with great favor. Made in cashmeres, trimmed with lace, in foulards or the soft India silks, they are very beautiful. A pretty design for a linen duster, soon to be needed for summer wear, is the "Thekla" redingote. For complete walking suits, the straight mantelet or the *fichu* are to be worn. Usually, these wraps are of the same material and color as the costume, but of a different shade. The very pale mastic or putty color, so long fashionable, is giving place to a deeper shade, which verges on coffee color, for these morning suits, and fawn will be much worn also. An entirely new opera and theatre wrap is the "Serape," or Mexican cloak, worn both on horseback and on the promenade in Mexico. It passes over the head by means of a very wide slit in the centre, which, when drawn up, makes a rich shirring around the throat. This shirring is nicely decorated with gold thread and beads, and forms a most effective protection to the throat and chest. The garment is a yard and a half in depth, is cut circular, and has a deep border round the bottom edge, of gold thread and beaded embroidery, below which is a heavy fringe. A yellow and white material, with embroidery of scarlet, green, and gold, is very effective. A scarf or mantilla wrap for the head is the suitable thing to accompany this style of cloak. In spring and summer materials, besides the several varieties mentioned in my last letter, there are printed armures, something quite new and very desirable for house or country wear. The foundation color is usually white, with raised threads, like brilliantines, and for design have small pale-tinted flowers. Scotch gingham—in contrasting colors—in plaids and stripes, and called "Zephyrs," will be very useful for children's wear. Coteline is a stiff, partly transparent cotton material, woven in lengthwise cords and in cool-looking floral designs on white, cream, or Sevres blue ground. "Mummy cloth" is, notwithstanding its unpromising name, really a very pretty goods for summer suits. It comes in soft, faded colors, and the pattern is usually sprays of flowers and leaves. Eastern merchants have adopted the practice of having samples of these goods washed and otherwise tested by the severest processes, in order to show customers just how much they are capable of fading. This cloth comes a yard wide, and fourteen yards are ample for a suit. Russian braid lace is being largely imported to trim all these new goods. Percales in handkerchief patterns, polka dots, diamonds and stars, are pretty for the little ones; they have the soft foulard finish. Another decided novelty is French cambric with the design in different colors on the two sides, so that strips of one can be used to trim the other. The colored embroidered Coventry rufflings are available as trimmings for nearly all these summer fabrics, for walking, yachting, croquet, and garden suits, as well as house dresses, aprons, etc. I see that Madame Demorest has an excellent patent in the way of a machine for fringing silk, which is quite invaluable during the present fancy for that style of trimming. Among the more artistic garnitures are bands of velvet or satin, on which flowers, grasses, wheats, butterflies, birds, and similar designs are painted by hand, and which are used on rich materials. Black satin, with birds and butterflies of brilliant plumage, is especially effective; and the humming bird is said to be a favorite design from the fact that the species is nearly extinct—so unsparing has been the fashion that, for some years past, has called for the deaths of these exquisite creatures by the tens of thousands. Verily, there is truth in what the old German, Gleim, has said: "It is, as it were, *born* in maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes;" and to that end, nothing in nature is spared. Here is still another freak of the art fancy in the elaborate designs now used on garter clasps, some being as handsome as bracelets in design and finish: The garters themselves are merely curled silver wire, covered with light-colored ribbon or silk; but the clasps are ornamented with birds, female figures in relief, flowers, bees, harlequins, and laughing Cupids, but strictly mythological subjects seem to be best liked. Hand-painted dress buttons are novelties of the more expensive kind, as well; they are done on black or white silk, velvet, or satin, and a different figure or flower is painted on each. Flowers and birds, or insects, are the favorite representations, and there are some made to resemble the finest of mosaics. The "Ouch locket" is a new trinket, and is so called because the setting is left out, leaving open the socket, which is called by goldsmiths the ouch, or collet. The intention is to have the article—which, by the way, must be in an antique setting—appear to have lost its jewel through its extreme age. Whole necklaces are made after the same fashion. What with newly-bought laces dipped in coffee to give them the appearance of age, and now this new caprice, fashion will soon succeed in destroying the halo that has always surrounded the idea of relics. Some very exquisite designs in lace pins are shown. Among them is one in the form of a mousetrap, which appears to have fallen off the shelf, and is held by a gold band, that has a flagree cheese on it. A little rodent hangs by its tail dead. Another

is a transparent green crystal whale, inside of which is a miniature Jonah moving on a wire, and preparing for his historical exit. The new "boudoir fan" is something unique. It has a handle terminating in an oblong section like a domino-box, which slides open, showing a piece of black powder and a puff. On one side is a perfumed bag and an ivory comb. The "Camargo" has a mirror set in it, and, of course, is screen-shaped, and does not shut up. On the back, behind the mirror, is a "leaf" of powder, being a preparation of *blanc des perles*, thinly spread. At the end of the pendant tassel is a little satin bag, in which is hidden a powder puff. With this fan comes a box containing several leaves of powder, to replenish as those already in use are exhausted. Each is intended to serve three times. But none equal the wonderful Rothschild fan, whose workmanship is so marvelously fine that it has to be seen through magnifying glasses. Fancy combs have not lost their place in the affections of the fashionable world, but the style is quite new. They are now worn in the narrow, three-forked, three-balled design, or in the shape of a poniard with one ball, or a cross-shaped hilt. This is a revival of the fashion in vogue when the great tragedienne, Rachel, was in this country, and wore, among other quaint and magnificent jewels, a golden poniard, in which were set three enormous diamonds. A singular design for sleeve buttons is a *casque* of pale golden, containing a model of the plaster cast of Charles XII.'s dead face, done in ivory, the very bullet hole in the cheek being reproduced with painful accuracy. Shawl-back slides are graceful novelties in lesser *bijouterie*. They are, in form, similar to lace pins, but less fragile and somewhat larger. The figures on them are dragon flies, beetles, satyrs, and the like, and the design being sunk in the surface of the pin, leaves the latter perfectly flat. New glove-stretchers come in solid gold frosted with silver, and with carbuncles or topazes in the extremity of each handle. New neck-gear is mostly of *crêpe lisse*, the handkerchief *fichu* being the most popular. These are gathered up on the left side and fastened with a spray of flowers, which are coming into favor again. Lace shoes are something new. They are of satin embroidered in white in the *appliqué* and *guipure* designs to simulate lace. The form of the shoe is the "Polignac," and it has the highest and narrowest heel yet worn. Velvet is sometimes made up in this way. We are really to have something new this month in the way of millinery. The "Da Vinci" hat, a cap with a wide-rolled brim and bell crown, like those in Leonardo's pictures, the "Turenne," that has a wide, flaring edge; and, for misses, a small crowned shape, with brim drooping on both sides, and known as the "Lotos," being among the prettiest of the new headgear. A very astonishing model is "La Surprise." It is only suited to carriage wear, and none but extremists will venture on it even there. The adjustment of the feather gives it its name, and is undeniably surprising, being attached to the forward part of the brim, on the right side, and dangling at its own sweet will. Three-quarters of a yard is the regulation length of feather, which is usually white or light, and the hat itself is of the "mouquetaire," Louis XIV., shape, and either garnet or navy blue. The multiplicity of new ribbons is something startling; moreover, all are exceedingly beautiful. "Pekin," or striped, and the "Jardinière," or brocaded, ribbons, are the most extensively shown so far. The first come in gauze, gros grain, and brocades of one color and two tones. Persian brocaded ribbons are light mixtures of the Sevres blue, one of the new shades, old gold and rose color, in palm leaf designs. The new reversible ribbons have one side of plain satin, the other striped in contrasting colors, or with a Persian brocaded pattern. Soft satins have a brocaded border down each side, or a Roman or Scotch plaid border. Plaided chinés, changeful as the chameleon's hues, are also to be popular, and plain gros grains are to be diversified by a Persian stripe on one side. In the "Pekins," basket-woven gauzes and twilled stripes come in one design, separated by a cord of two colors, some have three stripes; in others the stripes are reversible, one side being, for example, a black satin stripe, alternating with one of gay, mixed colors, while the opposite side is a white stripe with a mixed design. The "Jardinière" stripes on the Persian patterns will be used for trimming Leghorn hats and bonnets, and to blend with lace. For trimming, the preference will be given to No. 16 ribbon, over No. 12, which has been the favorite during the past winter. It is used as a substitute for bias silk, and is about two inches and a half wide. Still wider numbers will be used before the season is over. It is noted, as a new caprice, that everything must be perfumed of late. Imported goods are often scented before being dispatched from Europe. The newest colors are reseda, faience, and Sevres blues and dove's-throat, the blues particularly being employed in the new cotton goods. Altogether the spring campaign has opened most promisingly.

LILIAS DUBOIS.

Bill of Fare for Ten Persons.—Sunday, March 2, 1879.

Eastern Oysters on Shell.
Amber Soup.
Stewed Terrapin. Hominy.
Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing, Cranberry Jelly.
Asparagus. New Potatoes.
Roast Mallard Duck.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Ice Cream. Wine Jelly.
Lady Cake. Fruits.
Claret, Sherry, Burgundy, Champagne.
Coffee.

The electric light is said to have a particular effect on patients suffering from catalepsy and other nervous complaints. Professor Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, Paris, after making experiments with the electric light on hysterical subjects, found that a patient placed before a very bright electric light fell into an anæsthetic condition. The subject of this treatment stands as if fascinated, motionless, and with fixed, staring eyes. The limbs are stiff, but not so rigid that they can not be moved, and they preserve whatever position may be given to them. The patients neither see nor hear. In vain the operator speaks to them or makes signs; all communication between them and the outer world seems to be at an end.

He said he was a linguist; but, upon interrogating him in regard to the languages he spoke, he said they were Turkey, Coachenchina, and Gum Arabic.

THE LATEST MAGAZINE VERSES.

Bayard Taylor.

For us he wandered through strange lands and old;
We saw the world through him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent,
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,
We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown
Of civic honors on his brow pressed down,
Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.
And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears
Two nations speak, we answer but with tears.

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let
Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,
Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;
Let the home voices greet him in the far,
Strange land that holds him; let the messages
Of love pursue him o'er the charless seas
And unmappped vastness of his unknown star.
Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse
Of perishable fame, in every sphere
Itself interprets; and its utterance here
Somewhere in God's unfolding universe
Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise
Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, in *Atlantic*.

At Last.

We traveled side by side for years and years,
And yet our souls were many miles apart;
No mutual joys, no mingling of our tears,
Could bring us heart to heart.

Blossom and fruit we gathered from one tree,
Drank from one fountain, conned one sacred book,
And yet her spirit drew not near to me
In word, or deed, or look.

At last, when earth and sky were still and gray,
We stood together by a solemn shore,
And from our lives the veil was rent away,
And we were blind no more.

One swift bright glance into each other's souls,
One kiss which told us all our gain and loss,
And then the mystic tide between us rolls
That she may not recross.

Parted, when all the world might deem us near;
Near, when the world may think us far apart;
Oh, love, I wait till God makes all things clear
And brings me where thou art!

SARAH DOUDNEE, in *Peterson*.

Pictures in the Fire.

The blazing coals were glowing bright
Upon the hearth so broad and wide,
And I was sitting in their light,
And Elsie by my side.

The tangles in her cloudy hair
She pushed aside, and just to see
More plainly where the figures were
She leaned upon my knee.

A rustic boy with bare, brown feet,
Bright where the coals were deepest red,
Binding up roses among wheat,
She saw so plain, she said.

And then to make me see him too,
About my neck with witching grace
She put her arm, and softly drew
My face against her face.

Ah, is it strange I said I found
A picture that was very sweet,
But not a rustic boy that bound
Roses among the wheat?

Dear Elsie, in her modest tire,
I painted then with bashful art,
And said I saw her in the fire
A-burning in my heart.

And is it strange if new delight
Shook out to flowers our budding souls,
The while we sat and watched that night
For pictures in the coals?

—From *Leisure Hours*.

The Marguerite.

The angry winds the blossoms rudely rending
Had dropped a snowy shower,
And, underneath the locust branches bending,
She plucked a single flower,

A flower that bloomed alone; then, softly sighing,
She pulled its leaves apart,
As if to read some secret underlying
The white flower's yellow heart.

"What said the flower?" spoke one to her, close standing
Upon the leafy spot.
"It said," she slow replied, at his demanding,
"He loves me, loves me not!"

"A flower is but a flower; who knows its meaning?
Heed not the marguerite."
Then lower whispers, toward the maiden leaning,
"He loves, loves thee, oh, sweet."

MARIE S. LADD, in *Peterson*.

A Dialogue.

SHE.—The dandelions in the grass
Are blown to furries' clocks;
On this green bank I pluck'd, alas!
The last of lady-smocks.

HE.—Let them die,
What care I?
Roses come when field-flowers pass.

SHE.—But these sun-sated, sultry hours
Will make your roses fall;
Their large wide-open crimson flowers
Must die like daisies small.

HE.—Sweet as yet!
I'll forget
(When they die) they lived at all.

MARY F. ROBINSON, in *Littell*.

CHICKERING

PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

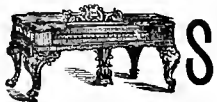
ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED



Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION
and Affairs of the

STATE INVESTMENT

.....AND.....

INSURANCE COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

In the State of California, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1878, and for the year ending on that day, as made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to the provisions of Sections 610 and 611 of the Political Code, condensed as per blank furnished by the Commissioner

CAPITAL, \$200,000.

Amount of Capital Stock paid up in Cash.....\$200,000 00

ASSETS.

Real Estate owned by Company.....	\$140,611 68
Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	59,550 00
Cash market value of all Stocks and Bonds owned by Company.....	84,370 00
Amount of Loans secured by pledge of Bonds, Stocks, and other marketable securities as collateral.....	23,683 66
Cash in Company's office.....	6,000 03
Cash in Banks.....	28,688 35
Interest due and accrued on all Stocks and Loans.....	1,728 65
Interest due and accrued on Bonds and Mortgages.....	3,762 50
Premiums in the course of collection.....	42,452 07
Bills receivable, not matured, taken for Fire and Marine risks.....	19,447 15
Total Assets.....	\$401,384 09

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and unpaid.....	\$6,402 50
Losses in process of adjustment or suspense.....	8,550 00
Gross Premium on Fire Risks running one year or less, \$189,003 52—reinsurance 50 per cent.....	94,501 76
Gross Premiums on Fire Risks running more than one year, \$3,067 60—reinsurance pro rata Gross Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, \$1,579 02—reinsurance 100 per cent.....	2,588 50
Gross premium on Marine Time Risks, \$38,640 76—reinsurance 50 per cent.....	1,579 02
Cash Dividends declared to stockholders remaining unpaid.....	19,320 38
Marine Notes payable.....	82 00
Claim in Litigation.....	1,376 47
Total Liabilities.....	\$215,372 63

INCOME.

Net Cash actually received for Fire Premiums.....	\$186,786 82
Net Cash actually received for Marine Premiums.....	52,168 35
Bills and Notes received for premiums.....	19,447 15
Received for interest on Bonds and Mortgages.....	3,957 18
Received for interest and dividends on Bonds, Stocks, Loans, and from all other sources.....	9,465 69
Rents.....	11,655 00
Total Income.....	\$266,033 04

EXPENDITURES.

Net amount paid for Fire Losses (including \$4,641 98 losses of previous years).....	\$69,580 88
Net amount paid for Marine Losses (including \$6,981 92 losses of previous years).....	51,236 58
Dividends to stockholders.....	60,044 00
Paid or allowed for Commission or Brokerage.....	34,679 00
Paid for salaries, fees, and other charges for officers, clerks, etc.....	20,100 00
Paid for State, National, and local taxes, rents, Fire Patrol, advertising, printing, and all other expenses.....	23,558 33
Total Expenditures.....	\$270,198 79

LOSSES.

	FIRE.	MARINE.
Incurred during the year.....	\$75,741 40	\$50,404 66

RISKS AND PREMIUMS.

	FIRE RISKS.	PREMIUMS.
Net amount of risks written during the year.....	\$14,018,349	\$214,118 94
Net amount of risks expired during the year.....	15,120,761	235,892 08
Net amount in force Dec. 31, 1878.....	12,863,901	192,971 12
Risks written in the State of California.....	12,472,560	177,935 65
	MARINE RISKS.	PREMIUMS.
Net amount of risks written during the year.....	\$4,205,475	\$70,807 36
Net amount of risks expired during the year.....	1,169,932	65,523 78
Net amount in force Dec. 31, 1878.....	456,035	40,219 85
Risks written in the State of California.....	1,205,415	70,807 36

A. J. BRYANT, President.

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

Office, 218 and 220 Sansome St.,
IN COMPANY'S BUILDING.

THE Automatic SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Makes the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad, thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants,	\$4
Suits,	15
Overcoats,	15
Dress Coats,	20

Genuine 6 X



Yours Truly, Wm. D. Nicoll

TO ORDER

Black Doeskin	
Pants,	\$7
White Vests, fm	3
Fancy Vests,	6
Beaver Suits,	\$55.

The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings at Wholesale Prices.

Any length cut, and all kinds of Cloth kept in Stock. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

CLOTH AND WOOLEN BROKER.

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,

727 Market Street, 505 Montgomery Street, 18 Kearny Street,
And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
320 POST STREET
San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 237 Entrance
south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA CO.
OF LONDON.

A Flattering Compliment

—TO—

STEINWAY & SONS.

Academy of Music,
New York, Dec. 28, 1878.
Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:
Gentlemen—Having used your celebrated Pianos in public and private during the present opera season, we desire to express our unqualified admiration of their sonority, evenness, richness, and astonishing duration of tone, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice. These matchless qualities for accompanying the voice, together with precision of action and unequalled capacity for remaining in tune for a great length of time, render the Steinway Pianos, above all others, the most desirable instruments for students of vocal music and the musical public generally.

MINNIE HAUKE,
ETELKA GERSTEN,
MARIE ROZE,
CL. CAMPOBELLO,
G. LABLACHE,
LUIGI ARDITI,
ITALO CAMPANINI,
A. F. GALASSI,
G. DEL PUENTE,
J. FRAPOLLI,
A. J. FOLI,
F. DE RIALP,
J. H. MAPLESON.

NEW YORK, December, 1878.

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The Argonaut.

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OLLA-PODRIDA.

As these columns are entirely irresponsible, and as no man knows who writes them, we do not hesitate to place our unknown self upon record as a false prophet; hence, we declare that Kearney is the great leader in this State, and that he is destined to overwhelm and destroy all the other political organizations now existing. Circumstances have combined and are combining to bring about the fulfillment of our prophecy. We do not know who John the Baptist was, and it does not make much difference. He came howling out of the wilderness, clad in skins, barefoot, with a girdle about his loins, and living on locusts and wild honey. Nevertheless, he proclaimed the coming of the Son of Man; he heralded the dawn of a new religion; he was the *avant-courrier* that announced the glad tidings of salvation, and declared the new dispensation to an expectant world. Kearney, bog born, illiterate, vain, selfish, opinionated, irreverent, blasphemous, and brutal, proclaims to us a new political faith, denounces the old party idolatries, discards the old dogmas, and in rude and bestial language utters so much truth that he has challenged the attention of a class that feels mortified at taking heed of his utterances or thought of his ribald speech. He comes, like Saint Patrick, to put out the fires that blazed upon Druid altars on the slope of the Hill of Chariots, and relights them with a new blaze.

Kearney is an accident. He started with a "piece club." Some accidental trick of speech caught the public ear. A *Chronicle* reporter gave it expression in print. The first successful shot kicked Kearney into prominence, and a Bohemian, tickled by the effect, wrote him more speeches and more resolutions; the *Chronicle*, anxious for small advertisements and to rival the *Call* in the hearts of the foreign servant girls who desired to exchange their bad services for coin, printed; Kearney, delighted to see his ravings in print, became more and more insane. The *Chronicle*, delighted to see itself the oracle and mouthpiece of a business that hurt its rivals—the *Bulletin* and *Call*—continued to exalt the ass that had the voice that brayed denunciation to its enemies and gave to it the monopoly of a sensation. The *Call* and *Bulletin* first envied, then denounced, then fell down, then turned a somersault, then drooled, and then licked the foot of "Mr. President Kearney" that had so persistently kicked their editors.

Then came the Constitutional Convention. Governor Irwin and the leaders of the Democracy, intent upon their political future, had not the sense to see that the black, rotten spot at the core of their party potato was eating outward, and that Kearney would expose it if the opportunity were presented. The Democracy gave Kearney the opportunity in calling a Constitutional Convention. Kearney went to Sacramento and tongue-walloped the Democracy, till, like a whipped and beaten, mangy, kettle-tailed, cowardly dog, it ran howling away, and hid itself in a non-partisan affiliation with Republicans. The Republican party fell down; the Democracy fell down; and Kearney, with his greasy mob of cooks and scullions, tramps and demagogues, was the only representative of reform, or promise of reform. The Convention met, and, saving a few gentlemen of nerve and resolution, the old party leaders stepped down into the mud volcano and wallowed with Kearney's litter. With political adventurers on one side and Kearney on the other, the great, sensible, tax-ridden, burden-bearing, middle class had to throw their votes into one or the other of these scales. Old iniquities they knew about, the new promises sounded well, and the result was a Constitutional delegation of compact, earnest Kearneyites from San Francisco, comprising a working minority against jealous, divided non-partisans.

The result is a Constitution, and not an altogether bad one—an organic law that appeals to all the prejudices and passions of the hour; that promises certain needed reforms; that embodies many things that the people have demanded, and that have been denied them by both Republican and Democratic parties; an organic law that robs the water company by a most iniquitous provision regulating its charges; a law that places the railroad and other corporations at the mercy of those whose interest it will be to steal from them; that makes it almost impossible for banks and corporations to exist, and that threatens the rights of private property. This organic law is now being submitted to the

people. The *Chronicle* champions it. Kearney is the Peter the Hermit who goes forth on his pilgrimage to secure its adoption. At this writing the *Bulletin* halts between two bundles of hay, like the doubting ass it has of late years become; and the *Call* prints this marvelous editorial—the most wonderful utterance that has ever been delivered since the time of Captain Jack Bunsby. In order to do full justice to it we reproduce it whole:

"WE DO NOT PREJUDGE.—We shall not prejudge the new Constitution in advance. The people must read it carefully, and then they will be able to determine what will be best. This is the policy which the *Call* intends to pursue. That course which the best interests of people require is what should be done."

Let the oracular Bunsby forever after hide his diminished head. This Constitution will be adopted; and when adopted the *Chronicle* and Kearney will claim that it was their achievement, and so it will be. And when this is done, and the house is swept and garnished, Kearney and the *Chronicle*, or the *Chronicle* and Kearney, which ever happens to be then on top—for they will quarrel—will nominate all the officers for the new government, State and city.

To aid Kearney in securing the political prestige due to the adoption of this Constitution, the *Call* and *Chronicle*—still in rivalry for small advertisements—will send reporters out with the sand-lot orator, and from now till election day these two widely circulated and most excellent newspapers—most excellent for news, but most contemptible for anything else—will flood the State with Kearney's foul-mouthed denunciations of every man who is above him and every sentiment at variance with his programme. Under the instructions of a most debauched and vicious press we have learned to suspect and distrust everybody; into this soil, thus prepared by the long and villainous cultivation of an utterly depraved press, Kearney will sow his seed, and it will come up bearing fruit an hundred-fold. The Constitution will be adopted. There will be no organization against it. The railroad and water-company, the stock exchanges, the banks and corporations, can not—in fact, dare not—move. The Republican party, selfish and unpatriotic, is even now scheming and intriguing whether Evans or Perkins shall be its candidate for Governor. The Democracy is demoralized to that extent that it has only one choice, whether it shall drop into Kearney's basket, beheaded by his guillotine, or drop into political annihilation. The press—all except the *Chronicle*—will squirm and wiggle to get time to see which side will win, and on that side they will turn up. Kearney will nominate a pretty good ticket if he holds to his present autocratic and insolent resolve. If, when he get to Los Angeles, he will snub Volney E. Howard, and, in San Joaquin will slap Judge Terry upon his political cheek; if he will kick Tinnin, of Trinity, and Larkin, of El Dorado, and cut the rattles from all the squirming tails that wriggle around him, and act upon his own judgment in selecting candidates for office, he can place a ticket in the field that no combination of parties, no amount of money, and no exertion can defeat.

And what of it? Is it not probable that such an administration as Kearney will give us will be as good as that which Jim Green, Charley Sonntag, and Governor Salomon on the part of the Republican party, and Brady, Mannix, and Joseph Nougues on the part of the Democracy, will accord to us? Where do we, the people, come in between these upper and nether millstones of intrigue and party profligacy? Perhaps we can stand it once, for such things only occur once. Perhaps an administration coming into power under all these promises of reform, with the hempen noose suspended over its head, watched by its own members and by everybody else, will be endurable until the community regathers its senses. Perhaps out of this chaos of confusion Kearney may give us as good a Governor as Evans, or Perkins, or Johnson, or any other politician would make. Perhaps this city might be run for less than \$6,000,000 annually. Perhaps there are economies and reforms that might be introduced. Kearney will not be a permanent evil, and if this Constitution is not a bad one, or not adopted, Kearney may be that kind of commotion in the political atmosphere that purifies it. He is not a Rienzi, Artevelde, Stephen Marcel, nor Masaniello, but their fate will be his. He will, like Actæon, be in time destroyed by his own dogs; for, puffed with power, insane, and dizzy at his elevation from the dray, he will not be known to them, and they will rend him. Knight and Day have left him; his enemies increase. Wellock is drifting apart from him; the *Chronicle* will soon have no use for

him, and when that time comes it will crucify him. The *Call* and *Bulletin* will denounce him just as soon as it is for their pecuniary interest to do so. When the Democracy overcomes its fright and gains courage, it will anathematize the wounded gladiator, and all the sand-lot will cry out: "Give us Barabbas, and crucify him who would be king of the mob-lots."

Had it not been for the *Chronicle*, Kearney had not been born. Had the Democracy had the sense to defer the calling of the Constitutional Convention, Kearney had not attained any political prominence. If our most unwise President and his benighted Republican Cabinet had not vetoed the Chinese bill, Kearney had struck twelve o'clock, and would have cut no prominent figure in our future politics. As affairs now are, he is the prominent central figure in this State, and there is a very strong presumption that he will secure the passage of this *his* Constitution, and that having legislated everybody out of office, he will have strength enough to make a State Government for California, and a City Government for San Francisco, in defiance of the Republican and Democratic parties, and in opposition to St. Patrick's Day and the Catholic Church, in disregard of the intelligence and wealth of the community, in contempt of the press, and in defiance of a popular opinion that will not unite to bring about the reforms that this charlatan promises. And if he does, it will serve us right. That such a result is possible is suggestive to all men who have wealth to protect, and who desire to preserve social order and good government. The moral of all this business is, that under a government republican in form, and where all the white male inhabitants of lawful age are entitled to vote, it behooves the men of families, of property, good morals, and intelligence to unite, and spare no exertion to secure an administration of public affairs more creditable than that which comes from indifference and party misrule.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a pamphlet published in this city, entitled *The Social Life of Heavenly Spheres*. By Mary Washington. From the preface, written by Mr. T. B. Clarke, we learn that Washington, "while calling on Mrs. M. J. Upham Hendec, of San Francisco, a lady, who for twenty years has toiled as an instrument of the angel-world, controlled, and in substance said, that his mother, Mary, was anxious to give a message to the children of earth. Consenting to assist the spirit-world by sitting for this message, Mrs. Hendec," adds Mr. Clarke, "in my presence, in twenty-one sittings, in a semi-unconscious condition, wrote the contents of this little volume, impressed by the spirit of Mary Washington, word by word. This, with that of her son's, and Martha Washington's, already given to the world, open to us the gates of heaven, so that at last we can behold the realities of a tangible, spiritual world." As to the spiritual purport, meaning, and value of Mary Washington's revelation we do not hazard an opinion, inasmuch as we are still in the bonds of ignorance and unbelief; but on certain minor points she has incidentally enlightened us as we never were enlightened before: For examples, on page 8 we learn that a blending can add a beautiful lustre to a grave and solemn tread; on page 10, that geologic changes can work a glorious picture of times in which they live; on page 11, that the lion and lamb of negative and positive forces can balance each other harmoniously, that one can digress in a fashionless chain, and that soul-seeds can be embalmed; on page 12, that Franklin could arrange inspirational power; on page 13, that a restitution of soul-thrills can reverberate, and a link open a channel; on page 23, that murmuring streams can be decked with rarest flowers, and a starlit canopy be filled with lustrous mementoes of ancient records. But more surprising revelations follow—viz.: that there is a "music flower which makes the sweetest music, chiming with the cymbal waters." ("Cymbal," it is explained, "is the name given to certain bodies of water which give a sweet sound like tinkling bells, yet not distinct and apart, but sweetly blending in *symphony*"). This, of course, is in heaven, where "our libraries also are wonderful with the literary talent displayed, which had no recognition on earth"—Mr. Clarke's talent. But, really, we have not space to recount the surprises, chiefly literary, of this most remarkable volume, and must conclude by explaining what we suppose, however, is already obvious—that Mistress Mary Washington's private system of rhetoric and grammar is indeed like the terrestrial one of Mr. T. B. Clarke.

PLOTING AGAINST THE WHITES.

Warren Harrison was tall, handsome, distinguished-looking, and a misogynist—the fortunate possessor of four qualities dear to the feminine heart—so it was small wonder that he became instantly popular with the ladies of "Fair View Hall, Pine Stump Hill"—the pet designation of a cosy cabin in the Mendocino redwoods.

Warren Harrison was a man about town; an authority on claret and table-belongings generally; a connoisseur of pictures, tobacco, and the "newest fit"; a Bohemian by instinct, and the grace of a Philistine income, and as persistently careless if school kept or not as the wildest dare-devil of the famous "Stockton Street Howlers," in which detectable fraternity he was one of the "leather-lunged three."

It was in response to a letter, from which the following is an extract, that Warren Harrison left San Francisco at the close of the recent Christmas holidays, and buried himself for three memorable weeks in the wild woods of Mendocino:

"Are you enough the pot-hunter to shoot into a flock of a couple of hundred quail? Have you sufficient energy and grit to climb hills with back angles, and trust half the time to your eyelids? Can you imagine any fun in spearing twenty-pound salmon, or bringing home a spike-buck, out of season? Is there indeed for you any glamour left in life? If yes, then come to me for a fortnight, and I will show you the witchery of wonder-land; and teach you the symphonies of the primeval forest—and, with the coin you don't throw away in those two innocent weeks, you can build a founding hospital or a nunnery."

The letter in question was written by one of Warren's chums—a "newspaper fellow" out of harness—who was named the "Gannett" by his associates, from a certain literary likeness to one of Bayard Taylor's best drawn characters.

And because he had worn out his holiday resources, or because the unlawful "spike-buck" tempted his lawless desire, or for some other good and sufficient reason, the young man packed his valise and took the 11:40 boat for Point San Quentin, within forty-eight hours after receiving the Gannett's invitation.

"Hello, old boy!"

"Well, old man!"

"Nice place, eh?"

"Yes; stay here all night?"

"Not bad. See that turn out?"

"What! that old rattle-trap half full of petticoats?"

"Yes, why not? Guess 'twill hold together."

"And you had the cheek to bring me into a nest of women—a nest of wasps would be more comfortable. I didn't think it of you, by George!"

"Bosh! Warrie, they're tame—tame as mountain quail. One of 'em is the best cook and the nicest hostess in the redwoods. 'Nother can beat either of us shooting or driving or playing whist; and the little one on the back seat reads poetry, and sings like Di Murska. Come on and be introduced. We have an eight-mile drive before supper."

The stage road, running north from Duncan's, climbs upward and on for half a dozen miles, in the desperate Californian fashion, guileless of grade and lavish of jumping-off places. To Harrison, whose knowledge of roads was limited by his experiences on the "Cliff," the "Ocean House," the "Old San Bruno," the drives about Oakland and Berkeley, and through the "Park," the novelty of the situation was tinged with nervousness—neutralized, however, by a strong dash of Bohemian pride.

"It would read well in the *Chronicle*, wouldn't it?" he said, addressing the Gannett. "Big head lines—because of our social importance—'Prodigious Plunge! Spun Into Space! Dreadful Descent and Doleful Destruction near Duncan's.' You know how. The moonlight doesn't show the bottom. 'Bout eleven thousand feet, isn't it?"

"He's a terrible talker when he turns himself loose," whispered the Gannett to his companion, Mrs. Dick Noble, who was driving. The Gannett was a good enough driver—ordinary, but the lady was so thoroughly familiar with every inch of the road—which he was not—that the Gannett was not at all sorry to pocket his manly pride and turn over the reins to the backwoods "Lady Gay" beside him.

It was Mrs. Noble who replied to Harrison: "Oh, that is nothing, sir! Wait till you come to Bear Trap Knob—which is a great rock about three miles from here. The road runs right over it, and it is ever so many feet to the bottom of the cañon. You have to turn a corner when you come just to the middle of it, so sharp that the wind blows four ways there at once. That is really dangerous! But I'll tell you in time, so you can get out and walk."

"Thank you," said Harrison. He had forgotten his surroundings while he was growling to the Gannett, and he relapsed into monosyllables again, in an instant.

Harrison was seated with their hostess, Mrs. Perry Palmer, and her niece, Dora Dodd. Mrs. Palmer was a plump, frank, gracious young matron, of medium stature and wonderful precision of carriage. She talked less than most women; but then, also, she said more than most women—a paradox of great social diffusion. And whether she talked, or listened, whether she walked, or ran about, or beautified repose, she was always unmistakably a lady. Mrs. Dick Noble was at antipodes with her hostess in most things. She was not at all pretty, and scarcely even graceful; but in her lithe, willowy physique there was enough redundant vitality to serve a score of conventional women. Her brain was constantly active, her tongue was seldom idle, her supple frame knew scarcely a quiet moment; but she was none the less one of the best of wives, and she would have been one of the best of mothers had the fates willed that she should be a mother at all. Pretty, spirituelle Dora Dodd was to most people reserved—reserved almost to the verge of haughtiness. The dignity which certain little women infuse into their pretty infantile ways is often the most dangerous of their weapons. Miss Dodd captivated every one whom she admitted into the charmed nearness of her social self. But that was a privilege few enjoyed. She sang exquisite mezzo-soprano, as full and satisfying within its compass as the voice to which the Gannett made his daring comparison. She read even better than she sang; Tennyson in her hands was Tennyson—not, as so many render him, a whining Punch tricked out in the motley of Saturday's *Post*. But more dangerous than the gift of voice and sympathetic insight was the sorcery of her theurgic eyes, which were big and tender and limpid as a fawn's, or cold and set and inscrutable like a cat's, which were sometimes gray and sometimes blue, and sometimes an indescribable blending of colors—almost

"Nile green," yet almost black—a hue which eludes description, because art has no name for it.

Bear Trap Knob was passed in safety, and about eight o'clock they halted at La Rule's ranch, where, by invitation, the party were to remain for the night. There they had a supper which the Gannett termed "gustful," and which Harrison could not help enjoying, despite its novel environment. Apart from their sharpened appetite, which would have made them enjoy the plainest possible fare, the travelers relished their supper at La Rule's ranch for its own sake. The author of the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* might do that supper justice—no other living writer can; and it is quite as well, for it is idle to paint the lily.

During the evening Harrison could not be less than civil to his companions and his hostess, but he was no more than civil; and Mrs. La Rule said *sotto voce* to the Gannett, as her guests were retiring for the night, "That's the quietest young man I've seen for months. He reminds me of my Berkeley eldest studying for 'Hamlet.'"

"Ah, Mrs. La Rule," replied the Gannett under his breath, "let me tell you a profound secret: my friend is a woman-hater, and we propose he shall tumble heels over head in the maddest sort of love before the middle of next week."

"With whom, pray? You interest me."

"Well, really it doesn't make very much difference whether it be Dora or May." May was Mrs. Dick Noble's Christian name. "He can't have either, you know."

"You are a bad boy," replied his hostess; "I am ashamed of you."

Fair View Hall commanded almost a bird's-eye view of the Little Walhalla Valley, to the north of which the beetling hills beyond Timber Cove vary the monotony of the almost unbroken forests, which climb to the horizon in every other direction. The Walhalla, glimmering like a silver thread among the trees two thousand feet below, was the first object which arrested Harrison's direct attention on the third morning after they reached the Palmer Cottage. On leaving La Rule's ranch they had made a detour of several miles in order to climb Pole Mountain, for the notable view to be had from its summit, and before they reached "Pine Stump Hill" the valley was shrouded in drizzling gloom, the prelude of a gathering storm. The next morning the rain was pouring with energetic vigor almost Oregonian. From the windows, in every direction, they could see nothing but the slanting palisades of mist, and there was clearly nothing they could wisely do except stay quietly indoors and make the best of it. So the party of six, including Mr. Richard Alden, spent the first morning and afternoon quietly enough; for to Harrison's intense relief, the ladies left the new-comer altogether to his own devices and the Gannett's chatter. But in the evening they had two songs from Miss Dodd, and a quartet, in which Mr. and Mrs. Dick Noble and the Gannett sang very pleasantly; and then Dora read the "Lotus Eaters" and Bryant's "Forest Hymn"; after which Harrison was allowed peaceably to go to bed, where he lay awake for an hour, listening to the patter of the rain upon the unceiled shingles. The following day was rainy also, and in its social features very like its fellow, but the ladies bantered Harrison a little, as if testing their weapons, and the young man managed to become signally uncomfortable long before music hour and bed time. When he tumbled hurriedly into bed that night—hurriedly because the clouds and rain had disappeared, and a nipping frost was falling—he found that the sheets were firmly sewed across the middle of the bed, and he scarcely knew whether to laugh or swear. Curbing himself with an effort, he did neither, and crept shivering into bed next to the blanket.

In those two days of forced companionship Harrison had been badgered by the Gannett into an admission that Miss Dodd was "pretty as a picture," and the consciousness that the woman-hater was more than ordinarily handsome had in the same time dawned upon all the ladies—and particularly upon Miss Dodd.

"I never thought there was anything so neat in nature," he said, half aloud. "Neat" was hardly the adjective to convey full expression of the pleasure which came to the city-bred young man, as he stood at the open window and gazed wonderingly about him. But then "neat" was one of the strongest words in the vocabulary of his set. It meant the maximum of the young man's appreciative praise; and the connoisseur of the "Stockton Street Howlers" was nothing if not sincere. Harrison finished dressing, clambered through the widow, and dropped from the low porch to the ground. He went to the edge of the almost perpendicular hillside and looked down on the little valley, saying to himself, "I wonder how far it is to the creek; perhaps I might get some trout."

"The vertical altitude is exactly eighteen hundred and seventeen feet. The angle makes it about two hundred feet further. It is against the law to catch trout now. Breakfast will be ready in half an hour. You could scarcely go and come in that time. It might improve your appetite, though."

He turned toward the sound as she began to speak, and saw that the speaker was Miss Dodd, who was regarding him with great scrutiny from the porch steps. His first impulse was to be confused; his second was to be provoked.

"I don't remember saying anything about trout or the distance to the water. Are you a clairvoyant?"

Skillfully ignoring the woman-hater's annoyed brusqueness, Miss Dodd replied: "You are grateful for the information, I see. If you really want to go down I will show you the way."

"Oh, thank you!" said Harrison, his anger merged into alarm. "It wouldn't be necessary, and I must go back and write a letter." And then he glanced nervously at the bedroom window, thinking how unheroic he would look scaling the porch.

"You can't send your letter before night. I really think the scramble might do you good. They will wait breakfast for us. I don't mind going. Don't hesitate on my account."

The young lady's eyes were beginning to dance provokingly, and her lips were wreathing themselves in saucy smiles. The humor of the situation was infectious. Harrison's own ridiculous position flashed before his eyes, and he smiled as he said, with delicious frankness:

"Didn't the Gannett warn you that I was unfit for ladies' society? I suppose not, for he never told me there were any ladies here. If he had I should not have come. Perhaps it may save some unnecessary trouble if I confess that I don't like ladies, and will not mind their neglect."

Miss Dodd did not exactly laugh, but she smiled tantalizingly, and replied:

"I adore truthfulness. Clearly, you are a young man worth saving. It is part of man's mission to amuse the better part, I think, and we shall expect you to amuse us while you are here. But we mean to be perfectly fair with you. If you behave nicely, you shall have an hour of solitude every day." And she left him before he could answer or protest, and entered the house.

"Cool! Cool is no name for it. The Gannett said she was reserved. Meddlesome Minerva reserved! By George, though, there's something decidedly taking about her—for a woman. But her name—jumping Jerusalem, what a name! D-o-r-a D-o-d-d! It would be a worthy charity to marry her just to give her a respectable name." And he strolled off to the stable to see his first milking.

Truly, for a reserved young lady, Miss Dodd had opened the campaign with conspicuous daring. And some explanation is due the reader in justification of the foregoing scene, and other happenings to follow, all manifestly inconsistent with a previous pen picture of Miss Dodd's temperament and manner. To explain this matter fully requires a "step to the rear"—a hazardous experiment in story-telling—a duty which will dissolve the awful fact that Dora Dodd's attention to Mr. Warren Harrison had no more Christian foundation than the exigencies of a five-handed wager.

One evening, just after Christmas, when conversation had begun to flag, and the ladies were picturesquely yawning over the whist-table, the Gannett said, abruptly, as if inspired:

"Did you ever see a real live woman-hater?"

"No; he does not exist," said the ladies in chorus.

"You are wrong again," said the Gannett, triumphantly.

"I know one—know him intimately. To prove it I'll have him here within ten days, and I'll bet you all around, anything you like, any odds, that neither Dora nor Mary can make the slightest impression—except, perhaps, to intensify his dislike. What do you say? Is it a go?"

"A 'go'! What is a 'go'?" asked the hostess, placidly.

"Can't you talk backwoods English for our benefit?"

"Is it a wager, then?"

"Yes; gloves all around," said Mrs. Dick Noble.

"Done," replied the Gannett.

"And I'll go you a little side un, for a fiver, that it's my wife who cooks his goose," said Mr. Richard Noble, with manifest pride.

"Take it," said the Gannett. "Any others?"

"It's what I call," observed the Hon. Perry Palmer, County Supervisor and ex-State Senator—"it's what I call plotting against the whites, and I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"My friend," remarked the Gannett, "you are too good for this world. Let me feel your pulse." And laughingly they separated for the night.

The train which Harrison met at Point San Quentin had on board the Honorable Perry Palmer, *en route* for Sacramento to have an eye on the Constitutional Convention. And the defection of the head of the house left the unfortunate misogynist without ally in Fair View Hall. At breakfast, that third morning, the hostess took up the skirmish line, as follows: "We are told that you are a great ladies' man, Mr. Harrison, a dancing man, and altogether a 'society sharp.' So we have arranged for a dance in our nearest neighbor's big barn. It will come off next Friday evening. I trust we have not been premature."

"Who said I was a society man? I never danced in my life. But I beg pardon—"

Harrison broke off suddenly—conscious that he was fast lapsing into rudeness.

"Oh, one must learn sometime. We can all practice with you evenings. Can't we, Dora? Can't we, May?"

"Certainly," said Dora.

"Why, of course," assented Mrs. Dick Noble.

"But I don't care to learn. I know too much already," he expostulated.

"Nonsense," said the Gannett; "you *must* learn. I am not going to be disgraced by my city chum's mulishness. Do you see any hope for him, Dick?"

"Not a glimmer. You are booked, Harrison. Keep a stiff upper lip and you'll pull through all right. It's nothing when you get used to it. Been there myself. Used to be so bashful mother had to put sticking-plaster over my cheeks for fear I'd blush myself to death."

"This is delicious coffee," said Harrison, in such a conciliatory turn that the placid hostess half relented for an instant. "Yes, thank you, I *will* take a cup. By the way, Mrs. Palmer, is there not a berry growing hereabouts which is said to resemble coffee. Have you ever tried it?"

"He's talking against time," whispered the Gannett to Mrs. Dick Noble, and then he deliberately winked across the table to that lady's husband, who replied in kind.

"And this morning," continued Mrs. Palmer, as, later on, they rose from the table, "Dora shall show you how pretty the creek is, while the others help me pare apples and stone raisins. Don't let him slip on the rocks, Dora."

Manifestly there was no help for it. One may not be a boor just to save one's self some trifling annoyance. And so Harrison followed Miss Dodd along the winding path, down into the valley and out upon the little strip of meadow at the foot of the hill. The young man wore an air of docile resignation which amused the young lady not a little. Furtively she read his looks from under her long lashes, and smiled composedly, yet wickedly withal, for her brain was on mischief bent, and the opportunity was perfect.

The little meadow was white with frost, but the taller grasses were studded with beads of transparent dew, each a glistening marvel of prismatic loveliness. It was all new to Harrison, and perhaps he enjoyed the unfolding surprises of their walk all the more keenly that he dared not vent his wonder in verbal expression. Tall, five-branched ferns, with black shining stems, crowded the little gulleys over which they passed; "wood ivy" crept along the bank, showing leaves which were green and brown and red and mottled; "Johnny jumpers" peered at them from behind their tufted leaves, with queer, puckered, inquisitive, monkey faces, startlingly human at a glance. In places the frosts had turned the leaves of the pines, redwoods, madroños, yellow and pink and bronze; and twice they found, close to some dark bank, that daintiest of woodland marvels, "white redwood," which looks like the most delicate wax-work.

"Are you a good walker, and not afraid of a tumble?"

asked Miss Dodd, after she had tired of sauntering, and had placed their treasures in a convenient hiding-place.

"I'll endeavor to keep up, if you don't walk *too fast*," he said, indifferently.

"Come on, then," and she led him a bonny chase over the slippery rocks for some two miles down the creek—a chase in which Harrison's Olympic Club training saved him from many an awkward tumble. At last she halted some little distance from a great moss-covered rock, shaped wonderfully like a huge recumbent grizzly. The resemblance was so striking that Harrison detected the likeness with an ejaculation of surprise.

"I thought you would admire this. We always show it off to city folks. It is big, and quite like a bear."

There was a mocking undertone to the words which nettled the young man, curiously. He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and his ordinarily, lazy-looking brown eyes flashed angrily; then he said, quietly: "We may as well have it out now. I am no match for you at small talk and badinage. I don't like women. I may as well tell you that at once. But I do like *you*. For a woman you are really very nice. Let us sign a truce. I'll do anything to please you if you'll only let me alone."

Miss Dodd looked him full in the face for an instant. Just a shade of amusement played about her lips as she answered: "I did not think you could be so eloquent. You quite dazzle me with your dazzling frankness, and, indeed, you almost tempt me to disloyalty; but, no, I can not desert my colors. Yet, since you have been so frank, I will be frank also. You are a captive, sir, under strict surveillance. We are three women and you are but one man. We have sworn to make you fall hopelessly in love with one of us, and we mean to win. So, in strictest confidence, I give you fair warning."

It was a rash speech, and the young lady regretted it the moment it was spoken. Strange to say, its effect upon Harrison was directly opposite to what might reasonably have been expected. It never occurred to him that the speech was extremely unconventional—almost unmaidenly. If he thought of the words at all, apart from their warning, he thought of them merely as the vagaries of the sex to which the young lady had the misfortune to belong. Mr. Warren Harrison's acquaintance with that sex was conspicuously slight, as has been indicated, but his ignorance at that special juncture was certainly inexplicable. And his reply to Miss Dodd's startling nonsense was in its turn quite as startling, and from her standpoint infinitely more serious.

"I think I understand it all now," he said, "and perhaps it is fortunate this has happened as it has. I suppose one must fall in love and marry sometime. They all do, don't they? I can't be a 'Howler' always—but you don't know about that. Yes, one must marry some time, and certainly one might do worse. You are a very nice girl, I think, and after awhile you would become busy with your own affairs and leave me to myself a good deal. I am sure you are good-natured at heart. You wouldn't enjoy making a fellow uncomfortable for any length of time, would you? I have part of a very respectable fortune left. Of course, we shall go to Europe and—"

How much longer he might have gone on may not fairly be estimated—apparently he might have emulated the brook at their feet. When he began to speak Miss Dodd looked at him amazedly, almost indignantly, forgetting the strong provocation. But, as he went on, she saw with growing astonishment that the young man was calmly, absurdly in earnest, and then, rising at once to the situation, she interrupted him, saying: "I must explain, Mr. Harrison. There is frankness and frankness, just as there is nonsense and nonsense. I have misunderstood you altogether. I thought you were merely a young man with a hobby—like the Gannett—and I resolved to cure you. I was widely mistaken. You are a very earnest young man, and I am a very foolish young woman. We will laugh and forget all this, and when we return to the house I will leave you quite to yourself, and will try and persuade the others to do likewise. Shall we return?"

It was Harrison's turn to be surprised, indignant, and then philosophically calm. He hesitated scarcely a second as he answered, with almost eager animation, looking her full in the face and compelling her eyes to meet his, momentarily: "But I don't care to forget, Miss Dodd. I don't wish to set my judgment against the rest of mankind. It was my ignorance, you see. I never really knew a lady till the other night. You are so much nicer than any other person I ever met that I am positively glad it happened. There has been no harm done. You wanted to make me in love with you—I am in love with you, and—"

"Hush!" broke in the lady, coldly. "This foolishness has gone quite far enough. It was a joke; a joke, don't you see? I am nothing to you, you are nothing to me. Let us be sensible, and go back."

"And do you mean to tell me," said the other, hotly, "that you have done this for pure wantonness?—that you brought me here to make a scientific experiment at my risk? And now that you have made a fool of me, you think about it as cold bloodedly as you talk. I was right, then, before!"

"No, sir; you were wrong then and now. As to the folly, it was all mine. Ignorance is not folly, but you ought surely to understand that I regret the scene as a man could not possibly regret it. You do not know what love means. If I were in love with you at this moment I should not let you know, I—"

There was a humid glimmer in the young girl's eyes as she became more and more excited with her defense. She raised her hand to her eyes to brush away the vexing tears which filled them. Was it accident or inspiration which nerved the young man to an act which set its impress on two lives in an instant—which made the world broader for both of them from that hour? "I should not let you know, I—"

"But I do know, and this is my answer." He had kissed her, and she had fainted.

Among the various commissions with which Mr. Warren Harrison was delightfully burdened, on the morning of his return trip to San Francisco, was one from the Gannett, the memorandum of which read as follows:

"Two pairs six-button kids, No. 5½.
" " " " " " 6½.
" " " " " " 7."

And by Mr. Richard Noble, Harrison was requested to send up a box of good cigars. "Imported, dark."

The Gannett drove Harrison to the station in a buckboard. They stayed all night at La Rule's ranch, and that morning the Gannett said to Mrs. La Rule, in rueful confidence:

"I was wrong again. He did fall in love; and—just my luck—has carried off the prize. He and Dora are engaged. They will probably be married some time next May. My only hope of revenge is the chance of writing up the wedding for the ARGONAUT."

"I congratulate them," said the hostess; "and, once more, I am ashamed of you!"

R. S. S.
HOWARD'S STATION, February, 1879.

Fishing with Cormorants.

I was invited one evening, during my sojourn at a small town not far from Kiyoto, the old capital of Japan, to accompany some *yakunins* (officials), who were then traveling with me, to the neighboring river for the purpose of witnessing the manner in which cormorants are employed in the catching of fish; at the same time I was informed that a pleasure boat had already been engaged for the occasion. I accepted the invitation eagerly, and, lanterns being provided, together with a guide to show the way, we set out, carefully picking our way along the narrow paths dividing the rice fields, the myriads of frogs in the water all round us keeping up a deafening roar, rendering it almost impossible to carry on conversation, while the mosquitoes were anything but friendly in their demonstrations.

When we were about five hundred yards from the place where our *yane-bune* (literally, roof-boat) was awaiting us, we were met by one of our boatmen bearing a lantern, who at once turned and preceded us to the little pier of stones.

On entering the boat, the bottom of which was comfortably covered with *tatami* (thick mats), over which was spread a gay-colored rug, I was agreeably surprised to find that everything requisite for spending a pleasant evening had been sent on before by my hosts. My after acquaintance with the people of this beautiful country has taught me that they never lose the opportunity to make merry, and will seize upon the most trifling excuse for organizing a picnic, and thoroughly enjoying themselves when such pleasures do not interfere with the strict performance of their public duties.

On the present occasion six *geisha* (female musicians) had been engaged, who sat at one side of the boat, while we of the other sex ranged ourselves on the mats on the other. Sweetmeats of various kinds were spread out on lacquered trays, as we all settled ourselves into the most comfortable attitudes, and the *scudo* (boatmen) were told to cast off.

After about fifteen minutes sculling we rounded a bend of the river, when a magnificent spectacle burst on our view. The river appeared to be on fire. Nearly two hundred fishing boats were in sight. At the bow of each, and attached to the end of a pole projecting over the water, was a brazier containing burning pine wood, blazing pieces of which every now and then fell through the bars into the water, thereby multiplying the number of lights, real and reflected, and adding to the general effect. Our boatmen now steered us right into the midst of the busy scene, and driving the boat-pole into the bed of the river, made fast to it, and sat down to smoke their *kisero* (pipes). Each of the boats possessed from ten to twenty cormorants, which, when not engaged in their duty of catching fish, remained silently perched on the gunwales awaiting their masters' commands.

The birds which are employed in this branch of industry are hatched from eggs obtained from the cliffs along the shore, and, being accustomed from the first to the company of man, are very tame. Each has a name given to it, and, on its owner's making a peculiar sound, will enter the water in search of the fish that would, were it free, be their natural prey. Large numbers of them were now swimming around the boats, their movements controlled by strings attached to rings round their necks, and held in the fishermen's hands. Whenever a bird spied a fish attracted by the glare of the fire, it seized it with its bill, but was prevented from swallowing it by the ring round its throat. The fisherman then uttered a peculiar cry, and gently drew it into the boat, where it was forced to give up the prize. Occasionally the birds are rewarded by being permitted to swallow a fish. In some parts of Japan considerable quantities of fish are taken in this manner.

One of my entertainers now hailed the nearest boat and bargained for some of the fresh-caught *sakana* (fish), and having provided a griddle for the occasion, had his purchase broiled over the *hi-bachi* (box holding charcoal fire); and this, with the wine, made a repast fit for an epicure. I partook heartily of this dish, which the Japanese know so well how to cook, and did not neglect the *sake* (wine) which was passed round pretty rapidly, and which was kept hot in a *kan-dokuri* (porcelain vessel in which wine is heated by being placed in a kettle of hot water) by one of the fair singers, who also took care that the bottle was replenished as fast as it was emptied. During all this time the *geisha* had been enlivening the feast with songs, accompanying themselves on their *samisens* (guitars), while in the interval jokes, puns, and repartee kept all in continual laughter.

My hosts now proposed to return, and, the boatmen having blown the remains of the tobacco out of their little pipes as a boy would blow a pea from a pea-shooter, the boat was unmoored, and we dropped gently down with the stream toward our landing-place; and just as I was beginning to cast rather tender glances (probably the effects of the fish or the wine) in the direction of a very pretty *geisha* seated opposite me we touched the pier, and, stepping ashore, took our way again through the rice fields, the scene enlivened by large numbers of *hotaro* (fire-flies) flitting hither and thither.

Outside our hotel we parted with our fair musicians and retired to rest, having spent a most pleasant evening.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879. T. E. HALLIFAX.

Emile Zola has written a sequel to his famous novel, *L'Assomoir*. The heroine of the new tale is the daughter of the former one's heroine. Before the day of his success, M. Zola was a penniless Bohemian of the Latin Quarter, and afterward a stationer's clerk. He is to-day the talk of the Boulevards and the craze of all Paris, and many see in him the Wagner of a new literature. It is said that the novelist Turgueneff secured for M. Zola the position he holds as contributor to one of the ablest Russian reviews. He is a ghastly realist.

NOTABLES.

M. Emile de Girardin is now seventy-two years old, and extremely wealthy. He nevertheless lives with great simplicity and works hard. He is a man serious and laconic, fond of politics, art, and literature. He speaks no foreign language. He is of medium height and very slender.

President Grévy dresses very modestly, never having worn even the uniform of the National Guard. He is a man of Republican simplicity in all his ways. In his every day attire, even in Paris, he has always donned a wide-awake instead of a silk hat; and in summer time he may generally be seen sauntering about the Boulevards clad all in gray, and crowned with a panama. Though a man of considerable landed property, as estates go in France, he never set up a brougham till he became President of the Chamber, and he has always kept this modest, one-horse vehicle, with a coachman out of livery, at Versailles. In Paris he uses cabs and omnibuses; but it must be a very muddy day which compels him to ride at all. He delights in music, but his favorite pastime is to play billiards, and to smoke cigars while making his caroms. He and his close friend, M. Paul de Cassagnac, are two of the best billiard players known, and constantly play together. The two do not discuss politics, but feel a mutual esteem for their respective powers with the balls. M. Grévy is also a keen sportsman and an able agriculturist, and owns many vines, cattle, and fields of maize. He smokes much, speaks forcibly and frankly, and never loses his temper, and "he is no feeble than an iron bar."

The character of Dr. Channing was discussed in Boston, not for the first time, at Mr. Joseph Cook's. Dr. Bartol read a paper upon the great Unitarian leader, which contained some curious and interesting facts. Dr. Channing was short, slender, in weight not over one hundred pounds; but he stood high in the pulpit. People who went to see him, found him cold. He was without ambition, and read no notices of himself in the reviews. Profane language cut him to the heart. He had atmosphere, but no airs. The humorous element was not wanting in him; it was outgrown. He wrote and rewrote to the third time what he had to say, to make it more true.

Lord Beaconsfield to strangers is an amiable old gentleman, who converses with a languid interest about music and painting, with some animation about turnips and cattle, and with no fire at all, but rather a demure composure, about politics and the spread of Roman Catholicism in England. He has a loud, grating voice, which only grows tuneful when he is warmed. He likes flowers, perfumes, and fruits. He eats a great deal of champagne jelly, and drinks a great deal of black coffee. He never smokes. He dresses to perfection, knowing exactly what style of clothes best suits him. Into newspapers he hardly ever dips. Sometimes when sitting alone he rests his head on his hand and gazes into the fire or out of the window. No man can boast that he has obtained a glimpse of "the Sphinx's" true mind.

The late Pope, Pius IX., it is said, never allowed a lady to kiss his foot at his audiences, always giving her his hand. Pope Leo XIII., on the contrary, sees ladies go through the ceremony with calm indifference.

Mr. Froude is a constant visitor upon Mr. Carlyle, and to him, it is reported, were intrusted some materials for a Carlyle biography. It is not finally determined, however, that he shall do the work, and it is supposed that it may be undertaken by Carlyle's niece, Miss Aiken.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is a good-looking young bachelor, with a round face and dark curly hair. Mr. W. S. Gilbert is forty-three years old, and has a fine head and an expressive face. Americans are at present much interested in these two gentlemen, though not to the extent of letting them profit a little from their own brain-work, except in one instance. Let it be recorded with hearty good feeling that Messrs. Ford & Zimmerman, of the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which is now giving the *Pingpong*, have advised Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan that a hundred pounds await their orders.

The eccentric King of Bavaria is said to have lately invited to dinner Louis XIV. and his court. "Louis II. himself," says the *London World*, "sat at the head of the table, and the place of honor was supposed to be occupied by the Grand Monarque, the other places being reserved for the twelve courtiers of his reign who were the most renowned for their wit. Thus the Bavarian King dined in solitary grandeur; for we need not say that the ghostly guests were conspicuous by their absence."

Mr. Gladstone (says *Truth*) lacks the sense of proportion. He can not discriminate between enemies who are worthy of his steel and those who are not; between little events and big ones; between mole-hills and mountains. "I see men walking about as trees," said the Galilean whose sight had been restored; and so Mr. Gladstone sees small opponents loom up like giant oaks.

Khalil Bey, who has just died at Constantinople, was well known in Paris high life. Gambling was the principal cause of his ruin, his last loss amounting to 1,800,000 francs. A friend of his trying to stop him was met with this profound rebuke: "Remember this, *mon cher*, I prefer losing by doing what I please, to winning by doing as you wish."

The Procuratore del Re at Genoa, Signor Alessandrini, is the discoverer of a new method for extracting confessions from accused persons. He simply orders them to his private room, submits them to a few so-called "moral manoeuvres," and then with an imperious tone of voice them to confess what they know of the matter. There is hardly one guilty knave who does not choose the cataleptic state for the purpose of asserting innocence.

OAKLAND THROUGH OTHER EYES.

OAKLAND, March 5, 1878.

AMIGO CARA JUANITA:—You complain of the dearth of eligibles in your windy village, but Oakland is simply unbearable. Don't dream of coming over here until you are married and well through the honeymoon. By that time you will probably require some new excitement. Get it by all means. This is a very paradise of married ladies—if young—and we poor girls do nought but sigh our lives away in vain repining, or, disgusted, pack our bags and start for Virginia City. If you come, there will be a regular routine to follow; consequently, you will need a pony phaeton; then give it "adventures." Drive out every pleasant afternoon; meet *him*—whoever he may happen to be at the moment; make desperate love for a sweet half hour *per casum obliquum*; then drive furiously down to the train, as a dutiful wife should, to meet poor, tired hubby. Entertain him on the way home with infant statistics, the latest scandal, and a gentle hint for a longer seal-skin. If, however, an accident should befall the boat, and hubby should put in an appearance just at the moment you are in the depths, don't let your conscience betray you into a confession, as one of my friends did the other day, bringing dire confusion on the head of her young gentleman friend. These young men are very remarkable creatures; but oh! Juanita, so young! They never will be serviceable, for, young as they are, all, nearly, are *blasts*. Poor dears, it is not their fault, only their misfortune—and ours? Well, about that opinions differ. They will shave, however, all of them. Why, the array of shaving cups in the tonsorial establishment at the Grand Central would absolutely appal you.

That barber! What he doesn't know, they say, is past finding out. He thrives on the subsidy granted by his gossip patrons. His secrets have regular market values. A reminder from one opens his stock. A like notice from another, and his mind is a blank—till the next customer enters. If you want to learn your pedigree come to Oakland, for, I must confess it, we *do* gossip. These poor victims of the clacquetting knight of the razor fall in love—invariably and repeatedly. Dulcy No. 1 wants a moustache, and glibly quotes the Spanish proverb of "A kiss and no moustache," etc. That settles it—the hair must come. It does; but in a week Dulcy No. 2 says they are nasty, ticklish things, full of cigarette smoke. Well, off it comes. A week—is that too short? Not at all; else how in eternity shall a young man who pretends to any regard for justice get through the list? I think the gallant little band must have an agreement, setting forth the length of time each shall go on duty, and just how and where he shall transfer his allegiance—and beard. Since the letters of the "Maid of Athens" I have been amused and greatly entertained by the performances of people, well known in society, trying to brave out their fear of being subjects of such delicate and insidious flattery. Young men have appeared in livery—yes, actually. Outrageous hats have been evolved from the inner consciousness of the would-be unterrified. People have displayed themselves going to market in over-crowded vehicles—three in a phaeton calculated to hold but two.

Lent has come, and with it resolutions of reform. How many of us adorned our lily brows with the typical ash spot last Wednesday? How many of us ought to have done so? Is Oakland so bad, then? Not at all. I think—I believe—we are very moral. In plainer language, our young men are discreet, non communicative, and withal considerate. They entertain feeling of the kindest and tenderest regard for husbands, possessors of so much loveliness. In fact, they look upon unfortunate members of the fraternity with the same interest commonly accorded to silent or sleeping partners in the same concern. Two of the heroes of my Grecian lady friend, Pythias and one Damon, have retired from society. Unlucky society! Cruel heroes! The advent of spring has raised in the nature-loving breast of Damon yearnings to imitate the frolics of the lamb who "gambles o'er the green;" and now with Sellers he exclaims, "Ace is my spot." Pythias suggests "they are waiting for him," but he wisely concludes not to "come in." He breathes "ace high," and concludes to travel for his health.

The German has been indefinitely postponed, so we content ourselves with the rink, moonlight drives (with a *chap-eron* to start with, even if she goes home after getting around the corner), and dancing-school. Next Monday night we commence another month in skating, and inaugurate a new policy. But that will be the end of skating. After that we will have a bathing club. I have attended the rink regularly, so far, wishing to learn the art of balancing, but being deficient in the sixth sense and naturally timid, I have been repelled by the formidable array of visitors, who, running no risk themselves, may safely laugh at our graceful tumblings. Visitors are to be excluded hereafter, except once a month, and we shall hold the session with closed doors.

One thing ought to be abolished: those awful boys with their whip-snap consigning us of the weaker sex to the benches. True, the benches *are* softer than the floor, as many a Goodfellow—I mean a good many fellows—will tell you. But just picture to yourself the excitement, the dim light, the hush before the storm, the silent gathering of the forces, the majestic march—then the rush and hurry. As the glorious band wails and sobs its poetic life into song, how they tug, and strain, and sw—no, perspire. Faster and faster they go; they waver. One tall Knight (No. 1) lays his hand upon the battlements of the fountain. Willard, in the centre, a very tower of strength, holds his line gallantly. On they come! Now the snap—dust and confusion—*whist!* Were you hurt badly?

Our present rage is Miss R., of Detroit, visiting Miss C. Rage, and no wonder; combining natural beauty of face and figure, with a style and dash and great conversational qualities. We will meet her at lunch at Mrs. C.'s on Friday. How accommodating Bob C. is! Falls down merely to encourage us poor amateurs, just to show us how easy it is. The twins in dead-gold suits have dissolved their amicable relations and are now rivals for the honor of introducing the latest and flashiest devices in neck wear. Notwithstanding the obligations one is under to the other for bringing him out into society, war has been declared. I infer, however, from the pin worn by one of them that he will be fully able to "paddle" his own canoe, especially with the encouragement of his fair auxiliary and color-bearer. The "Trio" was re-

resented by Miss S—n, who *chaperoned* the beautiful Tubbs Hotel widow. Mr. H. has made an original remark: "You skate very well for a *new beginner*." Sounds like Lunt. Try again, my boy. But what can we expect? Mr. C., our handsome young lawyer, has essayed the pedestals but once, and is now recovering. What a study that man's face is upon occasions. At least I thought so last week, as I noted him giving his attention presumably to one lady, and dying all the while to hear what the other was talking about. Mr. E. pensively gives his undivided attention to fondling the strap to his ulster. Love is wearing him to the bone, and he rarely smiles. 'Tis said that one night he watered the old gum tree in the court with his tears, but the rain which immediately followed has rendered such gratuitous irrigation unnecessary. I think "Noah" has expiated on his new exercise on one skate just about as fully as such a limited experience will warrant. The delegation from Sycamore Street left early to take part in the Symposium at the Teutonia, where material cheer vies with mental invigoration.

The kettle-drum is a novelty over here, introduced by Mrs. W. She was followed by Miss H., and next came Miss L. We had made up such a nice party for Friday night, but I fear the rain precludes all possibility of it being anything but an intention. We were all going to attend the students' hop in the green groves of the *Academe*, not in stylish turnouts, but in the homely yet comfortable express wagon, with straw in the bottom. However, we must console ourselves with the dancing-school, as it is Lent, where, between 11 and 12, we are to have some new figures of the German, *sans fairs*. More anon.

Thine own WITCH OF ENDOR.

Queen Mary's Prayer.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—Following are two versions that have come down to us of that exquisite gem known as "Queen Mary's Prayer," which, you will remember, is said to have been composed by herself while a prisoner at Fotheringay Castle. In the deep gloom of an afternoon in February—an afternoon heavy with clouds, "but not more gloomie than our hearts," as one of them afterward expressed himself—two noblemen appeared at Fotheringay Castle bearing the dread warrant for the execution of the ill-fated Queen of Scots. Eighteen long and weary years had passed since she had entered this castle a prisoner. These years of privation and sorrow had silvered over those locks, once so beautiful that an enamored French poet had declared them

"Streaming curls, steeped in golden sunshine."

The agonies and anxieties of a long imprisonment had robbed her figure somewhat of its elasticity and liteness, but had failed to touch the majesty of her mien. When the dreadful mandate was read to her she appeared to feel no terror. She listened to the close; then raising her melancholy eyes to heaven thanked her gracious God that the news had come at last, declaring how happy she should be to leave a world where she had suffered so cruelly. On the morrow when she was led forth to execution she kissed most earnestly the crucifix, and, making the sign of the cross, exclaimed: "As Thine arms, O my God! were spread out on the cross, so receive me within the arms of Thy mercy!" She then repeated her beautiful prayer:

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te!
Carissime Jesu! nunc libera me!
In dura catena, in misera pœna desidero te:
Languendo, genundo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me."

Jehovah, my Saviour! my hope is in thee!
Jesus, most gracious, now liberate me!
In cruel endurings, in closest immurings,
My flesh and my spirit cry out after thee:
I languish in anguish, and, bending the knee,
Adore thee, implore thee to liberate me.

Here is the other version, with a somewhat different translation of identical passages:

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te!
O care me Jesu, nunc libera me.
In dura catena, in misera pœna
Desidero te:
Languendo gerendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me."

O Lord God Almighty! my hope is in thee!
O dearest Lord Jesus, now liberate me!
In durance repining, in sorrow reclining,
I long after thee:
With sighs never ending and knee ever bending,
I worship and pray thee to liberate me.

The prayer might be liberally paraphrased thus:

"In this last solemn and tremendous hour,
My Lord and Saviour, I invoke Thy power;
In this sad pang of anguish and of death,
Receive, O Lord! Thy suppliant's parting breath.
Before Thy hallowed cross she prostrate lies;
Oh! hear her prayers, commiserate her sighs;
Extend thine arms of mercy and of love,
And bear her to Thy peaceful realms above."

MARYSVILLE, March, 1879. OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Miss Haidee Heller is going to write a book on the great and good Robert. It will be, she modestly explains, "a book of varied attractions; a book full of good stories; a book from which much may be learned; a book to laugh at and cry over; a book which will be a prize to those who are interested in magic, and entertaining every way you look at it." Miss Haidee would seem to be a laidee who doesn't mean to keep her talent shaidée.

We have received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Company "Blackwood" for February and the *Westminster Review* for January; the reason of the latter's delay is to us unknown. The same house, we have before mentioned, issues also reprints of the *British Quarterly* and *London Quarterly Reviews*. These four publications give one a pretty complete insight into the methods and subjects of the best British thought of to-day. "Blackwood" must always possess a special tender interest from its age—it was the parent magazine in the English language—and its incomparably rich literary history.

VARIOUS LITERARY NOTES.

The Mind from immemorial night
And clouds is freed:
All men are able now to write,
And some can read.

Concerning the poem "The Fountain of Tears," which we republished a few weeks ago from an 1870 number of *Harper's Weekly*, as a denial of the claim of Mrs. Emma A. Dervan, who submitted it to us in manuscript as her own, Mr. W. K. Strong, of Eureka, reminds us that it had before appeared in our columns (May 4, 1878) credited to Arthur O'Shaughnessy—by whom, no doubt, it was written. There is no great merit in the verses; except for their lilting rhythm and trochaic rhymes they would hardly have lived so long as eight years.

Alexander Duncker, of Berlin, has begun the officially authorized publication of the *Political Correspondence of Frederick the Great*, drawn from the Prussian archives. It is to occupy thirty volumes, but as only two will be published in each year, the oldsters will have to complete the perusal in another and a better world, whereof, no doubt, its conclusion will form one of the chief delights.

Mary Wollstonecraft's letters to Gilbert Imlay, with a prefatory memoir by C. Kegan Paul, have been published in a handsome volume by Roberts Brothers. These letters are pathetic and passionate records of an unhappy episode in the life of a woman of genius. But Mary had a tenderness for Woman's Rights, which somewhat abates the reader's tenderness for Mary.

Roberts Brothers have been guilty of bringing out *Canterbury Chimes; or Chaucer Tales Retold for Children*—for the which sacrilege may heaven forgive the Vandals, as we do. Can't we now have a nursery edition of *Hamlet* or *Faust*?

A Hun named Gobrecht has, on the other hand, done *Mother Goose* into "regular poetry" for adults.

The *Southern Review*—whose leaves are the flannels of a literature as yet unborn—will henceforth be published at Richmond, Virginia. The "Sunny South" is not very strong in literature, journalism, and art.

A volume of autograph letters from the poet Southey to his brother has lately been acquired by the British Museum, and it is feared they will be published.

Among recently discovered manuscripts left by Charles Lamb are several facetious epitaphs on persons then living. In merit they take rank a little above the obituary verses in the *Evening Post*, and a little below those in the *Morning Call*.

One D. A. McDonald, who "contributes" to the March *Lippincott's Magazine* an indifferent story called "Joseph's Adventure," would do well to rise and explain. The tale is almost literally transcribed from one by Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor in the *Overland Monthly* of December, 1870, entitled "Mr. Ela's Story." The narrative was afterward (1877) published with others in a book with the title of *The New Penelope and Other Stories*, by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of this city. If D. A. McDonald professes to be a man the unreality and thinness of his tale ought to have betrayed him to the editor of *Lippincott* at once. The traces of the female mind evolving wild adventures from its inner consciousness are everywhere apparent.

We find the same story in the *Morning Call* of some date in '77, where it is credited to the London *Argosy*. Comparison shows that it was from this version that the McDonald person made his. He stole it either from a thief, or the dup of a thief, or the dupe of a thief's dupe. In any case he was, no doubt, paid for it, and got the credit of its authorship, and that gives his act its moral character.

Scandinavians who patriotically contend that this country was found by the Northmen exult in the translation of Professor Anderson's *America Not Discovered by Columbus*. The new version is called *Amerika ikke opdaget af Columbus*. We hold that it was opdaget af the Indians.

Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, of San Francisco, is a contributor to a new literary venture—*Aquatic Monthly*, of New York. Is it a burlesque of the *Atlantic*?

Mr. Clarence Cook says that the best criticism is the voice of the most of the people. It is the best for them and M. Cook.

The dunce who wrote of the "Tendencies of American Art," in the March *Harper* is—well, a dunce is a dunce.

An *édition de luxe* is announced of the poems of Mr. Eugene H. Munday. Who is Eugene H. Munday?—and why?

Adrift on the Black, Wild Tide is naturally by an officer of the Navy. A few weeks ago some officers of the Arm publicly recognized Mr. Thomas Nast's merits as an artist. Really, our national constabulary and harbor police are beginning to show "culture."

Lieutenant Flipper, "the colored Cadet," has wandered into print. His book is dull.

Few readers, we suspect, remember that some thirty years ago Professor Lowell girded at the late venerable Mr. Dana as follows:

"Here comes Dana, abstractedly loitering along,
Involved in a paulo-post-future of song,
Who'll be going to write what'll never be written,
Till the Muse, ere he thinks of it, gives him the mitten."

There is much more of this, but it is not much better.

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

The second Quintet Recital of the current series, which was given on last Tuesday evening, went far to illustrate the great interest which our music public takes in these excellent performances, since, in spite of the fact that it was one of the stormiest nights of the season, there was quite a large audience. The programme was one of the best—most harmonious—that has ever been given in this city, and was carried out with a degree of excellence that has seldom before been attained even at these concerts. The guests of the evening were Mr. Jacob Müller, whose beautiful baritone voice and artistic style were displayed at their best in Schubert's *Wanderer*—to which he added a song by Robauti as an *encore*—and the *Abendstern* of Wagner, and Mr. Fred. Mundwiler, who is entitled to much credit for his very musical playing of the viola part in Mozart's quintet. This quintet—the one for strings, in G minor—which brought the programme to a close, was really beautifully played throughout, and made the most delightful impression. And well it might, too, for it is one of the most perfect pieces of chamber music in the entire *répertoire*. The other *ensemble* numbers consisted of a movement from a Haydn quartet, the *Abendleid* of Schumann, and an exquisite *allegretto* of Rubenstein, also for quartet, and a trio (the posthumous *Nocturne*, op. 148) by Schubert, of which it is enough to say that it is thoroughly Schubert in themes and treatment, and consequently thoroughly beautiful. The soli were in the hands of Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., who made his usual success with an *adagio* of David and one of Brahms's *Hungarian Dances* in Joachim's transcription (adding, as an *encore*, the graceful *Barcarolle* of Spohr), and Miss Schmidt. This young lady seems to be steadily making her way up the ladder that leads to the blissful regions of piano-forte virtuoso-dom, and in her constant improvement gives proof of unremitting study and an ambition that will not be apt to permit her to rest contented until great things have been accomplished. Although not without its blemishes, her rendering of Liszt's difficult transcription of Wagner's *Spinning Song* was a fine effort, in which much was worthy of high praise, and seemed to me only to require somewhat more of self-possession and nerve to make it a very beautiful performance.

The performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, which is announced by the Handel and Haydn Society for the 20th instant, will be the first of four grand concerts that are to be given during this year under the direction of Mr. William Toepke, the conductor of the society. A considerable subscription has been obtained, which will at once enable the society to continue its musical labors and secure it against the danger of financial shipwreck; and thus we may hope at last to have a series of choral performances well prepared and with adequate orchestral accompaniment. The soloists are to be Mrs. Tippet, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Rightmire, and Mr. Borneman; the chorus at present numbers nearly one hundred voices, and is said to be in excellent training.

It would be manifestly unjust to hold any man accountable for the idle vagaries and frolic utterances of overzealous friends, especially when the man in question happens to be a musician living in a community in which it is not possible that he should have many friends who are at all competent to judge of his work, be it good or bad. Like my former correspondent "B.," of Dr. Stone's congregation, these good people are very apt to "speak from the heart," and the said heart, beating in unison with the man rather than his work, is pretty sure to lead them into talking foolishness both for themselves and their *protégé*. Bearing this in mind, I listened complacently for several days preceding last Monday's performance of *The Passion* to a very considerable quantity of gush on the subject of the music that had been specially written for it by Mr. H. E. Widmer—how it was "strikingly appropriate," "masterly in construction," "beautifully written," etc., etc., and did not suffer myself to be prejudiced against it. I even permitted myself to be told that we were to behold the arising of a new light among us; one who occupied himself in composing *Figures* in eight parts; upon whom the mantle of Herold was to descend (may the day of its falling be long distant), and what more of other bosh, and remained unprejudiced. Then, on Monday evening, I went to hear the music, and a more dreary, monotonous, utterly spiritless evening-full of stuff I think I never heard. There is a passably pretty chorus—the first—in which the tameness of thought is somewhat alleviated by the pleasant natural sound of the voices; but in the following ones the voice parts are mostly so clumsily managed that there is absolutely nothing to atone for the thematic desolation. The themes—excepting the short rhythmic one of the *Hallelujah*, which is Handel's, and that of one of the *Entr'actes*, which is "borrowed" from a *Prelude* of Chopin—are as flat and stale as the treatment is conventional and pupil-like. In fact, the work has quite the air of being done by a German school-master who has learned somewhat of harmony and a little counterpoint at the seminary, and who cobbles his stuff together very much as he was wont to do his examination exercises. As for its appropriateness, I doubt not that Mr. Salmi Morse could have done as well, and with six months of harmony lessons, possibly better. During the entire first act, which plays in the Temple at Jerusalem, there was not a measure that in any way suggested local color—not even an attempt at it. There are some half a dozen synagogues in this city, either of which could have furnished Mr. Widmer with all the material required in order to be absolutely right on this point; but I suppose that the *original* music, even without ideas in it, was more to his liking. The use of a bit of the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini and a scrap from Bach's *Passion* was the only concession. The rest was pure, unadulterated Widmer—pompous, windy, turgid; in all this not entirely unlike the text of the play itself, and in so far, perhaps, rather appropriate. *Au reste*, the music was quite well played and the choruses nicely sung.

The Schmidt Quintet announce a series of five Matinées, to be given at Dashaway Hall on successive Saturdays, beginning next week, 15th instant. This will be welcome to many ladies who can not attend the evening concerts, Oaklanders, and others who have hitherto been obliged to content themselves with reading the posthumous notices.

Our excellent guitarist, Mr. Ferrer, has his concert at Dashaway Hall on next Wednesday, 12th instant, and offers a very strong bill, which, added to his own deserts, ought to draw a crowded house. Besides his talented daughter, Miss Jovita, Mr. Ferrer has secured the cooperation of Mrs. Anita F. Grant, of Headlsburg, who has a delightful soprano voice; Miss G. M. Greene, a budding contralto of much promise, and Messrs. Arrillaga, pianist, Solano, harpist, Geoffrie, violinist, and Kirn, guitarist. A male quartet will be under the direction of Mr. D. P. Hughes, the favorite tenor, who will also sing a solo.

The fourteenth exhibition of our local Art Association is now well under way, having opened with the usual Reception on last Wednesday evening, and I suppose the usual review is in order. I do not remember when I have sat down to a more discouraging, disheartening task. I can not imagine a gloomier, more hopeless future for our art than stares one in the face from the walls of these exhibition rooms. It seems to me indeed—I say it with no feeling but one of intense sorrow that it should be so—that our condition grows to be worse, instead of better, as the years go by; that the evidences of honest, earnest endeavor to do good work are fewer than ever before, and the tendency to the superficial and sensational is almost the only thing left apparent. The exhibition has simply the air of a sales gallery in which there is a considerable display of pictures that are got up with a view to attract the average buyer. It is like a milliner's "opening day," or a Christmas show at Ackerman's. There is some little good work; partly by artists who *could* not do bad, and partly by others who *would* not. But it is in the hopeless minority; it is an occasional oasis in a desert of arrogantly bedaubed canvases that are not only not well painted, but on which good work is not even attempted.

One of the most incomprehensible things about this exhibition is the manner in which the Hanging Committee has performed its labors. I can not understand how artists who have any respect for either art or consistency could consent to receive and hang some of the unmitigated atrocities there are to be found in both rooms; how it is that they could not see that in so doing they were insulting their art, their fellow-exhibitors, and the public. If they were influenced by considerations other than the quality of the work—which is probably what we shall be told—they were simply false to their trust, since in these matters there is a duty that should be above personal regard or influence. If they did not know better—but this is absurdly impossible; they *must* have known better. It does not require that one should be much of an artist to appreciate the absurdity of an arrangement that retires Mr. Rosenthal's large painting, No. 119, to the small room, and parades such pictures as Mr. Denny's No. 42, and Mr. Strong's No. 4, and Miss Bruner's No. 5 on the line in the main gallery. Surely, the nastiness of purple velvet that surrounds Mr. Rabjohn's "Evening on the Columbia," No. 6, might have been shunted off somewhere out of sight instead of being permitted to kill the color out of half a dozen pictures around it. Mr. Woodman's excellent portrait, No. 10, is strung up ceiling-ward, while Miss Strong occupies two or three places on the line with her crude, well-nigh impertinent attempts at sensation; and Mr. Williams's "Bit of Capri," No. 34, accurately the loveliest bit of color in the exhibition, is stuck away in a corner. All of this is excusable only on the plea of ignorance, and this is not presumable in such a quarter.

The good work—about enough to have covered one-half the wall-space of the large room—is well worth seeing, and some of it worth careful study. I reserve for next week a fuller review of it, hoping that in the meantime some one will buy, and carry away, the bad pictures. But it would require considerable money and a very bad pair of eyes. S. E.

An old woman with a hurdy-gurdy took up a good position, some weeks ago, on the sidewalk near the railroad offices on Fourth Street. To the same spot she every day returns with her instrument and, during business hours, patiently and continuously revolves its unwilling crank. Her choice of position displays a sagacity uncommon in hand-organists. The organ-grinder, as a rule, gets as near as possible to the intended victim, and trusts to pernicacity for success. Not so with this performer. Her instrument is planted just where it can be most effective. In *fortissimo* passages its strains are heard clear and distinct throughout the building, but when the music changes to *pianissimo* the official ear must be strained to follow the air. The ear soon becomes accustomed to loud sounds if they be continuous, and after a time they fail to attract attention; but frequent breaks in the continuity of such sounds, or occasional diminutions of their volume, distract the hearer's mind. This is the philosophy of the old lady's action, and it is in this way that she produces an intermittent fever of attention among the inmates of the railroad offices. When the music is loud and distinct they hear it, but they heed it not; their minds are intent upon business. But when the artful musician puts on the soft pedal and slows the crank, the effort to follow the melody is disturbing. Every day the torture increases, for the old lady's regularity and application to the business in hand make her a model for the imitation of the clerks. It is likely that she is but in training as yet—making sure of her ground, no doubt, and getting her hand in for Governor Stanford's return to business. With a degree of candor rare among her sex the musician exhibits a placard bearing the legend, "Born in 1811." It may be, though, that the date refers to the age of the hurdy-gurdy—perhaps a Stradivarius among barrel-organs. It remains to be seen what action the railroad company will take in the matter. If it be true that the aged musician has reached her sixty-eighth year—so near the allotted span—she may soon expire by limitation. It has been said that the old lady's establishment is merely an offshoot of the *Chronicle*—a sort of up-town office or agency of the de Youngs. The story has been started that the player's feminine garb is a cunning disguise worn by one of the *Chronicle's* proprietors, who are determined, by hook or by crook, to make their influence felt in that quarter.

Men, being egotists, suffer a woman's love for themselves to cover a multitude of sins—their sins.

NEVADA SILVER.—CALIFORNIA MUD.

Impressed with the conviction that the Comstock lode, its wonderful returns, its mode of working, its peculiar relations to the present and future welfare of San Francisco, deserved some different consideration than that being accorded to it by the San Francisco press—especially the *Chronicle*—we solicited a friend to write us a paper that would somewhat more broadly treat so important a subject. To denounce stock gambling, to personally assault the members of the bonanza firm, did not seem to us to be a profitable way to consider this question, that has so interwoven itself with the material interests of this State. Vituperation, abuse, and personal assault by word-pelting, of the men who control and manage these great mines are, in our judgment, both unwise and impolitic.

San Francisco is in a large manner dependent on the Comstock mines. Their working is interwoven with the progress of the city, property values largely depend upon it, and there are many reasons why there should be a frank understanding and a friendly cooperation between the men who own the mines and the men who own the town. Whatever prejudice may exist against Stanford & Co., as railroad builders, it is admitted that they hold in their hands a power to largely aid or largely injure our city. As they are citizens of our city, and as their success runs parallel with ours, and as it is their interest to promote our interest, and as we can make money if they make money, it has been the policy of the ARGONAUT to keep the two powers in friendly, and not in hostile, relations. The same reasoning suggests the same policy toward the great mine-owners. Nothing is to be gained by abuse and personal assault. We take it that the mine men are of as good average moral worth as other men, and are as good and pure as, for example, the average editor; that human nature is of about the same relative goodness; that all communities that are tempted to gamble, gamble; that all men who secure colossal fortunes, and become great millionaires, act about alike. We recognize the fact that no good is likely to be accomplished by personal abuse, and that some good may be accomplished by having a better understanding between the bonanza millionaires and the community in which they reside. For instance, it would be better to have the firm of Flood & Co. invest \$30,000,000 in San Francisco by loaning it at four per cent. per annum than to put the same amount in government bonds, and let us pay eight per cent. per annum interest on mortgages. It would be better for us that Messrs. Hopkins, Stanford, Crocker, Flood, Mackay, and Fair should each build within our city a costly home than to go elsewhere to display and spend his wealth; and yet this ever-scolding, never-ending, always-insulting, and altogether inexcusable newspaper din does not encourage capitalists to invest their moneys or build their homes where the press is hounding on the mob to over-tax their wealth and burn their dwellings. *Post* and *Chronicle*, *Bulletin* and *Call*, are blowing their bugles and beating their gongs in tuneless discordance upon this one dreary theme. They have divided among themselves and parceled out the rich men for their abuse. Each one has its pet aversion. One or two rich men to vilify is a newspaper's capital. The *Chronicle* is most prosperous because it takes a wider range of personal denunciation. The field of journalism was nearly occupied when we came into it; all the rich were monopolized, and the only thing left us to assault was that double-barreled, bog-born blatherskite, Kearney; and while we are doing pretty well in this direction, our talent is cramped, and our chances of money-making greatly diminished.

We have almost forgotten our theme. We asked a friend to write us an article about the Comstock mines and the Bonanza firm, in the hope that these important interests might be brought into more friendly relations with this community. The following note contains the reason of his declination, and because he declined is why we have made this preface larger than the note:

SAN FRANCISCO, February 27, 1879.

EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT:—I've thought over your proposition faithfully, and I don't see my way.

First, I've not read any of the *Chronicle* attacks. It is not material to do so.

Second, although vast advantages have accrued, and are accruing, to the world in general, and to this coast in particular, from the mining operations on the Comstock vein; and the merit that has accrued, and is accruing, to the bonanza gentlemen from these operations directly is, that they mine wisely and well; yet this proposition—*viz.*: that their mining operations are wise and excellent—is a technical one. It can be shown to be true only by comparison with kindred operations, which the public would neither understand nor care for. Such an argument is, by its nature, incapable of being made a popular one. Or, should we appeal to authority, the only competent opinions accessible to us must come from sources that would be assailed as biased. You and I, and scores of others who have been interested in mining as an art and industry, are aware that the Comstock work is superb, surpassing the finest of like kind in Europe, unrivaled by any similar operations in the world—one reason being that no other mineral deposits in our time have been such as to warrant an equal boldness in undertaking. The opportunity surpassed all others, and the Comstock men proved equal to the opportunity.

This is, of course, the chiefest merit they could exhibit—the chiefest the situation can admit; but it is not of the picturesque kind that strikes the popular imagination. The service which the Comstock miners are rendering in their generation to their country and mankind simply by realizing without waste or loss the dominant wealth of that ground is, perhaps, not second to any other of the industrial operations of our days. But this proposition is technical, too, and rests on principles of political economy, and how the devil are you to make readable matter out of political economy? Peace hath her victories, and this is one of them; but the victories of peace are prosaic, and the multitude can not be expected to forgive the victors their pecuniary reward. If they would but bankrupt themselves, now, how could all raise their voices in exalting the achievements of Belisarius, fallen and poor! But Belisarius at the head of his legions of moneys, and leading his cohorts of bonds—Belisarius triumphing in his chariot and we stumping it about—hi! shall we not gather a gob of mud from the gutter and have a shy at that bloated Illyrian?

No. Your proposition is in effect that we construct a shield of ARGONAUTS to interpose betwixt the mud-gobs and the too successful bonanza miners. In this programme only two things are altogether clear—*viz.*: that the mud will continue to fly, and that the shield-bearer will be the party plastered. In other words, the *Chronicle* will continue to blackguard the bonanza firm as long as the bonanza firm have money enough to insure popular sympathy for the blackguard. As a newspaper sharp yourself, you know that there is money in it for a paper of the *Chronicle's* peculiar standing, as a cold question of business. Even aside from which, I fear Judah hath a personal and a grief. So he must continue to employ his squirt, and he must put up with the shower. If you will needs build the mud, I think I have indicated the proper pattern. Yours,

RELIGION.

By Nathan, an Essenian.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

The Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, and countless other peoples, held that this sacrifice for sin might be bulls, goats, etc. (or that the sacrifice of these might be typical of a true and necessary, but unknown, sacrifice, it is not certain which). The astute and delicate Hindoo believed that this sacrifice would be a divine being born out of the right flank of a sacred heifer (a *virgin* cow), because the pure and beautiful thought of this wonderful people ages ago demanded that their sacrifice must be of "immaculate conception," and the heifer being sinless and sacred, the sacrifice would be so. Other utterances of this necessary and universal truth obtained more or less articulately in other ages and races; but the truth itself, a want in human consciousness of a perfect righteousness available by faith only for the justification of man, is beyond cavil or dispute.

Now, to the highest thought upon this high theme, it must infallibly appear that this perfect righteousness and sacrifice can not by any possibility be God, for God is He to whom we are to be reconciled by this sacrifice (the Trinity is, therefore, merely a mistake); it must appear with equal certainty that the sacrifice can not be man, because the necessity for the sacrifice grows out of man's consciousness that he is possessed of no perfect righteousness, and is unable to justify himself; and yet, by the most singular and most necessary paradox in all the realm of thought this sacrifice, which can not be either God or man, *must* of necessity be both Human and Divine: human, that man may be able to trust its love and its willingness to justify him; and divine, that he may believe it has authority and power to do so. Now observe, if you please, that not a single idea has been advanced in reference to God, Christ, Sin, Faith, and Sacrifice that is not perfectly verified by the clearest, unquestionable testimony of human consciousness itself. These ideas are, therefore, true, or else consciousness itself, which is the very root of reason, is a lie clear through, and the only thing that we can ever know certainly is that we can never know anything. So, also, if one shall cast aside all ecclesiastical and metaphysical linen-cambrics, and seize human nature and ravel out the very warp and woof of it, and find out what it is made of, he shall find that Christ knew it omnisciently well, and that *all that He taught* is rooted in the inevitable consciousness itself. The great Essenian taught just these truths. "He knew what was in man." He was a poor hand at doctrines, and dogmas, and ecclesiasticisms, or rather He condemned the whole batch of Pharisaisms and Scribeisms together; but in few, short, simple, and comprehensive terms, He announced the very truth of the faith which is part of consciousness, the misconception of which essential and necessary truth has filled the world with false religions from the very dawn of time. As a teacher of spiritual truth He taught nothing which consciousness does not absolutely affirm, except that He claimed to be the Christ, the perfect righteousness and sacrifice which is an eternal necessity of human nature. The Jews never doubted any part of this necessary truth; admitting this truth to its fullest extent, and loving, believing in, and waiting for its advent under the title of Messiah, they denied that Jesus was the Christ: because they wanted a king that would free them from Caesar, and Jesus refused to sanction any government over the people; because they wanted wealth, and rank, and power for themselves and for their nation, and Jesus taught communism as a higher truth than property, and democracy as a higher truth than government; therefore, "the chief priests and rulers of the people" denied Him to be the Christ. But everything that pertains to real Christianity as a system of spiritual truth is verified by consciousness, and is absolutely true. The only open question is, therefore, not whether there is somewhere a perfect righteousness and sacrifice which human consciousness wants and demands, but is only this: Was Jesus the Christ? That is all that there is to dispute about.

There are two salient points in the position assumed by Jesus, first of all men in this contest, which seem to be impregnable—at least every Communist ought to see in them conclusive evidences of His Divinity; and, first, the fact that He based the justification of the sinner on faith only, and that in strict accord with this position He sought out the poor chiefly, "the weary and the heavy laden," while all other men toadied to the rich, the great, the powerful. Suppose that justification, which is a necessity common to all men, had been proposed as the result of wealth, or power, or knowledge, or nationality, or residence, or pilgrimage, or official station, or of any thing to be done by somebody else, or by the sinner himself, or of any conceivable thing except faith only, is it not apparent that the condition of justification would have been possible to the few only and impossible to the many—to the poor, the humble, "the multitude" for whom He died? For "faith only" is an essentially communistic condition, free to all alike, available for all, out of the reach of any ecclesiastical or political police courts and pettifoggery whatever; independent of all social, theological, and political surroundings and sanctities whatever; a gospel for all, especially for the poor. For, however galling the facts may be to the Princes of the Church and to all ecclesiastical, political, and social "respectability," the facts are that there can not be any monopoly of the privilege of justification without denying Christ, so long as it remains true that He was the son of a carpenter, and so long as the condition of justification is the essentially communistic principle of "faith only"; although, perhaps, Christianity might have been a more "respectable" thing if the crucifixion had occurred a few centuries sooner and a son of Solomon, or some other "gentleman by birth," had been the victim.

But the voice of nature pleads for perfect righteousness and sacrifice available by faith only, and if justification had been based upon any condition except faith only, that fact would have been sufficient to prove the system false.

But a second point, which ought to demonstrate to the satisfaction of Communists at last that Christ is a Divine Teacher, is found in the fact that not only did Christ base His spiritual truth upon the communistic principle of faith only, but assuming that if any man really believed that "He was a teacher sent from God," that man, under the power of that faith, would accept his social and political teachings as of Divine authority. Christ made the very same principle not only the basis of all social and political truths. He

never supposed that selfishness would leave its god—Mammon—give up government over the people, surrender private property-rights, and cleave to communism, a pure democracy social and political, except from the basis of faith only; because it was hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, so hard that He never expected one of them to do so unless he should first have unquestioning faith in Christ and then realize that there was no other entrance into that kingdom, although faith might justify the believer. Should the Communists then permit the ecclesiasticism which, ever since the days of Constantine, has been trumpeting abroad its faith in Christ's spiritual truth, while denying His whole social and political truth, to lie them out and drive them away from his spiritual truth while they are seeking for the communistic democracy which He taught to be necessary for temporal salvation just as earnestly as he taught spiritual truth for men's eternal good? The fatal error of ecclesiasticism was in teaching one-half the gospel—spiritual truth alone. Will Communists repeat the same error by teaching the other half—social and political truth alone? Or will they be wise enough to demand the *whole* gospel at last together and neither half of it separately? Surely, less than this is folly, for "the general welfare," the social, political, and spiritual regeneration of mankind, depends upon the *whole* gospel and not upon either half of it alone. But if Communists now claim one-half of Christ's truth and are ready to pass through seas of blood and limitless tracts of flame to inaugurate it, ought they to deny the other half of it? Christ taught *both*.

But Jesus was divinely right in basing his truth on faith only, because faith is the key to knowledge, and without antecedent faith it is impossible to learn or to know. Faith precedes all knowledge; Belief is the oldest sister, and leads Knowledge by the hand; and unless we first believe we can never know. Call your child to your knee, and show to him a symbol made by the imposition of a horizontal line upon two other lines joined at the top and thence divergent to the ends, thus: "A." Ask the yet uneducated child what that symbol is, and he will say, "I don't know." Tell him then it stands for an articulate sound—that is, "A." Now what prime necessity is laid on that child's nature? Only faith. If he is born without faith as a natural, primitive, inevitable function of his being, if he is born indifferent even between faith and unfaith, how, by any possibility, can he ever know the alphabet? But because faith is the inevitable act of intelligence, when you tell him it is "A" he receives the fact by faith only, and can not otherwise possibly receive it at all, and because he must do so, it is possible for him to learn and to know; otherwise not possible at all; for there are children born indifferent between faith and unfaith; these children never can learn or know, because they are incapable of belief; for every child so born is born an idiot. Whether because mind is wanting to them, or because the physical organism through which it is manifested is abnormally dull and defective, we do not know. Knowledge, then, is impossible without antecedent faith. Is it not a species of basest ingratitude for those pseudo-philosophers, who have learned all that they know, outside of the limited range of things palpable to the senses, by faith only, to go back on the mother of knowledge, and declare that they will believe nothing which they do not know, when in truth they can know nothing which they have not first believed? But as the whole sum of knowledge which we have acquired through the slow lapse of ages came to us by the instrumentality of faith only, revealing to us the treasures of the physical and intellectual universe, and as this knowledge could not have been acquired except upon the condition of faith only, is it too hard a thing for us that Christ should ordain that we can not acquire social, political, and spiritual truth upon any other condition than this, of faith only? "If any man do the will of Him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Here is a man who claims to be a teacher sent from God to teach us what is best for all—that is, to teach us spiritual, social, and political truth. We say unto him, Rabbi, art thou be that was to come, (*i. e.*, the perfect righteousness and sacrifice that human nature longs for, whom Plato, Elijah and other prophets, foretold, because they in their age also longed for him), or do we look for another? And when he answers, I am the way, the truth, and the life, we say where is the proof of thy divinity? what are the evidences of Christianity? And he answers: If you would know the truth, you must learn it as you have learned all else that you know: you must first accept the facts by faith only, and then demonstrate them by experience, as every man has done in regard to all other truth. Believe, and ye shall know. We carp at that, and, without ever giving his truth any fair trial at all, we begin to flout our philosophies, stateisms, and ecclesiasticisms right in his meek and holy face, and to cry out crucify him! crucify him! Is it fair? Is it brave? Is it manly? Is it even common sense to condemn any man without a trial? For, mark you, Christ first taught every man's personal rights, responsibility, duty—social, political, spiritual; he addresses our will only; he says distinctly that there is no evidence of his truth except faith and experience. So that when any man of science, that has not believed in Christ and tried his truth in the only way it can be tried, pretends to know that it is not true, that man or that science is a liar—nothing more, nothing less; just a liar, that's all.

Of course this truth, in all of its aspects, social, political, and spiritual, is beyond the reach of ecclesiasticism that has for fourteen centuries been dabbling up to its eyes in stateisms, feudalisms, and other "isms" and "ologies," literary, scientific, theological, and what not, attempting to found Christ's truth on a foundation of mere intellectual dung—a business of making silk purses out of sow's ears; and, of course, widespread and constantly increasing infidelity is necessarily and rightly the result. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen;" and there is no other substance or evidence of those things at all. The churches are built upon chronologies, apostolical successions, baptisms, decretals, creeds, constitutions, catechisms, law and order, government and civilization, empires, kingdoms, states, republics, and an endless catalogue of long-legged, big-voiced words; yet it is true that "there is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we can be saved," except that of Jesus Christ. By faith only; by faith in Him, and in the democracy, social and political, based upon faith in Christ and in man, which He pledged His own Godhood should be sufficient for the regeneration

of the race—sufficient to banish want and wretchedness and crime from human life, so that virtue might be possible, and a true, spiritual existence grafted on physical prosperity.

Did Christ make any mistake about this matter? Let us examine into this question a little.

It is not to be forgotten that the teachings of Christ were addressed uniformly and only to the individual, and that He uniformly declared that faith was the only basis from which His truth could be learned, and experience the only test by which it could be tried. Take the case of the justification of a sinner. If he is consciously convicted of sin, is there any room for argument against this fact or any place for scientific or theological straddlebugism whatever? Might you not as well seek to prove to a man who suffers that *pain* is a mere delusion, and that he is mistaken in believing that he suffers? And if this man *believes* that God, for Christ's sake, pardons his sins, is he not consciously justified? And is it not sheer nonsense to wage any argument against this consciousness? Note that the question here presented is not whether faith *proves* anything at all, but is simply whether the results of faith in Christ follows of necessity whenever and wherever it is exercised? Did any man ever believe and was not justified? If he believes that God for Christ's sake pardons him, does it not by logical necessity follow that he is consciously justified? He believes in God, in Christ, in the necessity of moral distinctions; he is conscious of sin; he believes that by reason of faith he is justified, and is it not impossible that consciousness could ever fail to respond to this faith? If any man, or science, has not believed and is not justified, the testimony of that man, or of that science, is simply a negation; to-wit, he has not believed, and does not know, and is incompetent to testify to anything else about it at all. But he who has believed, does know, and this knowledge is a fact in his own consciousness, as clearly beyond the reach of any scientific or theological schools, or sanhedrim, as is the fact that he hungers, or thirsts, or suffers, or enjoys. And Christ and his followers exercised thaumaturgical powers in order that men "might believe." As to this fact then of justification of a sinner, there was no error in basing the certainty of it upon faith only. Was there any mistake in basing His political and social truth upon the same ground of faith only?

Hark! The hum of mighty hosts! It rose and fell fainter and more faint; then the murmur of water was heard and lost again, as it swelled and gathered and burst in one grand volume of sound, like a hallelujah from myriad lips. Out of the resounding echo, out of the dying cadence, a single female voice arose. Clear, pure, rich, it soared above the tumult of the host that hushed itself, a living thing. Higher, sweeter, it seemed to break the fetters of mortality and tremble in sublime adoration before the Infinite. My breath stilled with awe. Was it a spirit voice—one of the glittering host in the jasper city, "that had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it?" And the water, was it the river, clear as crystal, flowing from the great white throne?—But no! The tone now floated out soft, sad, human. There was no sorrowful strain in that nightless land, where the leaves of the trees were for the healing of the natives. The beautiful voice was of the earth and sin-stricken. From the sobbing that mingled with the faint ripple of water, it went up once more, ringing gladly, joyfully; it went up inspired with praise to the sky, and—bark! the Hebrew tongue:

"The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." Then the voice of the multitude swelled again, and a crash of music broke forth from innumerable timbrels. I raised my head quickly—it was the song of Miriam after the passage of the Red Sea.

Teach your boys that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a black eye is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment, He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian one day and a villain six days.

If all this instruction is too much trouble, teach your boys to *think*, and you need not worry yourself about anything else. They will review all your opinions and revise your decisions for themselves, anyhow, and the earlier you qualify them to do so the better.

"When I went to Paris one time," he said, "everywhere here was thirteen. If I took a fiacre, it was number thirteen; if I took up at a house, thirteen; if I paid for zis or zat, thirteen. Ah! it was fatality, and it brought Brignoli bad luck." As to Friday, the tenor is less particular; but still he regards the day with suspicion, and would not make his first appearance then. His pet superstition is regarding the virtues of a deer's head, and for years he never traveled without one. He wears a scarf pin made in the shape of a deer's head, and even the Scotch cap, which is part of his costume in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, bears the same figure on it. Brignoli never sees a hunchback without rubbing his hump for good luck. "One night at ze Grand Opera, in Paris," he said, "I see a hunchback in the crowd as ze people were leaving. He went very fast, and I had to run after heem. I thought I would never catch; but at last I reached heem, and brushed hees hump. 'Ah!' said I, 'I beg your pardon, Monsieur; I took you for a friend of mine. Excuse.'"

Crows are plenty and fat in Liberia, and the negro emigrants from South Carolina write home that cooked crow goes first-rate with roast monkey.

MIRACLE PLAYS.

There seems to be much interest just now excited in this community on the subject of the old miracle plays, as a proposition is made to revive some of the most sacred. Perhaps, then, some account of their history may interest your readers.

They arose in the Middle Ages, when the Scriptures, locked up in an unknown tongue, could be read only by the highly educated. To teach their truths, therefore, to the masses, the plan was devised of representing their historical scenes in plays, and thus reaching the mind through the eye. Sometimes these were well executed and conceived in a reverential spirit, particularly when intended for the higher classes. For example, we give a few lines from one in the Latin language, which pictures the scene at our Lord's sepulchre, where the narrative of Scripture has been rigidly carried out. The two angels address Mary Magdalene:

Mulier, quid ploras?

MARIA.
Quia tulcrunt Dominum meum,
Et nescio ubi posuerunt eum.

ANGELUS.
Noli flere, Maria! resurrexit Dominus,
Alleluia!

MARIA.
Ardens est cor meum desiderio
Videre Dominum meum;
Quero et non invenio
Ubi posuerunt eum.
Alleluia!

*Interim veniat quidam præparatus in similitudinem hortulani, stans-
que ad caput sepulchri, dicit:*

Mulier, quid ploras? quem queris?

Scenes like these, however, were exceptions. The plays were often, evidently prepared by illiterate monks, for the lower class, and nothing can be conceived more grotesque and absurd than the pictures they give. We will quote a single example from one of the plays formerly acted at Chester, only reducing the old English, in which it is written, to modern phraseology. It is a dialogue between Noah and his wife, when he is trying to persuade her to enter the ark:

NOAH.
Wife, come in! Why standest thou there?
Thou art ever forward. I dare well swear.
Come in, in God's name, half time it were,
For fear lest thou should'st drown.

NOAH'S WIFE.
Yea, sir, set up your sail,
And row forth with evil hail;
For, without fail, I will not out—
Out of this town.
Unless I have my gossips every one,
One foot farther I will not go—
They shall not drown, by Saint John!

If I may save their life.
They loved me full well, by Christ!
And if thou wilt not let them go into that chest,
Go forth, Noah, wherever you like,
And get thee a new wife.

NOAH.
Son Shem, lo! thy mother is near;
By God, such another I do not see.

SHEM.
Father, I will fetch her in, I trow,
Without any fail.
Mother, my father after thee sends,
And prays thee to go into yonder vessel.
Look up, and see the wind,
For we be ready to sail.

NOAH'S WIFE.
Shem, go again to him. I say
I will not go therein to-day.

NOAH.
Come in, wife, in twenty devils' way,
Or else stand there all day.

HAM.
Shall we all fetch her in?

NOAH.
Yea, sons, for Christ's sake and mine,
I would ye do it quickly,
For of this flood I am in doubt.

NOAH'S WIFE.
The flood comes flowing in full fast,
On every side that spreads full far;
For fear of drowning I am aghast.
Good gossips, let us draw near,
And let us drink ere we go,
For oftimes we have done so;
For at a draught thou drinkest a quart,
And so will I do ere I go.
Here is a bottle full of malmsey, good and strong;
It will rejoice both heart and tongue.
Though Noah think us never so long,
Yet we will drink alike.

JAPHET.
Mother, we all of us beseech you—
For we are here, your own children—
Come into the ship for fear of the weather,
For his sake that died for you.

NOAH'S WIFE.
That will I not for your call,
Unless I have my gossips all.

SHEM.
In faith, mother, thou shalt,
Whether thou wilt or not. *[They bring her in by force.]*

NOAH.
Welcome, wife, into this boat.

NOAH'S WIFE.
Take that for thy note. *[Slaps his face.]*

NOAH.
Ha! ha! marry, this is hot—
It is good for to be sull.

The gross anachronisms, where she speaks of Christ and St. John, and talks of a "bottle full of malmsey," were characteristic of those plays.

The oldest miracle play which has survived is called *The Harrowing of Hell*, and was written in the reign of Edward II. It describes the descent of our Lord to hell,

"To bring thence His own,
And lead them to Paradise."

We will quote the first few lines to show the character of the old English in which it is written:

"Alle herkeneth to me nou!
A strif wolte y-tellen ou
Of Jhesu ant of Sathan—
Tho Jhesu wes to helle y-gan
Forte vacche thenne hys,
Ant bringen hem to Farays."

The descent of Christ into hell to rescue the souls of the good—founded upon the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus—was a favorite subject of illustration through the Middle Ages. There was quite a series on this subject. Of one of these, called *Extractio Animarum ab Inferno*, we will give a short analysis:

Christ descends to the gates, stating the object of his visit—"to chalange that is myne." Adam perceives the "gleme" of His coming, and announces it to Eve and the prophets, who sing for joy, "Et cantent omnes, Salvator Mundi." Rybald, one of the demons and the porter of hell, is in great alarm, and calls out to Beelzebub to prepare for resistance:

"Since first that hell was made and I was put therein,
Such sorrow never ere I had, nor heard I such a din!
My heart begins to start, my wit waxes thin;
I am afraid we can't rejoice, these souls must from us twin [go].
Ho, Beelzebub! bind these boys, such noise was never heard in hell."

The terror becomes general, and "Astarot and Anaball, Berith and Belyall," together with Satan and Lucifer, are summoned, while watches are set on the walls. Satan threatens to beat out Beelzebub's brains for disturbing him. The devils refuse to open the gate, but Christ exclaiming: "Attolite portas, principes, vestras et elevamini, portæ æternales, et introibit rex gloriæ," they burst, Beelzebub exclaiming:

"Harro! our gates begin to crack;
In sunder, I trow, they go,
And hell, I trow, will together shake.
Alas! what am I, wo!"

Satan, from below, orders his fiends to "dyng the dastard downe," and Beelzebub replies: "That is soon said!" Satan ascends from the pit of hell, and Christ tells him that He is come to fetch His own, and that His Father sent Him. Satan answers that he "knew His Father well by sight," and reasons with Christ on the impolicy and injustice of releasing those already damned. Argument failing, he entreats Christ to take him out of hell also. To which our Saviour replies, "that He will leave him some company—Cain, Judas, Achitophel, Cato, and some others who had destroyed themselves," and He adds, "that such as obey His laws shall never come to hell." This rejoices Satan, and he congratulates himself that hell will soon be fuller than ever, as he intended to walk East and West, in order to seduce mankind from obedience. But Christ replies:

"Nay, fiend, thou shalt be fast,
So that thou shalt not stir."

Satan then sinks "into hell pyt," and Jesus frees Adam, Eve, Moses, David, Isaia, and others, who conclude the play by singing *Te Deum laudamus*.

Such were the miracle plays of the middle ages; often not only most absurd in their statements, but also shocking in their impiety. Still they were used as one means of inculcating in the people the cardinal truths of Christianity. With the invention of printing and the diffusion of literature this necessity ceased, and the miracle plays were gradually laid aside. At present they seem only to linger in an obscure corner of the Bavarian Alps, where once in every ten years there is performed at Ober-Ammergau a representation of the scenes of the Passion of our Lord.

Than such a representation on the public stage of a theatre, a more fearful impiety could not be devised. Think of the Redeemer of the world personified by a play actor! A few months ago it was attempted in London, but it caused such a burst of popular indignation that the Aquarium Company had to abandon the project and apologize to the public. When it is performed in the Alps by the simple peasants at Ober-Ammergau, it is a strictly religious service, under the direction of the priests. Those only take part whose religious tone and purity of character render them, in some respects, fit exponents of these solemn scenes, and they prepare for it by fasting and prayer. How fearful the contrast between this and the boards and actors of a California theatre! We trust, therefore, that the feelings of our religious people will no more be outraged by making the scenes of our Lord's Passion the objects of flippant criticism in this irreverent community.

WM. INGRAHAM KIP.

A story comes from St. Petersburg which is pretty enough to bear repeating. Not long since a Government functionary died in utter destitution, leaving, without friends or relations, two small children, one of whom was a boy about seven years old. Alone, moneyless, foodless, with his little sister crying for bread, he wrote on a piece of paper, as a last resort, the petition, "Please, God, send me three copceks to buy my little sister a roll." This he carried to the nearest church to drop it into an alms-box, and start it on its way to heaven. A passing priest, seeing him trying to put the paper in the box, took it and read it, whereupon he carried the children to his house, fed them and clothed them. The next Sunday he preached a sermon on charity, in which he alluded to the incident. The collection that followed amounted to nearly \$1,000.

Swinburne writes a hand which it is almost impossible to read, using a quill pen. Ruskin's chirography is as fine as if written with a pin point. Lowell writes a ladylike, running hand, very plain, with the exception of his signature. Froude's penmanship is distinct and fine; Kate Field's square and bold; George McDonald's large and manly, and William Winter's is like forked lightning. Robert Buchanan writes an "easily read, affectedly literary hand, as though he were trying to be unintelligible, but did not like to be altogether so." He also decorates his letters with boyish curly queues. Mrs. Oliphant writes worse than anybody else, apparently using the point of a hair.

Jefferson Davis is now, since the death of Caleb Cushing, the sole survivor of Pierce's Cabinet.

To eat with decency and composure is the final triumph of civilization.

OUR OWN POETS.

[We recently invited our poets—who have all a mania for sonnetteering—to compete for honors by sending us a sonnet each. Only three have had the courage to respond, and be their work good or bad (*vide infra*) they are the only local bards who have henceforth the right to sonnetize in our columns; if we ever print the sonnets of the timorous singers who have not dared to "come to the test," it will be from motives of mere mercy and charitable toleration—for which qualities, however, we are eminent among the wronged ones of the earth.]

THE ROSE.

Who hath not marked the young imperial rose
On which the morn's first sunbeam, newly caught,
Lies drowned in drops of dew, which night hath brought
To deck the sweetest, fairest flower that blows?
Rose of thy native city, round thee glows
A light as pure, in every heavenly thought
That plays along those glowing features, fraught
With the calm grandeur of the soul's repose!
Ah! it is well that there are pleasant flowers
For the poor wanderers of the waste to cull;
And it is well that through the darkest hours
There gleam some visions of the beautiful.
While such as thou art blooming in our bowers,
Earth is no wild, life ceases to be dull.

MARYSVILLE.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Mushroom of cities, couched thy hills upon,
Whose tops o'look the western sea's expanse,
And catch the morning sunbeams as they glance
Above Sierra's summits from the sun.
How like the fungus growth thy growth begun;
How like some magic city built by chance
From out the woof of Time and Circumstance,
To fill the glorious purpose it has done.
But unlike magic cities reared in space,
That vanish with the cloud that bears them past,
You stand to-day the wonder of the world,
As real, as firm as Atlatl on its base,
While at thy doors from many a tapering mast
The flags of all the nations are unfurled.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PERCY VERE.

NAPA VALLEY.

Fair is the valley of the blue and gold!
Above shine skies of amethystine hue,
While far and near, impetred with morning dew,
The golden grain springs from the fertile mould;
Close by a stream which winds from far away
The lovely City of the Wood-nymphs lies,
By Flora almost hid from mortal eyes,
And far to south the white sails speck the bay.
Here St. Helena proudly holds her sway
And woos soft breezes from the western sea,
While Health and Peace and Joy her will obey,
And Learning, 'neath her sceptre, bends the knee.
Here, traveler, rest and make life's sunset sweet—
The Eden-land of earth lies at thy feet!

PETALUMA.

CLARENCE U. THOMAS.

Sunday.

AIR—"We bipped made up of frail clay."

We zealots, made up of stiff clay,
The sour-looking children of sorrow,
While not over jolly to-day,
Resolve to be wretched to-morrow.
We can't for a certainty tell
What mirth may molest us on Monday;
But at least, to begin the week well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

That day, the calm season of rest,
Shall come to us freezing and frigid;
A gloom all our thoughts shall invest
Such as Calvin would call over-rigid.
With sermons from morning till night
We'll strive to be decent and dreary;
To preachers a praise and delight,
Who think not that sermons can weary.

All tradesmen cry up their own wares—
In this they agree well together;
The mason by stone and lime swears,
The tanner is always for leather;
The smith still for iron would go,
The schoolmaster stands up for teaching,
And the parson would have you to know
There's nothing on earth like his preaching.

The face of kind Nature is fair,
But our system obscures its effulgence.
How sweet is a breath of fresh air!
But our rules don't allow us indulgence.
These gardens, their walks and green bowers,
Might be free to the poor man for one day;
But no, the glad plants and gay flowers
Mustn't bloom or smell sweetly on Sunday.

What though a good precept we strain
Till hateful and hurtful we make it—
What though in thus pulling the rein
We may draw it so tight as to break it;
Abroad we forbid folks to roam,
For fear they get social or frisky;
But of course they can sit still at home,
And get dismally drunk upon whisky.

Then, though we can't certainly tell
How mirth may molest us on Monday;
At least, to begin the work well,
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

ALAMEDA, February, 1879.

D.

Three Years.

A love as sweet as the world can give
Was mine, mine own, for a little day,
And out of my thankful heart uprose
Such prayers as only the happy pray.
I thanked my God for a gift so sweet,
While happiest tears bedewed my eyes,
And through the days of the swift, glad year
My soul found wings for the upper skies.

A year, and the vow was stronger bound;
Death, nor time, nor the world's sad change,
Could sever the souls for ever wed
With a love beyond life's narrow range.
And so we thought, and dreamed, and hoped
For a brighter morn to our blissful dream,
While the roses faded and summer fled
On the current of time's resistless stream.

Another year, and the faint, dim glow
'Neath ashes and dust alone remained
Of all the glory of hope and trust
That over my life its joy had rained.
Faded and cold and passionless,
No thrilling kisses, no trance of touch,
Dead beyond prayer, for ever dead,
The beautiful hope that I loved so

RICHMOND, IND., February, 1879.

MRS. D.

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
 FRED. M. SOMERS, } Editors.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

The bill restricting Chinese immigration fails to become a law by reason of the Executive veto. This is a great disappointment to the people of our coast. Intelligent opinion is in almost unanimous accord that some proper legislation should be devised to arrest a too great influx of Chinese to our continent. Honest differences of opinion are entertained upon the extent and threatening character of this immigration, as well as the mode of controlling it. We are somewhat mortified, and some of our more impulsive minds are indignant, that our judgment should not control and our wishes be decisive upon a question so near to us, and one that we think ourselves better entitled to determine than those who are far removed from its influence and have less means of estimating its results than we. Yet we are constrained to admit that there is force in the reasons that have influenced the President's mind and his Cabinet advisers. We did, as a nation, enter into a treaty with China. This compact possesses all the force of international law. It has a right to bind our conscience and govern our action until it is abrogated in a proper manner. We must regard our national dignity and our national honor in dealing with the government of China; we must be more careful in adjusting this matter than if we were treating with a strong European power having at its command arms, armies, and newspapers. The Chinese among us have rights, and these rights we must protect with a jealous regard to ourselves. We must be more particular to throw the shield of our laws over them because it is the only protection they have. The Chinese are here at our invitation, by virtue of a solemn treaty; they have a right to appeal to our sense of justice, generosity, and chivalry; and whenever they have no other defense, we must see to it that this is ample for guarding the rights of their persons and their property.

We upon this coast regard this question as one of first importance, and our brethren of the East must be patient and forbearing with us if, in our anxiety to avert a great, threatened, and irrepressible evil, we are not as cool and as self-possessed as they in their safe distance from the impending blow. We stand upon the western borders of our continent—upon the shore of the ocean that looks to Asia. We see this great armada preparing to invade us. We note the proportions of an innumerable host of enemies—enemies to our religion, our civilization, our families, our material interests, our republican form of government, and our national existence. We tremble with an honest fear that every thing we hold dear and sacred is involved in an impending catastrophe. If we are hasty, passionate, unreasonable, let the people of the East remember that we are in earnest and we are honest. For thirty years we have seen this cloud growing. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand. It now darkens our horizon. It not only threatens to invade and overwhelm us, but it is upon us. The first advance guard of this "innumerable caravan" has found lodgment upon our coast. It has begun to ravage and destroy. The first to feel the wrong and to smart under the contact were our laboring poor. In their hurt they have cried out with all the passionate anger of the unreasoning brute. It was the natural outburst of passion against the giver of the blow. The middle classes who labor next felt the tooth of the wolf. The manufacturing and mechanical industries began to melt away in the presence of this patient, industrious, economical, tolling monster. Then the mercantile, property, and professional classes saw the gleaming white teeth of the hungry fiend, and when they found that the moral, social, and financial condition of the State was being imperiled they began to think and resolved to act. Political parties first, and sentimentalists last; and now everybody but the

selfish, the mercenary, and the indifferent sees and realizes the danger of unlimited Chinese immigration. We attempted to sweep back this combing wave that threatened us by municipal and State legislation. We have passed inefficient, vain, useless, and foolish laws in our endeavor to cope with this invasion; we have sympathized with the passionate utterances of our defenseless working poor when they threatened to resort to violence; we have petitioned Congress; we have turned our faces to the East, as to Mecca, and prayed for legislation, for relief, for protection; we have elected Governors and State officers upon the issue; we have passed laws and secured sympathetic judges to administer them; we have passed municipal ordinances—and all this time we have done no wrong to the Chinese among us. We have protected them from the violence of ourselves. In our anger at the Chinese we have been just to the stranger. We have defended him from violence and acted as American citizens, loyal to the law. We have guarded the invader, and in all the heat, and passion, and hatred to an alien race we have disgraced our State by no riot or uprising.

We accept the blow given us by a Republican President and a Republican Cabinet, under the pressure of Republican public opinion. We think this public opinion wrong. We believe it results from ignorance, misapprehension of facts, misdirected sympathy, and a morbid, sentimental, mock piety, that is altogether unworthy an intelligent people. We feel as did the Roman citizen when, at the gates of the imperial city, the Goth and Vandal threatened their assault. We feel as the English felt when the Spanish armada threatened to sweep down upon and destroy them. We feel that in our peril we are mocked and jeered by a false and cowardly indifference in those to whom we have a right to look for aid and sympathy. We are loyal in friendship to our Eastern homes, loyal to our country. We have been mindful of our Eastern brethren when they have been overtaken by conflagrations, calamities, and war; have aided their sanitary fund, and of our abundance have freely and generously given. We are loyal still. We have not talked of secession; we have not thought of it. We resent the fact that the Eastern press should catch up the insane ravings of an alien mob of idlers, tramps, and criminals, and call it the public sentiment of the Pacific Coast. We do not dream of resorting to violence; but we do demand, in the name of humanity and a common brotherhood, that the press and politicians, statesmen and legislators, should heed our prayers, and hasten to give us protection from a danger that threatens, first to destroy us, and then to overwhelm them. We demand of the President that he take not his council from the pulpit of an ignorant church; we demand that he take his advice from no pulpit, no sectarianism, false, morbid, sentimental pietism. We demand of Roscoe Conkling, Senator from New York, that he take no thought of the interest of the merchants and moneyed classes of the metropolis he represents, nor regard the material interest of those who deal in boxes of tea and in bales of merchandise. We demand of Boston that she listen not to her preachers and traders; nor Connecticut, to her clock-makers; nor Massachusetts, to her cotton-spinners; that the Republican party give no weight to the considerations of political expediency involved in pandering to the prejudices of the religious or the sentimental; that the Democratic party be governed by some higher motive than a desire to bid for our twelve electoral votes; and that they all consider this question of Chinese immigration from the higher and broader standpoint of Christian civilization and national security.

We say to our own people, be not discouraged. We are making progress. The question that was local yesterday is national to-day. We have given it the emphasis and dignity of a passage through both houses of the National Congress. We have forced its consideration upon the pulpit of the nation, and it must preach and pray about it openly. The only path to God is through the brains, conscience, and pockets of an intelligent, thinking class; and when it sees the Chinese question in its true light, it will take quick resolve that the homes and firesides of the American people be not imperiled by this horde of male barbarians. The churches will see to it that the souls of our children be not lost in the vain hope to snatch from the wrath to come the vagabond infidels of Asia; that in the conflict between Christ and Confucius, Christ must have the aid of His own; that in the rival contests of the two civilizations, ours shall not be sacrificed; that republican government shall not be overthrown in morbid sympathy for the starving hosts of redundant Asia. We have forced this question upon the press, and it must reason it out. We have forced it upon the politicians, and they must fight it out. We have forced it upon the conscience, the thought, and intellect of the nation, and it must think it out. And if all these working forces are indifferent or neglectful, we upon this coast must give our votes and our influence to that political party that will take our view of this question, and aid us to solve it our way.

The "Passion Play" belongs to another age and to a condition of things long since passed away. It may have been proper enough in a time of ignorance and superstition, when

the religious feelings could only be influenced through the exhibition of spectacular plays, music, pictures, and church pageanties; when books were found only in running brooks, and when sermons were best understood by stoning the martyrs of unbelief. It had the sanction of the church of that period, and these plays were undertaken after prayerful preparation and in a spirit of deepest devotion. Since then the world has changed, the church has changed, the stage has changed. That which to the Alpine peasant would be a spectacle of religious worship, filling his simple mind with pious ecstasy in contemplating the sublime mysteries of the life and passion of Christ, comes in these enlightened times to be but an absurd and irreverent money-making spectacle. The stage has its privileges; the church has its higher duties and responsibilities. The law can not define the boundary line between them, and only good sense and right feeling may determine where the feather-edge of amusement, pleasure, and innocent folly shades into the deeper lines of spiritual concern. While we would not encourage the church to frown upon the stage, we would not sympathize with the Reverend Doctor Smith, of the Tabernacle, in invoking the thunders of Sinai to destroy the Grand Opera House. As to the propriety of presenting this play upon the stage, we have no especial feeling. We are not prepared to admit that it would do any harm at all to those who did not go to witness it, nor work any serious injury to those who did. We do not believe it would undermine any of the eternal truths upon which the Christian church is founded. We know its author, Mr. Salmi Morse, heard his play read at the church of the Jesuit fathers, and were impressed with the beauty of the sacred story told in the elegant diction of literature. We are not convinced that the spectacular representation of scenes in the life and death of our Saviour would otherwise than beneficially impress the thoughtless who never go to churches that they may hear the story of his birth, his life, his betrayal, crucifixion, death, and resurrection. Upon this question we have no fixed opinions, and because we have none of our own we accept those of the clergy of the Christian church. If, in the opinion of religious and intelligent persons, this spectacle shall be regarded as hurtful and sacrilegious; if it wound the feelings of our Christian community, and by our Christian teachers shall be deemed of evil influence, then we say it should be withdrawn from the stage. We would respect the sensibilities of our Christian people, and in this respect allow their judgment to control ours.

We received a circular last week signed by several gentlemen, of whom we personally know but one—Mr. John P. H. Wentworth—calling attention to the desirableness of organizing to promote the immigration of the industrial classes to California. We recognize the question as important, but think immigration desirable only if confined to certain classes. After a very careful and deliberate consideration of the question in all its bearings—industrial, social, and political—it is our deliberate conviction that the less exertion we make to bring from Europe the class that is likely to respond to our invitation the better. We have convinced ourselves that our national and material welfare is not likely to be promoted by any further increase of alien people; that it is better for us, and for the future of this coast, that the influx of the pauper element of Europe be discouraged. Nearly all our social disturbances arise from this kind of immigration; and while we desire to speak kindly of and treat generously those of our adopted citizens who have sought our shores, we claim the privilege of saying that we think we have gone far enough in this direction. Without desiring to offend any, or to wound the feelings of any, we may be permitted most emphatically to declare that there is no immigration so desirable to California as an American one, and while we would put forth every exertion to bring to our coast American families from the East, the North, the South, and the Middle West, we would not encourage the coming of unassorted immigrants from every one of the European countries. We have a bad social element from Germany and from Ireland, and in view of the differences in the political, religious, and social training of these and all other Europeans, we think it in the interest of the country and the coast that the increase of their numbers be not encouraged. There are in the trans-Mississippi country nearly forty millions of people from among whom we could, by proper inducement, increase our population—persons of means, industrious, intelligent, and native born. It would improve their condition to come to us; it would add to the prosperity of our State to have them come. Any organization that will aid and encourage this class to cross over to our side of the continent we are willing to aid, and any other kind of immigration bureau, scheme, or organization has our best wishes for its failure.

Kirwin, who has been for twenty-six years in penal servitude, and was the oldest convict in Great Britain, has been released by the Government and sent to America. Thanks; we need immigration—will Great Britain accept some more bank presidents in return?

The New York Sun says San Francisco has forty weekly papers. What are the names of the other thirty-nine?

AFTERMATH.

At a Baptist conference in New York (whether full dip or sprinkle we are not informed) the Rev. Dr. Read, of California (and who he is we are not informed) entered a "protest" on the part of "Christians, and the Baptists in particular," against the "persecution" of the Chinese, and said that "all the Christians and Baptists in California favored the veto," except (with an unctuous sneer) "a Methodist, one Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, one or two Catholic priests, and one Baptist Church—which afterward repented and backed down." How many direct lies, how many of false suggestion, and how many of suppression this reverend libeler crammed into these few lines of misrepresentation let our readers compute for themselves. There is not one well-informed Christian gentleman in ten, of any church (Protestant or Catholic) in California, not one well-informed Baptist, not one religious newspaper on the coast, not one disinterested clergyman (of good standing) in any evangelical congregation, who advocates the unrestricted immigration of Mongolions to this coast.

When the Episcopal Bishop of California, than whom there is not a more devout churchman; when the Reverend Doctor Scott, of the Presbyterian Church, than whom there is not a more learned and pious clergyman in any organization; when the Catholic Archbishop and his more prominent clergy; when the Reverend Elkan Cohn, Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue, the Reverend Mr. Noble, of the Congregationalists, and others whose names we have not before us—men of learning, piety, and influence—take position upon this question, it scarcely becomes this unknown and obscure Baptist parson to either lie about their church standing or sneer at their motives. It is just such men as we presume this hard-shell libeler to be that give reproach to the Christian church; for, because he is bigoted, ungenerous, and illiberal, we presume him to be as ignorant as he is untruthful.

His is a deliberate misrepresentation of the Christian sentiment of the Pacific coast. Good men here of all denominations, and good men who belong to none, would kindly treat and honorably deal with the Chinese among us, would protect them in their lives and pursuits, but would desire in all proper legal ways to discourage their larger immigration. This is the sentiment of the Chinese Six Companies, of the Consulate and Colonel Bee, and of intelligent Chinese themselves. We commend this buncombe Baptist to the Reverend Doctor Kallloch, who is entitled to speak for the Baptist Church of California, because he is the ablest preacher in it, has the largest congregation, and wields the greatest influence—a man of earnestness and eloquence and sound judgment. He has a newspaper, and if his congregation has "repented and backed down" upon this proposition we shall be interested to know it.

And then comes the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, whose visit to California gave him a net profit of \$25,000. We know of only one apostle who ever made a tenth part so much money for betraying his master, and he had the decency to go and hang himself. This fat and oily man of God, Beecher, addressed three thousand people in Philadelphia in strong defense of the pigtails, in misrepresenting popular sentiment on this coast, in holding up to ridicule and contempt our people, in abusing the white working men and women and contrasting them with the Chinese—pronounced the Chinese a "blessing" to the country, and declared that the only opposition to the Chinese is because they can not vote. We declare that it is our confident belief that the Chinese have done more to debauch our youth than any other thing, except one, in the last generation; and that one thing is the nasty, indecent, and demoralizing details of the Henry Ward Beecher scandal trial. From such men, preachers though they be, we decline to receive our religious or our political teachings.

Jefferson wrote: "I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the Revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves." Through civility to the members of the Constitutional Convention we have withheld this quotation until after adjournment. Why should we emphasize their inferiority in one respect to men whom they so excel in others. George Washington could not tell a lie; it is obvious that Beerstretcher can. Benjamin Franklin could draw lightning only from the clouds; Vacquerel can draw it from a bottle.

It is curious to observe that the persons who are loudest in condemning the newspapers for meddling with their personal or domestic affairs, when the meddling takes the form of censure, are the persons who most persistently scheme, bargain, and beg for it if it will take the form of praise. The man who runs to an editor to get a puff of his new house, his picture from the East, or his rare edition of Erasmus, would raise the demon's own delight if the editor, of his own motion, should choose to say that the house was a

fright, the painting a fraud, or the volume a fac-simile reprint. Similarly, a newspaper may say—indeed is frequently importuned and even paid to say—that a certain lady at a ball was "lovely in a thingamy dress machichiolated with cardinal flambanikins cut agonywise," and it is all right; but let it say she was hideous in a dowdy costume, and how the fond husband will lay back, the top of his head and howl! The good people who love newspaper notoriety forget that in recognizing an editor's right to say *anything* about their personal character and private affairs they concede his right to say of them whatever he may think fit.

The bearing of these remarks lies in the application of 'em. Let it be understood that we are not averse at this office to puffing all our friends and our friends' friends, exalting all their belongings and affirming the incomparable superiority of their ways to the ways of mortals—when we are in the mood. But let it not be overlooked that by so doing we consider ourselves to have purchased and paid for the right to tell a different story at another time. The right to condemn is coextensive with the right to commend, and if invited into the domestic circle to bless we shall not hesitate to go in there and curse. These are the hard but just conditions on which the favor of public flattery will be accorded to private persons in this journal.

Just the least bit of political bosh was enacted in the Senate of the United States over the proposition to pension Jefferson Davis. A few Southern gentlemen had opportunity to air their cherished devotion to the lost cause over the name of its martyr chief. The rebel and perjured traitor did not get his pension. We feel very kind, and very generous, and very indulgent toward our erring brethren of the lost cause, but we claim the right to indulge ourselves in the luxury of keeping ever green our hatred to the memory of Jefferson Davis. We have embalmed it with Judas Iscariot, Guy Fawkes, Benedict Arnold, and the devil. We can't forgive everybody.

The practice of the law has fallen to such infinite depths, and so many illiterate shysters have through one device and another crawled within its portals, that we see no reason why respectable women of good attainments may not be admitted to practice. The legal profession has reached a point where there is no possible danger of its further demoralization. We vote for the crinoline.

On several evenings of the present week there has been produced at one of our principal theatres a play that has more strongly fixed public attention than any play ever acted in California—a play upon the merit and morality of which opinions differed as widely as the limits of thought allowed, and which addressed the strongest feelings of human nature. Two newspapers in this city, which habitually criticise plays, appear to have known nothing of this one—did not discover that it had been put upon the stage, were unaware that anybody had been to see it. It was not advertised in their columns—they did not permit it to be. Now, *what* are the *Bulletin* and the *Call*?—they are certainly not newspapers.

The *Bulletin* and *Call*, that is to say, do not advertise anything which has not their sanction, do not relate anything of the occurrence of which they disprove. *Ergo*, they do approve of "magnetic healing," fortune telling, abortion, quack doctoring, and "procuring"—for all these things they advertise. They do approve of murder, arson, theft, swindling, adultery, and rape, for all these things they recount with minute particularity. On the whole, are Messrs. Fitch and Pickering any better as moral protectors of the public than they would be as purveyors of news?

The subject of the Passion Play has sent the writer of this paragraph to a diary which he kept some years ago while living in Coventry, England, where these singular dramas were once performed, and he finds copied into it an entry from the books of a pious manager of that distant day and place: "Paid for a Cote for God and a payre of Gloves, 3 shillings."

In a miracle play once popular in Coventry one of the Magi, approaching the sacred manger, not only removes his hat but presents it to the infant Saviour. Another, not to be outdone in piety, gives the mittens from his hands—the plays were brought out at Christmastide in Coventry, in the open air, and it was cold work; while a third takes the pipe out of his teeth and gives *that*, the Divine Babe accepting and smoking it with great apparent satisfaction. This, we venture to think, was going a little too far; for, even in that golden age of Art the moral sensibilities demanded recognition, and the æsthetic merits of the play could not wholly overcome the natural scruples of those who did not favor the use of tobacco.

Perhaps the most valid objection that can be urged against Mr. Morse's play, as performed at the Grand Opera House, is that when one has seen a certain part well played by a certain actor there always thereafter exists in the mind a confusion of identity between the character in the play and the person who played it. There are few theatre-goers to-day who can think of "Hamlet" apart from Mr. Edwin Booth,

or figure to themselves a "Rip Van Winkle" who does not resemble Mr. Joseph Jefferson. Now, it would be no end awkward and embarrassing if a frequenter of the Grand Opera House, dying in the odor of Passion Play sanctity and entering heaven, should be moved to exclaim, "Why, Jimmy O'Neill, old boy, I didn't expect to see *you* here!"—and—and it should not be Jimmy!

Mr. Adair Welcker is the author of a new volume of Oakland verses—*A Voyage with Death and Other Poems*—one of the others being conspicuously entitled "Memoræ." It is an Oaklandish word, the meaning whereof we imperfectly apprehend. There is a spirited effort to revive failing religious animosities in the first stanza of "The Mountain Meadows Massacre:"

"Sweet Muses from the plain of heaven,
Let inspiration now be given;
Down, on the star's soft ray of light,
Speak to me, through the gloom of night;
For there is done a deed so dark,
That on black night would leave a mark."

In the words italicized the reader will hail (with pleasure, we hope) an old acquaintance in a new dress; all have heard of the darky who was so black that charcoal would make a white mark on him—an idea which is itself a refinement on Milton's "new morn risen on midday;" or perhaps it is "midnoon"—having our Welcker we do not need our Milton.

We have not space for that elaborate review of Mr. Welcker's work which it will no doubt receive from the *Nation*, the *Atlantic*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Bulletin*, but at least we can not forbear to get ahead of Psalm Williams in pointing out the beauty of the following passage:

"But hush!
I hear some church bell in yon white-earthed moon
Call out in ringing melody the hour
Marked three o'clock, upon the black-faced night!
Then I'll to bed, and rest worn thought on dreams."

It is true we do not know what this means, but neither do we catch the exact and accurate significance of a cabbage rose, or the mystic wail of the night-blooming tomat. Beauty exists in and for itself, is its own reward, stands on its own bottom, and doesn't give a darn.

Mr. Adair Welcker, you can not write poetry, nor anything that is like poetry. You have mistaken an unconstructed liking for the jingle of verse for a capacity to produce something with which that has no more necessary connection than has a picture with its frame, or a woman with her clothes. Stop writing in metre (even your metre is hideously incorrect) and devote the time so saved to the acquisition of skill in some simple parlor game like Simon-says-thumbs-up. It will be of greater benefit to the world, will bring as much money and less ridicule to yourself, and be a strong recommendation to the mercy of whatever deities are justly offended by your ill-advised attempt to scale the serene Olympus that you fancy a mole-hill.

Our Minister to England is a Mr. Welsh, a sugar refiner of Philadelphia, who was sent to London, having for his sole qualification the fact that he was rich. He now complains that his salary of \$17,500 is insufficient to maintain him "genteelly." The former Minister eked out an insufficient compensation by poker, a game which our present ambassador does not understand. What Mr. Welsh has done to earn the \$17,500 salary he now receives, we have never heard. He may acquire poker, live more economically, or resign. We know a good poker player that would cheerfully take his place.

A man in Mississippi who wanted a pair of postal routes sent two dollars to the Postmaster-General and promised to pay the same amount yearly if he secured the routes. It is creditable to this Administration that the bribe was loftily refused.

Somebody has collected "a mass of evidence" proving that the late Peter Ney, of North Carolina, was no other than Marshal Ney, of France. The histories of the two men—we say two for convenience—are absolutely identical up to the year 1815, when the Marshal was publicly shot to death in the garden of the Luxembourg palace, at Paris; from then down to the time of Pete's death in 1846 there was just sufficient apparent divergence to give a color of plausibility to the arguments of the doubters—who will now, however, be covered with confusion by the "mass of evidence."

Lindsey Muse is a messenger in the Navy Department at Washington, and has been ever since 1828. He is old now and can not take a very active part in political affairs, but his petition to the successor of the present Secretary of the Navy to be retained is receiving a good many signatures, and his chances are about as good as the average. Lindsey's memory is not so good as it used to be, but happily his voice is a little cracked and disobedient, and when he hurrah on the wrong side—as, having served all parties so often, he sometimes does—he is thought to be coughing or choking, and is not reported for dismissal. Lindsey who want his place there is, of course, the chief of all resign.

REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Hule y Huleros.

"Chico," said I to Paniaguas one morning, as we sat on the stoop of the hotel at Greytown, indolently dispersing the aroma of our *puros*, "van a salir luego algunos huleros?"

"No sé, señor."

"What say you, Chico, to our making a trip into the bush with the next party that starts on a rubber-cutting expedition?"

"Me gustaria mucho," was his reply, as I well knew it would be.

"Well, will you find out when the next boats leave, and try and make arrangements for us to go with them? See what they'll charge for us and our provisions and traps. You can tell them, Chico, that we want to go into the woods hunting for a month or two, and shall in no way be competitors in their business."

Chico was off with alacrity. He was a good rubber-cutter himself, and had often described to me the method employed in extracting the "milk" from the tree and converting it into the corresponding article of commerce; had narrated to me incidents of flood and field that occur during expeditions into remote forest recesses, never entered but by the prospecting *hulero*; had told of rapids to be passed, and capsize therein; of the wild-hog hunt; of the tapir and manati; and had curdled my blood with stories of innumerable yaros of unnumbered snakes. But I wanted to see these things for myself, particularly the production of rubber.

In an hour he returned with the news that three dug-outs would leave in a day or two for the Rio Sudio, and that the party would take us with them for \$40, we to provide ourselves with all necessities. The next day was spent in preparation, and the following morning at day-break we were off up the San Juan. The explorers were nine in number, making a total with ourselves of eleven in all; and a more motley group, numbers considered, could hardly be found. The Negro, the Anglo-Saxon, the Carib, the Nicaraguan half-breed, and the piebald Mosquito Indian were all represented. I know of no epithet that describes more aptly than "piebald" the appearance of great numbers of the Mosquito Indians, and even of many of the natives of Central America outside this race; such specimens being mottled with large patches of a darker, or it may be lighter, shade than the prevailing ground color of their skins. Their canoes were loaded, though not too heavily, with provisions and the paraphernalia of their calling. There was flour in half-barrels, beans, rice, plantains, salt, coffee, sugar, lard, tins of biscuit and hard-bake, and demijohns of cut-throat; some salt pork and beef, though not in a quantity proportionate to the other stores. Rubber-cutters depend in a great measure upon river and forest to supply them with other than farinaceous food; and fish, and wild hog, deer and iguana, turkey, tapir, mountain hen, armadillo, parrot—or even the ubiquitous monkey, when these fail—contribute in turn to their bill of fare while in the bush. There were buckets and tins, calabashes, pan-nikins, kettles, frying-pans, an iron pot, tin plates, blankets, mosquito bars, an axe, machetes, rusty guns, fish spears, hooks and lines, small shot, buckshot, bullets, and powder horns; every provision, in fact, for work or repose, and the capture of fish, flesh, and fowl.

The first day we paddled about twenty miles. Oars are never used, except on the clumsy *bungoes* that ply up and down the river to and from the inland lakes of Nicaragua. The nude galley-slave crews of these unwieldy crafts can not, while ascending, get near enough the sides to avail themselves of the moderated current and back eddies, but have to labor, well out in the river, at oar and pole, or by sinking anchors some distance ahead slowly and tediously haul their vessels up stream. Any reader, who may happen to have been on the San Juan in the days of the Transit Company, will recall to mind its densely wooded banks, with occasional plain patches appearing here and there; and their cane shanties, thatched with palm leaves, and shaded by the thick mango or luxuriant bread-fruit tree. He will recollect, too, its turbid water, deep and rapid stream in the rainy season; or, if he made the passage during the dry months, its narrow, shallow channel, winding its tortuous course among mud-banks and sand-beds. In the latter case, he will doubtless grimly bear in mind the steamer's running aground, backing off, then getting aground again, and finally sticking fast for good. He will not forget, moreover, the patience and Christian resignation of the passengers, their good humor and pious ejaculations, the emphatic compliments they paid the company and I. C. Wood, their agent, for their enterprise, energy, and management; nor, lastly, his own triumphal entry into Greytown in a *bungo* or canoe.

Having passed the night in one of the shanties alluded to above, protected by our mosquito-bars against the sanguinary insect foe, we reached the mouth of the Rio Sudio shortly after noon the following day. The stream is a tributary of the Serapiqui, joining it a few miles above that river's influence into the San Juan. It derives its name, "Dirty Water," from the muddy color of its water which, at ordinary and low stages, bears a marked contrast with the more limpid stream of the Serapiqui, and can be distinctly traced in its course through it down to the San Juan, where it loses its individuality in the great volume of the latter. As we ascended it, its banks rose higher and higher above us, and drew nearer and nearer to each other. We are now in solitude with nature, and shall see none but those of our own party for the next two months. On each side of us the enormous trees stretch out their gigantic arms to greet each other, as it were, across the narrowing water, and we make our way through alcoves and under canopies of perennial verdure. From the loftiest branches hang garlands and festoons of leaves and flowers in endless variety of color and design. Perfumed orchids scent the air, flocks of gay parrots and glistening paroquets scream overhead as they pass by in rapid flight, and gaudy macaws, on slower wing, utter their hoarse protest against our intrusion, or hold noisy council in the neighboring woods. The silent crane, disturbed in his occupation as we turn the bends, rises heavily before us. Troops of monkeys jabber and yell from the limbs of the wild fig-tree, and mow at us from among the foliage like quickened gargoyles; while ever and anon the hasty tramp and snap of the unseen wild hog are heard in the thick underwood. But these are sights and sounds far to our rubber-cutters, and they have work to

do compared with which their previous toil has been but child's play. The river has become harder and harder to ascend, and progress is slow. The men are incessantly in and out of the canoes as it narrows and expands in width, now plying paddle and pole with the utmost strength against a rapid, now laboriously dragging their boats across shoals and sand-bars. Snags have to be cleared away, passages cut through prostrate trees, while falls and impracticable places must be surmounted by unloading and carrying both freight and canoes to favorable points above them. The *hulero's* occupation is no easy one, but this portion of it is by far the most laborious, toiling as he does all day in the heat of a burning sun, or in a deluge of rain, and seeking his rest at night on sand-banks or in the wet bush. When arrived at the ground he selects for his operations his work is still trying, and attended with exposure to sickness and accidents from falls and cuts. He roams great distances from camp in quest of the tree he is in search of, cutting his way through otherwise impenetrable thickets, in peril of the lurking snake at every step he takes. His greatest danger, indeed, is from these reptiles, whether he treads on *terra firma* or climbs aloft among the branches to tap the trees he finds. In some localities they actually swarm, and rubber-cutters will not infrequently kill in such places as many as fifty or sixty in a few minutes. Working, moreover, for weeks together in drenching rain and a hot-house atmosphere, these men have to contend against damp and malaria; and fever, ague, and diarrhoea are foes ever on the alert to attack them. After two days' struggle from dawn to night-fall the indications were favorable. Examination of the few rubber trees that appeared here and there near the banks now showed that they had never been tapped, proving that the ground we had arrived at had not been visited. It was, therefore, decided on the morning of our fifth day from Greytown to pitch camp, and preparations for a lengthened stay were at once commenced. The first thing to be done was the erection of temporary shanties. It is astonishing how rapidly these weather-proof dwellings are thrown up by men accustomed to pass much of their time in the bush. The forest and river-banks supply every requisite—bi-forked corner posts, poles for rafters and roof frame-work, palm and other leaves for thatch, tall strong canes for sides and ends, and the never-failing *bejuco* with which to lash and fasten all firmly together. This last most serviceable plant is a creeper found everywhere in the woods. It climbs the loftiest trees, and hangs pendant from the branches down to the ground in straight, unbroken, and leafless lengths of every thickness, from that of a boy's top-string to a cable's. On account of its strength and durability, *bejuco* is of the greatest use in that country to all whose occupation sends them into the bush. The mahogany, rubber, and dye-wood cutters, the sarsaparilla gatherers, and the settlers on the river-banks, all alike avail themselves of it. Tenements are built with it, fences tied, and parcels and packages of all sizes made up with it; it serves, in fact, every purpose of rope, cord and pack thread. In a few hours three shanties were thrown up, provided with cane-stretchers for beds. The boats were unloaded and hauled into secure positions. There is no trouble in crossing the now insignificant stream, yet, if a freshet occur, it may rise thirty feet in a single night and become a rushing torrent, sweeping away all before it. The remainder of the day was passed in well-earned indolent repose, and on the following morning the party commenced operations.

From this time to that of our return the daily routine was unchanged. The men were busily occupied in prospecting and working in the woods, always in company, two or three together, or in the manufacture of the rubber. They would carry home the juice from the trees near at hand to convert it in camp, while they operated upon that obtained at remote distances on the spot. The rubber, or caoutchouc, tree attains to a great size at full age, having a girth of from fifteen to even twenty feet. Its trunk is fluted, as it were, near the ground, throwing out supporting buttress-like flanges, which commence at a height of six or eight feet, gradually widen out toward their bases, and terminate in massive lateral roots, extending, only partially buried, for some distance on the surface. Virgin trees will yield from ten to twenty-five gallons of juice—according to size and time of tapping. Rubber-cutters are unanimous in the assertion that the tree bleeds better when the moon is rising to the full than when on the wane. The juice, which has the appearance of cream, and is called the "milk," or *leche* in Spanish, is obtained from the bark, which in full-grown trees is from three to four inches. They bleed the trunk, and main limbs which are thrown out at some height from the ground, the workman availing himself of the pendent *bejuco*, or making ladders with it to enable him to use his machete with the necessary skill. Formerly it was the practice to girdle the tree with a spiral, wedge-shaped channel, cut downward into and through the bark. But this method of girdling proved to be very destructive, generally killing the tree, and the less wasteful plan of cross-ribbing is now generally adopted, since the tree, under this system, in time recovers of its wounds, and will sustain a second, third, and even fourth bleeding, though yielding less and less juice on each occasion.

The "milk," following the course of the channel, is conducted by small tin spouts, driven into the tree near the ground, to the receiving vessels, into which it flows in a stream.

Rubber, as shipped from the Atlantic ports of Central America, is in three forms—the *torta* or cake, the *cucro* or hide, and the "pickings," the *torta* being largely in excess as to quantity. The two first classes are manufactured. The last requires no preparation other than washing and cleaning, being the rubber that forms naturally on the wounds of the trees by the slow exudation of the sap after the milk has been extracted, and which, as implied by the name, is picked off when sufficiently dry. Most of it is gathered by the workmen just before their final departure, and comes off in rough, ragged strips and broken lumps. The *torta* is manufactured by the aid of a ground creeper generally to be found in the neighborhood of the rubber tree. The tendrils and leaves of this plant, after being well bruised, are soaked in water for the necessary length of time. When the sub-acid extraction thus obtained is of the required strength, it is mixed in proper proportion with the rubber milk, which it turns into curds and whey. The curds are strained and rolled out into flat oval cakes, a quarter of an inch thick and about two pounds in weight each. These are

then hung out on *bejuco* lines under cover to dry, when they soon change from white to black by exposure to the air. It is considered that a gallon of milk yields two pounds of *hule*.

The above method is always employed, when practicable, on account of the quickness with which the milk can be turned into rubber. In localities, however, where the necessary vine cannot be found, the slower process of making *cucros* has to be resorted to. It is as follows: The milk is put into barrels, or any suitable vessel, and mixed with water in the proportion of one-third of the former to two of the latter. The mixture is well stirred up together and then allowed to rest. In twelve hours or so the servicable portion of the juice has risen to the surface in the form of a thick cream, much of its aqueous ingredient having been extracted. The water is now let off by a trap at the bottom of the vessel, the flow being stopped immediately upon the appearance of the milk. In the meantime, shallow rectangular pits, about three inches deep, have been formed in suitable spots, a sandy soil being always selected for their site if possible. Roofs of palm leaves are built over them as a protection against the frequent and heavy showers that fall on the Atlantic side of the Cordilleras, even during the dry season. Into these pits the rubber cream is poured and no further attention given to it, absorption and evaporation slowly converting it into slabs of caoutchouc about half an inch thick, which have obtained the name of *cucros*, and only require to be washed before being submitted to the hypercritical examination of the merchant who may become their purchaser.

After eight weeks' successful work our supply of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, and all ripe pickings having been gathered in, we left with loaded boats and a favorable height of water for Greytown, making the return trip in a day and a half. The whole distance we had gone did not exceed a hundred miles. On arrival at port, our *huleros* at once dispose of their rubber, pay their debts, and proceed to enjoy themselves, as long as the balance of their cash lasts, in the customary recreations of gambling and imbibition; which duties to themselves and the commercial interests of the town having been faithfully discharged, they will again betake themselves to the woods, *para ganar plata*, to enable them to repeat their display of the warm interest they take in the promotion of other people's wealth.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879. ROBT. D. MILNE.

The New York *Weekly Dispatch* presents the following information concerning a literary character of whom little is known further than his name—which is commonly mispronounced—and his resemblance to "Eli Perkins" in the matter of veracity: "Baron Hieronymus Karl Friedrich von Munchausen was a German soldier, born at Bodenwerder, Hanover, in 1720. He passed his youth as a cavalry officer in the Russian Army, and spent his latter days in Hanover. He delighted in narrating the most wonderful stories of his adventures in the campaign against the Turks in 1737-39, and thereby gained the reputation of being one of the greatest liars who ever lived. The stories were repeated from one end of the country to the other, and created great universal merriment. They are said to have been first compiled by Rudolph Eric Raspe, a man of letters, who, being compelled to flee from Cassel to England on account of a charge of embezzlement, was engaged in London in literary pursuits, and is generally believed to have published anonymously an English edition of the stories under the title of 'Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia' (London, 1785.) Many of the wondrous stories are traced to other stories." Munchausen died in Hanover in 1797.

Each finger has its distinctive and its individual habits. The third finger, which has less independent motion than either of the others, has the compensating honor of being the ring finger; and Dr. Humphrey believes it owes its honor to its deficiency, and not, as tradition tells, to the belief of the ancients, that it is connected by some particular nerve with the heart, so more readily to convey or receive sympathetic impressions. "It can not," he says, "be bent or straightened much without being accompanied by one or both of those next to it. This is partly because its exterior tendon is connected by means of a band of fibres with the tendon on either side of it. You may discern these connecting bands working up and down under the skin on the back of the hand when you move the fingers to and fro. The ring finger is therefore always more or less protected by the other fingers; and it owes to this circumstance a comparative immunity from injury, as well, probably, as the privilege of being selected especially to bear the ring in matrimony. The left hand is chosen for a similar reason, a ring placed upon it being less likely to be damaged than it would be upon the right hand."

A newspaper correspondent tells of a Boston school-girl of thirteen years of age, who, with her strap of school-books on her arm, sat reading in the horse-car a book called the *Demon's Bride, or Wedded to Her Doom*. It had this touching motto: "Hast thou suffered? If not, this book is not for thee."

Miss Helen is just six years old. Her uncle bought her some New Year's presents.

"Embrace me, at least," he said.

The child kissed him and then said: "Gracious, how I spoil you!"

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, March 9, 1879.

Soup.—Giblet, with Leeks.
Smelts a l'Espagnole (see No. 5, Vol. I).
Fried New Potatoes.
Lamb Chops, Force of Tomatoes.
Fried Parsnip Cakes.
Roast Turkey, Currant Jelly.
Cabbage Salad.
Ital an Cream.
Wine Jelly.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Pears, Bananas, and Oranges in sections.
To MAKE GIBLET SOUP WITH LEEKS.—Parboil two giblets either of turkey or goose. Save the livers for further use. Wipe, pare, and divide them into small pieces; put them into a stewpan with three ounces of butter; fry long enough to evaporate the moisture; drain off the butter, add two pints of beef stock (clear), and one pint of water, a small head of celery, bunch of parsley, and the whites of six large leeks. Boil until well cooked, remove the leeks, strain the soup, cut the leeks into inch lengths, return to the soup. Parboil the livers, cut into slices, and add to the soup when serving.

INTAGLIOS.

Good-Bye, Sweetheart.

Good-bye, sweetheart! Nay, stand there still!
Let these last moments have their fill
Of tender looks, so dainty sweet
Pale snow and pearly rose-tints meet
On this dear face; so softly lies
My last kiss, fragrant, blossom-wise
Across the lips that still would sigh
'Neath kiss and flower: Sweetheart, good-bye!

Good-bye, sweetheart! Your cheek is pale;
Hush, listen forth! The nightingale
His song the salt of Love's salt tears
Kept through the world's long lapse of years—
Weeps mutely into perfect flower
The rose that drooped in yonder bower.
An hour to love—an hour to die;
O Rose of my heart's young dreams, good-bye!

O fitful heart, that used to be
Tender with Love's young truth to me!
Dear heart, sweet heart, that all day long
Once matched the sparrows' spring-time song,
Now waxing, waning, sigh by sigh,
Pass on, poor heart; proud heart, good-bye!

Not yet? not go? Oh, false, good-bye!
Oh, sweet-shamed lips—oh, dear blue eyes!
Look up, lean on me; faring so,
Forth to the world, sweetheart, I'll go,
By primrose paths that upward lie
Till death shall cross life's latest sigh.
Breathing with blessing farewell low—
Good-bye—good-bye!

—Springfield Republican.

My Heart, I Can Not Still It.

My heart, I can not still it,
Is a nest with song-birds in it;
And when the last shall go,
The dreary days, to fill it,
Instead of lark or linnet
Will bring dead leaves and snow.

And were they sparrows only,
Without the passion stronger
Of joy that soars and sings,
Woe's me, I shall be lonely
When I can feel no longer
The impatience of their wings.

ANONYMOUS.

Mnemosyne.

Time, near 2:30; scene, the parlor car
That brought us here. "I was at the Hartford station
We noted first a bright, particular star,
"A dame, whose bearing, staid our admiration.
"Perchance," we thought, "she comes from parts afar
To view the sacred places of our nation.
Perchance, like some Elektra or Antigone,
Has wept above the urn of Mrs. Sigourney."
Even thus we thought, so classical her mien,
And worn with such a Grecian grace her raiment.
She took her seat beside a queen,
Began to chat as if she there to stay meant—
Soon gave her card, the which when I had seen
I judged my wife and said: "Our friendship's claimant,
It seems, the morganatic wife of Zeus is—
Mnemosyne, the mother of the muses!"
Then spoke aloud: "What errand to our land
Has brought you, madame, over Neptune's waters?"
"A quest," she said, "you scarcely understand,
Recalling the sad story of my daughters,
Torn from their ancient shrines, a hapless band,
And scattered far in search of other quarters;
Poor things! since then, in many realms and ages,
I've sought them with a grief that naught assuages!"
E. C. STEEDMAN.

Forget-me-not.

The East Wind sprang into a lovely place,
And cried: "I'll slay the flowers and leave no trace
Of all their blooming in this happy spot!"
And, as before his breath the sweet flowers died,
One little bright-eyed blossom moaned and cried:
"O woods! I forget me not! I forget me not!"

"O woods of waving trees! O living streams!
In all your noon-tide joys and starry dreams,
Let me, for love, let me be unforgotten;
O birds that sing your carols while I die,
O list to me! O hear my piteous cry—
Forget me not! alas! I forget me not."

And the gods heard her plaint and swept away
The bitter, fanned, strong East Wind from his prey,
And smiled upon the flower and changed her lot.
So now that, as we mark her azure leaf,
We think of life and love and parting grief,
And sigh forget me not! forget me not!
DR. JOYCE.

Mortality.

How do the roses die?
Do their leaves fall together,
Thrown down and scattered by the sky
Of angry weather?
No, the sad thunder-stroke
O'erwhelms their lowly bower;
The storm that tramples on the oak
Relents above the flower.

No violence makes them grieve,
No wrath hath done them wrong,
When with sad secrecy they leave
The branch to which they clung.
They yield them, one by one,
To the light breeze and shower,
To the soft dew, cool shade, bright sun,
Time, and the hour.
J. S. D.

At the Convent Gate.

Wisteria blossoms trail and fall
Above the length of barrier wall;
And softly, now and then,
The shy, staid-breasted doves will flit
From roof to gateway-top, and sit
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!
And note how dimly to and fro
The grave, grey-hooded Sisters go,
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;
And yonder one apart that reads
A tiny missal's page;
And see, beside the well, the two
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful—not all! But each
With that mild grace, outlying speech,
Which comes of even blood:
The veil unseen that women wear
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care,
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life—a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of Wife?
What gentler task," I said,
What worthier—e'en your arts among—
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread?"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes she,
Who, closely clinging, leans with me
To face the road again;
And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves, for she prefers
To "watch the ways of men."
ACSTIN DOBSON.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Rose Terry Cooke, in her childhood, used to have
to commit to memory every day a column of *Walker's
Dictionary*.

It is a very kindly and proper thing when a man
asks, "Will you give me your hand?" to reply,
"With all my heart, sir."

Pocahontas is to have a monument. Up to the
present time there has not been so much as a tablet
by the tomb at Gravesend, where she lies.

A gushy correspondent (Washington, of course)
describes Gail Hamilton as "an unassuming, rosy,
girlish, witty, wise, gentle, and friendly lady."

Mrs. John J. Astor has, at her own expense, during
the past ten years, secured homes and the means
of a good livelihood for some 450 homeless children,
at a cost of about \$67,000.

The Countess de Trobriand, who is an American,
is also very patriotic. At her recent reception in
Paris she furnished her refreshment table exclusively
with American viands, and made her guests all sick.

Miss Juliet Carson, the other day, conveyed
through Fulton Market, New York, a bevy of young
women, and among the meat and fish stands gave
them a practical lesson in the art of buying household
supplies.

Rebecca at the well wore a nose-ring—not ear-
rings. "I put the ring upon her nose and bracelets
upon her hands," the Hebrew reads, though the
Septuagint and the Vulgate have an incorrect render-
ing, which is followed by the Authorized Version.

A new economy in fashionable female society is
knitting—not woolen socks and mittens; but silk
stockings, in all the new, delicate, and ravishing
shades. One spool of the silk costs two dollars and
fifty cents. It takes four or five spools to knit a pair
of stockings.

A Washington correspondent, whose coat-of-arms
is a cherry tree and a little hatchet, writes that a
woman in that city is so proud, and elevates her nose
to such an altitude when passing a treasury girl, that
she frequently has the skin scraped off that organ by
coming in contact with the telegraph wire.

A woman lecturer advertises herself in Providence
as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown
of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed
work of genius—the work of making the whole world
kin. She brings with her the electricity of the North,
the brilliancy of the aurora borealis, and all who meet
her are magnetized."

An unknown, but evidently married, paragrapher
says when a woman combs her back hair into two
ropes, holds one in her mouth until she winds the
other upon her tuck comb, and then finds that she
has lost her last hair pin, she feels that the sex needs
two mouths—one to hold the hair in and the other to
make remarks with.

A writer in the *Woman's Journal* complains of
meeting in Boston young ladies reduced to the ap-
pearance of idiocy by a peculiar method of combing
the hair down over the forehead, familiarly known as
"banging," and asks: "Is it a protest against being
considered strong-minded that the young women thus
assume what is evidently copied from the lunatic asy-
lums?"

A young negro woman in New Orleans has phre-
nomenally big and ill-shaped feet. She was induced
by a photographer to sit for a portrait, and, after sev-
eral trials, he gave her a picture that she carried away
with delight. A few days later she ascertained his
real motive, for she saw a life-sized view of her feet
displayed for sale in the stores. She has instituted a
suit for damages.

According to a London journal, at least one of the
tastes of the ladies of ancient Rome would appear to
be shared by some of the ladies at Aldershot, and
they gratify it by visiting the gymnasium there during
the morning hours of work, scrutinizing the athletic
deeds of officers and soldiers with a keenness not at
all abated by the fact that the dress, etc., of these
men are not intended for woman's eyes. Have the
curious virgins and critical matrons who attend the
exhibitions of our Olympic Club ever been pained to
observe a similar indecency in one another?

The beauty of the evening at a large ball recently
given by Queco Margaret of Italy was pronounced to
be the Marquise Villeneuve, who, although over 40,
and a grandmother, attracted universal admiration.
Queen Margaret, dressed in a white gown with a
cherry sash, danced, among others, with that high
official, Signor Minghetti, who, not being versed in
the accomplishment, made so many mistakes and
caused so much amusement, that the quadrille could
not be danced out, and terminated rather abruptly.
King Humbert coughed often, did not dance, and
retired early.

A gentleman met an old woman to whom he was
in the habit of giving alms, and finding her in dis-
tress, asked her what was the matter. "What's the
matter, your honor? I'm a ruined woman, that's
what's the matter. My little grandchild, Jimmy,
the baby was blind and had the sweet face, and that
I've begged with on my arms so long, and never saw
the day he wasn't worth three francs, is"—and great
sobs choked her utterance. "Is dead?" said the
gentleman, kindly. "Dead! Divil the luck. His
eyes is cured, and for business purposes he's ruined
entirely. Och, wirasthu—ventrebille!"

A widow in Brussels, having lost one of her eyes
through an accident, caused it to be replaced by an
artificial eye of glass. There would, of course, have
been nothing remarkable in this if the new eye had
been glass and nothing more. But the lady was not
content with an ordinary feature, and "out of a spirit
of coquetry, and with a view of giving greater bril-
liancy to the eyeball," she had it set in diamonds at a
considerable cost. The fame of the precious eye not
only spread throughout Brussels, but even attracted
to the widow's side a skillful adventurer from Paris,
who finally stole it out of its socket when it and its
mate were asleep.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARY BELAN-

GER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARY BELANGER, defendant:You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce
dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is specially made, and for general relief.And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.

JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 606 Clay Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LI-

CENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN
LINUS, defendant.You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days—
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defend-
ant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1858, be reformed and
amended in the description of certain real property par-
ticularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which ref-
erence is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of
the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d
day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN,

defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
John Wooten, defendant:You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out
of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and
alimony; also for general relief.And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 7th day of February, 1879, an assessment (No.
17) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the twelfth day of March, 1879, will be de-
ficient, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY,
the first day of April, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan
Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

SAVAGE MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining Dis-
trict, Storey County, Nevada.Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Trustees, held on the seventh day of February, 1879, an
assessment (No. 37) of one dollar per share, was levied
on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately
in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 15, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgom-
ery Street, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the seventh (7th) day of March, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on MONDAY, the thirty-
first day of March, 1879, to pay the delinquent assess-
ment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of
sale.Office, Room 15, Nevada Block, Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 7, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—The "Passion Play" was produced after all, and has been the general theme of conversation ever since in club, drawing-room, reading-room, and street. The newspapers alone, strangely enough, have kept out of the discussion. Why? I can not say. Perhaps to discourage its continuance by refraining from a notice, which would be an advertisement. Perhaps because they see nothing wrong in the production, but hesitate to say so while the present state of feeling exists.

You will be surprised to know that Mr. Salmi Morse has advocates even among Christian, God-fearing people, and that none of these uphold him more warmly than those who object to the theatrical pomp and display of the Roman Catholic Church. They advance arguments innumerable, as it is always possible to do in religious discussion; but it may be they are animated rather by a desire to be eccentric, and to appear to have overcome the prejudices of their early training, than by a genuine approval. At all events, they have not sustained their opinions by patronizing Mr. Salmi Morse's experiment. That gentleman himself is not a Christian, and seven-eighths of the first audience were of his own faith. To those with whom the divinity of Christ is but a myth the "Passion Play" is a series of beautiful tableaux and inspiring music; and yet, from association with Christians, and familiarity with their traditions, even those of the other faith seemed to feel that the veil had been lifted from our Holy of Holies with a ruthless hand.

To do justice to Mr. Salmi Morse, he is an admirable stage manager. The costumes, the chorus, the tableaux, the music, were arranged with a taste which is beyond cavil. As for the text, it was, wherever it departed from the language of the Bible, a lot of meaningless polysyllabic drivel. It can not, therefore, be the pride of authorship which led the gentleman to the stage. Neither, since he is of an alien faith, can it be a devout spirit which lures him to the footlights. It is simply that he has chosen to make a paying spectacle of the holiest traditions of Christianity by making them the vulgar sensation of an hour. It is not a noble motive. The play begins with the Presentation in the Temple. There is a very artistic commingling of colors, a burst of glorious harmony, and nothing absolutely sacrilegious excepting that a very unpleasant-looking infant in Miss Wilke's arms is hailed as the Son of God. This is followed by the Massacre of the Innocents—a striking tableau. Then comes the death of "John the Baptist." Mr. Piercy, as "Herod," has a lot of stuff to speak which is tedious excessively, and amounts to nothing. His sanguinary wife, in the person of Miss Kate Denin, is arrayed with oriental magnificence, and is a beautiful sight to look upon; but the dramatic honors, if there be any, are carried off by Miss Olive West, a *débutante* of no personal charm save a graceful carriage, but of exceptional promise.

Thus far there is nothing really shocking, but what follows should not be allowed—the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, the Crowning of Thorns. Out of deference to the storm of protest which had been raised they did omit the last awful scene; but it could not have been worse than what was presented. Whatever delight the cold artistic eye may have taken in the picture of the Last Supper, the most callous could not fail to be shocked at the literal rendering. It was blasphemous, desecrating, unholy. It was said of James O'Neill that he manifested an extraordinary reluctance to appear in the "Passion Play." Paradoxically, it may be said that he gave to the task all due reverence, but he has yet something to be ashamed of all the rest of his life. In fact, it is not necessary to take high religious ground to condemn the spectacle. Upon the simple doctrine of good will why should a presentation be commended which flaunts its indelicacy to the deeper feelings and holier prejudices of nine-tenths of the community? Salmi Morse & Co. have had but an equivocal success.

At the California, although the elements have waged successful war, there has been a good play to see, and fairly well played. *Mother and Son* had not the mosaic finish nor the deep interest of *Diplomacy*; but then one man does not often write two plays like that. To say truth, *Mother and Son* really drags through the first two acts, which might easily be combined; but in the third the interest becomes vivid and is sustained to the last. It deals with the heroic self-sacrifice of a son for his mother's sake—a favorite theme with the French. There is a very pretty set of complications built about a very awkward dilemma, with an untangling at the close which is more satisfactory than one could anticipate. The new people are all good stock people, and, as such, more satisfactory than a star with a bunch of sticks. George Clarke, the leading man, is of the accepted New York cut. You know how much alike the New York men all are, Madge. I can't see, for the life of me, how the girls in that city ever have any special bias for their inclination. He has a good round voice, I should think, under favorable circumstances; but the entire company were obliged to interpolate various solos, duos, and trios of coughing, so that it would hardly be fair to judge of them. At all events, he has a pleasant accent, which is something pleasant to bear.

Of the observation of many models, and of the mannerisms sometimes with good effect,

sometimes bad. He is never hearty, spontaneous, or real, yet, withal, he is not unpleasant—is even agreeable in lighter comedy, but is hardly up to melodrama. There is but one other gentleman in the combination—a Mr. Bradshaw—who has a marvelous French accent and a hard humor.

I am in doubt as to which of the ladies is leading lady, but I take it to be Miss Rose Osborne. She has neither much beauty nor force to recommend her, but I fancied her exceedingly. She has neither millinery nor jewels as accessories to her appearance, for she plays but an humble part—that of a dressmaker. But she has a native refinement of manner and a quiet intensity which fit admirably to the part, and to me she is very interesting.

Miss Lillian Cleaves Clarke, though pretty and well dressed, is less so. She has a handsome, serious face, and a deep, sweet, untrained voice. She has but one scene—as indeed every one has, for the plan of the drama seems to have been laid out with that intention—and although she plays it well enough to give pleasure, betrays inexperience with every demand upon her. Nevertheless, with no claims to greatness, the new people shone with a brilliant effulgence beside the members of the old company, although Miss Prescott, in a red coiffure and a new mauve dress, looked as handsome as a picture, which circumstance condoned much of her loose-edged acting. I recommend her to try *Taxi! Aze and Crown* some day, when she shall have toned down her style, and learned the beauties of delicate finish. She looked the impetuous young Elizabeth to the life.

Miss Long appeared in a most extraordinary combination of blue, purple, and orange, also in her favorite manner, which I first observed in *Kit*—a combination of dignity and "bossiness," which, in such a tiny speck of a creature, is vastly amusing. Both Miss Long and Mr. Welles roared out their "asides" until the ratters rang again. It is a peculiarity with them.

Miss Morant returns to us with all her duchess manner, her elegant appearance, her superb English, and not one whit of added softness. There are parts of *Mother and Son* which might have been written for her, so admirably does she fill them, but when she suffers—on the stage—she suffers in so adamantine a way that visions of granite, Fear stone, nether millstones, and all sorts of such things, dance into one's brain.

Miss Marie Wilkins, the amiable old "Mother Frochard" of the *Two Orphans*, has the part of one of those broad old French women, figuratively and literally speaking—broad enough to delight the gallery, and to not altogether displease the circle. She is inimitable in the part, though it is not a pretty one. Why, oh why, Madge, are there so many sticks, when it takes such a very little thing, well done, to delight a crowd. For five minutes of lively play of features she really carried off the honors of the evening.

Mr. Russell Bassett once more narrowly escaped doing something well. He has cried "wolf" so often that we expect nothing any more, and are never disappointed. I heard Karl Formes sing one night when he was in particularly bad voice, and I never suffered so much for so little cause in my life. He had all the ways of a man who expected such a volume of voice to roll out from that great chest as would shake the building itself, but when it came it was broken and uncertain, and all the assuredness of his old-time manner could not carry it off well. Mr. Bassett affects me in the same way. He has a genius for making himself up. He looked as French as a Frenchman the other night, and his entrance promised everything until he spoke, when the fatal commonplace drawl ruined everything, as usual; that is to say, everything in his own special part. It would really take more than Mr. Bassett at his worst to ruin *Mother and Son*, with its endless list of characters and its most interesting chain of incidents.

There is no news at the other houses, excepting a change of bill at the Bush Street Theatre, where Nat Goodwin will play yet another week. Yours ever, BETSY B.

Obscure Intimations.

SINGLE-LINE.—You say you are "a good gospel-gobbler"; all the same, something has gone wrong with your digestive and assimilative organs. Wherefore you are a spiritual dyspeptic. Avant!

DENMAN THOMPSON.—You need not send us newspapers with marked articles relating your successes. We care nothing for you and your successes.

A SACRAMENTO SUBSCRIBER.—Your error seems to have been natural, and our remarks were more for others than for you. On reflection, you will perceive how necessary it is that an editor should know who his correspondent or contributor is—a point on which we tire of insisting.

A FRIEND OF THE MANY.—Who are you?

BOTHWELL & HINTON, New York.—Please send copy of your publication containing puff of ours. Now there!

HOWARD'S.—We shall be pleased to consider it if not too long. But it would have a better chance of acceptance if you would first get it rejected by the *Call*. One can't lose in coppering Mr. Pickering's literary judgment.

AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERDER.—The *ensor literarum* from whose decision there is no appeal, save to the poniard or the potion, has sat down upon you.

O. G., Mariaburg.—Your *nom de plume* distresses us. It lacks dignity—the strong point of this journal.

M. A.—Don't be alarmed; they have not come within a mile of you.

Macmillan & Co. have published a volume of translations from Heine. There is quite a Heine craze just now in England and America; people read him and are delighted who don't know how to pronounce his name. Many think he is writing for the New York *Tribune*.

Eastlake, who has given his name to furniture, is a contributor to *Scribner's* for March. He discusses taste in manners and art. Bric-à-brac bunters will hold their breath until they learn what so great a man has to say.

He who buys what he does not need may soon need what he can not buy.

POUR LES DAMES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Slowly, but surely, the beautiful spring is dawning upon us, and Fashion, who, in these transition months, is as coy as the sunshine itself, is beginning to smile on her votaries with hints and half-promises of charming novelties. Let us begin this week with a look at the latest caprices in the way of festive entertainments. "Ladies' Lunches" are by no means new institutions, but considerable novelty may be gained by varying the dishes offered according to the season. For these reunions invitations are issued a week in advance, and the dress to be worn is as elegant a street toilet as one can afford. In fact, at all these so-called informal gatherings the motto seems to be, after the advice of the sage old Polonius, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." The *menu* may also be as elaborate as the hostess sees fit—game, oysters, terrapin, cake, and sweetmeats, together with tea, coffee, and chocolate, forming the staples, varied, as I have suggested, by some special delicacy on each occasion. There is a new way of serving oysters; namely, in "oyster blocks," which consist of, first, a tin box, into which is set a block of perfectly clear ice, and around whose edges are twined the prettiest and most graceful seaweeds that can be obtained. The raw oysters are laid on this ice block, and so served up. "Little Neck" clams can be served in the same manner; also the small crabs that are frequently served up with oysters. Russian tea is an innovation that meets with considerable favor, but it would hardly seem to be suited to any but well-seasoned heads, as it must be made exceedingly strong and largely diluted with—rum. Frozen fruits, like oranges or pineapples, are always seasonable and delicious.

"Dove parties" differ but little from the lunches just described, except that there is a stringent rule excluding all demoiselles under fifteen. The limit at the other extreme has not yet been decided upon, so it is safe to assume that the "doves" may attain to unlimited longevity without prejudice to their claims. These parties are held in the afternoon, and the provender consists of everything dainty and toothsome. Candy is a special item, and the brain of the confectioner is taxed to the utmost to furnish novelties in this line. The last new fancy evolved is chocolate *nougat*.

Game of all kinds is sought after for these "feeds," particularly the smaller birds, reed birds and quails in their proper seasons, and even blackbirds, while squabs may be considered one of the standard dishes. It may not be amiss to add that the elegant *menu* cards laid at each plate are at these, as well as all other entertainments, intended to be carried home by the guests, as souvenirs of the occasion; many hostesses being nowadays sufficiently artistic to paint these for themselves, they are still more desirable as keepsakes on that account. The day hours, which have been so long set apart as sacred to work, are beginning to take a considerable share in the pleasures hitherto relegated to the evening time. This is an excellent thing in many ways, and could be made still better if the lunches and "dove parties" would open their doors to their gentlemen friends, offering them inducements in the way of "no full dress allowed," and limiting the requirements of politeness to an hour's stay. I am inclined to think they would be found to be much more agreeable, and, at the same time, encourage a salutary change in our driving, bustling, American business life.

Afternoon weddings, too, are decidedly popular just now, since Lord Carrington set the fashion in aristocratic London circles. And *à propos* of weddings, no one who aspires to be thought entirely fashionable will enter on a bridal tour under two weeks after marriage, and then everything must be done in the quietest manner possible. From which, you see, the world positively moves, and in the right direction. Perhaps, dear ARGONAUT, before you and I are gray we may see the good sense and delicacy of elegant society altogether abolish the vulgar display of the wedding trip, and its kindred abomination, the "bridal chamber."

I have alluded to the costume admissible on these occasions, and though the Lenten season with its austerities is supposed to be engaging our whole attention just now, there will still be those among us who will be interested to know of even such carnal things as new bonnets and other furbelows. In the former it is said that the Clarissa Harlowe shape, a large bonnet with the brim flaring above the forehead and tied down closely at the side, is to be one of the most taking novelties of the spring season. Chips and other straws will be largely imported, with close fronts, soft crowns of velvet or satin, and trimmed in the Alsatian style, with a large bow on the top. Three-cornered handkerchiefs of white satin, embroidered in colors, and edged with Breton lace, are to be used as crowns of chip bonnets. Wine colored chip is a novelty, intended to be made up in the solid color, or alternating with braids of white or black, and wine color and cream will be a very popular combination in satin ribbons. Flaring brims, so becoming to slender, oval faces, are made exceedingly quaint in character by a simple shirring of silk or satin by way of a face trimming—wreaths of reeds or grasses in the new reed green, and satin ribbon, the latter passing over the crown in a flat band and tying under the chin, being the most fashionable outside finish. Satsuma, the new shade of cream, is often combined with this green in the reversible ribbons. India muslin and Breton lace are still another combination for the trimming of white chips. Round hats are very handsome, made of white China crape, with very broad brims, which are turned up directly over the forehead, and filled in with crushed roses or a combination of two kinds of flowers. White ostrich plumes constitute the outside garniture. Leghorns call for large square satin bows and field flowers. Persian damask ribbons will be used to decorate the compact gray chips, and black chips for city wear will be in the shape known last year as the Equestrienne. Flowers will be profuse, wreaths and field flowers, and more notably bunches of long-stemmed roses, being the prospective favorites. LILLIAS DUBOIS.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT:—I am moved to address you another note. In to-day's issue of the ARGONAUT I read, in reference to the *Passion Play*: "Jesus of Nazareth, James O'Neill." This representation affronts my taste and shocks my feelings. Of course you understand: my pride protests against the part of a Jew being performed by an Irishman. I am, etc., A JEW.

CHIPS FROM OTHER BLOCKHEADS.

"That's a nice new suit you have on; what did you have to pay for it?" "Sixty dollars—and costs."

If an actor is desirous of appearing in "several pieces" in one evening, let him smoke a cigar in a powder mill.

The Indians used to "bury" their dead in the tops of high trees. This was considered an awful joke on the Ohio medical student, burrowing around in the ground beneath.

A Frenchman was just married and was about engaging a valet. After some other questions, he asked the man who had presented himself: "Are you married?" "No, sir; but I understand. Monsieur need not be alarmed. I will treat Madame as if she were my own daughter."

It is the fulfilled prerogative of every man to make a fool of himself. What causes no end of trouble in the world is the perversity of our fellow-mortals in preferring to make fools of themselves after their own methods to accepting our own peculiar and darling mode of doing the same.

A gentleman, who has just had a family tomb constructed, takes his wife to the cemetery, and she recoils with horror on beholding cut in the stone: "To the memory of my Beloved Wife." "But I am not dead?" she cries. "I know it, darling, but I wished to please you by showing you what my affection would lead me to say when you did die."

"How do you like your hats?" said one young man to another while dining in a restaurant. "Well," he replied, "I like them bell-crowned, with a rolled brim and broad band. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I wanted to know how you liked them; if you prefer your hat well doled, all right; but if you wish it rare, you had better take it off that red-hot stove!"

"Sambo, human natur am de same all froo. Dar's mean wharfo jiss' de same as dar's mean niggers!" "Wharfo, Clem?" "Well, take dat are fish dat gulf Jonah! Dar was 'freshments' nuff in dat old man ter make a 'spectable' lunch for several wales, but dat old hog-fish preferred ter cram hisself an' git his stummock out of jint, rudder'n ax in his frien's an' divide."

"Is the doctor in?" asks an anxious-looking young man, as he pushed half way up the stairs leading to the doctor's office. "No, I guess not," replied the person addressed, "but you can leave an order on the slate." "Well, I guess I could hardly have time to wait." "Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second-story window."

Joseph's master, while dining in the morning, let fall a piece of money which rolled and hid itself under a sofa. At the call of his master Joseph ran to him. "Joseph," he said, "I let a ten-dollar piece fall." "Joseph knelt down and found the piece which had fallen. He grew pale when he saw it. He handed it to his master, and said tremblingly: 'I swear that it isn't my fault.' "What?" "I have found but half of it." It was a five-dollar piece which had dropped.

Miss B. is a pretty brunette; she is very elegant and fragile, but alas! one misfortune to trouble her. She is a Spaniard by birth, and her voice has the masculine tone so peculiar to the beauties of Spain. It was one day, and she was walking along the street just behind a marvel of grandeur in military uniform; a blind beggar stepped across and intercepted their progress, asking for alms. She withdrew her elegantly-gloved hand from her muff, opened her purse, and slipped some coppers into the vagrant's outstretched palm, accompanying the gift with a few suitable words of kindness, spoken as softly and amiably as possible. The blind man felt, listened, and replied in a voice choked with emotion, "Thank you, Colonel!"

A lady of St. Louis indulges in this reminiscence: "I was at Saratoga eight or nine years ago and attended an entertainment in the ball-room of the United States Hotel. At the close an old French gentleman arose and begged the audience to listen to his daughter sing. Among the few who attended to the request, this lady saw two rather shabby figures advance behind the old gentleman; they were his daughters, and one was the Albani of to-day, who was then listened to merely as a matter of courtesy, as there was nothing at all in her voice then to foreshadow the great fame she now enjoys. The father would, however, persist that his daughter could sing; and when others turned away in disbelief he held steadfastly to his faith, and she, in spite of slights and difficulties, persisted.

A Paris paper relates the following: The Vicomte de X—has been married for a year to a most charming person. The Vicomte has a great name but no fortune. He is a gambler, but a gambler of sense. To him gambling is a profession; he never loses and he makes a great deal of money by it. In fact, he makes at the tables all the money he does make. To carry on his business it is necessary that he pass every night at the club, and so when he married a young wife he found himself in a rather difficult position. But he hit upon a brilliant idea. Every night at one o'clock he went to his room, and he put in his bed a dummy figure. It was a well-arranged dummy, and when he had turned the face to the wall nobody would suspect it. This precaution taken, the Vicomte went every night happy and with clear conscience to his duty. One night the Vicomte had a horrible dream. She dreamt that '93 had returned; again they were filling the prisons with the nobility; she heard the shouts of the angry crowd; she saw the carts with their living loads on their way to the guillotine. To her terror, her husband was in one of them; his hands were tied behind his back; they were going to chop off his head. He reached the square. He mounted the fatal steps. His head fell. The Vicomte awoke with a scream. She was all in a tremble. She ran to the room of her husband. Ah! there he was of course, soundly asleep. Her alarm was childish, but she would embrace him. She leaned over and caught him up to her arms. His head rolled to the floor. She fell forward in a dead faint. And so the Vicomte found her when he returned at six in the morning. Unfortunately, she is still ill, and it will be a long while before she recovers.

A German physician has started a new theory with regard to food. He contends that both the vegetarians and the meat-eaters are on the wrong tack. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat or meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both. Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess, he says, are destroyed in a measure and often entirely by the process of cooking. All food should be eaten raw. If this practice were adopted there would be little or no illness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age. Let those affected with gout, rheumatism, and indigestion try for a time the effect of a simple uncooked diet, such as oysters and fruit, for instance, and they will find all medicines unnecessary and such rapid improvement of their health that they will forswear all cooked articles of food at once and forever. Intemperance would also, it is urged, no longer be the curse of civilized communities. The yearning for drink is caused by the unnatural abstraction from what are termed "solids" of the aqueous element they contain—uncooked beef, for example, containing from seventy to eighty per cent., and some vegetables even a larger proportion of water. There would be less thirst, and consequently less desire to drink, if our food were consumed in its natural state without first being subjected to the action of fire. Clothing, our adviser also thinks, is a mistake, but he admits that the world is not yet far enough advanced in civilization to go about undressed. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to this anti-cooking theory, there can not be a doubt that in getting rid of the kitchen with all its abuses—including the cook—housekeepers would be spared a vast amount of worry, and probably on this account alone would live to a greater age than at present.

The train is halted alongside of a cattle train, while the other cattle, those in the passenger car, go up town and get dinner. After dinner the passengers solemnly contemplate the cattle, packed in at the rate of about three or four to the square inch. "How on earth," asks a very pretty young lady; "how on earth do they pack them in so close?" "Why," asks a mild-looking young man, with tender blonde whiskers and wistful blue eyes; he is an escaped divinity student, just going out to take charge of a church; "why," he says, "did you never see them load cattle into a car?" "No," said the pretty girl, with a quick look of interest. "I never did; how do they do it?" "Why," the divinity student remarked, slowly and very earnestly, "they drive them all in except one, a big fellow, with thin shoulders and broad quarters; they save him for a wedge and drive him in with a hammer." Somehow or other it didn't look hardly fair; nobody protested against its admission, however, so it went on record; but the conversation went into utter bankruptcy right there, and the theological-looking young man was the only person in the car who looked supremely satisfied with himself.

There is a religious newspaper in New York which has beaten the crowd in the way of business, for it offers to every new subscriber a genuine seven-shooter revolver. It seems to have some sort of notion that seven-shooters are not precisely the instruments which an organ of christianity should be engaged in distributing; it admits that its offer is extraordinary, but does not think its proposition inconsistent with the spirit of its columns "in these days of tramps and burglars." Perhaps not; indeed it would not be surprising if tramps and burglars should be found availing themselves of this excellent opportunity of getting seven-voiced barkers cheap. Who knows but they may also be led in this way to read a serious journal? And who can say what will come of it if they do? The journal will at least serve to supply them with wads for the revolvers.

The Boston Journal asserts that an industrious reporter present at the dinner of the Papyrus Club, in that city, inspired by the spirit of the occasion, was writing a portion of his report when he was astonished to find that in order to make his manuscript complete it would be necessary to carry of a portion of the table-cloth.

Dogs chased a deer into the town of Beebe, Arkansas, and in the excitement of the moment three ministers who were passing along the street pulled out seven-shooters and began firing at it. After the deer was down a fourth man cut its throat with a bowie-knife, which he pulled from his boot; but he was only a deacon.

A valuable dog has come to its death, it is said, in Boston, by acting as newspaper carrier for its master. It took his newspaper home to him daily and the fresh printer's ink is thought to have poisoned the animal. It is hard to see what there is in printing-ink to kill anybody—except bad politicians.

There is general complaint about the Associated Press that it fails, when reporting a railroad accident, to tell whether the train boys who yell out every five seconds "fresh pea nuts," were killed or not.

Mr. Dane, of Indianapolis, preserved for many years the pen with which his grandfather wrote a sermon on commercial honesty, and now his son has used the same pen in forging a check.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The artists who can neither truly draw nor correctly color, but who can sneer with tolerable facility at photography as having "nothing to do with art," should visit the Yosemite Gallery, 25 Montgomery Street, and learn (in order to the more vehemently reiterate their parroting opinion) that the sun can do almost as good work as they. The man who feels most keenly the truth he denies has a distinct advantage; it makes him louder and more impetuous. Mr. Boyd, the proprietor of the gallery mentioned, is an Artist—mark that.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Wanted, a copy of the ARGONAUT of November 3, 1877 (Vol. 1, No. 33).

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

When a tradesman undertakes to cultivate the aesthetic taste of the community by providing for its enjoyment genuine works of art, and to the enterprise of the trader adds the taste of the artist and the generosity of a cultured gentleman, he is entitled to a notice withheld, and properly withheld, from the mere merchant. It is the inevitable tendency of trade to degenerate into a mere money-making machine. The man who allows his soul no other scope than to contemplate how much money he can gain by the interchange of commodities may be a very good citizen, but in his money-making selfishness he is not to be compared with the higher and more cultured intellect, that, while intent upon commercial gain, does not altogether lose sight of the artistic and the beautiful. Such a man and such a merchant is Colonel Andrews of the Diamond Palace. His store on Montgomery Street is not only a casket for the safe-keeping and sale of precious jewels, but is of itself a thing of beauty. For now several weeks, as we have passed by his store, we saw the scaffolding upon which, we were informed, the eminent Italian artist Ghibraldi was at work—working as did Michael Angelo, Raphael, Giordano, and the other distinguished painters who gave immortality to medieval art, lying prone upon their backs. The scaffolding comes away, and lo, a pictured arch of perfect beauty. In addition to the fresco decorations there are panels of oil paintings done in the highest style of art—veritable gems, that would adorn the walls of any gallery, or beautify the saloon of any home. Upon the walls and ceiling of this beautiful store are sixteen of these oil paintings by Ghibraldi. Giving a unique and, of course, most brilliant effect to all the figures in these paintings, there are added real gems for ornaments. Jewels set into the canvases, ornamenting crowns, girdles, necklaces, bracelets—diamonds, rubies, and other precious jewels—thus the painted figures are blazing with pendants and solitaires, giving to the work of the artist brilliant and startling effect. We are not in sufficient command of technical art terms to describe the rich adornments of this store. There are fine bronzes, chandeliers with their brilliant crystal pendants, revolving jewel cases with glittering gems, the show window with its splendid display of rich jewelry artistically arranged with mirrors, in itself a complete picture. The whole store is so lined with mirrors that it produces a curious effect of breadth and depth, and one must touch its walls to be convinced that it has any. Nor is this store given entirely up to ornamentation and glitter; it is filled with such a variety of rare and costly goods as we have seldom seen displayed elsewhere. A catalogue of its contents would embrace all that is elegant and unique in the range of the goldsmith's art. There is not, we believe, such another one in the world. We have visited London, Venice, Vienna, and Paris; we have seen the costly displays of the great Art Expositions in Europe and America, and the like of this store is not elsewhere seen. The same store in Paris or London would be visited, described, and raved over by every American tourist. We commend every person who has a taste for the beautiful to visit Colonel Andrews' Diamond Palace. If the Colonel can persuade to the purchase of his goods, that is his matter. We are simply calling attention to the beautiful casket that contains the gems.

Modern Artists' Etchings, 22 Montgomery Street.

WANTED,

BY A YOUNG LADY, A POSITION as Governess or Companion. Can teach Piano Music, French, and English. Highest testimonials given. Moderate compensation. City or country. Address MISS M. JAY, this office.

NEW BOOKS

The Bedouins of the Euphrates. Lady Anne Blunt. \$2.50
Short History of German Literature. J. K. Hosmer. 25
Famous Books by Eminent Authors. W. Davenport Adams. 50
The Statesman's Year Book. Fred'k Martin. 1.50
Hebrew Men and Times. J. H. Allen. 1.50
The English Reformation. Dr. C. Geikie. 2.00
At the Back of the Moon. By A. Lunar Wray. 50
Bibels and Curios. Frederic Voss. 75
The German. How to Give it, How to Lead it, How to Dance it. 1.25
The Currency Question. Robert W. Hughes. 1.25
The Model Prayer. George D. Boardman. 1.25
American Authors—Washington Irving. By Prof. David J. Hill. 1.00
Sylbil Brotherton. A Love Story. Mrs. Southworth. 50
Poems of Oliver Goldsmith. Half Hour Series. 20
Afganistan. By Constable, an old Bengal gunner. 25
Half Hour Series. 25
The Awakening. A Tale of English Life. Half Hour Series. 15
Vixen. Miss M. E. Braddon. Franklin Square. 15
The Last of Her Line. Franklin Square. 15

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO., BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NOS. 3 AND 5 MONTGOMERY STREET,

MASONIC TEMPLE.



SPRING STYLES
ALL IN NOW!

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 70.—The monthly dividend for February, 1879, will be paid on March 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansone Street. CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary. San Francisco, March 5, 1879.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, March 8, last performances of

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS.

Sunday evening, March 9, Complimentary Benefit tendered to Messrs. PRIMROSE and WEST, on which occasion an extra bill will be given.

Monday, March 10,

ROSE EYTINGE

Will appear for the first time at this theatre in her new play, expressly written for her by Charles Reade, Esq.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER,

Supported by the whole of the great legitimate company.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Two Gala Performances To-day. Only Matinee of THE RAMBLERS at 2 P. M.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S FROLIQUES

AND MR. N. C. GOODWIN, JR.,

For the last time in the chef-d'œuvre of burlesques, the

RAMBLERS.

Monday, March 10, Farewell Week, distributed as follows:

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the

RAMBLERS.

Thursday, March 13, Benefit of N. C. GOODWIN, JR.

Scenes from

RAMBLERS AND HOBBIES.

Friday evening and the balance of the week,

HOBBIES.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

Mission Street, between Third and Fourth.

This (Saturday) and Sunday evenings, March 8th and 9th, will be rendered with all due solemnity and attention to historical facts,

THE PASSION,

Written by Salmi Morse, Esq.

The Hymns, Chorales, and Chants sung by a full Choir of Eighty Singers. Selections from the Passion Music of J. Sebastian Bach, given by a full Band of Instrumental Performers. The Paintings of

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND,

By Mr. Dayton and Assistants. The characters costumed with historical accuracy. Concluding with the celebrated picture of Rubens,

"IT IS FINISHED."

Afternoon rendering on Saturday at 2 o'clock.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.

BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Monday, March 10, Last Week and Continued Success of the NEW YORK

UNION SQUARE COMBINATION

PROPRIETOR.....MR. SHERIDAN SHOOK.

MANAGER.....MR. A. M. PALMER.

In the last great New York success, the grand play in five acts, by Victorien Sardou, author of Diplomacy, translated and adapted by A. K. Cazauran,

MOTHER AND SON.

The cast will include:

MISS FANNY MORANT, MR. GEORGE CLARKE

MISS MARIE WILKINS, MISS ROSE OSBORNE.

MISS LILIAN CLEVES CLARKE, MR. C. H. BRADSHAW

In their great original characters, supported by the California Theatre Company.

LAST MOTHER AND SON MATINEE on Saturday

Seats at the Box Office.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny

M. B. LEAVITT.....MANAGER

This (Saturday) evening, March 8th, and every evening, until further notice.

MATINEE TO DAY AT 2 P. M.

The most successful entertainment in the city. Look at the great sensation features this week.

THE VOLUPTUOUS MODEL ARTISTS, the love-lorn Women in the world. THE LIV'NG

ALMIE. The Spicy French comedy.

OUR INNOCENT PASTOR,

Received with screams of laughter. In addition, the great

MME. RENTZ MINSTRELS

—AND—

MABEL SANTLEY'S

ENGLISH BURLESQUE COMBINATION.

Monday, March 10, the CAN-CAN.

Seats at the box office, speaking telephone at 10, throughout the city at 10.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION
and Affairs of the
STATE INVESTMENT
.....AND.....
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO,

In the State of California, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1878, and for the year ending on that day, as made to the Insurance Commissioner of the State of California, pursuant to the provisions of Sections 610 and 611 of the Political Code, condensed as per blank furnished by the Commissioner

CAPITAL, \$200,000.	
Amount of Capital Stock paid up in Cash.....	\$200,000 00
ASSETS.	
Real Estate owned by Company.....	\$140,611 68
Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	59,550 00
Cash market value of all Stocks and Bonds owned by Company.....	84,370 00
Amount of Loans secured by pledge of Bonds, Stocks, and other marketable securities as collateral.....	23,683 66
Cash in Company's office.....	6,090 03
Cash in Banks.....	28,688 35
Interest due and accrued on all Stocks and Loans.....	1,728 65
Interest due and accrued on Bonds and Mortgages.....	3,762 50
Premiums in due course of collection.....	42,452 07
Bills receivable, not matured, taken for Fire and Marine risks.....	19,447 15
Total Assets.....	\$401,384 09
LIABILITIES.	
Losses adjusted and unpaid.....	\$5,400 50
Reserve for losses of adjustment and suspense.....	5,530 00
Gross Premium on Fire Risks running one year or less, \$123,003 52—reinsurance 50 per cent.....	94,501 76
Gross Premiums on Fire Risks running more than one year, \$3,067 60—reinsurance pro rata	2,588 50
Gross Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks, \$1,579 02—reinsurance 100 per cent.....	1,579 02
Gross Premiums on Marine Time Risks, \$38,640 76—reinsurance 50 per cent.....	19,320 38
Cash Dividends declared to stockholders remaining unpaid.....	32 00
Marine Notes payable.....	1,376 47
Claim in Litigation.....	972 00
Total Liabilities.....	\$135,372 63
INCOME.	
Net Cash actually received for Fire Premiums.....	\$106,786 32
Net Cash actually received for Marine Premiums	52,168 35
Bills and Notes received for premiums.....	\$10,447 15
Received for interest on Bonds and Mortgages.....	3,957 18
Received for interest and dividends on Bonds, Stocks, Loans, and from all other sources.....	9,465 69
Rents.....	11,655 00
Total Income.....	\$265,033 04
EXPENDITURES.	
Net amount paid for Fire Losses (including \$4,641 98 losses of previous years).....	\$69,580 88
Net amount paid for Marine Losses (including \$6,981 92 losses of previous years).....	33,236 58
Dividends to stockholders.....	60,044 00
Paid or allowed for Commission or Brokerage.....	34,679 00
Paid for salaries, fees, and other charges for officers, clerks, etc.....	29,100 00
Paid for State, National, and local taxes, rents, Fire Patrol, advertising, printing, and all other expenses.....	23,558 33
Total Expenditures.....	\$270,198 79
LOSSES.	
Incurred during the year.....	FIRE. \$75,741 40 MARINE. \$50,424 66
RISKS AND PREMIUMS.	
Net amount of risks written during the year.....	FIRE RISKS. \$14,018,349 PREMIUMS. \$214,118 94
Net amount of risks expired during the year.....	15,120,761 235,820 08
Net amount in force Dec. 31, 1878	12,863,901 192,971 12
Risks written in the State of California.....	12,472,560 177,935 65
Net amount of risks written during the year.....	MARINE RISKS. \$1,205,415 PREMIUMS. \$70,807 56
Net amount of risks expired during the year.....	1,169,932 65,323 78
Net amount in force Dec. 31, 1878	450,035 40,219 85
Risks written in the State of California.....	1,205,415 70,807 56
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.	
A. J. BRYANT, President.	

Office, 218 and 220 Sansome St.,
IN COMPANY'S BUILDING.
LITTLE BELMONT
FOR SALE.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBAN
property, situated contiguous to the Belmont Mar-
sion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San
Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms.
The property is located in a beautiful valley, with a glimpse
view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly im-
proved, with fruit and ornamental trees. The residence is
new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements.
It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room
and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow
houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds un-
derlaid with water-pipe; out-houses provided with gas; gas
and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont;
water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all
fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table,
range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted,
rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
sold with the property at a low price. A bargain
property, and if not sold will be rented at a
low price for summer residence. For particulars,
apply to the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 Cali-

OUR NEW-YEARS GIFT.
OUR \$4.50 PREMIUM GIFT
—OF—
COIN-SILVER TABLEWARE
Given Away
TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER OF THIS PAPER!
CONSISTING OF

OUR NEW-YEARS GIFT.

An Elegant Set of Warranted Extra Coin-Silver Plated TEA-SPOONS that retails at \$4.50 per set, and an Elegant Extra Coin-Silver Plated FIVE-BOTTLE CASTER that retails at \$7.00.
A NEW-YEARS GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

Table Silverware furnished under this New-Year's Premium Proposition is from the well-known and reliable **EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO.** of Cincinnati, O. Under a very favorable proposition from said house, we offer our subscribers during the next 60 days one \$4.50 Set of Extra Coin-Silver Plated Tea-spoons as a Premium New-Year's Gift, and with the set received the Eagle Gold and Silver Plating Co. will send a list of other Premium Silver Tableware for your selection.

The Tea-spoons we send you are of the latest-style pattern, and warranted first class in every particular. Each article is to be engraved with your name or initials if desired. Don't neglect to send your name with order to be engraved.

Subscribers will therefore cut out the following Premium Order from this paper and send same to the **EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO.** for redemption, together with sufficient to simply pay the expense of engraving your initials, boxing, postage or express charges, which is 75 cents; but if you do not wish your initials engraved, only send 60 cents. Under our arrangement this Silverware is to cost you nothing more than the expense of engraving your initials, boxing, postage or express charges, and then it is to be

DELIVERED TO YOU FREE AND PROMPTLY.

Read the following: CINCINNATI, O., December 1st, 1878.
Assure your subscribers that the Silverware is first class in every respect, and of latest style of pattern, and that we do not retail a single set at less than \$4.50, and will not send the goods to any of your subscribers at a less price unless accompanied with the following Premium Order.
EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO.

CUT THIS PREMIUM ORDER OUT, AS IT IS WORTH \$4.50.

ON receipt of this Premium Order and 75 Cents to pay cost of engraving name, postage or express charges, we will send free
ONE SET OF EXTRA COIN-SILVER PLATED TEA-SPOONS worth \$4.50, at retail, and each article is to have your name engraved. If you do not wish your name engraved, send only 60 Cents.
Remember we make this offer good only for 60 days from date of this paper. So send for the Silverware as soon as possible. Address this Premium Order to
EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO., 180 ELM ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Be sure and cut out and send us the above Order so that we may know you are entitled to it, as we will not send the Silverware at less than \$4.50 unless you send the premium order; and when that is received, with the amount named in same, the goods will be shipped you promptly and delivered free. This offer will not be made again.
Address all orders to **EAGLE GOLD AND SILVER PLATING CO., 180 Elm St., CINCINNATI, O.**

OUR NEW-YEARS GIFT.

THE ARGONAUT,
A Political, Satirical, and Society Journal, published every Saturday, at 522 California Street, by the Argonaut Publishing Company.

**FRANK M. PIXLEY, }
FRED. M. SOMERS, }** EDITORS.

The ARGONAUT is essentially a Californian publication—bright, breezy of the Pacific, and the medium of the good things of current literature. Sent, post paid, to any address on receipt of \$4.00, the yearly subscription price.

THE ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
A. P. STANTON, Business Manager. 522 California Street.

AMERICAN DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.
UNIFORMED MESSENCERS.

Special Detail to Deliver Christmas and New Year's Presents.

OFFICES:
222 SANSOME ST.,
211 KEARNY ST.,
833 SUTTER ST.,
965 MISSION ST.,
POWELL AND UNION,
CALIFORNIA AND FILLMORE,
MISSION AND TWENTIETH,
FOURTH AND BLUXOME,
HAYES AND LAGUNA,
BUTCHERTOWN.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE
is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of JOHN ELISS, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his place of business, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated February 13th, 1879.
WILLIAM DOOLAN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John Eliss, deceased.
PHELPS & ELLIS, 66 Nevada Block, Attorneys for Estate.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The Annual
Meeting of the Stockholders of the Hale & Norcross S. M. Co., for an election of a Board of Trustees to serve the Company for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other business, will be held at the office of the Company, Rooms Nos. 57 and 58 Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, on WEDNESDAY, March 12, 1879, at the hour of one o'clock P. M.
The Transfer Book will be closed on Saturday, March 1, 1879, at 12 M., and remain closed until after the meeting to be held on March 12, 1879.
By order Board of Trustees.
JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

REDINGTON'S
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
ARE THE PERFECTLY PURE
and highly concentrated Extracts of
FRESH FRUITS
Prepared with great care. They are put up in superior style, in a bottle holding TWICE as much as ordinary brands of Extracts.
Comparing quality and contents, none other are nearly so cheap.
Wherever tested on THEIR MERITS, they have been adopted in preference to all others, and now are the
STANDARD FLAVORING EXTRACTS
Of the Pacific coast. Dealers will find them to give better satisfaction to the consumers than any other kind and are respectfully requested to give them a trial.

REDINGTON & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.
NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS,
1879-80.

ALL PERSONS, COMPANIES, AS-
sociations, or firms, in the City and County of San Francisco are requested, either in person or by their proper representatives, to deliver at the Assessor's Office, New City Hall, in said City and County, before the **SECOND MONDAY IN APRIL, 1879**, a statement under oath of all the property, both Personal and Real, owned or claimed by him or them, or which is in his or their possession, or which is held or controlled by any other person in trust for or for the benefit of him or them. See Political Code, Sections 3633—3648.

All persons owning Real Estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name, or misspelled, or otherwise misdescribed in last year's Real Estate Assessment Roll, or who have purchased Real Estate within the last year, are requested to appear personally, or send their Deeds to the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the Real Estate Roll for the fiscal year 1879-80. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the Roll will commence in a few days, after which it will be too late for any alterations.

POLL TAX,
TWO DOLLARS, NOW DUE AT THIS OFFICE, or to a Deputy. Will be THREE DOLLARS when delinquent, and constitute a lien upon other property.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,
City and County Assessor.
March 1, 1879.

NOTICE.

The public are hereby notified that the Field Deputies of this office will commence assessing property **MONDAY, March 3, 1879.**

The duties assigned to those Deputies are too well known to the community to require explanation, and while I have been careful in making my selections to fill the positions by men favorably known in the community for their competency and integrity, and am confident that the duties will be discharged by them to the satisfaction of all concerned, I urgently request Taxpayers to report to this office any dereliction of duty by any of my Deputies, and assure them that any complaints will receive immediate attention.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,
City and County Assessor.
March 1, 1879.

CALABASAS
LAND AND MINING
COMPANY.

DIRECTORS.
JOHN P. JONES,
JOHN CURREY,
EUGENE L. SULLIVAN,
GEORGE C. PERKINS,
CHARLES P. SYKES.

THE CALABASAS LAND AND
Mining Company are now prepared to offer special inducements to capitalists or actual settlers for a profitable investment in their attractive town site and mine, situated in the Santa Cruz Valley, in that portion of Southern Arizona acknowledged by all sanitary and descriptive writers to be the **ITALY OF AMERICA.**
For full particulars and description, send for Prospectus, or apply at the Company's office, 32 Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco

MULLER'S
OPTOMETER!
The only reliable instrument for Testing Defective Vision.
135 Montgomery Street,
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental Hotel.


MULLER'S
IS THE LEADING
OPTICIAN
135 Montgomery St.

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P. B. CORNWALL.

The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 15, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, March 2d.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—After a full, freezing, and fretful month I have finally come to rest here in Gotham, with the only opportunity and inclination I have yet had to write you, for it has taken me all my spare time to keep warm, and the "go" has been a continuous one. First, a week's dance across the continent, with a bounce from the rails beyond Elko and a night in the ditch on the desert; thence to Chicago; to Niagara, to see the immense ice-bridge that spans the river below the falls, and the spray-covered trees, which, it has been suggested, ought to be further decorated with the bodies of dead hackmen, as the perfected and ripened fruit of the fraudulent place; thence to Boston, and its suburbs, and the interior of Massachusetts, to meet and greet my orthodox friends, and gabble about California, and climate, and Chinamen, and go to church, and dive into great voluptuous feather beds at night, and refuse to get up in the morning, and then after snow storms, and sleigh rides, and scriptural suggestions, and general benedictions innumerable, back to Boston again, and the theatres, and freedom from restraint.

Oh, I had such a good time in Boston—the "Hub!" I wandered about its streets, and looked again at scenes so familiar to me as a boy; went coasting on the Common on a "double runner," and skating on the pond in the public garden, and stood on Washington Street and saw the rosy-cheeked and fair-faced girls troop by with their cunning little red mittens on—the swell thing in handwear this winter. I saw Harry Edwards at the Park House, and shook hands with him, and heard him tell how well he liked Boston, and how well satisfied Boston was with him. I saw Alice Harrison at the Deacon's theatre—the Museum—as the "Little Duke," and Alice was actually captivating the people, though she couldn't sing the score, and wasn't allowed to sling the unlimited slang she was so generously permitted in California.

I went to see the great picture, the "Siege of Paris," in an iron building of its own on Columbus Avenue. It is a magnificent work of art, an oil painting something like 400 feet in length, and 40 or 50 feet high, representing Paris and the surrounding country, and the movements of the French and German armies, and the great forts, and the big siege guns of the Prussians. All the figures are life-size, and the canvas is so arranged in a circle, and the effect so heightened by gaslight and real properties in the foreground, as to make it an exciting bit of realism. You stand on the artificial heights erected in the centre of the building, and with a good pair of opera glasses you seem to be part of an actuality. There is nothing to suggest a painted picture—no frame, nor beginning, nor end. You cannot tell where the real rock is joined with the painted in the foreground, and the perspective is a marvel that you can scarcely comprehend. The picture is to go to San Francisco, I understand, building and all. It will take a whole train of cars to move it, and the moving will cost over \$11,000; but you will all go to see it, and the speculation will be a paying one.

I also saw Boston take leave of Kellogg—Clara Louise—whom Boston admires. The audience was a very fashionable and dressy and enthusiastic one. The programme was an act each from *Lohengrin*, *Rigoletto*, and *Les Huguenots*—the applause and *encores* were tremendous, and the floral offerings overwhelming, Annie Louise Cary presenting her rival with a floral Cupid, and a floral arrow aimed direct at the forty-two-year-old-heart of Clara Louise. This Cupid fairly made the house howl with appreciation. The following afternoon (Saturday) I attended the *matinée* to hear Clara Louise sing "Carmen," in the new opera of that name. The sight was an inspiring one. The Boston Theatre was packed from pit to dome, ladies even occupying the gallery of the gods. Four tiers of beauty and of bonnets and little red mittens, four layers of intellectual faces, four thousand representative feminine souls from Boston and its suburbs—the old maid from Haverhill and the young maid from Lynn. And the opera? How I wish I could interpret to you this musical novelty which has had London and Paris by the ears and is now carrying us away. The story is a simple one. "Carmen" is a cigar girl of Seville, in sunny Spain, pretty, bewitching, and wicked. She is beloved by an officer and loves him not in return, though she carefully keeps this fact in the background. She tempts him from his regiment and

induces him to become a brigand and a smuggler, and then, as a gypsy, she taunts him and reproaches him for his love of another, and finally runs away with a *torreador* or successful bull-fighter of Seville, and, being followed by the reckless and infatuated "Don José," is stabbed to death by him on the circus steps. It is a startling and tragic bit of Spanish story, full of romance, of gypsies, and smugglers, and soldiers, and cigar girls, of street uproar, love, jealousy, murder, merriment, the dance, the knife, and the clicking castanet—picturesque, bustling, brilliant. The music, a strange rhythm, full of wild, weird, ear-catching measures; the instrumentation sweeping you insanely along from one bar to another, keeping you close to the time, the place, the story, dropping you into the very heart of empty tunes and dragging you out again to the step of those peculiar accompaniments known only to those who have an idea of what Spanish music really is, and leading you a reckless chase to finally leave you breathless at the feet of a dare-devil in petticoats with a cigarette between her gleaming teeth and swaying in a voluptuous dance that would tempt the oldest man in all America.

The "Carmen" of Clara Louise Kellogg was all that Bizet, the composer, with his delicate and poetic fancy, painted it, because it exactly suited the woman's disposition. The sneer and the scorn and the sarcasm came from original stock-on-hand, and the part was so well played, and the dress so pretty, and the cigarette so fragrant, and the tempting dance so enticing, and the click of the castanets so inspiring, that, in spite of the knowledge that Kellogg was a forty-two-year-old, I would have done, under similar temptation, just exactly what "Don José" did and been the wildest brigand on the border, and all for the love of the poetry of circumstance and motion, and to be the slave of that subtle music that breathes the very breath of fascination and sings loud and long the song of seductiveness. Though I have since heard Minnie Hauk as "Carmen," and the opera better interpreted by orchestra and chorus, I still cling to Kellogg as the most satisfying, picturesque, voluptuous, and unprincipled cigar-girl that I ever met.

And now while I am in opera I want to tell you what we have here, and what I have been reveling in beyond the possibility of being satiated: Her Majesty's Grand Opera Company, under the Mapleson management, and with the following swell musical *personnel*: *Prime Donne*, *Soprani e Contralti*—Madame Etelka Gerster, Madame Marie Roze, Mademoiselle Parodi, Madame Sinico, Mademoiselle Lido, Madame Robiati, Madame Lablache, Mademoiselle Pisani, and Mademoiselle Minnie Hauk. *Primi Tenori*—Signor Campanini, Signor Frapolli, Signor Tecchi, Signor Bignardi, Signor Grazi, Signor Bolli, Signor Leli, and Signor Gillandi. *Primi Baritoni*—Signor del Puente, Signor Franceschi, and Signor Galassi. *Primi Bassi*—Monsieur Thierry, Signor Pyatt, and Signor Foli. *Director and Conductor*—Signor Arditi.

The way these people interpret opera music is of that description that makes one enthusiastic. Gerster sings like a bird, and Marie Roze and Minnie Hauk are not very far behind her. The first named, however, is the nightingale—a Hungarian one at that, like di Murska; an artist who a little over two years ago was wholly unknown, but is now considered the first representative of the school of florid execution. Berlin and London and St. Petersburg have raved about her, and the New Yorkers are not done yet; for, though this is the second subscription season and the beginning of Lent, there is not a seat to be had at the Academy of Music except from the speculators at an exorbitant figure.

Yesterday afternoon I heard Gerster in *La Sonnambula*, with Campanini and Foli in the cast. The great house was crammed beyond its standing capacity. Women squatted in the aisles till they were blocked, and though the many-buttoned and ponderous policemen were sent in, club in hand, to clean the passage ways, they were obliged to retire to the lobby again, for the women wouldn't budge an inch, and would look the policeman and the club scornfully in the eye. The performance was a great success. It was one of Gerster's favorites, and she sang the score as only Gerster can sing it. Campanini, the tenor, was in superb voice, and to hear him was to applaud. The chorus was strong and efficient; fifty musicians were packed in the orchestra box, and for once I heard *La Sonnambula* as the Italians sing it. Next week we are to have *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with Minnie Hauk as "Rosina," *Lohengrin*, with Gerster as "Elsa,"

and Campanini as "Lohengrin;" *Faust*, with Hauk, and *The Magic Flute*, with Marie Roze, and Gerster in *Carmen* for the *matinée*. I had a chat with Mapleson the other day about the possibility of a trip to San Francisco with Her Majesty's Opera Company, but there is nothing to promise till next season.

In the matter of the drama the success here is *The Banker's Daughter* at the Union Square Theatre, which by the time you get this will have reached its one hundredth performance. The play is by Bronson Howard—the author of *Saratoga*, *Old Love Letters*, etc.—revamped by Cazauran, is in five acts, and thrilling in interest, being an illustration of the beatitude of the *mariage de convenance* and the curse of business matrimonial management. I learn that the play has been secured for the California Theatre, and if so the California will have a prize, though I am afraid it will be ruined in the cast they give it. As I saw it at the Union Square the other night—its ninety-somethingth presentation—it was a finished performance, with Charles R. Thorne, John Parsloe, J. H. Stoddard, J. B. Polk, W. J. Le Moine, M. V. Lingham, Walden Ramsey, Sara Jewett, and Maude Harrison having the principal parts in hand.

It did me good to see and hear Maude Harrison once more. She was a San Francisco favorite, you know, and has since developed into a popular and talented artist here, and almost carries off the entire applause with her presentation of "Mrs. Florence St. Vincent Brown." *Engaged*, which was stolen by Maguire and played under another name, is having a great run here at the Park, and is cast far and away beyond the San Francisco possibility. Outside of these two productions there is nothing wonderful going on. The city is full of *Pinafore* companies, and the halls are filled with female pedestrians trying to walk three or four thousand quarter miles in as many thousand quarter hours, and the men about town are occupied with the features of the Buckingham Palace advertised as the American *Mabille*. There is also a Cremorne Garden just started, and just as much wickedness in the air as though it wasn't Lent; and there is the never ceasing stream on the Bowery and Grand Street—a sight I never tire of.

To use the expression of a Nevada friend of mine who is sojourning here, "this is a mighty big camp." One hardly knows how to compass it. You can't take it all in. It takes ten hours of hard and steady labor to read the morning papers through and get posted on the Chinese question in California. By the way, do you know that you are frightening people to death here with the talk of setting up an independent Empire of the Pacific in revenge for Hayes' veto? It is a fact. An old newspaper man said to me the other day: "This talk of yours out on the Pacific slope about what you will and what you won't stand sounds like '61. I don't like it." So be careful, very careful, what is telegraphed back here, especially regarding General McComb. There is a growing belief that McComb is a "bigger man," not "than old Grant," but than Kearney, and that the cry will soon be, not that "the Chinese must go," but that California will go, and that McComb will be the inspiration. I don't know how the impression got abroad, but something in the Associated Press dispatches has put McComb in the attitude of an Escobedo, or a Diaz, or a Lerdo; and if anything of a revolutionary nature should be attempted, or any secession movement made, I know that the General will be held responsible. Beyond this fear of Californians setting up an independent empire, there is but one sentiment abroad, and that is sympathy for the Chinaman. It is a pity that the almond-eyed angel can't, by some special arrangement of Providence, be dropped right down here where he is so much better appreciated and prayed for. If this could only be, we should not only be relieved of the obloquy of being persecutors, but hundreds of these sallow-complexioned and hollow-cheeked preachers, who have for the last two weeks been pounding the dust out of their pulpit cushions in violent denunciation of our unchristian like demands and action, would be happy for about ten or fifteen days in the possession of a few thousand select saffron-colored souls. On the broad Josh Billings proposition that the best place for a boil is on some other fellow, is about the only way that I see to capture legislation or reason on the Chinese problem. But enough of this letter, with its general dullness and wild incoherence. It is as good, however, as its surroundings, and that is its satisfaction to the unfortunate reader.

Very truly yours,

FRED.

BILL CALLOWAY'S POST-MORTEM.

By James H. Lawrence.

"Bill Calloway has passed in his checks."

That's the way Jo Decker told the news. Jo had ridden through from the Calloway's place, over a rough road, crossing deep gulleys and swollen streams, in the teeth of a blinding storm. It was the close of one of those spring rains, in the foothills of the Sierra, known among the natives as "the clearing-up shower." Jo and his horse had caught a benefit.

The guests and idlers at the Pine Tree Hotel circled about him. Kreutzer, the landlord, laid his spectacles off, set out a decanter and glasses, and solemnly responded: "Ish dot so?" Except a stranger tourist on his way to Yosemite, lately from England, and who had never heard of Bill Calloway, everybody had a question similar in import to that of Kreutzer. "Is it possible?" "Bill Calloway dead?" "Are you sure?" chorused a dozen voices. "Sure enough," responded Jo; "Bill's gone to Shut-eye Town. I promised to stay with him and see it out. I had my arm under his pillow when he drew his last breath. He knew he had to go, and he faced the music like a man. About ten minutes before he died I gave him a little brandy toddy. He braced up—says Bill, says he: 'Jo, I'm going. I never'll see the sun rise on Forked Lightning Ranch again. The old woman and the children—that's all that worries me. But the boys will look out that they don't suffer.' Then he kind o' dozed a bit. Then he half opened his eyes and I felt him grip my hand like a vice. Then he let go all holts. It was his 'Good-bye, Jo,' just as plain as if he'd spoke it. No use multiplying words, boys. Bill was a good one. He was a nail-driver."

"But I've got lots to attend to. There is a grave to dig. Anybody seen old Lazarus Perkins? There he is, going up the street. One of you go up with him to the graveyard and show him that nice smooth spot on yon side of the four little pines. It's about ten feet south of where Jerry Simms was buried. Bill and Jerry were big friends. Jerry would like to have Bill alongside of him. Now somebody has got to go out to Forked Lightning. Everybody there is used up with watching and nursing. The old woman is takin' on awful, and one of his children is badly off with a sore throat. It's rough times with the Calloway family, but if the Mariposa boys haven't lost their grip they'll not suffer for something to eat and clothes to wear. Where's the Doc, did you say? He's snoozing along somewhere on the road. I see the rain is over. I'll just skip round to Higgins's shop and speak to him about the coffin."

Jo "skipped" out.

Jo's audience, excepting the landlord and his English guest, dispersed to spread the news.

"Some prominent and noted citizen of your village suddenly deceased?" queried the tourist, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Vell, no," replied Kreutzer, deliberately, wiping the glasses; "nobody has anything against Bill. He was a good man—yun of der poys. Everybody likes him—everybody knows Bill Calloway. Vell, vell! he's dead and gone. He has a big funeral. I dink I go and raise down der flag."

And, as is uniformly the case when good men die in that burg, the stars and stripes were lowered to half-mast.

When Kreutzer said "everybody," he referred to the territory embraced in that portion of Mariposa County south of the Merced River and east of Bear Mountain. Bill was not a great man (and he knew it), neither was he an aspirant for office, nor was he ever indicted by a grand jury. His popularity was a home production—a spontaneous growth of the area in which "everybody knew him." He had friends among the old miners at Sherlock's, Whitlock's, and Colorado; Mormon Bar, Bridgeport, and Yaqui Gulch glorified his name; Buckeye and Agua Frio went their "last red" on "Bill." Buckeye claimed to have found him first. It was in that camp he pitched his tent, he and a dozen other young stalwart fellows. They were a lively crowd—full of fun, jollity, and animal spirits; and Bill was, in all these characteristics, the acknowledged chief.

This was early in 1850, and the survivors of that period, who mined in that locality, will remember Bill. Age, about twenty-four; weight, one hundred and eighty; height, five feet, ten inches; complexion ruddy, the glow of perfect health in his face, which beamed with mirth and good-humor; the strength of a young Hercules and the activity of a wildcat.

Everybody drank in those days, and the Buckeye boys were not behind their fellows in their "regular tods" and occasional "big spreeds." Bill would stand in with them and usually put the other fellows to bed. They would crawl out with dreadful headaches and stomachs of no earthly use, while he would go around whistling and singing and doing the good Samaritan business—for he was kind and obliging. In this regard he had a way of making himself generally useful. He had seen a few years' service in the coasting trade on the Atlantic side, and could splice a rope and manipulate knots complex as the worst kind of a problem in Euclid. He could deftly stitch and mend torn garments, and cut and make canvas pantaloons, which were perfect in fit and warranted to never rip.

There was not much sickness in mining camps in those times, except such as resulted from excesses in liquor. Physical ailments came at a later day, when a more refined civilization put in an appearance, and people began to live in houses and take cold, neuralgia, rheumatism, and things. Once in a while a miner got disabled by accident. Usually a purse was raised to help the poor fellow "back to the States." Bill Calloway frequently led off in these benevolent movements. He was on hand to stand his watch by the bedside of the sufferer, and would go to the bottom of his purse, if necessary, for pecuniary aid.

Bill was good, jolly company—so everybody conceded. It was not for any brilliant wit or originality of expression. He had two or three old sea songs, worn threadbare before the revolutionary war, and a *répertoire* of ancient yarns and witticisms which have done duty in almanacs for a century or more. Most men, if they escaped a booting in a club-room, would be coughed down or ridiculed into respectful silence. They dared inflict them on an assemblage numbering over

Bill could sing those doleful ballads and spin those yarns, and every listener would applaud, laugh, and

encore. Bill laughed louder than anybody, and that's the way to account for it. His laugh was mirthful, jolly, melodious, rich—it was contagious.

Two or three years brought a change in Buckeye and the neighboring camps. Families had settled here and there. "Families" means old women, widows (of both kinds), and young girls of sundry and divers ages. It means houses—houses built of lumber; houses with floors in them—plank floors. At intervals, and in central locations, a class of roomy, capacious buildings, defying all rules of architecture and suggestive of nothing in particular, had sprung into existence. Sometimes they were two stories in height; they were usually whitewashed, and conspicuously in view of the public gleamed, in bold-faced black letters, the single word, "HOTEL." It meant a capacious bar-room in front, a long dining-room extending rearward, a stable and corral somewhere on the premises, plenty to eat and a place to sleep—if a man wasn't too particular. Sometimes the establishment included a hall specially set apart for dancing, and again the big dining-room was made to do this extra duty. With the advent of the American woman there had also been imported white shirts, black frock coats, neck-ties, and high-heeled boots—articles of apparel primarily unknown in the wardrobe of the honest miner, and deemed to be the special regalia of preachers and card sports. Balls and social parties had become a necessity. "Grand Ball!" was the heading of the advertisement announcing these affairs in the county newspaper and displayed in half-sheet posters at conspicuous corners in the neighboring camps. Dancing was the standard amusement, and the most important factor in the holidays. Christmas Eve, New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July, St. Patrick's Day, were each and all celebrated with a "Grand Ball"—to say nothing of Benefit Balls for the relief of poor widows and crippled miners. The etiquette of the times demanded the attendance of every person who could dance and who resided within twenty miles of the place. There was none of this foolishness in the way of sailing into the hall at nine or ten o'clock. If the proprietor didn't have his premises in order, and the musicians their instruments in tune, by early candle-light, the former lost patronage and the latter were individually and collectively damned. Women came long distances on horseback, bringing infants in arms—infants that required maternal care and sustenance. Men rode in attendance with more children, and here and there, attached to the saddle, a carpet-bag, valise, and a package or two. The belles of the period (unencumbered ones) were not numerous, and rivalry was intense, at times, for the privilege of a cavalier or supernumerary attendant in one of these small family processions. Bill never missed a dance. He may not have been up to the modern standard of grace and elegance, but he was active, vigorous, and untiring. Like Ames's money, he placed himself where he could "do the most good." He knew all the figures in the most intricate quadrilles, and had the rare accomplishment of "calling"—if occasion required. He was a ready volunteer in tightening saddle girths, packing baggage, and tending the babies; could wait on the table with a most marvelous dexterity, and had been known to ride ten miles and return with a missing fiddler, who was considered indispensable to the success of one of these grand balls. On one occasion a desperate fellow took umbrage at some imagined affront, and, swearing that he'd "break up the ball," drew a pistol and, in pursuance of his threat, proceeded to shoot the lights out. There were screaming and fainting among the gentler sex, and confusion all over the house; in the midst of which came a collision, the sound of a blow or two, and the "bumpety-bump" of a human body tumbling down stairs. The body that tumbled was in a limp, bruised, and demoralized condition. It was the remains of the desperate chap. He didn't attend a ball again for more than a month. Bill stood at the head of the stairs with the six-shooter of the prostrate bully. "I'm afraid that fellow has hurt himself," was the remark he made.

A short time before this a pugnacious shoulder-bitter had jumped the claim of the little old lame man at Buckeye. Bill Calloway heard of it, and ventured to say in the presence of the jumper that it was "a shame to impose on an old man and a cripple;" whereupon the pugilistic adventurer said, "May be you'd like to take it up." Bill's answer is not recorded in words. "Uncle Brewer," who lived on Buckeye, and saw the fight, said it was "like two of these 'ere Texas bulls coming together on a prairie, and just about as much hair and dust a flyin'." But, he added, "the other fellow didn't last a minute. Bill lifted him in the air the first lick, and hit him one as he was coming down; dog my cats, if I didn't think he had broke him in two. Gentlemen, I'd rather be kicked by a mule."

Bill didn't seek difficulties, but good pluck, and an honest intention to see fair play, occasionally led him into affrays where lead and steel were used. His bearing and prowess in these encounters made him still more popular. He was "game."

A year or two later he quitted mining—the placers beginning to give out. He and a "cattle man" from the plains built a corral and slaughter yard, opened a meat market, and for a while did a thriving business. Bill could turn his hand to anything in that line. He could ride a bucking mustang, throw a lariat with the precision of a Mexican vaquero, skin a beef and artistically dissect it; and when it came to packing it around to customers, he was there. This was his specialty. "The boys" gladly recognized his cheerful "whoopie" when he "lit in on 'em" about sunrise. In open-air camps, brush shanties, cabins, and tents, as well as the more pretentious residences within the scope of country constituting his rounds, he was a welcome visitor. Young children ran out to meet him—they loved him for the little rides he gave them on his gentle horse; old women leaned toward him and swapped gossip—he brought them the latest news; the young ladies met him with smiles—don't they rather like a man who is good-looking, generous, and has fight in him?

There were several groceries and saloons in his circuit, kept by friends of his, all customers, and in a sociable, friendly way, Bill would treat, or be treated, till it was not unusual for him to take in the matter of a dozen drinks before breakfast, and perhaps four times that amount on the round trip. He nevertheless kept his head level, and no one was ever heard to say that he was the worse for liquor. But it came to be remarked: "Bill Calloway is pizen-proof;" "It's like pouring it into a gopher hole;" and many an old practitioner, as well as the amateur drinkers, would sigh,

and regretfully protest that they couldn't carry off whisky like Bill.

A few years more rolled by, and the camps and mining towns of that region showed visible signs of decay. "Decay" is hardly the term for the rapid gait at which some of them went to pieces. They *tumbled*. Bridgeport lost most of its first citizens by emigration—they left in droves. The Buckeye diggings were worked out, and a few scattering brush huts, with Chinese occupants, held the places where "the boys" used to mine. Mormon Bar collapsed, and instead of two stores there was only one, and people wondered how the proprietor lived. Upper and Lower Agua Frio melted into thin air. Prosperity departed from Yaqui Gulch. Carson's was hardly known by its Christian name, and Arkansas Flat was wiped from the face of the earth. Bill had trusted everybody, and scores of his customers left without paying their bills. Poor fellows! some of them couldn't help it. Others stayed and couldn't pay, but still bought beef. This class *could* have helped it. Bill got disgusted and sold out. Between bad debts and general loose management he didn't clean up much cash, but what he had he took with him to the county seat, and invested in a partnership in the saloon business; there are plenty of men who are willing take a partner in on easy terms when business is on the down grade. For a time things ran smoothly, Bill's popularity with the "old-timers" drawing well; but it was soon evident that the town was partaking of the general collapse, and, with it, the retail whisky trade was on the wane.

About this time he married. It had been the wonder of all the gossip women and old-maid men for miles around, and for the last decade or two, that he hadn't married before, so it was not altogether a surprise when Bill confided to a few friends that he was "going to get spliced." There was a general jollification at the wedding, and when it was over, the bride, who was an honest, industrious girl, and accustomed to housework, went right along with the domestic affairs of the matrimonial firm, like old folks, while Bill attended to the saloon branch, and whistled, sang, and tried to make business lively. It all wouldn't do. The flush times were past; the pockets of the few old friends who still lingered were empty as the once rich pockets in the gulches; and the more recent immigrants came with less reckless habits—more nearly conforming to the period. Bill's partner "took in" another man and wisely slid out of the concern. The new man and Bill didn't agree. They had a few growls, resulting in a proposition from the latter to buy or sell, which met the views of the new man, who took Bill's interest at a very low figure.

This transaction, which left him in still more reduced circumstances, was followed by another removal. Bill took a smaller saloon in another part of the town. It was a little, old, one-horse affair, and had been a sort of half-way place between time and eternity for three or four superannuated monte dealers and rheumatic short-card sports. It had been successively known as the "Gem," the "Hole in the Wall," and the "Deadfall." Bill called it the "Shebang"—whatever that means; who knows can tell. It had a couple of rooms in the rear of the little ten-by-twelve front, and these were occupied by the Calloway family—for, by this time, Mrs. Calloway had a baby.

The business of the "Shebang" didn't keep pace with increasing responsibilities. For four years its proprietor lingered along with it, and annually, with the regularity of the precession of the equinoxes or the occurrence of Christmas, there was added another responsibility.

It soon became apparent that the "Shebang" must close. Not only had it ceased to be a bare living, but for some months it failed to meet current expenses, not taking into account household items. Something must be done—a change made. "If I only had a little place outside of town—sort of a wayside stopping place—where a fellow could pick up a dollar once in a while from the stage passengers, and keep a few pigs and chickens, and have a garden and raise truck," soliloquized Bill. "What do you think about it, Lizzy Jane?" he asked of his patient, plodding wife, after he had outlined the plan. Lizzy Jane looked up from her sewing (she was making a shirt for one of the little Calloways out of an old calico shirt of Bill's) and answered that she thought "it would be nice." In fact, it didn't make any difference to Lizzy Jane. Everything was nice in her estimation—that is, everything approved by Bill.

There was a location seven or eight miles from town where there was a good spring of clear water, a small patch of arable land, and plenty of timber for firewood and fencing. It was originally a miners' camp, but had fallen into the hands of a long, lank, lazy hoosier, who had fitted up a horse-trough outside and a sort of bar inside. A canvas sign hung pendant from the awning front, upon which was inscribed, in irregular hieroglyphics, "LIQUORS and SE-GARS." Wickerby was the proprietor's name, but he was better known as "Legs." Except that he justly earned the reputation of keeping the worst article of "rot" that ever destroyed a mucous membrane, there was nothing remarkable about "Legs." The boys attached all sorts of labels to the stuff he passed over the counter, but finally settled on "Forked Lightning." This name stuck, and was eventually attached to the locality, which was thereafter known as "Forked Lightning Ranch." It was for sale.

"Legs" had assigned his interest in the premises to a creditor, and it was advertised to be sold at a bargain. It struck Bill Calloway as being about the thing. He called in an old confidential friend, one Gideon Wardwell—"Uncle Gid" was the name by which he was best known. Uncle Gid was a good, plain, blunt, honest man. He, too, was one of the indispensables of that region. Besides numerous sterling qualities which go to make up a good citizen, Uncle Gid had accomplishments. He could play the violin, and it had come to be considered that unless Uncle Gid and his fiddle were in the orchestra of a ball-room the ball stopped. This was what had particularly endeared him to Bill Calloway. "He can come nearer tearing a fiddle all to pieces than any man I ever knew," was the way he expressed his admiration for Uncle Gid's musical talent. (Just the sort of man to call in for a consultation on a practical business matter). Uncle Gid more than approved the proposition. He added inducements Bill hadn't thought of.

"Suppose you haven't got everything you want to stock your place—can't you make it? I'll swear, Bill, you order take enough in at the bar in one season to buy you a span of horses, a wagon, and all the tools you need. It's just about

the right distance from town for a ride. Get up a ball once in a while. Thar's money in it, Bill. Ned Wales made his first raise off a ball out at Wild Goose Ranch. I played for him—why, you was thar, Bill?—and the old man branched off into a review of social gatherings of twenty years before, where he and his old fiddle had played a conspicuous part. They were living in the past, having bridged over the intervening time, with its changes—all fatal to the schemes in which Calloway proposed to figure.

The move was made. In due course of time an open wagon with a scant load of furniture, a good-natured looking woman, four tow-headed children, and driven by a bald-headed and rather corpulent man, rolled out in the direction of "Forked Lightning Ranch." It was Bill Calloway who drove, but changed wondrously—sadly changed from the rollicking, fresh, healthful, and vigorous Bill of earlier years. The rosy hue of youth and health had given place to a mottled yellow and purple complexion; his bright blue eyes were blurred and blood-shot; his form had acquired rotundity—he was bloated. The elastic step of old times had gone; his gait was shuffling, limpy, and awkward. He stopped the team in front of the principal saloon, at the invitation of a dozen or more old friends to "come in and take a parting drink." "Come out and see me when you can—all of you. It will be a little rough for a few days, but we'll have the shanty fixed in a week or so. Uncle Gid is going out to help me straighten up things." And Uncle Gid was already aboard the wagon with his kit of carpenter tools and that extraordinary fiddle.

There were brief handshakings, a concord of good wishes, and a waving of hats as the wagon again started. A variety of comments followed this new departure. They were not altogether favorable, though it was generally conceded that almost anything was better than stopping in town. "What do you think about it, Lige?" This query was propounded to a gaunt, sallow-complexioned, shock-headed person, half sport and half miner, who appeared to be inextricably tangled in the rounds of a chair he had tilted against a favorite post.

"What do I think? I'll tell you, boys: I think, if old Gid Wardwell wasn't an old man, I'd like to bounce a four-year-old club off his head. He has put Bill up to this croquet. Farm be dog-goned. What does Bill Calloway know about farming? If he did know all about it, what good would it do him? There isn't over an acre of ground on the place that will grow anything. There's a little patch back of the house that might do for garden truck. That's all of it. The balance wouldn't sprout black-eyed peas. No, that isn't what he's on. He thinks he'll take in slathers of coin from the stage passengers. The blamed fool—he ought to know that these Yosemite tourists ain't the sort who used to go over the road when stages ran from Mariposa through to Stockton. Fellows who'd bounce out of the coach into a bar-room, call up everybody in sight, treat all hands, throw a five-dollar piece on the counter, and not wait for change—scatter their money like they'd found it in the road. They are a nice sort who travel now. They carry lunch baskets, and when they drink it's out of a private bottle. Not one in twenty of 'em will ever get out at Forked Lightning. They'll stay in their seats, and if they happen to feel right dry they'll ask the driver if he'll please be so kind as to hand 'em a drink of water. Then the old man has got Bill stuffed full of the idea of giving balls and shooting matches—same as we used to have in old times. Where's the money coming from to keep up that sort of thing? How many of Bill Calloway's surviving friends can afford to ante up for a ball ticket, horse hire, and Concord harness? I tell you the country's played out; the collateral isn't here. I'm a friend of Bill's—I wish him well—but I just know how it will be. He'll linger along maybe for a year and then you'll see—he and his Forked Lightning speculation will peter out. He's a gone fawn-skin. Good fellow? of course he is; but he's like some of the balance of us—one of the has-beens?"

Lige was about right. The first ball at Forked Lightning was a dead failure. It was in the winter season, and an unfortunate storm assisted in bringing about this financial result; but even under more favorable auspices, in the nature of things it could not be much better. The "collateral" was wanting. Then, when the season opened for Yosemite travel, the prediction of Lige was verified with the certainty of prophecy. To sum it up, "Forked Lightning petered," and all too late Bill had practically demonstrated that there was "nothing in it."

About fifteen months had elapsed since his last move. Sometimes two or three of his old-time associates would drop in on him "to see how he was getting on," and add an occasional four-bit piece to his lean income. The reports from Forked Lightning were of dull times and worse a-coming. Meanwhile it began to be rumored that Bill was "poorly." He had been complaining of the "rheumatiz, or a cold, or something." Uncle Gid said he had "a misery in his stomach." One day news came that Bill was "right sick." Then the doctor was sent for. Not many weeks before this he had been summoned to attend Mrs. Calloway professionally. It was her fifth.

"The boys" called in force. They went out to the ranch by twos and fours, took it turn about in sitting up with him, and did everything that was possible under the circumstances. The wife and babies were not forgotten. The women took it in hand, and got up little sewing circles; not to make garments for distant heathens who don't wear clothes, but for the little Calloways, who were of Christian parentage, and in need of raiment. A rough, bearded mountaineer went around with a subscription paper for their benefit. The broken-down sport, Lige, turned his pockets inside out, and headed the list with \$4.25. "The last button on Gabe's coat," he remarked. Great-hearted fellows, who had known Bill in '49 and '50, went for their "bottom dollar," regretting that they hadn't more to give. Uncle Gid suggested that it would be a "good idea" to get up a "benefit ball," and offered to play for nothing. He was persuaded that it wasn't just the thing at that particular time. He felt grieved that his suggestion was not adopted, but he fell into line with "the boys," and contributed liberally. The wife and babies were provided for. The town went to sleep to dream of little tow-headed angels in clean clothes, stuffing themselves with bread and butter; it woke to hear the sensational announcement of Jo Decker, that "Bill Calloway had passed in his checks."

SAN GORGONIO PASS, February, 1879.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

REMINISCENCES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

How Chico Paniaguas Gained His Freedom.

Chico Paniaguas was a true child of nature, and in no human breast could a stronger love of liberty and personal freedom exist than that which reigned in this half-breed's heart. It influenced his actions, directed his pursuits, and was his dominating guide in the path of life. By birth a Guatemalan *mestizo*, it may well have happened that some portion of the blue blood of that adventurous Spanish nobility which wrested the ground he trod upon from its ancient possessors coursed through his veins, implanting in him the pride, rude notions of honor, and restlessness of spirit which were prominent traits in his somewhat irregular and contradictory character. "Son of the soil" as he was, he was brave and childlike; trustworthy, yet thoroughly faithful; manly, but of puerile simplicity; inconsistent, but persevering; independent and indifferent in matters which others would deem of importance, but curious withal about trifles. Calm and self-possessed in moments of great peril, he displayed a boyish excitement and unsteadiness in pursuit of amusement or when participating in the national sports. Cheerful, merry, and talkative, active, experienced, and capable, he was an amusing companion and a valuable servant. Servant, however, is a misnomer, as applied to Chico, inasmuch as the services he rendered, in return for a stipulated sum to be paid for them, had no smack of servitude about them in his appreciation of his position as seller of them. An agreement was made and carried out by him with about the same condescension that a fashionable tailor would have exhibited in providing Don Chico Paniaguas himself with a suit to be paid for on delivery. Telling him to do anything would not serve your purpose—you had to ask him. An order was unheeded; a request cheerfully and promptly attended to. Chico had, moreover, his accomplishments. He danced, sang, and twanged the guitar second to none; swore to perfection when occasion required, while his easy style of profanity was natural and free from all consciousness of merit on his part on the score of its originality and comprehensive depth and breadth. His morals, it is true, were not of that high order required in more advanced communities, and might have been declared to contain a large proportion of alloy if tested in the crucible of our own virtuous and cherished Pecksniffs. Still, he was a man, every inch of him, and for what faults he had human nature is responsible. In person and physique he possessed all those qualities most requisite in the reckless roaming life he led. His slight figure was straight, lithe, and rather tall; his limbs spare, but of that wiry, sinewy cast that indicates great powers of endurance under considerable exertion, rather than the capability of efforts of great strength. His activity was wonderful, and to his ready hand, and its simultaneous action in unison with his quick eye, he often owed his escape from sudden and deadly danger. No one could touch him with the *machete*—a weapon, wood-knife, and implement of a dozen different uses in his country. His face was handsome and pleasing, and, with his frank address, won his way for him in his adventures among the fair as successfully as did his physical resources in the mountains and forests. Settled home he had none; friends he had everywhere. In one sense he might be styled a vagabond, for, born in Guatemala, he had wandered all over Central America in the assertion and enjoyment of his personal freedom, and was as well acquainted with the other four States as with his own.

I first met him in Greytown, Nicaragua. He had been recommended to me as a trustworthy guide over the Cordilleras to San José, the capital of Costa Rica. The road—a narrow mule-track across the mountains—is rough and wearisome. Nor is it without danger. There are streams to ford which at times become perilous torrents, though at others they are hardly ankle-deep. The descents in places are all but precipitous, while for miles and miles the way stretches along the edges of perpendicular cliffs that overhang gorges which have never been entered by any human being. The distant hum of the wild river that, thousands of feet below, rushes on in its sinuous course over its broken and rocky bed, strikes faintly on the ear with ever-varying cadence. Were it not for the hardships of the road, and the incessant showers of heavy rain, the journey would be a delightful recreation. From some points the scenes are grand beyond description. To right and left, above and below, the mountain forms rise and sink in a tumultuous confusion of wild figures and combinations. Eastward the ocean can, from here and there, be dimly seen, blending, in the indistinctness of distance, with the neutralized, hazy color of the leaf-clad forest that covers nine-tenths of Central America. Dense woodland everywhere, from the highest summits to the lowest stretches of the flat coast—but woodland interwoven with the silvery threads of its rivers and streams, and adorned with the continually changing play of cloud-shadow and sun-gleam.

It was not, however, my good fortune to see views like these on my first journey on this unfrequented route. The weather on that occasion was bad. It rained incessantly, and, from time to time, with a downfall that no one who has not experienced the shower-bath force of tropical rain would imagine. The thunder storms that daily broke over us were truly terrible. The blinding flashes in rapid succession, and the simultaneous reports, multiplied by a hundred echoes till the din was deafening, bewildered one; the air had a sulphurous smell; the angry whiz of the close lightning made one's flesh creep; and as, in mad sport, it crashed through tree or rent some pointed rock, it startlingly proclaimed to us our insignificance and helplessness. Chico was accustomed to this kind of thing, and evinced an imperturbability which I should have been heartily glad to share in. Twice during this trip I was a witness to his coolness and presence of mind on occasions when the least false move had cost him his life. In the early days of the Central American Transit Company an attempt had been made to open this route to general traffic. The company had obtained valuable privileges from the Costa Rican Government. A considerable portion of the road was actually made, and the project might have been carried through had the Transit Company succeeded; but with the sure prospect of that undertaking being ultimately a failure, work on the Serapiqui road—as it was called—soon ceased, the part completed fell

rapidly into disrepair, and the company's deserted building on the lonely Desengaño Mountain was soon all that was left to tell of the enterprise.

At certain places on the line of the survey they had had to cut the road along mountain sides that were almost perpendicular. In one of these cuttings we found that a land slide had occurred, carrying away the road for the distance of a dozen yards or more, and presenting to us a precipitous slope to be crossed. Chico, without hesitation, at once urged his mule across this dangerous place. But the loose earth failed the sure-footed animal, and in a few steps it was hanging, heels downward, over the chasm, clinging with all four feet and cat-like grip to the treacherous ground. At the first slip I had given up man and beast for lost; but the rider was equal to the emergency. Lasso in hand, he had left the saddle instantly, and in a few bounds had reached firm foothold on the other side, from whence he aided his mule with hand and voice to claw its way out of its dangerous position. It may be unnecessary to add that, as to myself, I made the crossing on foot with a hitch of Chico's lasso around my waist. The other occasions on which he had to display his intrepidity occurred at the last of the mountain streams we had to pass. These streams were swollen by the rains, and, having crossed the previous one with some difficulty, Chico determined to decide this one's depth on foot; for, should the mules once lose the bottom here, nothing could save them, as the river, a few yards below the ford, plunged in roaring cataracts down a succession of rugged steps. With pole in hand my guide essayed the crossing, but slipped, in the rush of the water, when midway, and when he would have recovered himself with the support of his pole, it snapped. It was impossible, now, for him to hold his own. Just over the edge of the fall hung a rough rock, round which the waters broke and seethed. Without an effort at resistance, turning face to this at once, he directed his course to it, allowing himself to be hurried along by the impetuous stream. Grasping the rugged edges of the stone, he clung to it with limpet-like tenacity, and, with a laugh, called to me from his perilous hold to throw him the lasso. Had he, through want of self-possession, lost for one moment the control of his action, never more would human eye have seen our Chico Paniaguas.

Chico and I were on the most friendly terms when we arrived at our journey's end, and during the next six or seven years he was more than once my companion on the same road, and frequently my guide on expeditions into other unfrequented parts of the country. The last time I saw him was at Guatemala early in 1871. The revolution which turned Cerna out of the Presidential chair was in preparation. An armed force was mustering on the Mexican frontier, and internal conspiracy within the capital itself was causing agitation and anxiety among the inhabitants. In the country agriculture was greatly neglected, owing to the flight of the laboring classes to places of security in the mountains to avoid conscription. Poor Chico, who loved his freedom so dearly, was not so fortunate as to escape, and had been pressed into the service while staying in the city. Had he been engaged in active campaign, he would have enjoyed the excitement, I believe; but he was detailed for garrison duty in the fort which commands Guatemala, and the confinement and restraint were unendurable to him. When I arrived in the city, he had been removed to the barracks situated on the west side of the principal plaza. It was just before the outbreak of hostilities which terminated in Cerna's overthrow and flight, and the public mind was in a state of great excitement and expectation. I had endeavored, without success, to obtain Chico's release, and had almost decided to pay the sum required for his exemption from service, so wretched, sad, and gloomy had the poor fellow looked in the morning I had told him of my failure. About sunset that same day rapid reports of musketry were suddenly heard inside the walls of the barracks, and much alarm prevailed among the merchants and the peaceably inclined of the citizens, as it was feared that a part of the garrison had mutinied in favor of the revolution, and that the war would be carried on in the capital. The firing soon ceased, however, and before long it was known that a crazy soldier had shot his commanding officer and several others. At a later hour, accompanied by an officer with whom I was well acquainted, I visited the scene of the tragedy. A blanket covered the form of the dead soldier who had caused the fatal fray. Upon its removal, I looked upon the calm and rigid countenance of Chico, who had gone on his last journey. Urged by some sudden impulse which his companions in arms understood not, though I well could, he had shot down his officer while passing in front of the guard-room, and, having control over a stack of loaded arms, had carried on an indiscriminate fire upon all who opposed themselves to him, killing and wounding no less than seven men before bullet and bayonet-thrust laid him low. And thus it was that Chico Paniaguas gained his freedom.

R. D. MILNE.

STOCKTON, March 11, 1879.

The following extract from a letter from Canada gives a fair idea of the sport called tobogganing, and affords at the same time an interesting glimpse of "greatness at play." "The Governor-General tried his hand at it, and a bit of his coat got loose somehow under the toboggan, which is always fatal. Over he went in the steepest part of the second plunge, but luckily the snow was too soft to hurt. Then he took it into his head to try going down a shorter hill with a jump right on to the skating-rink. We tried hard to dissuade him, for if persons are shot off with such an impetus on the ice is a very different landing to the soft snow, and we knew what would happen if the Princess caught sight of him. However, off he went; the toboggan rose straight in the snow like a horse does at a fence, shot on to the ice, and right across the rink all safe. Then several gentlemen followed him. By this time up came the Princess, who we had hoped was safe at the bottom of the big slide and too busy hauling up her toboggan to notice us. Of course, nothing would suit her but she must try it at that instant herself, so all that could be done was to level the snow-bank a little, so as to make the toboggan jump a little less violently, and put someone to catch her on the other side, and off she went. Luckily she kept the toboggan quite straight and on the rock, so she spun across right to the curling-rink long-stop, as he was christened, caught and broke through, which might otherwise have damaged the toboggan wonderfully plucky, but His Excellency would not let it any more."

FOUR MALEFACTORS.

Our community stands in the presence of a great peril. Circumstances, accidental in their nature, have culminated to the point of danger. An individual, dangerous in himself and representing a dangerous class, is threatening the very foundations of society. Social order and the rights of property are menaced. We have allowed the class to which we refer to have its way in framing an organic law utterly subversive of the rights of persons, and one which, if allowed to become a law by its adoption, will do more to destroy the prosperity and hinder the progress of California than all things else. An organic law that makes communistic and agrarian legislation mandatory will do more to imperil the welfare of our State than all the calamities to which we have alluded. This dream of the sand-lots, if carried into effect, will strike a blow at capital which will react upon values of property and the prices of labor. Demagogism has arrayed capital against labor. The man who has nothing is endeavoring to rob the man who has something. It is an encounter between the idle and profligate on one side and the industrious and economical on the other. The daily press of San Francisco is directly and alone responsible for this condition of things—the *Chronicle*, the *Bulletin*, the *Call*, and the *Post*; we name them in the order of their villainy. The *Chronicle* originated and invented this devilish mechanism; the *Bulletin*, *Call*, and *Post* are cowardly and selfish abettors. Without these journals—their lying and their cowardly machinations, their miserable jealousies, and their greed of small advertisements—there had been no Kearney, no sand-lot organization, no ephemeral political triumph, no communistic and agrarian Constitution. They have, by cowardly silence and by mercenary misrepresentations, given importance to what was at best but unorganized discontent, till now it has become a formidable menace to property values, to social order, and to the progress and prosperity of the coast. These journals ought to be punished by the community. They depend upon their advertisements for their existence. Withdraw from them the advertising patronage of our merchants and business men, and not one of the journalistic proprietors has money enough to print his paper sixty days. Our citizens are thus placed in the absurd position of paying for the papers that are injuring them. They are supporting the men who are endeavoring to destroy them. They are responsible directly for the possibility of the adoption of the new Constitution, for the possibility of a Kearney administration. The *Chronicle* and *Call* encourage Kearney to go through the country denouncing with foul-mouthed calumnies the best men and best interests of the State. The four journals named have decided to stake their existence upon the triumph of idle rogues and political vagabonds; they have tied their fortunes to the sand-lots. Now, let the business community sit down on those papers and withdraw their patronage, and let us see whether newspapers are supported by the intelligence, wealth, business, and industry of this city or by the moblots of the sand meetings. Let the merchants take their advertising away from those papers and let them advertise Kearney. To do this effectually, let one hundred merchants and leading business men get together and establish a cheap, decent, dignified, and respectable newspaper; let them properly capitalize it; give it the Eastern news dispatches; put it under the editorial control of an able and discreet writer; give it respectable men as reporters. Let it be truthful; let it avoid sensation, scandal, and nastiness. Let it be cheap—given away, if necessary, for three months. Let it have an honest business management. Let the business community—the men who own it—support it by their own advertisements. It would bankrupt the whole daily press in six months; it would send every mother's son of them scratching in the direction of decency in order to regain the confidence of the community they have all betrayed. There is a power greater than the press—it is the power of the purse; and this city can hold it like the sword of Damocles over the heads of these small, jealous, intriguing, cowardly journalists, and compel them to take the side of right, justice, decency, and good government. It will take less money to build up a good daily paper than it costs every year to bribe our present newspapers to the support of the right. The railroad, the steamship, the banking, the mining, the manufacturing, the mechanical corporations are being directly assaulted; the names of their prominent corporators are held up by the *Chronicle* to daily abuse, and the other journals are too cowardly to say an honest word in defense either of the persons assailed or of the industries in which they are engaged. Such a shameful and utterly debauched condition of things exists no where else upon the continent. A new and respectable paper would take all the legitimate business from the journals we have named. The religious community of all classes, the decent people in all the walks of life, would support. Even the suggestion of a movement in this direction will frighten these newspaper men, and we prophesy that this article will aid to drive them from their offices and make them take sides upon this constitutional and Kearney question. We shall see them come around the next week. This advice is unselfish; there is no one to be benefited by it. THE ARGONAUT that desires connection with a daily journal.

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

My classification of the pictures in the present exhibition of the Art Association, stands about thus: Those in which good work has been attempted, successful or otherwise, and those others in which the evident effort is bad or illegitimate, with no matter what result—although, naturally, in this later case the result as art work can be only bad. The good work is that which bears upon its face the imprint of an honest effort to do the best with its subject that the artist is capable of, without any *arrière-pensée* as to what impression it is going to make upon the public, and without consideration of its market value in dollars and cents. This is the nature of the work of the true student—for the artist is always a student—the conditions of its production being, firstly, the power to see aright—that is, with that clearer and more subtle appreciation of the picturesque that is the essential quality of the artist; then the ability to portray, and, lastly, a correct judgment (made up equally of knowledge, experience, reverence, and modesty) in the selection of the proper subjects to treat. The bad work is based upon the very opposite of these qualities; perhaps not all of them are at once lacking, but generally some one whose presence is essential. The strongest characteristic of the bad work in this exhibition is the utter absence in most of it of either modesty or a proper respect for the nature of the thing attempted. Too much of it is painted with the intention of making an impression on the more ignorant beholder and with the view of making it appear to be worth the price affixed to it in the catalogue; whereas, more than one-half of the work is not really worth fifty per cent. of the price asked for it, and some of it worth accurately nothing at all. And the worst side of the matter is that some of this worthless work is done by those who are quite well aware of its worthlessness, and who could have done better had they but tried.

Of Mr. Thomas Hill's large landscape, No. 44, entitled "California," it seems to me there can be but one opinion: it is great. Painted in a lower key than we are accustomed to in the larger pictures of this artist, and dealing with our landscape at a period (the late autumn) when the prevalence in it of hot browns makes it peculiarly difficult to treat, Mr. Hill has succeeded in realizing the utmost truthfulness to nature without sacrificing either beauty or harmony of color. The arrangement of the composition is full of a grand repose, and the handling that of a master. I can not but regret to see it flanked by his large "Garden Corner," which, although a praiseworthy effort, is after all more a *pièce d'occasion* than a great work, and from an artist who can paint the "California" we have a right to expect only masterpieces. If the first place in landscape belongs this year to Mr. Hill, there is no doubt in my mind as to who is entitled to the second. It is Mr. Yelland, whose "Glimpse of Monterey Bay," No. 60, is one of the loveliest pictures in the room; it is at once a perfectly accurate and very poetic statement of a fact. It is a subtle and refined interweaving of the literal rendering of rocks, sky, and water, with the romance, the essence of it. It is well drawn, beautiful in color—in short, admirable in technique; and yet the technique is about the last thing one thinks of in this picture. It is the beauty of the scene and the artist's expression of it.

Of other larger landscapes we have some half a dozen of Bradford's Arctic views, that are becoming rather tiresome. Mr. Bradford, in fact, reminds one somewhat of the party with the one story that is trotted out on all occasions; he needs to hunt a new audience occasionally. The larger of his pictures—a sort of *Nocturne* in pink ice cream—is certainly effective and pretty, but it is tawdry effect and not very deep beauty. Mr. Keith, who has two or three bright, shiny bits of Napa Valley and Shasta scenery, seems somewhat troubled with his usual dyspepsia, and exhibits (small room, Nos. 130 and 139) two cold and cheerless canvases, and one large one, "Autumn Sunset," No. 30, that is a perfect blaze of gorgeous color. If Mr. Bradford's large picture is a *Nocturne*, this one of Mr. Keith is no less than a *Grand Caprice Militaire*; it is a blast of trumpets and drums, it is a war-whoop, a yell, a salvo of artillery, an almost anything loud. As a picture I do not pretend to understand it. I think I can see the intention of the thing, and do not suspect Mr. Keith of any desire to do an unworthy piece of work—surely he is above the necessity of painting "stunners"—but this deluge of yellow and red looks strangely like it. It is not a strong picture, it is not a good picture; it is only very showy. Another showy picture, although not without some meritorious features, is the "Baranca Honda" of Mr. Rix, No. 27. Economy is undoubtedly an admirable virtue in a young man, and one that I respect withal, but it does seem to me as though in most of the work we have seen from his easel Mr. Rix endeavors to purchase his effects with too meagre an expenditure of pains or study, and that consequently they are a little—well, cheap. There is a stunning bit of light thrown on a mountain side with a certain show of what is meant to represent strength, but is only violence; a passage of vivid green that stands for verdure in strong light (where does the light come from?) but is only green paint; an undoubted picturesqueness of general treatment, and a certain *aplomb* in handling, but —! I think Mr. Rix can do better work than this; I hope he can, for if he can not I fear that he has got his entire growth without having much stature. Better work, although with less agreeable result, is to be seen in Mr. Strauss's, No. 26, "Founding the Mission." This picture is evidently the outcome of much patient and careful study; its fault lies perhaps in this very condition, for it seems overlabored and somewhat dry. The landscape (the figures are merely accessory) is carefully and ably drawn, but the color has the air of having had the life worked out of it, while the atmosphere has turned to dust, and is really stifling. It is evidently a studio picture; it groans with the recollection of weary hours of hopeless labor; it knew from the first that it was too much for its author, and now that it is finished it is convinced that it was right.

One of the most ambitious, and at the same time interesting canvases in the main gallery, is Mr. Tavernier's "Awaiting Montezuma," No. 3, a picture of decidedly original conception as well as treatment. Not that there is any marked originality in the use of landscape in the historic sense, or

in the introduction of the bits of gold leaf with which Mr. Tavernier brightens up his sacred fires; but this picture, as indeed everything from the same hand, has character, quality, and bears the impress of a decided individuality and pronounced artistic temperament. I find it difficult to sympathize with Mr. Tavernier's conception of the picturesque, and not unfrequently feel as if it were rather strained or exaggerated—a little melo-dramatic, say; but I think I recognize the standpoint from which he regards nature as well as art, and can not but respect it. In this picture he shows some of his best qualities of technique; it is skillfully composed and admirably painted. I wish I could say as much for Mr. R. J. Bush's "Catskill Creek," No. 1. Mr. Bush has made the serious mistake of attempting to do something that he certainly should be aware is quite beyond his present ability, and to this mistake is added the still more serious one of exhibiting it in its present condition. Mr. Bush has one picture, "Feeding-time," No. 29, that is quite meritorious in color and handling; he should have contented himself with this one. Mr. Rabjohn's "Evening on the Columbia," No. 6, is one of those amateurish works that should never have passed the Hanging Committee. This applies also to Mr. Wytenbach's No. 12. Mr. Page has a faithful study from nature, No. 8, in which he mildly, but pleasantly, tells us just what he saw there. Mr. Johnstone says but little in his Nos. 23 and 37, but says that little well. Mr. Sears gets beyond his depth in a "Moonlight," No. 33, and recovers himself in his "Mountain Lake," No. 25, which is harmonious in color and altogether pleasant. Mr. Dickinson—well, Mr. Dickinson's place is in the small gallery, where I hope to meet him anon.

I have been trying for the past ten minutes to begin upon the marine views, and can not get a word upon paper for thinking of Mr. Brookes' "Salmon Trout," No. 11. The thing isn't a marine view in any sense that I am aware of, nor can I imagine any sort of reason why it should come between me and my work, unless—ah! I have it—it's the *ultra-marine* landscape that he has painted in as a background! Why did Mr. Brookes do it? His fish are so fishy, so scaly, so—well, so all the things that dead fish ought to be; they are so well drawn, and colored, and painted generally, that surely they don't deserve to have a bad landscape stuck up behind them just to show that he *can* paint one even though it be bad! I wish somebody would invent a new species of fish! I wish—pshaw; I was going to look at the marines.

I have looked at them, and with but little comfort or edification. There is a large, ambitious one by Mr. Denny, "Running the Blockade," No. 42, that is too large for the place it occupies by every inch of it, since it is hastily and carelessly painted, and not at all up to its author's usual standard. There are two considerable ones by Mr. Coulter that remind one of Stanfield's early (bad, hard, and cold) manner; the larger one, however, No. 13, having lots of "go" in it. There is a breezy bit of progress from Mr. Shed—"Off Sandy Hook," No. 53—and a capital "Foggy Afternoon," by Mr. C. D. Robinson (No. 17), in which the play of broken light upon water is very delicately rendered, and which is altogether very picturesque, albeit a little Turner-esque in treatment. Then there are some more by Mr. Bradford—but, no; frozen water can hardly be brought under the heading of "Marines." *Voilà tout.*

Mr. Ferrer's concert, at Dashaway Hall, last Wednesday evening, was largely attended and brought a varied programme, skillfully arranged, and mostly very well carried out. There was some excellent singing of part songs by the Hughes Quartet of Oakland—the voices nicely balanced and in tune; a *Fantasia* for harp, played by Mr. Solano in his usual masterly manner; a violin solo by Herr Geoffrie—an antiquated set of variations played in a more than antiquated style, and occasionally a little "off" in intonation; a guitar solo by Mr. Kim (pupil of Mr. Ferrer), that well merited its *encore*, and a spirited and dramatic rendering of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" by Mr. L. A. Dochez. The more serious work was mostly in the hands of the ladies. Madame Grant, of Healdsburg, in the *aria* from *Ernani*, displayed a beautiful voice and very good style, and made a point in her selection of Mendelssohn's "First Violin" for the *encore* that was vociferously demanded. Miss Grace H. Greene (of Oakland, I believe) has a beautiful, sympathetic contralto voice, and also sang—notably her *encore*—very tastefully. Miss Jovita Ferrer seems to be constantly improving in voice and style, and will, ere long, become one of our most attractive concert singers. Her little "Spanish song"—a recent composition of Mr. Ferrer's—created quite a *furor*. Miss Eugenia Ferrer played the *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn—a sub-tropical version of it—as well as well-trained fingers and a sudden attack of stage-fright would permit, but redeemed herself fully in the *Souvenir d'Andalusia* of Gottschalk (*encore*), which was given with a precision and beauty of touch that reflect great credit upon her master, Señor Arrillaga, who did himself an injustice in playing the first movement from Chopin's E minor *Concerto* without accompaniment and after accompanying steadily for more than an hour, but who, nevertheless, did it in a way that proved him to be an excellent pianist. Mr. Hughes sacrificed himself and his lovely tenor voice at the opening of the programme; but somebody had to do it, and Mr. Hughes's singing is delightful whether it comes first or last. S. E.

EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT:—"My pride protests against the part of a Jew being performed by an Irishman." Your correspondent "A Jew" makes the above remark in speaking of James O'Neill playing "Jesus" in Mr. Salmi Morse's *Passion Play*. If your correspondent will read ancient Irish history he will be apt to find that Uriah's beautiful wife, which made David seek his life, was a Hov Nial on the mother's side. Therefore, as the O'Neills were once the Hov Nials, and as Uriah's wife was King Solomon's mother, and as Solomon was the distinguished ancestor of Jesus, it stands to reason that James O'Neill is anthropologically a proper person to play that character. Let "A Jew" read history.*

SINGLE-LINE.

*See Ogygia; Bede's Church Hist.; Keating—O'Flaherty; Denis Burns, the Piper; Gratianus Lucius; Tara's Hall; The Book of Job; Hittell's History of San Francisco; The Ancient Observations of the Hon. Philip de la Roche, etc.

THE OTHER SIDE.

From the mass of Eastern opinion on the Chinese question, in its present stage of development and phase of manifestation, we select the following editorial utterance of Mr. George William Curtis, as being about the fairest exposition of the views of that class which alone is entitled to a hearing—the men of brains and education, unconnected with church, commerce, or partisan politics. It is not enough that we know the right; we must also know the wrong as held by our most respectable and powerful antagonists. *Audi alteram partem* is not only an utterance of justice—it is a maxim of discretion: "It is long since the country has been stirred with so genuine an indignation as that produced by the passage of the Chinese bill. It was so wanton a breach of the faith of treaties, so gross a wrong, committed with such haste, and without a pretense of the necessity of haste, that the popular condemnation was immediate and universal. The Senators who advocated the bill spoke as if a hundred thousand Chinese on the Pacific Coast were such an imminent and appalling peril to American civilization and forty millions of Americans that the public honor and American principles and international comity must all be thrown to the winds in order to avert the danger. Press and people of all parties have seldom been so unanimous as they were in protesting against this bill, and seldom has the fact that Congress does not always represent the country been made more evident. It was well understood that the reasons alleged for passing the bill were not the real reasons. It was and is generally believed to have been hurried through not from any honest apprehension that such an act was necessary to save American civilization or to protect American labor, but to save the autumn elections in California, and protect the interests of the party that should show itself to be the most zealous on the subject. The vote showed, as we said last week, that the Democrats bore away the palm of such zeal. Almost the entire Republican weight of the Senate was thrown against the bill, and in that act represented the Republican sentiment of the country. Such legislation was felt to be a price much too high to pay for party success, desirable as it may be, and as a bid for the California vote the Democratic party is entitled to the prize. Senators Hoar and Hamlin took the position that the Republican senatorial leaders of other days would have taken. Seward, Sumner, Fessenden, would have denounced the bill on every ground, and would have scorned such an effort for such a purpose. The earnestness and feeling of the brief discussion in the Senate, and the overwhelming force of the argument against the bill, recalled the energy of the radical debates of twenty years ago, when the Republican minority carried off the honors. What is the imminent danger against which the bill, abruptly breaking a treaty which we had warmly welcomed, was supposed to protect us? It is the torrent of barbarism which, as is alleged, is setting in with terrible force upon our Pacific coast. What are the alarming facts? That the movement to and from China during thirty years has left a hundred thousand Chinese upon our shores, and that during the last six months more than twice as many Chinese have returned to China as have come to America. In the face of such facts Congress resolved abruptly to break a treaty, to withdraw from American citizens and commercial interests in China all treaty safeguards, and to serve notice upon every country with which we have treaty engagements that we shall violate them without notice, and whenever we choose. And all this to carry an election in California. There could have been no doubt what the Executive would do. The question was not of Chinese immigration, nor of the influx of barbarism; it was a question of the faith of treaties and of the national honor. It was precisely one of the occasions which illustrate the wisdom of the veto power conferred to the Executive, and which shows how the President with the veto may more truly represent public sentiment than a Congress of politicians attempting to outbid each other for a party advantage."

Obscure Intimations.

- ENGLISHMAN, from Australia.—We don't know who you are. Is there any reason why we should not have been informed? Many of our volunteer contributors appear to be afraid we will give them up to the police.
- "1675."—We have the matter under consideration, and will let you know next week.
- "PERSONAL PROTEST."—You neglected (inadvertently, no doubt) to append your name to the letter in which you make complaints of our conduct and ask us not to repeat it. About how much importance do you suppose we accord to an unknown person's complaint of a grievance not stated?—if it's a fair question.
- "INTERVIEW."—We confiscate your stamps, and shall not return the verses, except some time in print. Keep still, can't you?
- SALINAS.—Can not find the poem. Wait a week or two, and we shall be able to give you an answer by mail.
- J. C. F.—The reason we did not credit the article was that it was handed us "torn from its parent stem," and we were in doubt as to its paternity—in our gross ignorance deeming it a burlesque on your publication, the name of which we good naturedly suppressed.
- E. C.—We don't know how many St. Peters there are, or were. The circumstance that in the Passion Play of Mr. Morse the rabbi instructing the infant Jesus sworn by St. Peter does not make us think there are two St. Peters as much as it makes us hope there is only one Mr. Morse.
- DOMINO, S. F.—You will never be able to write poetry, pray that you may some day be able to see that you can't. That will be a higher and rarer distinction than the fame of a poet.
- C. C.—We think you have the poetic faculty; what you need is intellectual training—study. If we find you a "bore," we shall shut you up, as requested, and you may be thankful in that case if you escape without being called many, many names.

We need not concern ourselves to indignantly deny that Puck has made a "palpable hit" in re-naming our State "Kearneyfornia." Kearneyfornia is good—devilish good, 'egad!

SUBURBAN SAUCE.

OAKLAND, March 14, 1879.

DEAR JUNO:—I come to the front once more, and this time as the champion of my people. That the pen is mightier than the sword is an immensely consolatory idea to me just at present. Happy am I that a weapon so trusty and sure is given me on which I can impale that maligner of my people, the "Witch of Endor." Now, in the first place, I shall strip all concealment from him. It is just no witch at all, Juno, dear; it is a man, and I know who he is. Tell you? No, not yet. I will give him one more chance to retract all the wicked things he has said of us. Perhaps he does not believe that I know who he is. What about that San Francisco lady to whom a friend introduced him and whose society he subsequently treacherously cultivated unknown to his confiding friend? How now, my bonny boy?—for he is a boy, Juno, and a very young one at that. He is said to be sensitive on this point; of course the malignancy of my conduct stands confessed when I state this fact so openly, taunting and deriding him with it as I do. Indeed, Juno, I feel strangely aggressive toward this youth. He has taken my nice little band, Captain Pythias and his four Damos, in whose welfare and good name I have a sort of god-motherly interest; he has taken them—all men old enough to entitle them to his respect—and introduced them to the public in the redoubtable company of the barber as gossips and flirts; and in the case of one Damon there was something about "aces" that savored of gaming. Now, I asked my brother Bob if it was that, and he said he did not know. If there is one thing more than another that I am proud of it is my brother Bob's innocence. So, I don't feel ashamed—no, not one bit—to have to confess that he could not tell me. Well, I have made up my mind, all alone, that it meant my friend played for steaks, or stakes—oh, dear! which is it? Juno, this is very wicked in that old Mr. "Witch," for he knows, as I know, and as everybody knows, that the gentleman referred to has had a very pious bringing up, and never—what, never?—well, hardly ever, has been guilty of such a thing.

Then there are the twins. To think, after all the trouble I have had with them—the mental anxiety and nervous energy I have expended in their training and in regulating all the little differences between them, and finally, after I thought all was smooth sailing, and they had really grown to like one another, and that soon I could offer them to the public as specimens of what a true and beautiful "twinism" should be—to think that this party hailing from Endor should now step in and endeavor to foment trouble. I can positively state to the public that prior to his malicious suggestion *there was no trouble*. If the dead-gold suits are discarded, his article suggested the idea, and it has been done since it appeared. If they have clinched in mortal neck-tie combat, for this, too, he is responsible. Moral responsibility is a fearful thing to contemplate. Juno, I wonder if he shudders at what he has done now. I must confess, dear, there was one point of radical difference between the twins that I had almost despaired of ever seeing reconciled. They would not speak the same tongue, or, rather, the juvenile member wouldn't. He it was that oftentimes would indulge in the strangest flights, going into a land where no man could follow him. As I heard a young lady say once, "It is the queerest talk I ever heard; it is not Spanish, Sanscrit, French, thieves' vernacular, or anything. What is it?" I fear it never will be known, Juno. Like Hobbie's Fairy, it probably was "blown in," a divine inspiration infused identically with the breath of life. Well, I even felt sorry for the other twin when he was thus deserted; he looked so forlorn, so utterly lonely, always reminding me forcibly of a poor, wee chick when its playfellow duck essays a plunge into that watery element where it can not follow.

And the ladies! What was it the "Witch" suggested about them? That they flirted? Oh, horrors of horrors! False and wicked chronicler! Juno, I ask you terrifiedly, was it not just about the time that that calumny went to press that the artillery of heaven was heard hereabouts. You remember the other day the peal after peal of hoarse, raging sound that passed over our little town. Can not you believe the very heavens intended to express their horror at so cruel and false a statement. I can. I almost consider this refutation enough; but in addition, I will state the fact, that the whole national character of our Athenian women is diametrically opposed to flirtation. They are of a serious, metaphysical mind, with high art culture and tastes existing among them. In evidence, I offer the fact of *one* lady friend, who attends lectures at the University. Now, minds imbued with thoughts and tastes so different can not, and do not, as is well known, descend to what is vulgarly termed flirtation. No, no, no, a thousand times no! So, now I warn the "Witch." You must take back all you have so falsely said of us or I will expose you.

Mr. Lunt's dancing-school is a great success. The young Southerner (he would be so charming if he would be less precise and practical and more sentimental) has finally brought his brother out. This gentleman proves to be a magnificent specimen of manhood—"a modern Achilles," as I heard one enthusiastic lady observe. I think this system of oppression that exists among the older toward the younger brothers in many of our Athenian families a thing greatly to be deplored. These unfortunates are kept in a species of nursery-bondage by their tyrants of elder brothers until, for very shame, they have to bring them out. If I belonged to this enslaved class I would quickly organize and rise in revolt. As it is, I often feel that I will get out a writ of *habeas corpus*, calling upon these jailers to produce their captives. I know that so many of them would be such an acquisition to our society.

The Occidental Club is mourning over the loss of its greatest legal luminary. This only goes to prove that some gentlemen have after all a latent sense of the obligation of family ties. I wish we could see more of our little friend of the Naval family—he is very nice. I like his name, too; it reminds me of a gem-strewn Pescadero beach. By the way, marriage has improved our friend of the double-sounding name, H. H.; he is positively devoted in the quarter that he should be. I always said that man would be a model Benedict yet. J. W., now that the cloud of sickness has risen from over his household, is as jovial and gallant as ever on the Oakland boat. Speaking of the boat, what funny

conversations one does overhear there sometimes. I said funny, but I must confess that there are times when they are anything but that. For instance, when one has to sit by and be slowly tortured in hearing one's friend's family discussed. This thing has happened before this. Otherwise, if the subject is not of a personal nature, one is often edified and amused. I have acquired much valuable information in this way. The other day I overheard a young lady giving gravely to a companion an antidote for *ennui*—the "blues." Her tone was very solemn and earnest all the while. Said she: "He came, the poor little ragged boy, one day about dinner time to the kitchen door. He merely told me the regulation tramp's story of inability to get work, hunger, and exposure to cold and storm. There was something in his face, though, that reminded me of brother. I could not turn him away. I believed in him and took him in, and oh! he has amply repaid me since for all I have done for him, not only by his manual labor about our house and grounds, but in the revived zest and interest he has given me in life. Beautiful! beautiful!" Her sweet brown eyes grew very luminous just here, Ju. "I am superintending his reading. In three days he has finished *That Wife of Mine* and is now nearly through *The Woman in White*. His use, too, of tobacco I have reduced to a sound hygienic basis, he agreeing to forswear the use of it if I will furnish him with enough of brother's cigarettes to make it a fair exchange. I have already purloined a sufficient quantity of John's hosiery, linen, and clothing." Poor brother, I thought, Juno, he has indeed had to pay dearly for that resemblance. "My lad is very, very happy; I am amused, diverted, and haven't had an attack of my old *bête noir*—the blues—since my *protégé* arrived."

I made a mental note of this recipe, dearie, just as I have here given it to you. I have been testing it, too. I waited until one day when I had a regular case of the "dumps" fastened on me; then, arming myself with a package of Bob's cigarettes, I haunted the culinary department the whole of that day. It certainly proved an immense diversion, this thing; but, as a *complete* eradicator of the blues, I can not recommend it. In the first place, I was unsuccessful in finding one tramp that was willing to abide with us; they were all migratory—regular birds of passage. Then, I didn't succeed either in getting a single stroke of work out of any one of them. But as to *expression*—just what Parrhasius once so eagerly sought—I got any quantity of that when I offered as a last persuasion the cigarettes—expression, too, of a high order, the regular, ecstatic, beatitude kind. The idea occurred to me, Ju, that your painter's soul would instantly take fire at this, and that you might be able to give us some sort of a refutation of a picture I always particularly detested: the one with the deadly sick youth clinging to the lamp post. Your trouble will be in getting your subject to stay and give you more than one sitting. Perhaps you can manage it better than I did; try it.

I have just thought of two bits of news that may interest you. First, there is something the matter with our "little Mac"; he has not been attempting to show off lately. Evidently he has palled on the taste of the public at last, and is off the bills. Poor fellow, I hope he has guarded against this contingency, and has a berth secured in the Actor's Home or County Hospital. Second, I have to tell you that the offending president of our skating club resigned, and the matter of costumes was placed in the hands of a committee. The president's friend, who originated this idea of dress reform and caused all the trouble, still blindly and stubbornly maintains his claims to be considered an "artiste." He intends, in conjunction with neighbors who once had a wide metropolitan reputation in this business, to soon open an Emporium of Fashion. He has our best wishes in his new venture.

The equestrian season will begin soon, I suppose. I don't mean the circus, but our horseback exercise. The vanguard, Noah's brother, is already out on his cream-colored pacer. The many-hued costume of this gentleman, Ju, is enough to take your breath away. He looks as though he had broken loose from a circus or race track—half jockey, half clown. Now, *this* is a case where I *do* believe an elder brother should exert some authority. In the interest of Art and the eternal fitness of things this young gentleman should be repressed. Do do it, Noah, please. Your loving

MAID OF ATHENS.

The End of the Shooting Season.

One last day on the hills, and then,
The season closed—the guns put by.
Till brown September comes again
No more the coverts we will try.

To-morrow morn the quail will be,
Through all these sylvan solitudes,
Unvexed of dogs, from sportsmen free,
To mate and nest and raise their broods.

The buckeye leaves are putting forth,
With buttercups the fields are gay,
And on his summer journey north
The sun serenely rolls his way.

With purple buds the oaks are crowned,
The almond trees are all about,
And where the laughing streamlets bound
The yellow mustard blossoms glow.

A thousand tender shades of green
Spread over all the smiling land;
Unnumbered flowerets deck the scene
With varied hues on every hand.

'Neath where their scarlet clusters clung
The Christmas berries scattered lie;
Spring's sweet profusion round them flung
But marks their time to fade and die.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14, 1879. GEORGE CHISMORE.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, March 16, 1879.

Eastern Oysters.
Vermicelli Soup.
Brains fried with Parsley.
Shallots and Sherry Wine, served in paper cases.
Asparagus à l'Argonaut. New Potatoes fried in Butter.
Roast Lamb, Pickled Peaches.
Sweet Potatoes.
Tomato Salad, Parsley, Onion, and Mayonnaise Dressing.
Chocolate Ice Cream, Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, and Oranges.

To COOK ASPARAGUS à l'ARGONAUT.—Boil and drain very hot dish; sprinkle upon it two tablespoonsfuls grated lard, a little sprinkle of red pepper. Put on a layer of asparagus, then more asparagus, etc. Four melted butter over, and

THE MILL OF ETRETAT.

A Legend of Normandy.

I.

Etretat was not always the pretty and coquettish little nook it is now, where folks bathe and dance, the piano tinkles, and voices sing day and night. There was a time when bathers did not promenade the beach in oilskin caps and harlequin suits. Indeed, it is barely thirty years since the shore knew no other frequenters than stout, hoarse sailors, fishermen and their wives and little ones, tanned by the sun and salty air, and coarsely clad.

Before that—so long before that the memory of that time survives but as a faint tradition—Etretat had no need of cits and fashionables, the strangers who yearly go there to barter their money for fresh air. "They bring water to the mill," the local proverb hath it, and water is precisely what Etretat stands sorely in need of. There folks must drink the water precisely as they find it—sometimes turbid, sometimes brackish—and put their dependence mainly in the rains, when with infinite trouble the farmers fill their cisterns. Indeed, so scarce is water there that a majority of the country-folk have entirely renounced its use, and instead slake their thirst with a particularly fine cider or a particularly vigorous brandy.

II.

Once upon a time there was no scarcity of water at Etretat.

Then in the midst of the lowlands, between poplars, willows, and fair apple trees, ran a charming brook that brawled and murmured over its pebbles and among its cresses, and at last sought the sea near the spot where Mother Hatville now serves up a very excellent dish of fresh fish with a cream sauce which is marvelous.

There was then at Etretat a poor woman, Coquin by name, a widow, with two children. Her husband, Ludwig, man-at-arms in the service of the Lord of Criqueot, was so handsome, so resplendent, so proud in casque and cuirass, that his companions called him Ludwig le Coq, a name changed to Ludwig Coquin, and of which the wearer was deservedly proud.

But Ludwig Coquin, who had followed his lord to the second Crusade, after performing prodigies of valor and sending scores of infidels down to the shades, had at last fallen in the Holy Land upon the body of his master, the Lord of Criqueot, and nothing had ever been heard of him; and his poor wife, Clotilda, lived with her two little ones in extreme poverty, awaiting the return of him who was never to come back.

Upon the brink of the brooklet, hard by the cot she owed to the generosity of the Lord of Criqueot, was a mean shed in which was a heavy millstone, to crush the corn from which the peasants made their black bread; but the stone had to be turned with the same painful labor applied to the fisher's capstan on the beach. This was of little consequence when the stout Ludwig was there to apply his broad breast to the bar; but since his departure, and since the boat of Clotilda's father had gone down at sea with all its crew, the task had been found well nigh too arduous for the poor woman, although her eldest son, young Ludwig, brought willingly to her assistance the strength of his small arms. Only with the utmost difficulty could she obtain by her labor enough to satisfy her daily wants; nevertheless she endured her hardships with patience, awaiting hopefully the return of her beloved husband and the growing in strength of her boys.

III.

But all her troubles had not been told, for her younger son, a child of four, was stricken with one of the cruel complaints that are so often found in Normandy; a malady which wastes their flesh, saps their forces, and at last kills them—the local name of which is *carreau*.

One evening, as little Jehan, pale, weak, his visage sunken with pain, lay moaning in his cradle—while Clotilda and little Ludwig were straining at the bar that turned the millstone—an old man approached, walking with difficulty, and seated himself on the stone bench at the door. He was sheltered but indifferently from the sharp breeze of evening in the folds of the remnant of a torn cloak, and his bare feet were dusty and bleeding. He did not speak, but his aspect spoke for him.

Clotilda ceased her labor at the mill, and, approaching him, said: "My father, you are tired, and doubtless hungry; God knows there is little enough for the children and me, but what there is, I beseech you, come and share with us."

"Be blessed, my daughter," said the old man, in a gentle voice; "you alone of the whole country-side have opened your door to me." And entering the cottage he sat down to meat, not without having cast a searching and pitying glance at the humble surroundings.

Noticing the cradle of little Jehan, the old man went to it, took the child in his arms, and, laying his hand on its hard and swollen stomach, pronounced a brief prayer. "There, woman," he said, giving her the little one, on whose cheek the rose of health had suddenly bloomed, "your child is cured. This work is too hard for you; hereafter let the water which runs before your door do the work for you. It will enrich you and yours so long as you and they remain as I have found you—pious, compassionate, succoring the poor, and trusting in God."

At that moment the mean hovel shone with a celestial light. The old man was transformed and became young; a golden helmet glittered on his head; his breast-plate glowed like flame; he mounted a white horse that an angel, clad in white, held at the door; on his shoulders he wore the same fragment of a cloak* the needy wayfarer had wrapped himself in.

Clotilda, pressing her two children to her breast, fell upon her knees, for she recognized the great Saint Martin, who often appeared in Normandy, where still dwelt descendants of his family.

Saint Martin stretched his hand toward the stream—toward the hut; his horse sprang forward, and the vision vanished in a luminous ray.

IV.

Next morning, when Clotilda and the children awakened, they could not believe their eyes. The little rill had become a great, broad creek, and the shed a great stone building.

* Martin, it may be remembered, cut his soldier's cloak in twain to give garment to a beggar. He always appears wearing the fragment.

A dam stretched across the stream, whose pent-up waters drove a huge wheel, that filled the air with its harmonious tic-tac, and turned six beautiful sets of millstones—stones that gave a flour so fine and white that never had there been seen its like in all Normandy. Besides this, the stream watered and fattened the land through which it flowed; the fields it watered yielded triple crops, and the cattle that pastured there thrived as none others did.

The mill of Etretat became famous throughout the country. There was no farmer so far off but he sent his grist to it, and soon Clotilda's poverty gave place to wealth, and she and her children died rich, happy, and full of days, after having done great good upon the earth, and never having closed their door to the poor.

V.

Long, long afterward the possessor of the famous mill, naturally a descendant of Clotilda, was one William Coquin. He was rich, as none of his forefathers had been, but he had inherited none of their good qualities, being hard to his servants, greedy of gain, haughty toward his inferiors, and pitiless for the poor and unfortunate. "If they suffer," he would cry, "it is because they deserve to suffer." Unhappily, all the country-side followed his sad and cruel example, so prosperous and independent had Etretat become.

One evening William Coquin was enjoying the cool of the day in his arbor, listening to the murmur of the mill-stream and the joyous whirr of the wheel that never rested, night nor day; on the table were a fine mug of cider, a fair, white, wheaten loaf, and a delicious little cream-cheese. Looking up, the miller beheld approach timidly an old fisherman, old and bent—so old and bent that he seemed well nigh broken in twain. He was tanned as brown as leather, and a ragged fragment of a cloak was wrapped around his shoulders.

"Master," he said, humbly, "a morsel of bread and a draught of cider; I have walked a long distance to-day, and am worn out; my boat has been shipwrecked, and I have lost all but these rags. Have mercy on me, and I will pray for you."

"Out of here! Get out!" screamed the angry miller, falling into a frightful passion; "away, you dog! How dared you, miserable vagabond! enter my grounds without permission? Go! Had you behaved yourself you would not have had to beg and sponge on others. Off—to the devil with you!"

And as the old man still begged a bit of bread, the miller called his men to drive him out.

VI.

But they had not laid hands on him when a tremendous gust of wind smote the country, and laid everything level with the ground—mill, trees, dwellings, barns. The earth trembled, the skies were black as ink; the roaring waves ran up and swallowed the ruins.

This old fisherman was none other than the great Saint Martin. The white horse on which he now appeared cast a lurid light, and the rider's cuirass glowed like lightning in the pitchy darkness.

"William Coquin," said the Saint, sternly, "you have proved false to the faith and the promise of your fathers. Of the fortune and wealth God gave you you have made an evil use; you have neither been liberal nor just toward the poor and unhappy, who are the friends of God. Therefore you shall become poorer and more wretched than the meanest of them, and your name even, hitherto blessed and honored, become the designation of all that are wicked and all that are vile."

He said this, and disappeared at a gallop, in the midst of a sheet of lightning that cast a baleful glare over the wrecked and ruined country-side.

On the morrow no trace could be seen of mill, stones or creek; nay, there was not even the original rivulet left.

History records that the wicked miller was reduced to such frightful destitution that he was forced to dispute with the swine the rotten apples that the farmers cast aside as worthless. At last he vanished from the Norman country—no one cared to ask whither.

VII.

As the great Saint had predicted, the name of Coquin assumed a new and disgraceful meaning, and when nowadays it is said of a man that he is a *coquin** there needs not to be said much more about him. Nevertheless there still live at Etretat a family of excellent, honest folk, descendants of Clotilda, who have nothing in common with the unworthy miller except the name.

As for the river, if ever you go to Etretat you can see for yourself that no trace of it remains, neither is there a mill, nor yet any source of prosperity save the tide of strangers that once a year breaks upon the lonely and rugged shore.

At low tide, however, Saint Martin, having pity upon the poor women that needed soft water for their washing, has permitted the lost creek to reappear here and there in little pools among the bowlders of its old bed, so that for a little while daily or nightly they can beetle their linen. When the tide comes in, however, you see no more of the stream than if there never had been such a thing.

Finally, as for the great Saint Martin, it is many a long day since his apparition in Normandy has been credibly recorded, possibly because of his indifferent success on a previous occasion. It is, however, known that at the beginning of the last century a family tracing its descent from him lived and flourished in Normandy, and it is altogether probable that its representatives survive to this day. Indeed, less than forty years ago such representatives dwelt in the chateaux of Lions-la-Forêt and Neufchâtel, to whom their great progenitor had bequeathed the power of curing the *carreau* by the imposition of hands; so that annually, in the month of September, the sailors and peasants brought their children from all parts of the country to invoke the protection of the Saint, through the instrumentality of his descendants.

Such as it is, this is the legend of the Mill of Etretat and the Great Saint Martin.

* Coquin—Knaave, rascal.

A Washington bride wore a wreath of carnations, instead of orange blossoms, at her wedding recently.

It is a fashion at Paris weddings to have two pages instead of bridesmaids.

LEON GAMBETTA.

Gambetta was born at Cahors, and is the son of a crockery dealer in that town, who sent him to the seminary, intending that he should become a priest. The Abbé Massabie, his uncle on the mother's side—an excellent man, who still lives—had sought to instill into him principles of religion, and was pleased with the lad's impetuosity in mastering Scripture history, which he mistook for holy zeal; but young Léon had not been two years at the seminary before he was expelled for repeated acts of insubordination, and the Superior dolefully wrote to his parents: "You will never make a priest of him. He has an utterly undisciplinable character." One may compare this with an opinion expressed many years later by M. Grévy, who bluntly said: "You'll die in the skin of a Revolutionist." It is worth remarking that the four Frenchmen who may be regarded as the worst bugbears of the Clerical party all began life under ecclesiastical auspices. Ernest Renan was the pet pupil of Dupanloup at the Séminaire St. Sulpice; Victor Hugo was educated by a Jesuit, and composed his first ode in a deeply religious vein in honor of Charles X.; Henri Rochefort earned his first academical laurels by a sonnet to the Virgin Mary. Gambetta, on leaving the seminary of Cahors, proceeded to the Lycée of that town, and he was still there when he met with the accident which deprived him of an eye. He was playing in the shop of a carpenter, his father's neighbor, one half-holiday afternoon, when an apprentice whom he was teasing made a lunge at him with a pointed stick, and inadvertently poked the eye out of its socket. This cruel mishap indirectly made the boy's fortune, for had he retained the sight of both his eyes he would have studied for the medical profession, whereas now it became necessary to prepare him for a profession where he would only have to use his tongue.

In 1867, he was already known as a rising man, awaiting his opportunity—a jovial, leather-lunged, brazen-voiced fellow, who would tread in the steps of Danton if occasion served, and yet never let himself be guillotined by a new Robespierre. Everybody even then rendered justice to his Italian astuteness, derived from Genoese blood. When an Italian is at once eloquent and shrewd, fervid in speech but circumspect in action, he towers above any Frenchman by a head and shoulders, for Frenchmen are seldom good "all round" in politics. No great country has boasted so few real statesmen as France. It has had orators who rushed into politics and got lost as in a fog, and diplomats who, having come to power, thought that men were to be governed by finessing. The art of over-reaching men and that of ruling them are, however, distinct. He possesses all the qualities of the statesman, some being in their maturity whilst others are yet in the bud. Having come to office, he will rule France with almost unprecedented success and for a very long time.

He became famous and popular all at once in December, 1868, when speaking as counsel for the *Réveil*, which had been prosecuted for organizing a subscription to raise a monument to the Representative Baudin, who was slain at the *coup d'état* of 1851. He delivered a harangue, which was one long, impassioned, and scathing philippic against Napoleon III. Most people wondered that the Judges of the Sixth Chamber should have allowed him to proceed to the end of this denunciation unchecked; but one must have heard Gambetta speak to understand the entrancing charm of his oratory. In April, 1870, he uttered his memorable speech about the "irreconcilables," plainly telling the Ollivier Ministry that he and his followers only accepted the Liberal concessions of the Empire as a "bridge" toward the Republic. In the ardor of his peroration he swept his hand over the ledge of the tribune, and knocked a bowl of beef broth which had been brought for his refreshment on to the heads of two ushers beneath. In the case of ordinary speakers this mishap would have raised inextinguishable laughter; but as it was, no one even smiled, and the two ushers wiped their hair, ears, and coats in the mutest resignation. Gambetta came to demolish Napoleon's throne, just at the time when a man of his sort was wanted.

The generation which had seen the butcheries of December, 1851, had half passed away, and the new generation was inclined to judge of the Empire by its pinchbeck splendor and the great material prosperity it had conferred on the land. Gambetta roused the conscience of the nation by reminding it of the crimes which it had no business to bury in oblivion. He came like Daniel at the feast of Belshazzar, but he did more than interpret the writing on the wall; he himself wrote the "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" with the blood of the martyred Baudin. From the first it was never doubtful that his prophecies would be fulfilled. All Paris felt that great events were impending; but Gambetta himself had an idea that he should be suddenly arrested and shipped off to Cayenne. The writer met him a few days after the battles of Woerth and Forbach, when the Empress Regent had put Paris in a state of siege, and at parting said: "Au revoir au Capitole." He shook his head and answered that he thought Palikao, the Prime Minister, would try to kidnap him. "All my footsteps are dogged," said he, "and my poor aunt advises me to carry a revolver about with me. But that would do no good." The apprehension of being arrested did not shake Gambetta's nerve or interfere with his spirits. He had not taken to "doing Banting" in those days, and after every one of those copious repasts in which he delighted, and where Burgundy was his staple wine, he would jest in a truly Rabalaisian style about his imperial enemies.

Letters from Byron, Moore, Rogers, Montgomery, and others celebrated in literature at the beginning of the century, will be found in the two-volume *Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B. D.*, written by his son, and published by Macmillan. There are letters from Mrs. Leigh full of mention of her "darling brother," Byron.

The Empress of Japan takes great interest in the silk spinning and other industries of the country, and it has been stated in the native papers that the tea shrubs growing in the garden of the imperial palace were picked by one hundred girls, in holiday attire, in the presence of her majesty.

The average opera libretto is said to be "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not sung."

MR. MASTHEAD, JOURNALIST.

When I was in Kansas I purchased a weekly newspaper—the *Claybank Thundergust of Reform*. This paper had never paid its expenses; it had quite ruined four consecutive publishers; but my brother-in-law, Mr. Jefferson Scandril, of Weedhaven, was going to run for the Legislature, and I naturally desired his defeat; so it became necessary to have an organ in Claybank to assist in his political extermination. When the establishment came into my hands, the editor was a fellow about as fit for his position as Simon Cameron for the presidency of an asylum for widows—a fellow who had “opinions,” and him I at once discharged with an admonition. I had some difficulty in procuring a successor; every man in the county applied for the place. I could not appoint one without having to fight a majority of the others, and was eventually compelled to write to a friend at Warm Springs, in the adjoining State of Missouri, to send me an editor from abroad whose installment at the helm of manifest destiny could have no local significance.

The man he sent me was a frowsy, seedy fellow, named Masthead—not larger, apparently, than a boy of sixteen years, though it was difficult to say from the outside how much of him was editor and how much cast-off clothing; for in the matter of apparel he had acted upon his favorite professional maxim, and “sunk the individual,” his attire—eminently eclectic, and in a sense national—quite overcame him at all points. However, as my friend had assured me he was “a graduate of one of the largest institutions in his native State,” I took him in and bought a pen for him. My instructions to him were brief and simple.

“Mr. Masthead,” said I, “it is the policy of the *Thundergust* first, last, and all the time, in this world and the next, to prevent the intrusion of Mr. Jefferson Scandril into legislation.”

The first thing the little rascal did was to write a withering leader denouncing Mr. Scandril as “a demagogue, the degradation of whose political opinions was only equalled by the disgustfulness of the family connections of which those opinions were the spawn!”

I hastened to point out to Mr. Masthead that it had never been the policy of the *Thundergust* to attack the family relations of an offensive candidate, although this was not strictly true.

“I am very sorry,” he replied, running his head up out of his clothes till it towered as much as six inches above the table at which he sat; “no offense, I hope.”

“Oh, none in the world,” said I, as carelessly as I could manage it; “only I don’t think it a legitimate—that is, an effective, method of attack.”

“Mr. Johnson,” said he—I was passing as Johnson at that time, I remember—“Mr. Johnson, I think it is an effective method. Personally I might perhaps prefer another line of argument in this particular case, and personally perhaps you might; but in our profession personal considerations must be blown to the winds of the horizon; we must ‘sink the individual.’ In opposing the election of your relative, sir, you have set the seal of your heavy displeasure upon the sin of nepotism, and for this I respect you; nepotism must be got under! But in the display of Roman virtues, sir, we must go the whole hog. When in the interest of public morality”—Mr. Masthead was now gesticulating earnestly with the sleeves of his coat—“*Virginius* stabbed his daughter, was he influenced by personal considerations? When *Curtius* leaped into the yawning gulf, did he not sink the individual?”

I admitted that he did, but feeling in a contentious mood, prolonged the discussion by leisurely loading and capping a revolver; but, prescient of my argument, Mr. Masthead avoided refutation by hastily adjourning the debate. I sent him a note that evening, filling in a few of the details of the policy which I had before sketched in outline. Amongst other things I submitted that it would be better for us to exalt Mr. Scandril’s opponent than to degrade himself. To this Mr. Masthead reluctantly assented. “Sinking the individual,” he reproachfully explained, “in the dependent *employe*—the powerless bondsman!” The next issue of the *Thundergust* contained, under the heading, “Invigorating Zephyrs,” the following paragraph:

“Last week we declared our unalterable opposition to the candidacy of Mr. Jefferson Scandril, and gave reasons for the faith that is in us. For the first time in its history this paper made a clear, thoughtful, and adequate avowal and exposition of eternal principle! Abandoning for the present the stand we then took, let us trace the antecedents of Mr. Scandril’s opponent up to their source. It has been urged against Mr. Broskin that he spent some years of his life in the Lunatic Asylum at Warm Springs, in the adjoining commonwealth of Missouri. This cuckoo cry—raised though it is by dogs of political darkness—we shall not stoop to controvert, for it is accidentally true; but next week we shall show, as by the stroke of an enchanter’s wand, that this great statesman’s detractors would probably not derive any benefit from a residence in the same institution, their mental aberration being rottenly incurable!”

I thought this rather strong and not quite to the point; but Masthead said it was a fact that our candidate, who was very little known in Claybank, had “served a term” in the Warm Springs Asylum, and the issue must be boldly met—that evasion and denial were but forms of prostration beneath the iron wheels of Truth! As he said this he seemed to inflate and expand so as to almost fill his clothes, and the fire of his eye somehow burned into me an impression—since effaced—that a just cause is not imperiled by a trifling concession to fact. So, leaving the matter quite in my editor’s hands I went away to keep some important engagements, the paragraph having involved me in several duels with the friends of Mr. Broskin. I thought it rather hard that I should have to defend my new editor’s policy against the supporters of my own candidate, particularly as I was clearly in the right and they knew nothing whatever about the matter in dispute, not one of them having ever before so much as heard of the now famous Warm Springs Asylum. But I would not shrink even the humblest journalistic duty; I fought these fellows and acquitted myself as became a man of letters and a politician. The hurts I got were some time healing, and in the interval every prominent member of my party who came to Claybank to speak to the people regarded it as a simple duty to call first at my house, make a tender inquiry as to the progress of my recovery, and leave a chal-

lenge. My physician forbade me to read a line of anything; the consequence was that Masthead had it all his own way with the paper. In looking over the old files now, I find that he devoted his entire talent and all the space of the paper, including what had been the advertising columns, to confessing that our candidate had been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and contemptuously asking the opposing party what they were going to do about it.

All this time Mr. Broskin made no sign; but when the challenges became intolerable I indignantly instructed Mr. Masthead to whip round to the other side and support my brother-in-law. Masthead “sank the individual,” and duly announced, with his accustomed frankness, our change of policy. Then Mr. Broskin came down to Claybank—to thank me! He was a fine, respectable-looking old gentleman, and impressed me very favorably. But Masthead was in when he called, and the effect upon him was different. He shrank into a mere heap of old clothes, turned white, and chattered his teeth. Noting this extraordinary behavior, I at once sought an explanation.

“Mr. Broskin,” said I, with a meaning glance at the trembling editor, “from certain indications I am led to fear that owing to some *mistake* we may have been doing you an injustice. May I ask if you were really ever in the Lunatic Asylum at Warm Springs, Missouri?”

“For three years,” he replied, quietly, “I was the physician in charge of that institution. Your son”—turning to Masthead, who was flying all sorts of colors—“was, if I mistake not, one of my patients. I learn that a few weeks ago a friend of yours, named Norton, secured the young man’s release upon your promise to take care of him yourself in future. I hope that home associations have improved the poor fellow. It’s very sad!”

It was indeed. Norton was the name of the man to whom I had written for an editor, and who had sent me one! Norton was ever an obliging fellow.

B.
SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1879.

Criticism as is Criticism.—By Single-line.

I want to call your attention to a British author whom I read some, and partly understand. This author ought to be better known to English-speaking readers than he is. I would, therefore, recommend to the writers and critics in our language the speedy formation of associations for the purpose of teaching Shakespeare—I mean William Shakespeare; he has no middle name, so far as I know. In this last respect he resembles another man who ought to be better known, particularly in America. I refer to George Washington. Both of these men are, or ought to be, great joys to the mudsills of society, because they are both eminent “scrubs.” No matter what tuff-hunters and flunkedom say or write, there is not a traceable drop of “noble” or “royal” blood in Shakespeare or Washington.

The very names of these two men bespeak plebeian origin. Take Washington’s name. What can be easier than washing-town. If it had been wash-house it would have been all the same. His great, wise health would have been all the same. He was, in mind and body, the healthiest man of two centuries; another strong evidence that he was a scrub. I’m very glad, however, that his name was not Smith; that is to say, I am glad on America’s account. The Smith family can be glad or sorry on their own account, just as they please—there is enough of them.

But let us stick to Shakespeare. His name is not Shakespeare—that is his play-writing and rhyming name. All of us great men—truly great—have literary names. When it came to plain prose and to the signing of deeds or other documents this great author’s name was Shakspeare; or, Jacques, *père*; which, again, being translated from French into English, gives us James-the-father. Hence, this author was offspring of a man distinguished only for being named James, and for being a father. From this it is plain as Nob Hill that his ancestors, immediate and remote, were as “scrubby” as Jack and Jill, or Darby and Joan. If he had been born in Scotland his name would have been Jamieson—and then what would have become of him? All the talk of the gossips at Stratford-on-Avon about a coat of arms, a crest, etc., with a picture of a goose playing circus with a spear is yellowplush bosh.

The mudsills ought to back up against Shakspeare and Washington and cease to be sore when they are called mudsills. There is no dishonor in the name. A wooden mudsill is the beginning of a house—a living mudsill the beginning of house, home, and civilization. What more honor does any man merit than in being a mudsill. I’ve been a mudsill for forty years, and I know all about it. Therefore, dry up.

This Mr. Shakspeare wrote some very good plays about which something ought to be said. I have read one of his plays, which he calls “*Macbeth*.” He wrote this play to show what becomes of a pretty good fellow when a lot of old women get their work in on him. One old woman told Mr. Macbeth one thing, then another old woman told him another thing, then a third old woman came along and told him something else; and then a devil’s mimm of old women go: an old tea-kettle; got up a dance and a tea-party, to which they invited Mr. M. He attended the tea-party. That ruined him. It is a mighty nice play, and easy to understand if you take a right view of it.

“Scrub” and “scrubby” are here used in the horse-racer sense, the opposites of “bloody” and “blooded.”
“Devil’s mimm” is not strictly Shakespearean, but it ought to be when applied to the weird sisters.

Professor H. W. Longfellow was seventy-two years old on Thursday. The children of Cambridge celebrated the occasion very prettily by a gift of an elaborately carved arm-chair, made from the ancient horse-chestnut tree whose perfections are chanted in the “*Village Blacksmith*.” The carving represents horse-chestnut leaves, blossoms, and burrs. On a small brass plate is this inscription: “To the author of the ‘*Village Blacksmith*’ this chair, made from the wood of the spreading chestnut tree, is presented as an expression of grateful regard and veneration by the children of Cambridge, who, with their friends, join in best wishes and congratulations on this anniversary. February 27, 1879.”

Rumor says that Mrs. Scott-Siddons owes her beauty to her descent from a Hindoo Prince, one of the Kings of Delhi.

OUR OWN POETS.

The Tolling of the Bell.

A sound is throbbing in the air,
On its bosom sobbing lowly—
A sound so shocking to Life’s ear,
Wailing sadly, tolling slowly;
Above the crashing of the streets,
Floating solemn, chanting holy;
Above the roaring when strifes meet,
Awful warnings lifting slowly;
A black smoke floating from the spire,
Veiling beauty, palling glory;
A dragon gloating, grim and dire,
O’er our sorrow’s piteous story;
A serpent coiling round our souls,
Hissing odious, unwholesome,
Laughter strangling in its folds,
From the belfry creeping dolesome.
A ghoul is stalking o’er my head,
Grinning grimly, leering, nodding,
His finger pointing to the dead
While he pauses in his plodding.
Falls the light from cloudless skies,
In the blighting of that smiling;
Far and witching sound all cries
In that ghostlight, souls affrighting—
Its burden bearing ‘gainst the winds,
Weary, panting ‘mid its groanings;
So loud lamenting as it dins—
Widows’ tears and orphans’ moanings.
My heart is tolling in my breast,
Tolling slowly to that timing;
My blood is eddying to rest,
Curled by that wizard chiming.
The grave seems near and life is drear;
Vain and dream-like seems our waking;
The leaves of Spring are brown and sere,
In the air-gusts shivering, shaking.
Oh, cease thy doling out our doom,
All the noonlight sombre-cloaking;
Soon will creep the twilight gloom—
Timely then will be thy croaking.
Ring, merry bells, the wedding peal,
Joyous swinging, swiftly flinging
O’er loving hearts the hope of weal—
New joys winging ‘mid thy singing.
O holy bells, call loud to prayer,
Souls uplifting, promise bearing;
Tell to all who sorrow bear,
For His children God is caring.
But ring no more, thou knell of death,
Sorrow sowing, woe creating;
Enough of gloom has human breath—
Gloom that knoweth no abating.

SANTA ROSA, March, 1879. HAM BURLIN.

Rocking the Baby.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is just next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks, and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.
I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there’s a world of blessing and love
In the “baby bye” she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
Playing with “mamma’s” rings,
And the sweet little smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.
I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes, and cheek, and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart.
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness,
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother’s broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

SAN JOSE, February, 1879. MAOGE MORRIS.

A November Afternoon.

A lowering mass of cloud shuts out the sun;
The wind flings floatant banners of the rain
In sudden sweeps against the window-pane;
The smoke-rings fall, storm-beaten, one by one,
And melt into the mists enfolding dun
November woods, whose fretted leaves in vain
Cling to the boughs, in effort to maintain
Their Spring-time hold in the stern war begun.
Indoors I watch the flamy firelight glow
With calm enjoyment, listening to the stream
Of the long sobbing wind, whose fitful flow
Is broken by the distant lightning’s gleam
And the deep fragor of the rent heaven’s woe,
While twilight folds me softly as a dream.

NORTH COLUMBIA, March, 1879. MAY N. HAWLEY.

The Flirt.

I have murdered men some twenty,
You have broken hearts a score;
We have had gay times a-plenty—
You’re a woman I adore.
I have lived a bloody revél,
You have always been a belle;
If there be a decent devil
He will surely treat us well.

But the men whom I have slain, love,
They had little time for tears,
While the victims whom you pain, love,
Feel the sting of shame for years.
So, when Satan we shall see,
I shall scarce know what to do;
He’ll hardly cast a glance at me:
“Madame, la place à vous.”

MARYSVILLE, March, 1879.

NOTICE.

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A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1879.

Denis Kearney has an undoubted right to decent treatment. If he is doing good he has a right to be correctly represented; if he is doing or threatening evil he has no right to have himself curried with soft words. This much we say in defense to innumerable persuasions that come to us—some anonymously, some over the signatures of good citizens, some bearing the promise of gifts, some couched in the insolent language of personal menace. That Kearney has bubbled up in the seething pot of politics is natural and not discreditable to him. Such party abuses as we have endured for many years always result in agitation; agitation always results in reform. Better men than Kearney—more honest, more earnest, more thoughtful—have felt and fought against existing political abuses. It is perhaps little creditable to our community that it is never stirred to reformatory action except through fear; hence, to the argument of honest-minded gentlemen, the community has been deaf and indifferent. It took, perhaps, just such rude and vulgar abuse, just such blackguard philippics as only Kearney can use, to stir the popular heart. Perhaps it was necessary to light bonfires around the elegant homes of Nob Hill, and to threaten with the firebrand and fagot this city of San Francisco; to organize the bumming banditti of the slums into military companies; to make "Mr." Kearney "Lieutenant-General and Commander of the Forces;" to allow an alien Englishman to parade the city of San José on election day with a bempen noose dangling from his carriage; to denounce in vile and ribald language all officials; to proclaim the division of property and the confiscation of private accumulations; for Germans in a foreign tongue to menace the life and property of American citizens; to proclaim the overthrow of the laws by force and the right to invade homes and by violence drive from them their servants; to send threatening letters to women and wives; to denounce national treaties and subvert municipal laws; to set up a reign of terror with processions of tramps and viragos, and endeavor to incite riot and civil war and create a bloody strife in our city. We say perhaps it was necessary to do, or attempt to do, all these things in order to awaken our community to the necessity of legislating against the influx of the Chinese, the aggression of capital, the insolence of officials, the monopoly of lands, the vexatious delays of courts, the burden of taxes, and the extravagance of government. If all this was necessary to arouse reflection, action, and reform, it was little creditable either to the intelligence or moral worth of the community in which we live. We may recognize the necessity of a Kearney as we would that of a night cart or odorless excavator. An epidemic may be indispensable to arouse our health officers to sweep our streets and cleanse our sewers. It would be ungenerous to withhold from Kearney the acknowledgement of any good he may accomplish. It would be unfair if we did not admit that he shows some virtues; that he is sober; that he has not been detected in the commission of crime; that he is bold enough to dare the clergy of his church, the St. Patrick paraders among his countrymen, and the newspaper that stood god-father and sponsor at his political baptism; that he no longer indulges in the talk of burning our houses or hanging our citizens. And while we may admit his possession of a rich vocabulary of most apt and vile phrases of abuse, and that he can scold like a drab, we may admit also that he turns the sluices of his billingsgate upon many who deserve it. Perhaps good may come out of this most unpromising Nazareth. "Mr." Kearney has learned one lesson, and perhaps he has partially received it from the ARGONAUT. He has been taught and been convinced that threats of personal violence to individuals carried with them no terrors; that vituperation, abuse, and personal insult were not convincing arguments; that all the courage of the community was not confined to the vile mob that surrounded him; and that when he should arouse the better part of the community to a realization of danger to themselves, their families, or their

property, there was enough of manliness to resent his insults and laugh at his menaces and his threats of violence. If "Mr." Kearney has turned over a new leaf, and shall honestly endeavor to reform great political abuses by recommending the adoption of a new constitution, and having swept and garnished the house, shall cooperate with good citizens to bring about reforms in a legal and constitutional manner, many will cooperate with him. So long as he works in the harness of reform and honestly endeavors to bring about a better condition of political affairs, his ignorance and his vanity may be overlooked. He may regard himself as the leader and plume himself upon having alone accomplished results—all this is the harmless vapor of a shallow mind. We acknowledge the value of the bell that sounds an alarm, although, considered of itself, it is but a long-tongued, empty-headed, brazen-faced, noisy thing. Denis Kearney represents to us the blackguard and vagabond element of society, a class for which we have no respect and of which we have no fear. We distrust this Trojan horse, though bearing the gift of much-needed reforms. We recognize the existence of social and political wrongs; we recognize the long-continued abuse of parties; we have, lo! these many years, observed the slimy path of the wriggling politician as he climbed to the highest places of honor and trust; we have noted the utter abasement of party leaders, and have observed how shamefully they have manipulated the material now composing the Kearney following. The rank and file of the Democracy have been made up of ignorant Irish and German mercenaries, who now compose the mass of the Kearney party. A Workingman's party is a Democratic party under another name and a meaner leadership. We recognize that it is the same compact organization of ignorance and foreign insolence that has for so many years cursed the land under the guise of Democracy. To have taken from the Democratic party its foreign vote at any time within these forty years, there had not been any Democratic party left. Now comes this revolt, this rebellion or civil war within its organization. Kearney, stepping from the ranks to the front, usurps the leadership, and all this commotion is simply a change of captains.

Perhaps Kearney is better than the old leaders. We do not think so. He is loud in promises, he is violent in denunciation; but when all is said and done it will be the same old hide-bound Democratic party. When the leopard shall have changed its spots, it will be the same Democratic cat. When the Ethiopian shall have changed his skin, he will still be the same old Democratic nigger in the fece. We see no sense in throwing overboard from the Democratic party all that was reputable in it, and in the place of gentlemen putting this exhalation of the slums. The Democratic party was bad enough when it was under the restraining influence of gentlemen—when it had in its ranks something of property and decency and was under social and even religious restraint. What it will become under the influence of this untutored Irish savage, who began his career by setting the law at defiance and by threatening his fellow-citizens with death and their property with confiscation, we leave our sober-minded fellow-citizens to consider. We stand amazed that intelligent native-born men should enlist under the banner of this alien; amazed that respectable citizens of foreign birth should follow this ignorant pretender; amazed that the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, the *Post*, the *Bulletin*, should give the encouragement of their columns to the vile heresies of this political mountebank; amazed that the community should give one moment's consideration to his quack remedies of political economy, or for one moment believe that he is honest or in earnest in his denunciations of official abuse or in the promise of governmental reform. As for ourselves, we intend to be caught with no such chaff. The stream never rises above its source, and bad as are existing parties, they are better than one of which the file and leadership are composed of the lowest and most ignorant of the European immigration. We have seen Know-nothingism rise, flourish, and decay. If American birth and American nationality are not a broad enough basis upon which a permanent political party may be reared, then, in the name of common sense, we ask what shall be the fate of an organization in which all its leaders are men of alien birth and nearly all of its following both alien and ignorant?

This is the opportunity of the Republican party. It possesses the intelligence, the moral sentiment, the wealth, the social respectability of this State. It ought to step to the front under the leadership of disinterested and honest men and give to the State and to San Francisco an honest administration. Every gentleman in the Democratic party should promptly enroll his name in the organization, and the test at the primaries and the qualification of membership should simply be a promise to vote the ticket made in opposition to this uprising of the gutter. Every intelligent foreigner should join hands with this movement, in order that he might give assurance to the country of his adoption that he is not in sympathy with the refuse of his native land, whom, in our mistaken generosity, we have clothed with political authority. Every Catholic, every Protestant, every one interested in good government and order, should join such a

party, and it would be in the highest and best sense independent. Under such leadership and such influence as a party might thus obtain by an appeal to the higher and better sentiment of the people it would be invincible. It would drive back to their holes all the small larvæ that hope to warm themselves through the transition of worm, grub, and butterfly into some official position. It would send Denis Kearney and his band of tramps back to the obscurity from which he and they have crawled, through the indifference of better men and the encouragement of a press that has only two degrees of infamous distinction, viz: cowardice and greed.

There are forty millions of people in the United States of America, of which number it is estimated that six millions are of foreign birth. There are say eight hundred thousand people in California, of which number say one hundred and fifty thousand are not native to the country—not including in this estimate the Chinese. It requires no other than a statement of these facts to present the case of undue political influence by the foreign-born. The attitude of this class toward the country and its institutions is an insolent one. These people, a majority of whom are ignorant and discontented, crowd together in the towns and cities. Lager breweries and churches are the immediate attractions of the city. The Americans compose a large majority of the agriculturists. This class of town or village mendicants pay but limited taxes. They are ward and court-house politicians. They have but a small knowledge of our institutions. The school-house and the free press have not yet done their work. Yet this class aspire to rule the country, control its parties, and dictate to its native-born. Intelligent and well-disposed foreigners are more modest. It is to the ignorant, discontented, beer-drinking, and bigoted class to which we refer, and no one need criticize this article, or feel hurt by it, who does not confess himself as coming within this category. It is time that resistance should be interposed against the aggressions of this obtrusive class. It is time it should cease to govern Americans, and be governed by them. It is time that public opinion—uniting the native-born American who is intelligent with the foreign-born who is intelligent—should assert itself in vindication of the law and in protecting the rights of property. It is time that the politics of the nation, and of California, and of San Francisco, should be wrested from this class of agitators and political and social malcontents and turned over to the control of the intelligent, law-abiding, and well-disposed.

Just now the leading topic of interest in this State is the adoption or rejection of a proposed Constitution. It is in every intelligent man's mind. It is regarded on every side as the turning point of our history. Public meetings are being held all over the State with reference to this question. It is by all property owners regarded as agrarian. It is the work of a clamorous mob of ignorant foreign miscreants, who desire to destroy government in order that opportunity may be afforded them to plunder. It is an attempt of the propertyless minority to plunder the accumulations of industry. Upon this question the *Bulletin* is at last getting ready to have an opinion. It is holding itself in abeyance. It expresses no decisive utterance on either side. If it is not waiting for coin, what in the devil is it waiting for? We print its Thursday evening editorial as, next to that of the *Call* which we gave last week, the best specimen of editorial cowardice and funkyness that we have seen:

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.—The *Bulletin* is trying to act the part of moderator in the great discussion which is now in progress all over the State on the subject of the new Constitution. It assigns places to the disputants, taking care only that none shall be heard but those who are able to illustrate the questions involved. In the compilation of to-day, in addition to extracts from the press, will be found some general and special views of great importance. The character of these contributions indicates a higher form of thought than has yet been developed. Reading by the light of these criticisms, no citizen of intelligence ought to have much difficulty in determining upon the course which by and by he ought to pursue. The interests likely to be affected are too grave and important to be decided off-hand, either in press or on the stump. It is a matter in which no citizen of intelligence should take opinions at second-hand.

Texas was admitted to the Union in 1845 with a provision in its ordinance that it should be divided into States when it should have acquired sufficient population. Its territory is nearly sixteen times as great as Pennsylvania. Its present population is estimated at one million two hundred and fifty thousand. Northern Texas is one of the most desirable parts of our country, and for climate and agricultural resources is surpassed by none. It is increasing in population faster than any other State. It has incalculable riches in coal, marble, timber, and pasture lands, and has a capacity for the maintenance of a large population. Leading politicians are now agitating the question of dividing Texas into five States. This would give the South a predominating influence in the Senate if Texas, with its ten Senators, should ally itself with the cotton States' interests. We see no reason to fear such a result and no good reason suggests itself to us why it would not be a wise movement to divide and build up five States in this part of our great interior empire.

Paul Neumann says there is much in the proposed Constitution that is both good and new; but that which is good is not new, and that which is new is not good.

AFTERMATH.

At the present writing it would seem that there is to be no organized opposition to the adoption of the new Constitution. The press is divided, and the people seemingly indifferent. The instrument contains some wise provisions of needed reform. It contains other provisions utterly subversive of the rights of property, and if it shall become the organic law will precipitate our community into a sea of confusion and litigation. It evidences the fact that the communistic and agrarian element of the Convention, though in a minority, was of controlling influence, and that the so-called Non-partisan majority was altogether overreached. If in the Constitutional Convention there had been no member ambitious of office, and no demagogue standing in awe of popular opinion, there would have been presented a better result. Personally, we shall vote against its adoption, because we think it assails the rights of property, and is a dangerous innovation in the direction of giving governmental control to the ignorant, the idle, the propertyless, and the irresponsible.

The Honorable John F. Swift did not authorize the ARGONAUT to announce him as the possible candidate of the Kearney party for Governor. We made this announcement in the hope that he would become its candidate; because if he and other men like him should be placed upon the Workingmen's ticket, it would be—in the event of their election—an assurance of good government. We understand that the claims of John F. Swift will be pressed before the Republican Convention, and that it is the serious determination of a very large and respectable part of the Republican party that his claims shall be fairly considered, and that they will make for him both at the primaries and in the State convention an earnest effort. The mistake that the Republican party is apt to make is that its leading men, and those whose influence should control, are indifferent and neglect their duties in primary organization. This indifference and neglect leaves a small band of intriguing and generally worthless ward politicians to conspire and plot for the advancement of themselves and their friends. This is going on just now, and we see the handiwork of some very small politicians in the organization of ward clubs, and in forestalling party opinion at the coming primary elections.

It is proper to say, and to say now, that this sort of thing will divide and destroy the party. It can not, it ought not, and, if we can prevent it, it shall not succeed. A county convention, or a State convention, that is packed in the interest of any individual does not bind the party conscience. It will be well for—we reserve their names for future use—to recall the history of the Republican organization in this State, and ask themselves the reason why it is to-day out of power. How does it happen that there is a Democratic administration of the State and of the city of San Francisco. We have been destroyed by internal dissensions and party divisions. This has been brought about by the determination of a certain clique to rule or ruin. It has ruined because it could not rule. This clique has been destroyed, and it is a vain effort for another to attempt to build upon its ruins.

That mysterious disease, the diphtheria, which has so long baffled medical skill and made a lively trade in short coffins—there is a larger profit on short coffins than long ones—is now in a fair way of being stamped out. A doctor, whose name has unfortunately escaped our memory, writes that he has discovered its cause in a microscopic fungus that grows on the skin of the apple. To escape the diphtheria, you have only to pare your apple, and give the parings to the children.

Henry Ward Beecher is being sued for a breach of contract in having failed to write his *Life of Christ* for Mr. Wilkinson. "The scandal trial," said Mr. Wilkinson, "knocked the *Life of Christ* higher than a kite." If there is any impropriety in O'Neill, the actor, taking the part of Christ in the "Passion Play," is it not more absurd and improper for so notorious and objectionable a person as Beecher to write his life?

The Kearney party was loud in demanding free speech when it was threatening to burn our city and was designating by name those whose lives it would destroy. Now this party, drunk with the hope of success, allows no public meeting to be commenced that it does not invade and endeavor to control. It mobs workingmen's meetings called to express dissenting opinions. It seeks by violence to choke off all except affirmative discussion upon the adoption of the Constitution. It will drive its Vice-President, Wellock, from office for expressing the opinion that the Constitution contains dangerous provisions, and ought not to be adopted. This is the kind of free speech which the more ignorant and desperate of our foreign-born citizens are willing to accord to those who are born in the land, and to those foreigners who, having property to protect, are loyal to the law.

"The American Trade Embassy to Mexico appears to have done more harm than good. The petty meanness and ill-breeding of some of its members were quite disgusting to the polite Aztecs, whom we are so accustomed to regard as

barbarians. A delegation from California might accomplish more beneficial results."—*Chronicle*. We do not know how Eastern capitalists and business men generally compare, in point of "manners," with those of California; learning and art are somewhat indebted to them, we believe, for various considerable endowments to colleges, museums, and galleries, whereas the typical Californian capitalist prefers to "make a corner in something" and serve letters by lotteries. In the matter of ill-breeding, we fancy the man who with actually no foundation of truth publishes a gratuitous insult to some thirty odd millions of his countrymen is distinctly ahead in competitive vulgarity. *Au reste*, only an ignorant boor thinks the modern Mexican an Aztec.

The only class of our fellow citizens interested in having the new Constitution adopted is the lawyers. It will cost \$10,000 a line to interpret the curious thing, and will give us at least a hundred new volumes of California Reports.

The *Chronicle* is now most loudly championing the new Constitution. It is the only one of the leading newspapers in the State that has definitely pronounced opinions in favor of the new experiment. It throws down the gauntlet and challenges the press. It constitutes itself the shield-bearer of Kearney. It is the bold, outspoken champion of the sand-lot, and stakes itself, its reputation, and its influence upon the result. We make an alternative prophecy: 1st, that it will change sides and oppose the adoption of the new Constitution before election day; and, 2d, that if it does not it will be beaten.

We asked Mr. Pickering on Wednesday this direct question, "What attitude will the *Call* take? Will it favor or oppose the adoption of the Constitution?" "It is waiting for the ARGONAUT," said Mr. Pickering; "it will follow the ARGONAUT." The ARGONAUT opposes the adoption of the Constitution: the *Call* will follow us. This has always been the policy of the *Call*.

The *Bulletin* will oppose the Constitution. The *Alta* will oppose the Constitution. The *Examiner* will oppose the Constitution. The *Post* will oppose the Constitution. Full details of terms and conditions are not yet agreed upon.

Every American jealous of his country's good name abroad will feel something akin to personal pride in the appointment of General L. H. Foote, of this State, as United States Consul to Valparaiso. The rule has been for our Consuls to disgrace us; for the rule has been to appoint the political favorites, henchmen, and relatives of United States Senators, and the average United States Senator is not fastidious in his friendships, scrupulous as to his instruments, nor overrespectable in his family relations. General Foote is a man of clean character, personal dignity, cultivation, and good breeding—in short, a gentleman. So long as he represents us at Valparaiso our commerce need fear no exactions at that port, our patriotism apprehend no dishonor. We hope we are duly grateful for the President's recognition of the qualities required in those who stand in the eyes of foreign nations as exemplars of American character, but at the same time can not refrain from asking why such a man as Mr. Welch is appointed to a Ministry in London, and such a man, as General Foote gets only a Consulship in Valparaiso.

The State Central Committee of the Republican party issued last week, what the *Bulletin* is pleased to call "a stirring address." Precisely whom this address is intended to stir we do not know unless the committee is bidding for votes among the idiots—whom we have been accustomed to regard as naturally "connubiating" with the other party. From the "stirrer," who compounded the literary with the historical ingredients of this document, we learn that our party has performed a number of "peerless deeds"—and peerless we honestly think them; that it saved "the only Republic on earth" (we are not sure which only one is meant) "with liberty for its dowry;" that it "established an American nationality"—whatever that may mean—"as everlasting as the continent on which it rests"—so far as the committee can see ahead; that it has "elevated all the currencies of the country to one standard"—which certainly means nothing at all; that it has made the nation "feared, respected, and admired throughout the habitable globe"—the exact reverse of this happening, unfortunately, to be the fact, as everybody knows who has traveled in other countries or reads their journals. Moreover, it is the prevalence in our politics of just such stone-blind, impenitent, and twaddling braggarts as the authors of the "stirring address" that disgraces and belittles us in the eyes of all civilization.

The committee also inform us—or whomsoever the "stirring address" is intended to instruct—that "the world has produced no names more illustrious than those of Lincoln and Grant. Call to your recollection if you can," they add as a clincher, "in all the pages of written history, ancient or modern, from the dawn of civilization down to this hour; conjure up the brilliant deeds of heroism and justice that have elevated mankind and made names immortal; and ask yourselves if the record of the men who form and have

formed the solid phalanx of the Republican party in this nation has not eclipsed them all." It is right, no doubt, to exalt the late Mr. Lincoln above Moses, Aristotle, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Mahomet, Shakspeare, and other illustrious foreigners whose memory some persons hold in high esteem, but we submit that the exigencies of Republican party politics—even in view of the approaching "campaign"—do not demand the disparagement of General Washington for the glorification of General Grant.

The concluding sentence of the address is perhaps as stirring, if not quite as grammatical, as anything in it: "Regeneracy and victory lies in universal action, not in the scattering and waste of moral power." Nothing could be clearer than this definitive statement of what the voter should do in order to regenerate something. He must universally act without scattering and wasting moral power, which, being translated, means vote for the creatures of the convention which is the creature of the creature who wrote the "stirring address."

The writer of the paragraphs immediately foregoing lives in the skin of an American, and hopes to die in that of a Republican, but has not the intelligence to perceive that the leadership of men who in cold blood utter such undomesticated bosh as the "stirring address" is either desirable or endurable. They are low jugglers with words, mountebanks who estimate the people's intelligence by the inadequate and misleading test of its ability to detect their own fantastic tricks and vulgar impostures. These fellows do not perceive that the California of to-day is not the "Injiana" of twenty years ago; that San Francisco is becoming a great city; that the means and methods of backwoods political proselyting—the rhetoric of the "stump" and "impassioned appeals" of the country editor included—are no longer effective in "capturing votes." They disgust oftener, and more men, than they persuade.

"Gambetta," says a writer in another column, "came to demolish Napoleon's throne just at the time when a man of his sort was wanted." He was wanted to pick up and throw away the pieces—a man of Von Moltke's sort had been there before him.

By the way, it is said that in a recent debate in the French Chamber, when that fiery and unsubdued Imperialist, M. Paul de Cassagnac, was under the lash of the great Tribune, he was heard to mutter—he had been reading Shakspeare:

Léon Gambetta,
And damned be he who falls in this vendetta!

It is but justice to Archbishop Alemany and the leading clergy of the Catholic Church to admit that they seem to be doing all in their power to restore the wild extravagances of the more ignorant of their co-religionists. It will be an evil day for the Union when there shall be no restraining influence to control the wild and passionate vagaries of this ignorant alien mob.

At New Brunswick, N. J., Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan do not appear to be regarded by the college students as the great dramatic and musical artists that our playgoing public has indirectly pronounced them. These young gentlemen, the students, recently fired a broadside of superannuated eggs and retired vegetables in her Majesty's ship *Pinafore* and swept that craft from the seas, as it were. Nor did this satisfy them, although it was enough for the gallant, gallant crew; they followed the actors and actresses to their hotel, sailed in, and renewed the engagement in the office and corridors, to the utter and ignominious defeat and dispersion of the naval heroes and sheroes. It is a kind of dramatic criticism which the establishment of the press has rendered needless, and we are far from commending it; but as a change from the traditional "buttering" of the ambitious journalists who have inscribed their names highest on the free-list its occasional employment (in moderation), to correct some fault of reading or gesture not otherwise reparable, is perhaps less unwelcome to the general reader than to the particular actor. At all events, it compares favorably with the method of Mr. Barnes, of the *Call*.

Eberhardt Faber, the American representative of the pencil-house of A. W. Faber, and founder of pencil manufacture in this country, has been erased from the roll of the living.

Faber, departing for the unknown shore,
Graphite and cedar to unite no more,
Smiled grimly as he drew his final breath,
To think whose pencils would record his death.

We see it is contemplated to send back to China fifteen lepers. Why not consign them, say, half to Boston, care of the Rev. Joseph Cook, and half to Brooklyn, care of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher? We can supply other pious divines and their congregations with further shipments during the summer months.

The suggested equal partition of these fifteen ailing men and brothers would entail the necessity of splitting at least one of them like a fish. Preferably, we would avoid this cruel discrimination: we would split the whole.

THAT TRAITOR OF MINE.

Positively the Last of the Series.

He was a splendid animal, albeit a biped and therefore uninteresting to lovers of the picturesque. He first saw the light with the initial sunrise of 1850; was early saddled with Ephraim for Christian name, and inherited Jones from rich but respectable ancestors. When he came into my possession he was an amber blonde; six feet, one; careless, gray-blue eyes; teeth white as a puppy's, and etcetera to fill a column, nonpariel. He was what girls call "splendid-looking" and something more. He talked well, danced well—the "dance taboo" rather better than any other; sang a little—French songs chiefly, nice and naughty; read well—knew Moore and Præd and the society poets generally; made verses himself—with a range all the way from *Dam and Pope* to *Jessop and Austin Dobson*. In short, he wore the Sunday clothes of "Admirable Crichton."

Do you know Pescadero in early June? It is at its best then. The first and freshest flowers are in the fields, the daintiest and dearest girls are there to pluck them. The pebbles on the spangled beach are brightest in the warm June sunshine, and the comely matrons who group themselves so gracefully along the shore wear eager, expectant smiles, and frown not in malice of more successful searchers as they do later, in dusty August and murky September.

Under the towering redwoods of the Butano the ferns are growing in luxuriant tangles. The "emerald laces" forget their maiden shyness and clamber from every mossy crevice into the sober sunshine of a twilight noon. The Butano is so passing beautiful, so permeated with the "witching loveliness of restful calm," that it is *par excellence* a lover's glen. It was there I met my traitor. Shall I tell you how?

I nestled at the feet of a great madroño—the very tree under which Bartlett wrote that dainty idyll for the *Overland*; and I was watching Harry Thompson, Nimrod of fishermen and the best-natured of comrades, whipping the wimpled surface of the noted Butano pool—into whose lap leaps a baby waterfall, struggling to be a noisy, brawling cataract. The trout were jumping savagely, and at intervals of about three minutes Harry would toss a fish into my excited hands, which I would unhook and lay glowering in a mossy hollow—careless of the pain I knew it suffered, selfishly content to watch its changeful beauty. At last Mr. Thompson hooked a big fellow, a half-pounder at least; when, after an exciting struggle, Harry got it into the rifle and drowned it, I insisted on removing the hook which the greedy fish had swallowed at a gulp. After a long effort I removed the hook only to catch it in my thick dress. The more I pulled the more it wouldn't come out. Harry had dropped his pole, and was gathering ferns some distance down the creek. I had no pen-knife, and called to him to bring me his; but the noise of the water drowned my voice and he did not hear. I was about to call again, but was startled into silence by a voice at my elbow, which said: "Mine, at your service, madam." I turned my head, and there stood my traitor—a total stranger then. From looking like a frightened rabbit, I fell to blushing furiously; and as I said nothing he just knelt by my side and cut out the stupid hook more deftly and as neatly as I could have done myself. Of course that was quite enough. I was caught, or rather he was, and I, at least, enjoyed the capture.

The serene Thompson, who doubtless saw it all, came back just in time to introduce us before the situation became positively awkward. From that hour Ephraim Jones was my daily companion. There are many pleasant walks and drives near Pescadero; we learned to know them all. We gathered pebbles on the beach, found mosses at Pigeon Point and Point New Year; made friends with the light-house keeper, and had the light-room all to ourselves many a time; made friends with the whalers, and were in at the death once, and mamma none the wiser; made friends with anybody and everybody who would take our acquaintance—ship at its proper value, and leave us to ourselves. So when mamma fled before the advent of dusty August, my traitor followed us to San Francisco, and six months after we were married, mamma consenting, and his uncle setting him up in trade.

For five brief months I was happy, and then—

In the main, mine is the old, old story, only varying in its climax. For I am not the woman to pine under neglect. Indignity can never harm me, for I always resent the unacted impulse, and "strike back first." If the past was a dream, the present has been an awakening, and I welcome the worst as a revelation.

One morning about a month ago I awoke and found a note telling me that my traitor would not be at breakfast, as he had "an appointment with one of the leading men of the city, on an important matter, which must be settled for the city's good." Now if he had simply written that he could not be at breakfast, I should not have given the subject another thought. But all that stuff about "leading men," and "important matter," and "must be settled," set me to thinking, and when a woman thinks, she thinks.

When he came home to dinner I asked, point blank, what was the "important matter" which took him away from breakfast at such an hour. Instead of telling the shameful truth, like a man, the unfeeling traitor put on one of those wise, far-away expressions, of which men are so fond, and said nothing. That was my first clue to his true false-nature. I repeated my question, and he said, hesitatingly: "It is nothing you would understand, my dear; it's a question touching the public welfare." "Why can't you tend to 'public welfare' at a decent hour," I asked. "Oh! my dear, you know I can't leave business in the day time, and can't think of being away from you evenings, dear."

"Then why don't you wake me up, and take me along?" said I. At this he gave me such a peculiar look, and said quickly: "Oh, that would never do."

I was so angry that I dared not trust myself to say another word, but that moment I silently vowed to find him out, and I *did* find him out.

My jealousy once aroused, I left no stone unturned. Too late to let him know my purpose until the hour of fell dis-

covery, too politic to trust the servants, I set upon his track the greatest living detective, the only—

Day by day that tireless "sleuth hound of the law" tracked my unsuspecting traitor; day by day the tokens of his perfidy, and the proof-positive of his folly, were strung, bead-like, upon the chain of evidence. At last, one bright morning, I accompanied the faithful—to the rendezvous of the faithless creature I once had loved. Stealthily I crept up the stair. The door was carelessly ajar. Secure in his guilty privacy, regardless of the woman he had wronged, he sat, unblushing, in a cushioned chair—by his side the partner of his folly.

Was this the "leading man" of whom he wrote? Was this the "important matter," or this the way to "settle" it? Shades of the great G. W., his companion was the illustrious Loring Pickering, and they were writing editorials for the *Daily Morning Call*!

R. S. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

Bluebeard's Last Wife.

One of our learned professors, says the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, who make a business of overthrowing or seriously curtailing the proportions of traditional celebrities, tackled old Bluebeard not long ago, expecting to prove that he was a myth, like William Tell and lots of other fellows, but he didn't succeed. He discovered, however, that Bluebeard's last wife, Fatima, was a very different sort of a woman from what has long been supposed. Instead of being a timid creature, frightened to death every time the man in azure side-whiskers looked at her, and ready to faint at the sound of his voice, she was in reality a regular "rip-snoorter," and led Bluebeard a terrible life from the day they were married. She had heard all about his numerous wives disappearing, and she gave him to understand on the way from the parson's to the castle that he couldn't come any of his games over her. She wouldn't have it. She said if she disappeared it wouldn't cost him a cent. It is not generally known, but Bluebeard's last wife was the original woman's rights woman. She it was who started the movement. She was the first to lecture on woman's rights, and she stumped the country in favor of female suffrage before Susan B. Anthony was ever heard of. Bluebeard used to growl about it, and swear until everything was blue, blue as his beard, but it didn't do any good; he couldn't control that woman anyhow. She attended all the conventions, and brought strong-minded women, and weak-minded men who admired them, home with her, in defiance of old B., and they kept up the clatter on their favorite subject until he sometimes even wished that he were dead. He used to disappear at such times, and no one knew where he went, but it afterward transpired that he secretly repaired to the "bloody closet," where his former wives were hung up to dry, seeking in their tranquil society that repose which was denied him while Fatima was around. Married to a virago, the old loves came back again, as it were.

It was all stuff about Bluebeard pretending to Fatima that he had got to leave home for a few weeks on an excursion to Mexico, or something like that, giving her the keys of the house with an injunction not to open the mysterious closet on pain of death. The truth was, she took the keys away from the old man herself, choking him until he was glad to give them up. Then she dragged him along by the coat collar until she came to the fatal closet, where she opened the door, and, flinging him among his murdered wives, locked him in for a week at a time. He tackled the wrong woman when he got hold of that last wife of his; she had loved before. Fatima was a Chicago woman, and had been married and divorced half a dozen times herself, and what she didn't know about managing a husband wasn't worth knowing. Whenever the old rascal's native meanness showed itself, into the closet he went, and he spent more than half his time there. His wife used to jeer at him through the keyhole, and ask him if he had selected a nail yet for her to hang on. Her sister, who came to visit her, popularly represented as sitting in a tower watching for the arrival of their big brothers, while Bluebeard was in the hall below whetting his scimitar on the banisters, preparatory to chopping off his wife's head, never kept watch for anybody, being as able to take care of herself as Mrs. Bluebeard was; and whenever the big brothers did happen to call at the castle they generally had to interfere to prevent their sisters from killing the old man. They made it so hot for him that he was finally compelled to vamose the ranch. It is not known what became of him, but it is supposed he went to Utah. It affords us pleasure to know that Bluebeard didn't have it his own way all the time, and that in Fatima he met considerably more than his match.

EDITORS OF THE ARGONAUT:—Why don't the Divines instruct those under their "spiritual care" not to patronize the Standard Theatre with its troupe of "model artists," and call upon the Board of Supervisors to prevent a repetition of its performances? Brother Rountree thinks the Passion Play might be "subversive of good morals." What has he to say of many of the plays that are put upon our stage, where all the holiest relations of life are brought into ridicule, and where not only old maids and stepmothers but parents and children are grossly caricatured, till there is nothing sacred left to endow a home or family with? Why not put a stop to all this sacrilege?

But, then, it is only the Church, and not the wicked people, who are to have the protection of the city law. Really, the Church ought to be able to protect itself through its great moral power. It is the God-forsaken heretics who need looking after. Let the strong arms of the Supervisors be thrown about the ungodly to shield and guide them evermore.

VELVET PAW.
VAN NESS AVENUE, March 5, 1879.

What can be more startling than to see a delicate and fascinating young lady with a long train suddenly turn around, without giving the unsuspecting individual behind her any warning whatever, gently stop, reach back with her right foot, and kick desperately? She is going to cross the street, and is merely switching off her train in the new direction.

Sir Charles Dilke is lecturing in England on "Big Gooseberries." Where is the big goose?

LITERARY NOTES.

Every dead man's head is game for the *Phrenological Journal*. No sooner is the breath out of some notable's body than this enterprising journal is to the fore with a chart of his bumps (taken from life, so to speak) and a biographical sketch in which his actions are made to correspond with his cranium. Many sensitive people really dislike to die.

We wish every musician—particularly those who fancy Dick White has said the last word in disparagement of their science—would read the paper on "Musical Romanticism," by Mr. Vernon Lee, in the current number of *Appleton's Journal*—from *Fraser's Magazine*. The writer is a man of ideas (which Mr. Richard Grant White is not), and has an admirable style—another point of difference.

A Southern Woman's Story, by Phoebe Yates Pember (Phoebe! what a name!), again reminds us that we prefer Southern women to their stories.

Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, who wrote *That Husband of Mine*, is the author of a new work, *Erin go Bragh*. May it be read only by her admirers is as severe a malediction as the amenities of criticism permit.

John G. Saxé, who has been in delicate health, and has done no literary work for some time, is now confined to his room in Brooklyn, suffering, it is said, from chronic melancholia. He has been reading some of his own humorous verse, probably.

The Duke of Argyll's work on the *Eastern Question*, a book of one thousand pages, is described by the *London Times* as "an exhaustive brief."

Colonel T. W. Higginson's *Young Folks' History of the United States* has been translated into three foreign languages, and is now printing in raised letters for the blind. No doubt they will see its merit.

Smack your pretty lips, ladies! Madame "Henri Gréville" has written another—*Bonne Marie*.

Of the five important German works on Bismarck, Dr. Busch's is the only one that has found its way into America.

German books, by the way, have fewer indices than those in any other tongue. It never occurs to a German that he might spare himself the trouble of reading a whole volume every time he wants to find any particular passage in it.

Mr. Hamerton regards Mr. Ruskin as the only artist in words of any conspicuous power who has written much, and with his best force, about painting. How does Mr. Ruskin regard Mr. Hamerton?

The *Contemporary Review* has a letter from St. Petersburg in the nature of an article giving a sketch of contemporary life and thought in Russia. The writer, "T. S.," talks like a Russian. A long list of scandals and Nihilistic crimes are given for the edification of a public still eager to know all about what is bad in Russian social life.

Mr. J. Payne Collier believes he has found a tragedy by Shakspeare. Indeed, he is confident that he has, or, at least, that it is one in the authorship of which Shakspeare was importantly concerned. "I suspected it," Mr. Collier writes to the *Athenæum*, "when I was thirty, and now I am ninety I am convinced of it." The title of the tragedy is *A Warning for Fair Women*. He cites the following passage from the repentance scene as very Shakspearean, the guilty wife being the speaker in the presence of her paramour:

"Ah! bid me feed on poison and be fat,
Or look upon the basilisk and live;
Or surfeit daily and be still in health;
Or leap into the sea and not be drown'd.
All these are even as possible as this,
That I should be comforted by him
That is the author of my whole lament."

This passage, says Mr. Collier, could proceed from no other mind and pen than Shakspeare's. "I stake my reputation on the fact that the above and more was contributed by our great dramatist."

Le Figaro appears to have found still another work of Shakspeare. It announces a *matinée internationale* at the Gaieté Theatre, at which was to be produced *Une Tragédie dans le Yorkshire*, a drama, in two acts, by Shakspeare, adapted for the French stage by Jules Guillemot.

In the March *International Review* Mr. Sidney Lanier has an essay on "A forgotten English poet." As Mr. Lanier would that others should do unto him, even so does he unto them.

Mr. Edmund Yates, having found no word of criticism in the *Times* (London) of Mr. Bret Harte, nor any announcement of his visit and lecture in that city, writes of "the astounding fatuousness and crass stupidity" with which the leading journal is conducted. Of all American authors (living authors, presumably), Mr. Harte is, he says, "not merely the most original, but, without question, the most popular in England." By way of contrast, Mr. Yates mentions the visit of Dickens to this country. On the occasion of his first public reading, which was given in Boston, the *New York Journals* "sent the best men they had to 'the Hub,' a distance of several hundred miles, and received from them by telegraph critical reports, several columns in length, which were published the next morning."

The Eastern newspapers are much concerned about our manner of writing literary notes, considering it "startling" and desperately wicked. They miss the immemorial reverence, and tremble for the dignity of letters. Let them be reassured—we respect at least the Eastern newspapers.

INTAGLIOS.

A Day-dream.

I shut my eyes and see it all—
The garden and the wood,
The lilacs and the maples tall,
The grass plat where the apple stood.
Above, the spreading apple trees
Their snowy blossoms shed,
That floating on the morning breeze
Fall gently on her head.
The quaint old house with narrow eaves,
The chimneys broad and low,
The shadows of the waving leaves
That softly come and go.
I hear the sound of many feet
Upon the oaken floor;
I hear young voices glad and sweet
Within the open door.

And now they come, a merry throng,
Fresh as the vernal breeze,
And summons to the garden and song
Who stood beneath the trees.

I see them all together go
Beyond the wooded hill:
Their song sounds far away and low,
It fades and all is still.

'Tis but a dream, for nevermore
To time do they belong.
Their footsteps press no earthly shore,
No mortal hears their song.

But one of all who gathered there
Remains the tale to tell:
'Tis she upon whose dark brown hair
The apple blossoms fell.

And once again upon her hair
Is snowy whiteness shed,
But 'tis not apple blossoms fair
That rest upon her head.

Thus, often as night's shadows come,
My eyes are filled with tears,
As visions of that peaceful home
Rise from the vanished years.

—Springfield Republican.

The Cavalier's Song.

A steed! a steed of matchless speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane
The neighing of the war-horse prowde,
The rowling of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come:
And oh, the thundering presse of knights,
Whenas their war cries swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright
And rouse a fiend from hell.
Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the feldge againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye,
When the sword-hilt's in our hand—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swain and craven wight
Thus weepe and puting crye,
Our business is like me to fight
And hero-like to die.

O Shining Sands!

O shining sands! that echo back
The sounds of feet now still;
O booming waves! that leave no track
For other ships to fill.
The feet that tread the shining sands
Press other shores to-day!
They wander far in other lands,
Where softer breezes play.

The sunlight lingers on the beach,
As in the days long gone;
The booming waves have the same speech,
Still the same full, deep tone,
O wave washed beach! O shining sands!
I see ye not for tears;
The dear feet now press other strands
That walked with me for years.

They walk beside celestial streams,
Where heavenly breezes play,
Upon whose shore the sunlight gleams,
Nor yet alone they stray;
The loved and lost of long ago,
Who crossed the unknown sea,
Have e'er returned, but well I know
They watch and wait for me.

LILLIA N. CUSHMAN.

Horace's Guest (Book I, Ode IX).

Helvellyn's height with snow is white,
The forest branches bow and splinter;
No ripple breaks the snowy lakes—
Then shut my door on cold and winter.
On my hearth-dogs pile up the logs—
Pile high, my boy; and down your throttle
Right freely pour my "thirty-four,"
And never spare the old man's bottle.
Leave all the rest to Him who best
Knows how to still the roar of ocean,
To calm the wind in wildest mind,
And hush the leaflet's lightest motion.
Fear not to stay upon the day,
And count for gain each happy pleasure;
Be not above the game of love,
And feattly tread the Christmas measure.
Let blood run cold when life grows old,
Stick now to skate and tennis-racquet,
Till westward-ho the snn-wheels go,
Then join the sports of frock and jacket.
When bright eyes smile, laugh back the while
And find the nook where beauty lingers;
Steal golden charm from rounded arm,
Half given, half-held, by fairy fingers.

Muzzer's bought a baby,
Little bits of zing;
Zink I moss could put him
Froo my rubber ring.

Aint he awful ugly?
Aint he awful pink?
Jus come down from heaven
Dat's a nub, I zink.

Doctor told auzzer
Great big awful lie;
Noze aint out of joyent,
Dat aint why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him!
No, I won't—so zere!
Nassy, crying baby,
Aint got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy
Every single day;
"Be a good boy, Charley,
Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses,
Dot my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick
And beat him on ze head.

She had advertised for the return of her dog, and it was a long-haired Skye terrier—a regular valuable thoroughbred. The reward was to be ten dollars. A stalwart Celt came timidly forward and asked if that was the dog. Being answered affirmatively and paid the reward, the affection of the lady, who kissed and hugged her "poor, dear, darling little Dandy," attracted his attention, and the following skirmish ensued: "Where did you find the darling?" "Small comfort would it do you, Madame, did I tell you." "But tell me, while I caress the angel." "I can't tell you, because you wouldn't like it." "But dear, darling Dandy—was Dandy cold?" "Shure, Madame, I don't know. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and I recognized him tied to the end of a long stick, and a woman a washin' of winders wid him. I told her she must shop a washin' of winders wid my dog."

Paterfamilias looks up over his glasses, lowers his paper, and testily observes to Maria Clytemnestra: "My daughter, it certainly appears to me that you look in the mirror a great many unnecessary times." "Why, father," returned the young lady, "haven't you counseled me over and over again to pause and reflect?"

An English barber has a sign in his window which reads: "Haircutting on Phrenological and Physiognomical principles."

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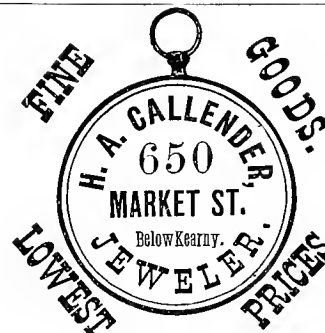
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and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont;
water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all
fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table,
range, kitchen and dining-room furniture, floors carpeted,
rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain
is offered in this property, and if not sold will be rented at a
moderate figure for a summer residence. For particulars,
inquiry may be made at the ARGONAUT office, No. 522 Califor-
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

ALBERT BELANGER, plaintiff, vs. MARV BELAN-
GER, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MARV BELANGER, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons; or, if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce
dissolving the bonds of matrimony now and heretofore exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is specially made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
ninth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By JNO. H. MOTT, Deputy Clerk.

JNO. J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 605 Clay Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LI-
CENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN
LINUS, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons; or, if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you, according to the prayer of said com-
plaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defend-
ant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1858, be reformed and
amended in the description of certain real property particu-
larly described in the complaint on file herein, to which refer-
ence is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d
day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTEEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEEN,
defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
John Wooteen, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of
this summons; or if served within this county; or if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and
alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thou-
sand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco,
Cal., March 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of
Directors of the above named company, held this day,
Dividend No. 1, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared,
payable on Wednesday, March 13th, 1879, at the office in
San Francisco, in New York. Transfer books closed on Satur-
day, March 8, 1879, at 12 o'clock.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator
with the will annexed of the Estate of JOHN BLISS,
deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims
against, the said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary
vouchers, within four months after the first publication of
this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of busi-
ness, Room 12, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, in
the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated February 13th, 1879.

WILLIAM DOOLAN,

Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of John

Bliss, deceased.

PHELPS & ELLS, 66 Nevada Block, Attorneys for Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator
of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the credi-
tors of, and all persons having claims against, the said de-
ceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within
four months after the first publication of this notice, to the
said Administrator, at 42 Montgomery Street, 1st floor, the
same being her place for the transaction of the business of
the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MAGDALENE M. MAY,

Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 13th,

PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Adm.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14, 1879.

DEAR MADGE:—The moths and butterflies and irreligious pleasure-seekers might as well keep Lent as not, since they maintain an involuntary abstinence from pleasure, whether or no. Into what a dull, dead, monotonous level are amusements permitted to sink when fashion and religion begin to keep themselves indoors. Last Monday evening there was absolutely nothing to tempt one out of doors, although there is a wild, absurd rumor afloat that an immense number of married men had important business engagements down town that night, which consumed the hours between eight and eleven. I know they could not have gone to see *Mother and Son*, for, although it has pursued the even tenor of its way with fairly good luck, there has been no extraordinary influx of unaccompanied Benedicks in the auditorium. The rain storm unfortunately gave the new people a bad start, and that is something not easy to get over in this capricious burg. But they are an acceptable little band, and every one returns from the theatre well pleased. Of course people have stopped crowding the Bush Street Theatre long ago. They run so entirely in one groove, and that not a deep one, that it is apt to become a little wearisome. Their sole idea is the "play within the play." How strange that actors should always think it so excessively funny to play that they are players. This was all very well while it was comparatively original, especially with the brilliant Voxes family to carry out the idea; yet, after all, even they were far better in *Fun in a Fog* than in the *Belles of the Kitchen*. For all this growl I can not very well see what Mr. Nat Goodwin would do with himself in any other class of entertainment in which he is to be the bright, particular star. As an imitator he is perhaps unrivaled, but as he neither sings nor dances extraordinarily well there is nothing really left for him to do but invest a little money in a better play of the same sort. *Hobbies* is beneath criticism, and *Rambles*, as a play, is an insult to an undeveloped intellect. The *Passion Play*, what with much advertising in the shape of pronounced opposition, was doing not badly. But every body had seen everything, when that brave "Lass o' Lowrie's" came to the rescue in the nick of time.

It is a bold experiment to dramatize a tale like this, in which the interest lies in the revelations of deeper nature rather than in wealth of incident. Also, the abundance of dialect is a drawback to it for stage purposes, as it is to the book itself to a large class of readers. Dear Madge, I will engage you read it as you did the *Mill on the Floss*, and skipped as much of its queer, harsh, but expressive jargon as you did of the domestic discourses of those admirable British matrons, Mrs. Tulliver and clique.

You should have heard the bewildering variety of accents at the Baldwin the other night. The majority of them fell back on broad Scotch, as being most familiar, while others garnished their speech here and there with a good round brogue. Yet I doubt if there are many companies who could have filled difficult parts so acceptably. As for Rose Eytinge herself, I think that with all her artificiality she had come to understand something of the deep-souled Joan Lowrie. She looks picturesque enough as she stood "outside the gate" bowing her acknowledgments under a most suspicious rain of flowers. I shall tell you what she wore, for it is not easy for a pit-girl to look picturesque, if one may judge by the others, who were fac-similes of the châtelines of Tar Flat taking observations on the sidewalk. *Imprimis*, a "two-orphan" skirt, drab, striped with black velvet, a loose black bodice confined with a broad black leather belt, a red neckerchief, and a big black "Miss" sombrero. Add to this as neat a foot, *bien chaussé*, as ever peeped beneath a petticoat, and behold Joan Lowrie. So far as the actual playing of the part is concerned, one would not ask better. It is not full of great dramatic possibilities at best. It is rather the suggestion of a rich nature in reserve, and this conception Miss Eytinge hit upon most happily. Her dialect is well enough in an emergency. The veriest tyro would recognize that it was not the genuine article, but then we of California need not be so particular about these things as our English cousins, whose ears are attuned by familiarity to every shading of accent. Miss Eytinge's much-trilled r's came into play quite appropriately this time. I am quite sure that when this lady pronounces murder or kindred words her tongue rolls up like a manuscript. It was really not her fault that some of the very best situations went off with unwarrantable tameness. Perhaps it was due to the decision of Mr. Salmi Morse, who interfered with rehearsals because he would not permit the *Passion Play* to go on without James O'Neill.

Perhaps the dialect added every one's wits, so that even the scene-shifters could not take their cues promptly. At all events there was no dash, no *clan*, no go to anything, and, notwithstanding some really admirable acting, everything dragged.

Old "Sam Craddock," "Dan Lowrie," and little "Judson Bates" were there in such fashion that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett herself would have recognized them. I was really delighted with Mollie Ravel, whose queer little face seemed to belong to "Jud." Odd that this really accomplished little woman has been playing nothing but minor maid parts for so long, for she does not deserve

credit for a good dialect only. There was more than dialect to her "Maggie" in *Engaged*. She comprehended the Gilbert wit which the Londoners think too deep for us dull Americans.

"Jud" and his dog, a pale blonde terrier (who made a very successful *début*, by the way), are not the least interesting elements in the *Miner's Daughter*, as they call the play, with that singular fatuity they have at the Baldwin for changing names for the worse. As for "Dan Lowrie," it is a most thankless part, but perfectly played by Mr. Herne; while Mr. Jennings, who is always an artist, played old "Sam Craddock," the satisfied owner of fractional property and the bitter enemy of "Cannibals." All this was well, was it not? Then, James O'Neill played "Fergus Derrick." That should have added more to the strength of the cast than it did, for he was not at his very best. Perhaps he had not yet freed himself from the stalling influence of the past ten days, and found himself somewhat adrift in the new, old atmosphere. But he has the advantage, whatever he plays, of being or appearing to be very much in earnest. An audience acknowledges this as one does a bit of genuine politeness. It compares so pleasantly with the magnificent indifference of lesser actors.

I observe that they gave to Olive West the quite important part of "Anice Barholme." This is promotion, indeed, for her *début* does not date back so many weeks. The little girl really does wonderfully well. She has not exactly the common fault of the amateur, of not knowing what to do with her hands, but she has the other fault of doing too much with them. Of course, being a little woman, she is rather Macbethian. By some strange inverse law of dramatic ambition, when a woman weighs twelve stone or more she wants to be an *ingénue*. When she weighs less than a witch, the Duchess of Malhi herself seems rather a frisky and frolicsome person to her. Nevertheless, Miss Olive West, in a most ill-proportioned coiffure, played "Anice Barholme" very well.

Yet, with all this good cast, with numerous recalls, with all the prestige of the book itself, I doubt if the *Miner's Daughter* will be a popular play. The scenery is nothing to speak of, and there is but one good mechanical effect. There is a superabundance of dialect and a monotony of dialogue. All of which, perhaps, matters not, as they announce a reproduction of the *Passion Play*, which will leave the lass lamenting.

I believe we are to have the beautiful *Danicheffs* at the California next week, with the new Union Square Company. I fancy we shall like it, even without the great Ossip, even without the ugly-pretty Maude Harrison; for we have still the stately and indomitable "Countess," who is the leading spirit of this strange story. I can not exactly foresee the cast. Lilian Cleaves Clarke is an eminently pretty and well-dressed young woman, but not at all emotional or intense; therefore, what can she do with "Anna?" While Rose Osborne, who is both of these, will doubtless, as leading lady, be relegated to the part of "Princess Lydia."

How admirably the ripe charms of Ada Vernon fitted the crafty "Princess." What a proud, well-poised head she carried on what a beautiful pillar throat, and what a bewildering dress she wore! The *Danicheffs*, as we had it, was a picture, a poem, a something beautiful to be remembered. There was but one flaw, and we will manage to get through the performance this time without much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for "Vladimir Roche." The manifesto has not yet been issued as to who shall be "Vladimir," but it does not matter a whit.

The *Mother's Secret*, another of the Union Square plays, is to follow; and after that—*O tempora! O mores!*—"Buffalo Bill." Perhaps this announcement is only a bit of pleasantry on the part of the management, who may find in guying the public something to enliven the dole of the luckless Lenten season. Perhaps, stranger yet, they regard him as an actor. However, sufficient unto the day, Madge. But you were looking so confidently to the future since the Union Square engagement was announced that I did not like to wait and let the shock come upon you all at once.

Meantime, at the Bush Street Theatre we are to have the Hyer Sisters. It strikes me that Afric's burning sands are contributing quite as liberally lately to amusements as Ireland to the population. The children of Ham are transformed into a vast band of peripatetic music-makers. The Hyer Sisters are said to be very talented. I gather that they are not unaccompanied, from the embellishments of the dead-walls, whence the picture of a gentleman with an abnormal labial development stares us in the face whenever we walk abroad, with no other explanation than a line which he who runs may read to the effect that he is an eccentric comedian, a term as broad as charity. BETSY B.

In the contest now pending before the Supreme Court to determine who is rightfully entitled to the Harbor Commission, Mr. Aaron M. Burns occupies this peculiar position: He thought there was a vacancy. He solicited the Governor that he might be his own successor. His friends, at his suggestion, petitioned for his reappointment. The Governor thought there was a vacancy, and chose Mr. Frank McCoppin to fill it, whereupon Mr. Burns is suddenly convinced that there is no vacancy, and appeals to the Courts to enable him to hold on. This may be good politics, but it is bad morals.

At a meeting of a number of gentlemen interested in archery, held in Oakland last week, it was resolved to invite the various archery clubs in the State to compete for prizes at a grand tournament to be held some time in May. Mr. Frank Havens was elected president, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell secretary. The latter gentleman will receive and answer all communications on the subject from the archers of the State, connected with the clubs or otherwise, and will furnish all information as to the progress of the arrangements, ranges to be shot at, prizes, and general regulations of the shooting.

If the "English" art critic "from Australia," who kindly sent us an anonymous article devoted chiefly to the praise of Mr. Julian Rix, and the frank though reluctant confession that Mr. Tavernier and Mr. Hill are perhaps the peers of that artist, will forward his name and address we shall know how to superscribe our letter of thanks. If Mr. Rix had fewer admirers he would probably not have so many injudicious friends.

THE IRISH "BROGUE."

The only letters which the Irish really mispronounce are the "ea." The Irishman says "mate" for "meat," "say" for "sea," "tay" for "tea;" but he does not say "praste" for "priest," or "kape" for "keep." He prolongs the double "e" instead of shortening. He would not say St. Pater, but St. Peether. The Know-Nothing agitation once broke out in the Scottish town of Dunfermline, and it was decided to expel all the Irish laborers. The difficulty was how to ascertain who were and who were not *Irish* with absolute certainty. It was decided to ask every suspected man to pronounce the word "peas," and if he pronounced it "pays" out he went. If they had been asked to pronounce the test words of the stage Irishman one-half of them would have escaped detection. The Irish pronunciation of the "ea" is not without warrant. The Irishman pronounces it in all words as we do in "break," "great," and "steak," and he does so because during the period when English was introduced into Ireland such was the ordinary pronunciation of "ea." An imported language does not change as quickly abroad as at home, and words which are now considered Irish vulgarisms were pure English in the reign of James I. The pronunciation of English has altered within the last few hundred years more than the language itself, and the actors of Shakspeare's day would not be understood were they to attempt the performance of *Hamlet* to-day on the boards of the California Theatre. The Irishman's difficulty with the "ea" resembles that of the cockney with the "h," with this difference: The cockney doesn't know where to put the "h" in and leave it out, and his mistakes arise from that fact. The Irishman's mistake arises from a tendency to make sounds hard and full which the Englishman has a tendency to make narrow and thin. No excuse for this is afforded though by the "e" or "ie," and no man ever heard the genuine Irishman pronounce "she" "shay," even though he does pronounce "tea" "tay." Since the death of poor Collins, the Irish-American actor, the only genuine Irish "brogue" I have heard on the stage was that of Boucicault; and outside of the works of Charles Lever I have never met a "brogue" racy of the soil in print. Among English authors, Thackeray has been the most successful in wrestling with the Irish dialect; but he forgot that there were four different "brogues" in Ireland just as there are four provinces. Captain Costigan, his best Irishman, at one time speaks as if he came from Munster and the next moment as if he came from Leinster. The habit of making Irishmen say "loike" for "like" and "foine" for "fine," is equally without warrant. Neither is the attempt to give the vulgar pronunciation of the word "sir" by spelling it "sor" accurate. It is impossible to convey the exact sound of this word as it drops from the soft tongue of the Gael. CORNELIUS A. MAHONY.

"The New Golden Age," in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review*, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 41 Barclay Street, New York, records the opinions and anticipations current in the first years of the gold discoveries in California and Australia, describes the early history of gold-finding, the effect of the new mines on the value of money, and the influences which have produced the fall in the value of silver in relation to gold. In "The True Tale of the Cenci," the lovely Beatrice is shown in an unamiable and unromantic light, a very vulgar criminal indeed. Moreover, the famous picture by Guido is proved to be that of another woman. The other articles are "Mental Physiology," "Memoirs of Mrs. Jameson," "The Road to India," "Campanella and Modern Italian Thought," "Walpole's England in the Nineteenth Century," "Discoveries at Olympia," and "The Government and the Opposition."

City and County Attorney Burnett has instructed the Supervisors that their proposed ordinance against the "Passion Play" is legal, and encouraged by his opinion they have another in hand forbidding all stage representation tending to disparage "religion." Whose religion? If they do not mean religion in the abstract, they must mean the Christian religion; which, obviously, is just what they do mean. We are clearly of the opinion—if we may venture to differ, with all deference and regret, from Mr. Burnett—that American republican institutions and the organic law of the nation are based partly on the theory that all religions are entitled to equal protection, and each can better be left to the protection of public opinion than given that of the law. Would the Supervisors stop a play that ridiculed the worship of a Chinese Joss?

"The most difficult thing for an American to understand," said a writer in these columns, December 28, "is that in a war between a half-civilized European or Asian power and a civilized one the armies of the former are not commanded by an American. We would have it that Osman Pasha was an American; we will have it that the commander of the Ameer's forces is an American. Why we should always claim kinship with the under dog remains to be explained by some theory of canine sympathies not yet formulated." Now mark this from the *Chronicle* of March 11: "The strange report comes from London that the Zulus are commanded by experienced American officers. The English are indignant. So were we, during the civil war, at quite a number of similar circumstances."

There was a black fog in London one morning a fortnight ago. About half-past ten o'clock a remarkable wave of darkness suddenly spread over the city, and for twenty minutes it was as dark as on a moonless night. The features of persons standing close to one another could not be distinguished. But this is no worse than some of the gray fogs of San Francisco, which are so dense that it is frequently impossible to tell an eminent member of the Workingman's party from a vulgar blackguard, a Democratic ward politician from a man who ought to be in the penitentiary, or a Republican ditto from one who probably has been.

The Boston *Pilot* tells Mr. Blaine that though he should advocate a thousand anti-Chinese bills he can't be next President. We hope he will advocate all that are introduced, just the same. If he is willing to sacrifice the Presidency for our good, we shall not be behind him in self-abnegation: we will cheerfully sacrifice him for the good of the country.

LA CRÈME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris Find to Say in the New York "World."

There are times when even the timid and inoffensive hare may prove a dangerous foe. For instance, when you have eaten too much of him.

Just as the horse was about to run over the lady, its driver, with a superhuman effort, reined the animal in, checking it so sharply that it reared upon its haunches.

"Bravo, coachee! Nobly done," exclaimed a spectator.

"I wouldn't have killed her for the world," replied the coachman; "she would have been my thirteenth this month, and thirteen is always an unlucky number."

The president of the club, at which gambling for high stakes is the rule, says courteously to a player with bushy black whiskers and a square foot of diamond breast-pin:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it seems to me that you turn jacks from the bottom of the pack."

"It's lucky," urbanely replies the player addressed, "for I have found that when I neglected to do so I always lost."

The president, who believes in signs and omens, bows and begs him to continue.

Model newspaper prospectus, from a play at the Palais-Royal:

"The *Windmill* (Ind.) bears a name which is sufficient guarantee of its principles.

"Faithful to the opinions which we believe we should defend, we will only oppose those to which we are loyally hostile.

"Falseness is but a coming truth: Truth sometimes is but a late lie.

"Each number of our paper will indicate our opinion for that day.

"Shame be to those who desert the flag they bear, for it would be a comparatively easy matter for them to lay down the flag before deserting it.

"With one eye fixed on the past and the other on the present, we shall regard the future with vigilance and serenity.

"Such briefly is our programme. We make no promises—we shall keep them."

The natives of New Caledonia are confirmed polygamists, and treat women as laborers or pack-horses. It is but rarely that the worthy missionaries succeed in inducing them to embrace the Christian faith and monogamy.

One day, however, a native presented himself as a candidate for baptism. He had two wives.

"My son," said the missionary, "if you really want to be an angel and with the angels stand it is absolutely necessary that you should renounce the devil and all his works. I mean one of your wives."

The candidate went away very sorrowfully, but the good missionary's words had sunk deep into his heart, and a few days later he returned joyfully.

"I have only one wife now," said the convert, "baptize me."

"Only one wife," exclaimed the missionary; "where's the other? You had two."

"I've killed her; and if you don't believe me I have her head here to prove it," cried the convert, producing in evidence his late spouse's head tied up in a bunch of banana leaves; "and now go on with the ceremony."

A paragraph is going the rounds to the effect that longevity prevails among the members of the Society of Friends to a remarkable degree, and that the average life of a Quaker must be set down as at least ten years longer than the average life of say the ordinary American. Undoubtedly, Quakers are a peculiar people, and for two hundred years have been a distinct race. They intermarry as much as the Jews, and, like them also, they make no converts; and for these, and perhaps other reasons, the fact of their living to a ripe old age has begotten a theory that possibly the duration of life might be extended almost infinitely. Now, it is generally received among naturalists that of all the various races of animals, by far the longest-lived is the tortoise. No other animal, says Mr. Darwin, travels so methodically along well-chosen tracks. Nothing disturbs them in the smooth and even tenor of their way; they never seem to die of old age; accident alone carries them off. It is believed that some of them have attained the wonderful age of four hundred years. "It is not to be for a moment supposed," says Mr. Darwin, "that the tortoises of ancient days possessed the gravity or lived to the length of years of their remote descendants. This amazing slowness, and the no less amazing longevity, have been gained by the slow process of evolution." Hence it is held by some people that, should the rate of progression which has prevailed during seven or eight generations remain the same, in about two hundred and twenty more generations, or say seven thousand years, the average Quaker will live about as long as the tortoises of Galapagos. Unhappily, just as this startling result has been attained, the illusion which such theories are likely to create must be destroyed. Although it may seem to some that Quakers never die, to most of us it is apparent that Quakerism itself is dying out. Some are leaving the sect, others are throwing off their drab and enlarging their garments. They have given up the slow and stolid, and talk of February, and not the second month. They will keep up their sobering practice until the world has swallowed them up, and their peculiar ways will be lost for ever.

A favorite trick adopted at Lima, Peru, in carnival time, for frightening people as they pass along the streets, is the following: A sack, filled with fragments of broken glass and porcelain, is fastened to the balcony by a strong rope, of such length that when suspended from the window the sack is about seven feet above the street. The apparatus being ready, a mischievous nigger and her *amita* (young mistress) watch the passers-by until they select one for their victim. The sack is then thrown over the front of the balcony and a deafening crash ensues, though the rope prevents its contents from hurting any one. It is well known that in almost every street in Lima there is at least one balcony ready prepared for the performance of this trick; yet the suddenness of the crash always proves a shock, even to the strongest nerves. People start and run to the other side of the street, and are sometimes so terrified that they drop down—then loud laughter and jeering remarks are heard in the balcony. Every year this trick is prohibited by the police, but the prohibition is treated with contempt.

The cathedral, or Stewart Memorial Church, at Garden City, Long Island, will be completed early next year. The New York correspondent of *The American Architect* predicts that instead of being the ornament of an unpicturesque Long Island hamlet, the cathedral, with its crypt, the finest in America, will become a work of art known through two continents. The architect, H. G. Harrison, is carrying his plans into execution in an old-fashioned, painstaking way, designing everything by his own hand. One corner of his atelier has the look of a pottery, in its mass of wet modeling clay, where busy artists build up gargoyles and groups of foliage, finials and bosses. Already several cart-loads of models tell of his diligence; but in the free luxuriance of Gothic forms there are thousands of opportunities for the modeler's skill and taste. When \$75,000 can be spent on a single room in material and labor, some notion may be formed of the character of the work on the building as a whole. The pavement of the church is to be of polished marble, principally of imported varieties, while the slender metal columns are soon to have their casing of real bronze, inlaid or pointed with gold, thus making certainly a unique and brilliant finish, and securing to every worshiper on the floor a view of the altar. The capitals are to be of bronze, as well. The work about the chancel is to be of the richest. There will be sixteen sedilia or seats about the chancel, while out in the choir will be additional accommodation, giving the cathedral, if need be, the opportunity for the most sumptuous ecclesiastical displays.

General Chanzy has succeeded at St. Petersburg as French Ambassador General Le Flo. Of the retiring Minister there is a good anecdote to be told that he was new to American readers. Le Flo and Cavaignac were colonels in Africa together, and though warm friends a quarrel broke out between them during an expedition on which they both served—a quarrel so violent that they agreed to settle it by a duel as soon as the campaign was over. It ended in due course, but in it Cavaignac won the epaulettes of a general, and the code did not permit his inferior to challenge him. In 1848, however, Le Flo's promotion came, and he hurried to demand the satisfaction long delayed, but at the same moment Cavaignac became Minister of War, and again his superior. Cavaignac, however, conceived the happy idea of obtaining the Russian mission for Le Flo, so that he could return an ambassador and an equal; but Le Flo's wrath was not proof against so amiable an adversary. They were reconciled, and the duel never came off.

One of the three United States Senators who habitually wear swallow-tail coats said to a correspondent the other day: "I wear this kind of a coat because I always did, and there was a time when a man would not more think of taking a seat in the Senate without a coat of this kind than he would think of going in his dressing gown." "When was this, Senator?" "Well, that was over thirty years ago. When I first went into the Senate frock coats were just beginning to appear there. A short time previous to that not a frock or a sack coat was to be seen in the Senate chamber."

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The photographs of Messrs. Bradley & Rulofson have taken the highest prizes wherever they have been exhibited in competition with the work of Eastern and European artists. We note a tendency to ascribe their excellence to climate—the purity of our atmosphere, etc. Nothing could be more misleading. In the first place, the notion of the exceptional purity of our atmosphere is the fond delusion of local pride, and a similar one is indulged by the inhabitants of every other locality the world over—even in London. Secondly, Bradley & Rulofson's pictures are as famous at home as abroad. The trouble is, they know how to make them.

Wanted, a copy of the ARGONAUT of November 3, 1877 (Vol. I, No. 33).

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

We stated last week that Mr. T. H. Boyd, the photographer (Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery street), was an artist, but did not expect to have our judgment so strikingly confirmed as it has been by his large water-color portrait of a lady well known in society, which hangs on the walls of the Art Association. The popularity of his photographic establishment is explained: to a man who can paint like that, the production of artistic photographs must present very few difficulties indeed. On the other hand, it is doubtful if any man can do the best photographic work who has not the practical and technical skill of a portrait painter.

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J. L. WILBERT, Dentist,

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Besides the above, I can refer with pleasure to the following prominent gentlemen that have been under my treatment: Gov. A. K. P. Safford, of Arizona; Judge S. P. Hall, of San Francisco; Judge L. E. Pratt, San Francisco; Judge Curry, San Francisco; Rev. John Tyerman, Australia; and one thousand and six hundred others, besides very many ladies and physicians of high standing whose names I am not at liberty to publish.

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JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Hallifax.

VII.—THE SPARROW'S WEDDING.*

In a certain forest in the province of Suruga, by the side of a path, once lived a well-to-do sparrow called Chiyosuke, whose son Chiyotaro was in love with the daughter of Suzuyemon, who likewise was well off in worldly goods. Now, Chiyosuke had for years looked about for a suitable wife for his son, but had not as yet met with any to suit his ideas of what his daughter-in-law and her family should be. Therefore, Chiyotaro was free to choose—a very unusual position for well-to-do young men in this country. His father could not raise any valid objection to his son's choice, but regretted he had not made a better match. The father and mother of Chiyotaro then, according to custom, got a female friend, who was also a friend of the young lady's family, to be *hashi-watashi* (go-between), and she went to Suzuyemon's house, and, after beating about the bush, as we say, for some time, at last came to the point and asked if his *musume* (daughter) Osuzu was promised or betrothed to any one yet. Being told that she was still free, the *hashi-watashi* proposed that she should be allowed to try and bring about a marriage with the rich Chiyosuke's handsome son, and, after considerable dallying, gained her point. The friends of both parties made the usual inquiries as to the character and temper of the young people, all of which proved mutually satisfactory. As the young people had often met, the usual formality of "seeing the maiden's face" was dispensed with, and the calendar searched for a lucky day on which the bride was to be sent to her new home. The *nakodo* (mediator) was then chosen—a married couple known by both families. The bridegroom sent his clerk with the bridal gifts: an *obi* (belt of silk, satin, or velvet), or the price of one; *shiraga* (a bundle of white fibre, alluding to the bride's living till her head is gray); *katsuo ibushi* (fish, dried and smoked); *sake* (liquor fermented from rice), and other things.

Osuzu's family sent her wedding outfit, and also in return the usual man's dress, *sake*, etc., to the bridegroom's house on the day of the wedding. The friends of Chiyotaro's family lit their lanterns and went out to meet Osuzu, and it was the grandest wedding that had taken place in the forest for many years. When the chair containing Osuzu arrived at Chiyotaro's house, she was lifted out and conducted to the guests' room, first stopping to pray at the family altar, still veiling over her beautiful white silk dress and the floss silk veil over her face. After both had tasted the cup of *sake* that made them man and wife, Osuzu was led to another room, and her white dress being changed for a beautiful one of *chirimen* (*crêpe*), with a cloth-of-gold girdle, she returned to the feast.

Leaving the happy couple among their friends we take a leap of several months and find that the young people are now papa and mamma, to the great delight of the four old grandparents. Our sparrows had a numerous and happy family, and the old people lived contented to a great age. So ends our story of the sparrow's wedding.

VIII.—RAIKO AND THE ONI.

A long time ago, during the great war between the Genji and the Heikei, a great number of people were killed; and strong men did as they pleased. One of the great warriors of that time, belonging to the Genji, named Raiko, not finding any one valiant enough to come forward and fight him, went in search of *oni* (demons) to slay. At the Ra-sho-mon (one of the palace gates) in Kiyoto there dwelt a fierce *oni* whom he desired to kill, and he accordingly sent his retainer Watanabe Tsuna to slay him. Tsuna was the strongest man, next to his master, in the whole country, and did not fear to attack an *oni*. On arriving at the palace gate the *oni* caught him by the helmet, but Tsuna seized the *oni*'s arm with his left hand, and drawing his sword, cut off the limb, which so frightened the demon that he took to flight.

Tsuna, very proud of his achievement, kept the arm carefully packed in a handsome box. One day an old lady called to visit him, and saying that she had heard he had cut off the *oni*'s arm, expressed a desire to be shown the wonderful trophy. Tsuna, being good natured to old people and good little children, and only fierce with wicked men and *oni*, opened the box to show the hand to his visitor; but the deceitful old thing snatched it up, and flew away with it through the skylight in the roof, and as she went she changed into her true form of a hideous *oni*. At this time Raiko was sick; and Mitzume Kozo (three-eyed ghou) came to torment him, thinking he was too weak to retaliate; but Raiko drew his sword, and wounding the *oni* badly, forced him to beat a retreat. Raiko and his retainer then followed the tracks of the blood a great distance, till they came to a large cave, in which they found an enormous spider, which Raiko attacked, and, after a desperate fight, killed.

The next *oni* they went in search of was Shi-ten-o. Raiko went boldly to his cave, and, asking for a night's lodging, was admitted to a chamber where was a big red man drinking strong wine out of an enormous bowl that would hold several tubfuls. By and by the giant had drunk so much that he fell asleep, and Raiko, seizing the favorable opportunity, cut off his head, and called to Tsuni to help him to carry it, when it suddenly grew larger till it was bigger and more frightful than the great *shishi no kubi* (lion's head) of Kanda Miyo-jin.

These brave men killed all the wicked things in Japan long ago, so that good people can now go to sleep, and not be afraid of *oni* coming to take them from their fathers and mothers.

* This merely is a good description of a Japanese wedding. There is no religious ceremony—merely a social contract. If the marriage turns out unhappy a mutual separation can be arranged, and the parties are free to marry again elsewhere.—T. E. H.

The latest work of Mrs. Vinnie Ream Hoxie, the sculptress, is a Cupid. The conventional bow and arrow and wings are omitted. In accordance with modern custom, the image is tinted in pink. Those who have seen it say it is the best work that artist has ever accomplished. It weighed 150 lbs. when first placed on exhibition. It weighs

OUR BOOK OF WORTHIES.

People Whom One Does not Meet.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln still resides in France.

Madame Grévy is an invalid and lives in seclusion.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is spending the winter in the south of France.

Garibaldi's daughter-in-law is acting in pantomime in a London theatre.

Senator Jones of Nevada pays \$17,000 rent for his Washington residence.

Father Abram Ryan, the poet priest of the South, is ill in Mobile with partial paralysis of the throat.

At skating carnivals in Vienna, the Princess Metternich is a prominent figure, and the fashionable beverage is mixed rum and tea.

Mrs. Thomas Hicks-Lord will shortly sail for Europe, where she will permanently reside, for men attain a greater age in Europe than in America.

Nicolini, Patti's "young man," is not an Italian: he was born at Nantes, where his father, M. Nicolas, is a well-to-do hotel-keeper, very much ashamed of his son.

Gladstone's admirers propose to build a hospital to his memory that will cost \$110,000. It will be a comfortable retreat for Lord Beaconsfield when broken down by cares of State.

The widow of Bayard Taylor is said to be so poor as to be unable to pay the rent of her house in Berlin, the physicians who attended her husband, or even his funeral expenses.

The Empress Eugenie spends her mornings, it is said, in prayer, driving, and embroidery. In the evening she plays whist. Her locks are still golden, and are in charming contrast with her black robes.

The last official act of Marshal MacMahon was an exchange of presents with the Crown Prince of Sweden. He presented him with a magnificent Sevres vase, and was presented in his turn with a splendid rifle.

Field Marshal Von Roon, who died last Sunday, was one of the most eminent military men of Europe, and inaugurated the present military system of Germany. He received the decoration of the black eagle for his service at Koënnigraz.

Ralph Disraeli, brother of Lord Beaconsfield, is an old man, living in obscurity. He strolls about old gardens with a book in his hand. He goes into no society, and is never among the list of guests at Beaconsfield's house. He has a small public office, but will give no information about himself or his marriage.

Mr. Edison is quoted by a correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* as saying that the electric light "is just as certain as sunrise. They must give me time for it," he added, "and if they don't, I shall take time. I have never said I would have it done in a week."

The Emperor of Brazil keeps up a regular correspondence with the savants, artists, and literary men of the principal European centres. He compliments any notable work by asking for a copy of it, and in this way he has secured at Rio quite a collection of books and pictures, compensating the donors, in return, with jewels and orders.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's lawn at Concord is said to be the favorite gathering place of the young people and children of that pleasant town. Every year he invites them to a picnic at his home, and himself enters into their games with great enjoyment. He talks to them, not didactically, but with simple interest, of their plays and aims and duties.

"My recollection of Bismarck," says an English writer, "when I used to see a good deal of him at Frankfort, before he was a great man, is that he was a very gross feeder; indeed, I once saw him devour a fish that smelt so high that it almost made every one else in the room sick. And then his hands were always filthy, and he used to paddle them in his plate in a most unpleasant manner. Except for these peculiarities, he was a very agreeable man, talking, it is true, thirteen to the dozen, but with a sort of clever, reckless, dare-devil air."

Louis Schneider, the late amanuensis of the German Emperor, was a man of odd notions. The pillow on which his head rested in his coffin was the work of his own hands, and he had been engaged in making it for thirty years. It was stuffed with his own hair, which he had preserved from the clippings of his lifetime. In color, it varied from the light brown of youth to the snowy white of age. In his will, Schneider described in detail the way in which he wished to be buried, and wrote out the epitaph that he desired to have placed upon his tombstone.

President Grévy, when he was elected, was one of the few men in France who did not belong to the Legion of Honor, and as it would have been anomalous for the President as Grand Master of the order to be undecorated, the Council and Chancellor met and invested him with the Grand Cross. This was not strictly legal, but it was in pursuance of the precedent in the case of M. Thiers. When, in 1872, the re-constituted army was reviewed at Longchamps, the Cabinet resolved that the President could not fitly hold the review without the Grand Ribbon, and accordingly bestowed it upon him. M. Thiers buttoned his overcoat over the decoration and held the review in peace.

CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY.

By Mary Bayard Clark.

[In compliance with requests from many readers we reprint from our own columns the following poem, which appeared in that eminently respectable magazine, the late *Galaxy*. What it lacks in poetry it makes up in love—which is perhaps better, certainly more generally preferred.]

What care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
If it beat upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain—
This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Antony! Antony! when in thy circling arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine
With the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
Oh, when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
As a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thine embrace,
Melting—melting—melting, as a woman only can
When she a willing captive in the conquering arms of man,
As he towers a god above her, and to yield is not defeat,
For love can own no victor if love with love shall meet?
I still have regal splendor, I still have queenly power,
And—more than all—unfaded is woman's glorious dower.
But what care I for pleasure? What's beauty to me now,
Since Love no longer places his crown upon my brow?
I have tasted its elixir, its fire has through me flashed,
But when the wine glowed brightest from my eager lips 'twas dashed.
And I would give all Egypt but once to feel the bliss
Which thrills through all my being whenever I meet his kiss.
The tempest wildly rages, my hair is wet with rain,
But it does not still my longing, nor cool my burning pain.
For Nature's storms are nothing to the raging of my soul
When it burns with jealous frenzy beyond a queen's control.
I fear not pale Octavia—that haughty Roman dame
My lion of the desert, my Antony, can tame.
I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid;
The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid.
But I'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
And I would not that another should share with me that bliss.
No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where he will,
So mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still;
So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips,
'Twas sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine,
Shall be unto my loved as "water after wine."
Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest consul a captive in her arms.
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caresses he in her arms shall pine.
'Twas not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly power.
I should have bid him take her, had he my counsel sought.
I've but to smile upon him, and all her charms are nought;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair.
Save his own longing for me when I'm no longer there;
And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss from me,
Wife, fame, and even honor, to him shall nothing be!

Throw wide the window, Isis; fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the lotus blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm is past,
And calm are Nature's pulses that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous frenzy, and Eros reigns serene,
The only god e'er worshiped by Egypt's haughty queen.
With Antony, my loved, I'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are nought to his and mine;
And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn sandal-wood and cassia; let the vapor round me wreath,
And mingle with the incense the lotus blossoms breathe;
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfumes rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air;
With the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,
Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low;
Draw round my couch its curtains—'I'd bathe my soul in sleep:
I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
Oh, let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy feel his presence, in fancy taste his kiss,
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more, no more to part.
Hush! hush! His spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears;
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears;
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call—
Wife, fame, and even honor, for me he leaves them all;
And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side.
I have won him—I have won him from Cæsar and his bride.

A writer in the Boston *Courier* takes the following cheerful view of the loves of Goethe: For a woman to love him was not merely a homage to his loveableness, a tribute to his vanity, a delight to his senses—it also caused him the most profound æsthetic pleasure, such pleasure as the noblest music produces upon the most musically gifted souls. It is possible, of course, that other men have made themselves loved by an equal number of lovely and of brilliant women; but no other ever went through such experiences with an *arrière pensée*, and wrote down the outcome in books. In one way, moreover, aside from the far finer quality of his genius, Goethe shines by contrast with all others who have thus analyzed and described their loves. He studied women as Mr. Darwin studies pigeons, but he was ever a gentleman. He delighted in sensuous impressions, but he was not a sensualist. Rousseau was a beast who could talk; Goethe was the ideal of the man of culture; a man, that is, in whom the finest instincts, the widest reading, the most thorough study, do not dwarf or stifle the physical side of his nature, but refine, and heighten, and ennoble its delights. All that Goethe wanted was gettable without sacrificing any woman's honor; and we assume that, except in the case of his wife, nothing of the kind occurred. It remains true, that, as a previous writer has said, "from his earliest youth, Goethe was intent on amassing that treasury of ideas, emotions, and observations to which he was to have recourse in all his subsequent life. Every one of the love-passages in his life may be regarded as an experiment on some female heart, on his own, and on life. He followed it out till he had extracted from it not only present enjoyment, but poetical inspiration. When this object was accomplished, he quitted the being who had excited in him and revealed to him so many of the phases of passion, and gave himself up to attractions of a new order, to another set of emotions and observations." Goethe was of course fully aware of what he did, but he treated complaints with that—one might almost say, impudent—consciousness of genius. "If you could but know what *Werther* is to many hearts," he wrote to Kestner, "you would not reckon what it has cost you."

The heathen Begum of Bhopal is a model for some Christian monarchs. She has built the best hospital in India, outside of Calcutta; has made excellent roads throughout her kingdom, and is about to build a railroad.

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Chas. C. Keeney, M.D., Harry L. Sims, M.D.,
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Benj. E. Swan, M.D., James O. Shaffer, M.D.,
L. L. Dorr, M.D., Wm. Carman, M.D.,
Jas. W. Keeney, M.D., Washington Ayer, M.D.,
Gustav Holland, M.D., J. L. Meares, M.D.,
Geo. F. Cooper, M.D., Thomas Price, M.D.,
Samuel W. Dennis, M.D., H. Gibbons, M.D.,
J. M. McNulty, M.D., Thomas Bennett, M.D.

FRANK KENNEDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MERCHANT STREET, Room 16. Probate divorce, bankruptcy, and all other cases attended to.



COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:
8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.
3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.
6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Stations is discontinued for the winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate points, and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.
Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for SUMMER, MOHAVE, LOS ANGELES, WILMINGTON, ANAHEIM, COLTON, COLORADO RIVER, YUMA, and STANWIC (85 miles east from Yuma).

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs; at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the GEYSERS.

Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbel's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays excepted). (Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
P. E. DOUGHERTY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY
— FOR —
JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

May16 March22 April16
June15 July15 October15
August15 September15
November15 December16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1, September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,
Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH

3d, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Falls Lake (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

(Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Stages for Prescott and Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Stanwic (85 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa, Phoenix, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.

(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL Passenger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles or
second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS.
Senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards
Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.

Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all
trains. *Sundays excepted*, at "Seminary Park Station."

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PIANO WAREROOMS,

31 POST ST., Mechanics' Institute Building.

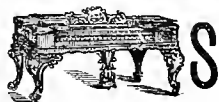
ELEGANT PIANOS.

L. K. HAMMER,

Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

Owners of Chickering Pianos are specially requested to leave orders for tuning at warerooms, 31 Post Street.

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F. MILLER CELEBRATED



Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



SPRING STYLES

ALL IN NOW!

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.



REMOVAL.

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.

MUSICAL BOX DEPOSITORY AND
WORK SHOP has been removed from No. 120
Sutter Street to

No. 31 Post St., San Francisco.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia,
Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the eleventh day of March, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied
upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immedi-
ately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the
office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Mont-
gomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, will be delinquent,
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh day
of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together
with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
ALFRED K. DUKBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, California.

HALL & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-
ing Company.—Location of principal place of busi-
ness, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Vir-
ginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the twelfth (12th) day of March, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 61) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner
Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the
eighth (8th) day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent as-
sessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine
and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

LEE D. CRAIG,

Notary Public and Commissioner
of Deeds.

TAKING OF DEPOSITIONS, Search-
ing of Records, Conveyancing, and the incorporating
of Companies, specialties.
MONTGOMERY STREET, N. E. CORNER OF CLAY,
SAN FRANCISCO.
J. F. V. Studder.

THE Automatic SEWING MACHINE STANDS PRE-EMINENT.

A machine that delicate ladies can run as well as the strong. So simple in con-
struction that no experience is required to operate it perfectly. Makes the strongest
seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A machine that will sew leather or lace,
woolen, or cotton goods without any change. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. The only
machine in the world based on AUTOMATIC principles. Thousands now in use, giving
the most entire satisfaction.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

FURNITURE

As any other house on this Coast, which has been purchased so low that we CAN and
WILL sell at such prices that the poor can gratify their WISHES
and the rich their TASTE. At the old stand,

NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

NICOLL THE TAILOR

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begs to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only
WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor
is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able
to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad,
thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense
stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fash-
ions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$4
Suits, - - - 15
Overcoats, - - 15
Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



By Appointment to the Tailors

TO ORDER

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

*The Trade and Public supplied with Cloth and
Trimmings at Wholesale Prices.*

Any length cut, and all kinds of Cloth kept in Stock. Samples, with Instructions for
Self-measurement, sent free.

A small stock of uncalled-for Goods to be sold at a great reduction.

CLOTH AND WOOLEN BROKER.

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

NICOLL THE TAILOR'S GRAND TAILORING EMPORIUM,

727 Market Street, 505 Montgomery Street, 18 Kearny Street,
And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

PACIFIC BUSINESS
COLLEGE,
320 POST STREET
San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT,
FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.
QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 237 Entrance
south side of Court. A. D. SHARON.

GRAY'S MUSIC STORE

AGENCY FOR



PIANOS

SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF

Tone, Touch, and General Finish.

PRICES VERY MODERATE.

HOME SCHOOL, Oakland, Jan. 29, 1879.
M. GRAY—Dear Sir: In reply to yours of this date, I
purchased one Kranich and Bach Piano, No. 4,432, of you
in 1874. In 1876 I purchased another of the same make
No. 6,080. Both have been in use ten months a year since,
and on an average ten hours a day. They have required
tuning three or four times a year, have had no repairing,
and are now in good condition. All the anticipations at the
time of purchase have been realized.
Yours truly, H. N. FIELD.

M. GRAY—Dear Sir: In reply to your note asking if the
Kranich and Bach Piano purchased from you in 1875 has
given satisfaction, I am pleased to inform you that it has
proved to be all that was represented at the time of pur-
chase. I will also add that a piano subjected to four years
use in our club, where there are upward of five hundred
members, is as severe a test as an instrument can be put to.
The Kranich has stood the test, and at present writing is in
first class condition—in fact as good as new.
Respectfully, W. S. LAWTON,
Superintendent of the Olympic Club.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, San Francisco.
MR. M. GRAY—In answer to your inquiry I would
state that the Piano purchased from you in 1872, made by
Kranich and Bach, came fully up to our expectations. We
regard it as a fine instrument.
Yours truly, BRO. JUSTIN, President.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS ARE IN USE AT

The Mills Institute, Alameda Co.
Washington College, Alameda Co.
Sisters of Charity, Petaluma.
St. Vincent's School, Santa Barbara.
Protestant Orphan Asylum, S. F.
R. C. Orphan Asylum, S. F.
St. Peter's School, S. F.
J. D. Smith's College, Livermore.
Blind Asylum, Berkeley.
St. Mary's College, Benicia.
Temperance Legion, S. F.
Christian College, Santa Rosa.

Send for Catalogue.

GRAY'S MUSIC STORE,
117 POST STREET.

MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS.

IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUAL-
ity of finish, and durability of polish, they are every
way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also,
they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far
more durable than either.

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

ENAMELED GRATES.

FRENCH-COOKING

RANGES

All sizes, suitable for Hotels, Restaurants, Families, and
Boarding-Houses.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.

NOS. 110, 112, 114, 118, & 120 BATTERY ST.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 12.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

AFTERMATH.

"The wonder of newspaper making." This is the heading of one of those marvelous editorials of the *Call*. The article treats of the mechanical department, its wonderful press, and the large circulation the *Call* has attained. All this is not half so wonderful to us as the editorials of Mr. Pickering. The judicial fairness with which he takes all sides of all questions, and the absolute impartiality displayed by him in avoiding an expression of opinion upon any subject that has two sides, are truly miraculous. Another wonder occurs to us in connection with the *Call*, and that is that so wise, so prudent, and so successful a business man as is our friend Pickering should give daily columns of his paper to record the doings of the sand-lot and its itinerant telephone. However, miracles are funny things any way. When Christ cast out devils, they went into a drove of swine, and the hogs ran into the sea and drowned themselves. We sincerely hope that Nathan the Essenian is right, and that the age of miracles is coming again. We hope to live to see the day when all those San Francisco dailies now pandering to the sand-lot mob, and catering to the prejudices of a lot of ignorant foreigners, shall fill the bellies of swine, and the swine be bounced into the bay.

We miss the Central Pacific Railroad advertisements from the columns of the *Chronicle*, and we are informed that that corporation, and all coöperating with it, embracing the Southern and other railroad companies, the steam lines, and ferry companies, have withdrawn their business from that journal. The reasons that have induced this movement are, because the *Chronicle* continually abuses its president, directors, and officers by name, and persistently misrepresents the enterprises in which they are engaged. Such being the case, the officials and managing directors of the companies are unwilling to contribute to the support of a newspaper whose chief aim seems to be their personal abuse. "To assault Governor Stanford while ill, and to endeavor to injure the credit of the corporation in the money marts of the world, and to attempt to hinder and delay them in extending their roads, is a kind of journalism for which they think they ought not to pay. Perhaps they are right.

We wonder if there is not just a little gush over the suicide of Hood Alston, who "died that others might live;" over whom in his last moments came "thoughts of home and the loved ones as white-capped breakers over a barren coast," and who, dying, "went back to nature, to the God whose hand gave him to the universe;" who went to sleep "under the cedar," with his morphine bottle beside him. "Poor Hood Alston," says Postmaster Avery, "with his tired heart, his secret, his weary soul, his struggle to keep up in the world." All this sounds exceedingly pretty, if we can forget his wicked life, his abandonment of wife and children, his robbery, his gambling, his lies, his flight, his cool and premeditated and cowardly death—shirking all the duties, all the troubles, and all the responsibilities of life. He may have been all that is now claimed for him—"a person of fine sensibilities, generous heart, loving nature, and large capacity." More principle and less whisky would have compensated for all the fine qualities, and he might have dared to live and perform the duties he assumed in taking upon himself the responsibilities of a husband and a father.

Cremation has for the fifth time been performed in Gotha, the Protestant clergy approving. On previous occasions they had taken a part in the fiery rite. There is, then, nothing offensive to the Church in cremation—except, may be, the odor—and the late lamented may roll themselves together as a scroll, and melt with fervent heat, without incurring the maledictions of the priesthood. And really there is an admirable reason why the parsons should encourage the practice. On the principle that "a burnt child dreads the fire," the children of darkness who have been so "prepared" will feel a new terror on approaching their unblest abode in the next world. That this uneasiness will come too late for a reformatory purpose is no objection. Anything to worry the wicked.

It was an ingenious plea, that of the counsel of Passanante, the gentleman who felt it his duty to attempt to assassinate King Umberto, of Italy, and his misfortune that he did not succeed. "The prisoner," said his counsel, "is the

victim of a corrupt state of society," though what would have been the relation of the king to a corrupt state of society had the victim succeeded, he did not point out. "If," the learned counsel continued, "Passanante were given time to recognize his error, he would be the first to cry, 'Viva il Re!'" But if Signor Passanante were given time to be the first, what assurance would he give that *il Re* himself would have time accorded him to be the second? The victims of a corrupt state of society—our own illustrious Passanante of the sand-lots included—should have the forethought to repent of their errors before committing them.

A corrupt state of society appears to prevail in Burmah, too, and has claimed a victim in the reigning sovereign, who has had the misfortune to put to death all his male relations. A plea for time to recognize his error would, in his case, receive powerful support from the circumstance that if he is now executed for it there will be no legally qualified person to succeed him; and in a corrupt state of society questions of disputed succession are dangerous to aspirants.

The remarkable and sudden decrease in the crime of garroting during the past week is explained. On Sunday last the daily papers foreshadowed the opening of a new route to Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees, and the garroters left town in a body to establish hotels and stations along the line.

"Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son, has been making a speech in London," says a contemporary, "and is mentioned as showing many of the best qualities of a real orator." In England the best quality of a real orator is rank. Having that, he can charm and persuade the most critical audience with his brains in his belly, his tongue in his button-hole, his hands in his mouth, and his legs in his pocket.

It is now held that the reason the Chinaman wears five buttons on his coat is that he is thus reminded of the five principal moral virtues—the Chinese names for which we have unfortunately lost, and the contemplation of the virtues in ourselves does not suggest them. This fact is valuable to the ethnologist, as showing how identical customs may have different origins: Dennis Kearney has also five buttons to his coat, but the devil a bit cares he for the virtues. He wears the buttons in order to conceal Deacon Fitch's cast-off shirt, and Mr. Charles de Young's discarded vest.

A propos of spring, we learn from a San Rafael journal that "the hills thrill with responsive efforts, and myriads of flowers bespangle their smiling sides." It is worth while to observe that a San Rafael hill differs in important respects from a San Rafael woman: it can thrill only with an effort, and it smiles with its sides.

Contrary to the opinion of the gallant British officer whose guns are now defending our countrymen in Alaska, the editors in New York consider the danger "greatly exaggerated." The reports are certainly rather highly colored if it is asserted that *they* are in peril.

By the way, there is a singular likeness between the superb tranquillity of these Eastern people when the Alaska savage paints his body sea-green and brandishes his scalp-ing tool, and their unruffled composure when steamship after steamship utters its multitudinous coolie upon the San Francisco wharf. As much as the blind, unreasoning prejudices begotten of our peculiar geographical position will permit, we and our handful of countrymen in Sitka admire, and venture to envy, the imperturbable coolness of our Eastern brethren in seasons of danger.

A woman was recently arrested at the instance of Mr. Mark McDonald, the tall stockbroker, on a charge of battery, but escaped punishment through a "technicality," the evidence developing the most extraordinary and unprecedented state of facts that ever beat a court of justice in this or any country. The prisoner was accused of having committed her battery by throwing something. The testimony of several spectators showed beyond a doubt that what she threw was an egg; but the prosecuting witness was quite as positive that what hit him was a chicken. Now, the prisoner's counsel argued (very justly, it seems to us) that as the egg which the lady threw did not hit Mr. McDonald, and the chicken which hit Mr. McDonald the woman did not throw,

she could not be held to have committed any assault whatever, and should be discharged. The court eventually took that view of the matter, and ordered that the irons be struck from the prisoner's shapely limbs, while the towering complainant walked thoughtfully away, wondering whether there wouldn't have been a *bona fide* assault if his head and the sun had not happened to be in conjunction.

If the foregoing narrative is in any respect inaccurate we must beg the reader to remember that reporting trials is by no means the sphere of usefulness in which this journal most aspires to shine. Our account is at least as true as the story of Icarus and his waxen wings, and that has been told, now, for some thousands of years, and never twice alike; but the highest honors for variation must be accorded to the genius who recently hit upon the happy expedient of spelling the fellow's name Ikaros. Icarus, we need not remind the sapient generation of schoolboys, flew so near the sun that the wax holding together the feathers of his artificial pinions melted, and he broke his precious neck—not by any means the last terrible example that has been made of an aspiring quill-driver, as Mr. Hector Stuart can feelingly aver. Well, the sun-heat that can melt wax can hatch an egg, though it does not follow that the hen-heat that can hatch an egg can melt wax. Indeed, it certainly can not—as was amply proved on the memorable occasion of Mr. Pickering's famous *al fresco* forty winks near a henney.

A wicked boy, it will be remembered, laid a trail of wheat from the henney to, and into, the sleeping journalist's wig, and in a few minutes the feathered creatures were following it up like fire along a slow-match. Arrived at the terminus, the old rooster jumped into the wig, and with a few vigorous scratches detached and sent it flying like a pigeon. A matronly hen at once mounted the naked head, either to hatch it or lay another like it, it is uncertain which. At any rate, a half-hour session failed to even warm the wax in the uppermost ear. But it gave to politics one of the most far-sighted editorials that ever attested the lofty outlook of a superior intelligence; for the great editor, dreaming, naturally, that he had his head in a bag, was afterward moved, by the memory of that exceptional opportunity, to give his views of the political horizon.

It is of considerable importance to know that Senator Sharon has been placed on the Committee on Epidemic Diseases. We look for nothing less from the indefatigable worker than that he will make epidemics so deathly unwell that they will not know what is the matter with them. Indeed, we should not be surprised if he were to bounce them all out of the country, and the historical painter of the future should adorn a panel in the Capitol with a lively representation of "Sharon Shaking the Ague." As a subject for a spirited picture this would be in some respects superior to the hackneyed Homeric theme of "A Jackass Defying the Lightning."

Our Bohemians are playing a good joke on the good and pious people of the East, and from which we hope they may reap a harvest of coin. Hansbro, of the *Chronicle*, has found an English-talking heathen, converted by the Reverend Otis Gibson, and presumably the husband of one of his reclaimed Asiatic maidens. Hull, of the *Chronicle*, and the one who wrote Kearney's early speeches, writes a lecture for the biased barbarian. The very godly, very unctuous, and very Reverend Otis Gibson sends off Hansbro and Chan Tak Kwai with his blessing and a letter of introduction to the Methodist brethren of the East. These twin apostles have taken neither scrip nor purse, but have gone out with staff and cheek to preach the gospel of Confucius to all the Christian heathen throughout the eastern world, and may the blessing of Buddha go with them.

For unblushing cheek and broad cosmopolitan insolence we commend the following action of the German club of San Francisco as the most colossal instance of monumental impudence that alien vagabonds ever perpetrated upon American good nature:

"SAN FRANCISCO, March 20, 1879.
"DENIS KEARNEY:—Having just received a telegraphic account of the abuse you received in Santa Ana, we hereby request you to telegraph immediately for the military forces of W. P. C. to protect you from further injury as an American citizen and agitator for the benefit of the people.
ANTONI FLORES."

We could never have believed that sauerkraut, a late of fermentation could have smelled so loud!

BILL CALLOWAY'S POST-MORTEM.

By James H. Lawrence.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

In the crowded marts of great cities the death of a man, even a distinguished resident, hardly causes a ripple on the surface of society. We read it in the papers. There's a funeral, and somebody attends; but outside the small factor of the community who may be the relatives or very intimate friends of the deceased, nobody feels it. The gorgeous hearse with its nodding plumes, the processions in regalia, the long line of carriages, are every day sights. They turn a corner, and are forgotten. There's a circus-band wagon coming down the street, an organ-grinder across the way, the milk-peddler and water-sprinkler struggling for precedence, the itinerant with "things to mend" and the fellow with "wild game" screaming in concert, a jam of street-cars and hackmen, the bustle and jostle of pedestrians. Everybody is in a hurry—no time to waste on dead men. In the country, when death strikes its victim, the blow is felt in every household.

The village went into full mourning. The flags were at half-mast, crape was hung on the doors of the court-house, the citizens looked grave and serious. The sexton, a melancholy man, in a sombre garb of gray, plodded along, with pick and shovel, by the short cut to the burying-ground. All day long, and until late at night, there was a painfully suggestive rap-tap-tapping in the shop of the grim and solemn old carpenter, who fabricated most soul-appalling and uniformly dismal black coffins for the town funerals. Notices, with a black border, were posted in conspicuous localities announcing that the deceased would be buried on the following day at a stated hour, services at the cemetery.

Another day dawned. The storm was over, but the roads in bad condition. Every available vehicle and all the saddle-horses in the town and suburban precincts were mustered into service, and a majority of the population moved in small detachments toward the Forked Lightning Ranch. About noon the head of the procession came in sight. An express wagon did duty as hearse, a neat barouche bore the widow and children; then followed a long line of miscellaneous vehicles, and a respectable cavalcade of mounted men; and as they slowly wended their way along the principal street, and filed out on the road leading to the cemetery, the remnant of the population fell in and brought up the rear afoot. It was an imposing pageant, for a small town.

The ceremonies at the grave were impressive. The preacher, who was of the Methodist (South) school, was not a profoundly learned man, but he was earnest, sincere, practical—a man with a large heart in him. At revivals, and when he had "the power on him," he could dish up an article of hell-fire for obdurate sinners that would mark 400 deg. in the shade; but he had the good sense to leave it at home when he officiated at the funeral of an old forty-niner. His memories of Bill Calloway were pleasant. Many a time had he thrown a ten-dollar piece into the hat at a camp meeting, and when the gamblers took up a collection to build the first church in the place, Bill, who had been engaged in a little game of "draw," stood in with the knights of the green cloth, and contributed liberally. Hence he skipped the rough places, and meandered about in the cheerful walks of everyday life. He spoke of the deceased as "a good neighbor, generous, obliging, self-sacrificing, ever ready to respond with hand and purse to relieve the distressed, a kind husband and father, a man of good impulses, brave and chivalrous, one who observed the golden rule, 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' he leaves a vacant place in this community." He remarked in conclusion, "And we who are assembled as friends to pay our last tribute to his mortal remains will cherish his memory as that of a man of sterling worth. Let us pray."

The prayer was simple, earnest, and impassioned; and when he feelingly alluded to the widow and children, his fervent appeal touched the hearts of his auditors. The "amen" was said. The sobs of the bereaved wife, the whispered words of condolence from sympathetic neighbors, the sighing of the wind through the branches of the pines, blended in harmony with the solemnity of the scene. Tears glistened in the eyes of men unused to weeping. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." The clouds fell with a doleful rattle upon the coffin, and the crowd sorrowfully dispersed.

All that evening men were gathered in little groups talking it over. Some stood at the street corners, here and there, under the awnings of stores, at the express and post offices, and in front of the hotel. The pall-bearers, by common consent, had drifted into the Arcade Saloon, and thither the most intimate friends of the deceased appeared to gravitate. It was a favorite resort of "the boys," an institution born in the flush times of the town. It had held out for a year or two against the pressure of hard times, and maintained the standard price of whisky at "two bits" a glass. The place had a history, and had seen marvels in the way of excitement. It had now been closed since noon, and in its reopening there was a quiet, subdued air, in harmony with the general tone of the occasion. Those who came in on business drank decorously, and their glasses were set out and removed without any extra flourish or dexterous tricks of legerdemain gratuitously thrown in by the expert manipulator of cocktails. The general topic under discussion was of Bill Calloway. "Uncle Gid," whose grief, though mitigated to some extent by the discourse of the parson, was still profound, was rehearsing to a man from Tuolumne some of the salient points in Bill's career.

"I've known Bill longer and better than anybody," he said. "More than twenty years ago, I reckon, since I mined along side of him on Buckeye. He had a constitution like a mule, and I am just keen to swear that he was the stoutest man for his weight and inches that ever marked the yearth. Boys, you know I was no slouch at a lift in them days; but I've seen him pick up a boulder that I had been tugging to roll out of the way, lift it breast high, and pitch it over the bank, just easy. I used to tell him to save his strength. 'Go slow, youngster,' says I; 'light lifts make strong old men.' Bill would laugh. 'Call that lifting?' says he; 'why, that's only a pebble, a mere finger-stone. Just holler when you get stalled again; I'll help you out, Uncle Gid; I'm strong with strength.' And Bill was as active as a cat-amount. I've seen him stand flat-footed and clatter seven feet

in a standing jump, without weights. Boys, he was a good one."

"Yes, indeed," chimed in the man who lived out at the Oak Springs and raised fighting chickens; "and a game one. It took a rough customer to get away with him in any sort of a tussle."

"They say Big Jake Mowry came mighty nigh walking his log once," drawlingly remarked Lazy Jo.

"Hello! who stuffed you full of that nonsense and then pried yer mouth open to let it out?" responded the Oak Springs man. "I happened to see that fight. Why, bless your innocent heart, Bill knocked him plumb from taw quicker'n you could say 'scat.' He let him get up and come again, and give it to him in the same place. Then when Jake run in for a clinch, that was into Bill's hand. He raised him in the air and beat the ground with him like he was a wet moccasin. Big Jake might do for a small tea-party or a corn shuckin', in quiet times, among pious people, but he didn't carry guns enough for Bill Calloway."

Jo slunk away, humbled and abashed. His place in the circle was immediately filled by Pete Lannigan, a veteran whose crippled leg and scarred visage told tales of many a hard fought battle. Pete had been loitering outside, but the mention of "fight" had drawn him into the ring.

"It's the truth yer spakin'—devil the word of lie in it. Wasn't I there, meself? Oh, by the howl in me coat! it was the purtiest taste of a fight ye ever seen. I mind that same year I had a howldt wid Bill at collar an' ilbow—just fur a friendly fall, ye know. It was the day I had a little divarshun wid Phil Donahue—him that give me this bit of a cut over the eye wid a shovel, and I welted him dacently wid a little kippeen of a shtick. I had a snifter or two in me skin and felt me kapin'. That was afore I got hurted, an' I was on me two pins an' was handy wid them both. 'Shtep out here now, Billy, me b'y, an' we'll have a taste of the hand an' fut.' 'All right,' says he. 'First fall for the dhinks,' says I. 'First fall goes,' says he. We tuk a howldt. Be the mortal! I jist raised me fut from the ground, whin I felt meself sailin' through the air, an' thin I landed on the broad of me back. Sure the stars was out in the sky an' the breath clane out of me body. O man! O man! it was the purtiest fall I ever had. I was on me trotters in a minute. 'Dacintly done,' says I; 'will ye take a dhrink?' 'Wud a fish swim?' says he. Oh, Bill was a dacint young fellow. Wirra, wirra! what made ye die?"

"Speaking of drinking," said Bob Atwell (one of "the boys"—aged a little over seventy), "Bill could wag off with a load of it. I think he could carry it more gracefully than any man I ever met. Whisky seemed to take no effect on him. One-ten of what he could get away with in a day would make me staving blind drunk." The old man heaved a deep sigh of regret at his want of capacity to hold it in unlimited quantities.

By this time the outsiders had begun to drop in by twos and threes, till the Arcade was numerously thronged. The judiciary was represented by the district and county judges and a couple of justices of the peace. The legal profession had a delegate or two. A majority of the county officials had put in an appearance. A resident physician was there; and progress and education were typified in the personal presence of the editor of the village newspaper and the pale, delicate schoolmaster from Pea Ridge. From the personal prowess and individual character of Calloway the conversation drifted into the subject of providing for the family. What had been done was duly canvassed, and it was found, upon comparing notes, that their immediate necessities were not urgent, and that, as for the future, there is a Providence which provides for the widows and orphans. And it was further resolved, in a sort of informal manner, that this community should hold itself organized as a special committee in the hands of Providence to do the practical work.

"By the way," queried the man from Tuolumne, who in early times had known the deceased, "what was the matter with Bill? He was well enough when I saw him last—splendid health, fine constitution; ought to have lived a hundred years. Was he sick a long time?"

"Well, no," responded Uncle Gid; "it isn't more than a week since he took his bed; but I tell you confidentially" (here he dropped his voice to a husky stage-whisper, that a man with good ears can hear double the distance of the ordinary tone of voice), "Bill had softening of the brain."

"Softening of the brain!" echoed a dozen voices at once, a majority of them in most unmistakable derision.

"That's what I said," replied Uncle Gid; "and if you fellows will just listen to me I'll tell you why I think it. Bill has been complaining for some time. He had a misery in his stomach; I wasn't scared about that; but long before this he told me he had queer feelings in his head. First time I noticed it was when I was out thar—let me see; it's three months ago—time I built that little addition to his woodshed. Bill was moping about—didn't appear nat'ral; sometimes he'd sit in a brown study for ten minutes at a time. I seen he was blue; so, of an evening, I'd get out the old fiddle and I'd play the old favorite tunes—such as he'd ask me to play at old man Brewer's and Lu Bales's, ten or fifteen year ago. I've seen the day when, if I struck up the 'Arkansas Traveler,' 'Gal on a Log,' 'Gray Eagle,' or 'Sally Lick the Ladle,' Bill would jump like a quarter horse. But this time, do you think he'd move a peg? Nary foot. Finally, one night I was just tuning her up, and had drawn the bow a time or two, when Bill he says, right earnest and pitiful like: 'Uncle Gid, I wish to God you'd let up on that d-d old fiddle.' I know'd then thar was something wrong, and that his head was giving way. He'd lost his grip. It's what the doctors call softening of the brain."

Uncle Gid turned away and walked toward the door. He wept. Old Bob Atwell beckoned him to the bar. They smiled.

Then an old prospector, Sweetwater Charley, ventured the opinion that it was inflammation of the bowels. He remarked: "It must have been something that took hold of him right sudden. I was out at Forked Lightning three weeks ago last Saturday. Stopped there as I was on my way to Hite's Cove. Bill was all right then. I played seven-up with him. I reckon we drank twenty times together."

"Possibly," said the County Judge; "possibly this excessive indulgence in drink may have had some influence upon the health of our friend."

There was a chorus of indignant rejoinders and abrupt responses in denial of the insinuation.

Jo Decker took it to heart dreadfully. "Why, Judge, as long as you've lived here, and as many years as you've known Bill Calloway, to think that, now he's dead and gone, you'd cast a reflection upon him by so much as hinting that he ever got out of the way by liquor! Who is there in this crowd, I'd like to know—if there's a man let him speak—who ever seen Bill Calloway drunk?"

There was a dead silence. The Judge apologetically explained to Jo that he intended not to intimate that their mutual friend was drunk, but thought it possible that he might, in his prolonged sitting with the convivial Charley, have taken into his stomach a quantity in excess of the usual amount. "Any beverage," continued the Judge, as he took the arm of Jo and promenaded across the room—"any beverage, be it pure and clear as the dew from heaven, may be taken into the system in quantities capable of producing deleterious effects. Serious results have often followed the imbibing of copious draughts of cold water."

The clink of glasses, and the free and easy manner with which Jo tapped the shoulder of the Judge, announced the reestablishment of friendly relations.

The District Attorney—a sour, bilious-looking man—said "liver complaint." He was hissed down.

Jo Decker, who was with him in his last moments, gave it as his deliberate opinion that his death was caused by jaundice. "Didn't you notice his color? Why, he was yellow as gold. Even the whites of his eyes were colored. But you can bet yer sweet life his brain wasn't off color. His head was clear as any man's in this house ten minutes before he winked out."

Lazarus Perkins, who had sat up with him three or four nights before his death, and who cherished the memory of a grandmother who died at the advanced age of ninety-five, of dropsy, drew a parallel case with that of Bill's, and demonstrated that he died of heart disease.

The pale, delicate schoolmaster from Pea Ridge pronounced in favor of "Bright's disease of the kidneys."

The editor of the village newspaper, on being appealed to for an opinion, replied that he had one, but proposed keeping it to himself. "Is thy servant a doctor, that he should do this thing? Excuse me, gentleman, a country editor has to make himself generally useful; but," he continued, "I have never attempted to practice medicine nor made a post-mortem examination. Here's the doctor who attended on him, why not ask his opinion?"

"The point is well taken," remarked the Judge, "and only that our lack of courtesy to the sole representative of the medical profession now present has been the means of airing so many and diverse nonprofessional opinions, I would most certainly insist that we all individually apologize for the affront. Doctor," he resumed, addressing the man of medicine, who stood by the corner of the bar, and had been dividing his time between conversing with the portly proprietor and listening to the discussion, "we are unable to agree as to the cause of the death of our mutual friend, Calloway. As his attending physician, and knowing as we do your uniform good judgment and standing in the profession, we would like to hear your views on what, from the information at hand, appears to be a most extraordinarily complicated case. Doctor Burnam, your decision is a finality."

There were two physicians in the town, and up to a recent date public opinion had been pretty evenly divided as to their relative skill, till a year or so prior to the event herein narrated, when a little incident tipped the beam in favor of Burnam. Smith, his rival, had been doctoring a grass widow who lived in a lonely sort of way with some distant relatives near French Gulch. The widow was "fat, fair, and forty"—perhaps nearer fifty. The malady was currently reported as "dropsy." Burnam was called in during the absence of Smith, and his diagnosis of the case evolved a revelation which created the greatest sensation of the season. When subsequent events proved the Burnam theory to be correct, and the mother and twins were pronounced "doing as well as could be expected," then it was that the star of Smith descended with the velocity of a stick from an exploded rocket, while that of Burnam shone with the blazing effulgence of a locomotive headlight.

Nothing loth to promulgate his professional knowledge, and rather flattered by the affable manner of the Judge, the Doctor removed the cigar from his mouth, blew a column of smoke in graduated rings toward the ceiling, laid his hat on the counter, and responded:

"Boys—excuse me for using the term 'boys'—I have known you all a long time, and when I look into your faces I feel that I am among friends."

"That's all right, Doc," said old Bob Atwell.

"You have asked me a plain, straight-forward question, and I am going to give you a plain, blunt answer."

"Spit it out, Doc;" "Show your hand;" "No foolishness now;" "Tell it all." These and a dozen other brief adjurations came from as many different voices.

"Uncle Gid," he continued, "was correct—"

"Thar, what did I tell you?" interrupted the veteran violinist, exultantly.

"—correct as far as he went; but that wasn't all of it. There was an element of truth in each and every one of your expressed opinions. Bill Calloway's liver was affected. He had inflammation of the stomach, jaundice, dropsy, kidney disease, softening of the brain—in fact, a complication of diseases. None of his vital organs performed their proper functions. There have been several cases in this vicinity of a similar nature; but I think Calloway's was the worst I ever saw within the range of my practice. The cause of all these ailments—the germ of this fearful combination of disorders, which culminated in this funeral which we all attended to-day—may be spoken in a word. It is WHISKY!"

His voice sank to a husky whisper, and a visible shudder ran through the circle of which the speaker was the centre.

"Yes, this strong man—this robust, vigorous, healthful man—who physically was a giant, a Samson among his fellows, became the total wreck he was from whisky. This man, who 'never was known to be the worse for liquor,' as one of his best friends defiantly asserted, died miserably, thirty years before his time. Whisky killed him. He isn't the first victim. Call the roll of the best men who lived, and moved, and held places of prominence and trust in this town and county twenty years ago. Members of the learned professions, leading business men, county officials—noble fellows most of them, 'on whom each God did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man.' Call to

mind the names of those whom you knew best in early days. You look in vain for their faces. They have been swept from the face of the earth; their bones are in our burying ground. With rare exceptions, whisky did it. Am I not right, my friends?"

There was a general murmur of assent. Then the best memories in the crowd were levied upon for names. The list was appalling. There were two district judges, a half-dozen members of the bar, a couple of newspaper editors, nine or ten doctors, several county officials, and many adventurers, who had, in their better days, been leaders among men, and who, in intelligent and moral worth, were the peers of the best among their fellows, save for the curse of strong drink.

Jo Decker agreed that most of those mentioned had "been pretty heavy on the drink; but, Doc, there's been men named who, to my certain knowledge, had their chunks knocked out in another sort of fashion. Powder, lead, and cold steel don't count on the whisky list, Doc."

"Yes, in most cases, such as you allude to, whisky plays its part. Nine times out of ten, when you go to the bottom facts in these deadly encounters, you'll find whisky cuts a figure there in some shape. At some stage in the difficulty there's somebody drunk. I appeal to you, Judge, to you, Uncle Gid, and Bob, who have lived here since the first white settlement, to you, editor of our newspaper, whose business it is to take note of passing events, and to whom a homicide is sometimes a godsend as a news item."

There ensued a brief conference among the referees designated, in which several outsiders joined. The blood-stained pages of homicidal history were briefly scanned. Two or three instances appeared, of memorable record, where the man who did the slaying was duly sober, but in these isolated tragedies it appeared that "the other fellow" had his skin full, incidentally, or with malice aforethought and intent to bolster up his nerve for the fray. Uncle Gid thought he had struck it, when, in prospecting the old tailings along the sluice-boxes of his memory, he unearthed, as he expressed it, "a clean, cold-water killing." It was when the disturber of domestic felicity was shot by an injured husband who had deliberated over the matter for about five years. Amended by the editor, who was present and heard the testimony at the Corner's inquest. The evidence of the nearest saloon-keeper, where the shooter laid for his game, was to the effect that just before he grabbed for his gun and went for his man he swallowed the biggest drink of whisky the witness ever saw, or words of similar import.

"Doctor, how is it that so many of your profession, knowing as they do the precise effect of alcohol, become addicted to its inordinate use and fall victims to the pernicious habit?" queried the Judge.

"I see what you are driving at, Judge," he resumed; "that's a home-thrust. I take no offense; we all need these rebukes. It would be better for us all could we 'see ourself's as others see us.' I will answer your question directly—but one word about these good fellows that are gone. We can't bring them back. The best use we can make of them is to hold their failures, their weaknesses, up as a warning to our living friends, and ourselves as well. There is this to be said of most of them: They had no wives to bear the burden of their shame, no children to inherit the vices of the fathers. I see around me now several gentlemen who occupy the position of husband and father, and I am sorry to remark that some of them are addicted to drink like the balance of us. It's a habit that grows on us. We doctors who are exposed to contagious diseases, broken of our rest, likely to be called up at any hour of the night, find it necessary to take something by way of a diffusive stimulant. We need it in our business frequently. As a medicine it is valuable; so is calomel, arsenic—even prussic acid. It is not its use when required for any good there is in it that swells the list of its victims—that makes our cemetery a mausoleum to the votaries of drink. It is not the natural appetite for stimulant which fills the graveyards with drunkards and the living world with crushed and weeping widows and pale, half-starved, and morally-deformed children. The appetite comes, though, after a while. It is created by what it morbidly craves. It sometimes takes years of training and careful, attentive nursing to build up a craving for liquor. I have seen old staggers who had been without it for a few weeks—sworn off, perhaps, after a prolonged spree—get wild, crazy, for a drink. I've been there, boys; it's hell! This isn't natural—it's a diseased condition engendered by a pernicious habit, and this habit or second nature is the result of this infernal, devilish custom of *social drinking*. Were it not for this wretched sociable practice Bill Calloway and half a hundred other noble specimens of manhood now resting in the graveyard would be living to-day. They yielded to a custom—drifted with the popular tide till they were drawn within the whirling maelstrom of intemperance and sank down, down, till they were lost forever. Boys, we are nearly all in the same current—drifting the same way. We think we can land our boats; so we imagine we are masters of the situation. Don't you know *we are all in danger*?"

The Doctor struck the counter with his clenched fist, and the glasses bounced. Lazy Jo, who had fallen asleep in a chair in a far corner of the room, awoke with a spasmodic bound. Uncle Gid's eyes almost started from their sockets. The District Attorney threw out an overgrown quid of tobacco. The Judge took a fresh chew of fine cut. Pete Lanagan, who had stuck close to the side of the Doctor during his entire discourse, settled down on his shortened leg. A stuttering man from Hornitos, who had hitherto kept silence, but withal had been a most attentive listener, spoke:

"D-d-d-doctor, w-w-wh-at you g-g-going t-t-t-to d-d-d-d-do about it?"

"Do—about—it?" That is a poser. It's what's been bothering the brains of temperance reformers for years. I'd like to wipe the last whisky mill off the face of the earth. I say, legislate them out of existence. But you can't point me to a politician, be he candidate for office, newspaper man, or office-holder, who dares openly avow this sentiment. Look at the votes he'd lose. He'd be bounced by the Irish, mobbed by the Dutch, and lampooned without mercy by the scattering native American population. Something has to be done, though; for I need not tell you that this curse is spreading. The disease has become contagious, and chronic as well. It is being transmitted to the coming generation, and, unless checked, its hereditary result will be a race of lunatics, idiots,

and imbeciles. I would strike a blow at the sociable phase of the habit. Make it unpopular, unfashionable, aye, disgraceful! to drink in public. Starve out the saloons; and instead of sneering at and ridiculing men who avoid these places, honor them for their resolution, and applaud them when they manfully and firmly respond 'No' to this sham courtesy couched in the miserable phrase, 'Take a drink!'

Before he could finish Pete slapped him on the shoulder: "Is that an angel's voice I hear? Bedad, I don't care if I do wet me neck."

The thoughtful shadows which had settled on the faces of the Doctor's audience flitted away like a summer cloud before Pete's sun-burst. There was a general and hearty laugh. The Doctor wiped the perspiration from his brow and replaced his hat. The Judge was the first to speak.

"I was about to remark that the profession of medicine might afford to lose a skillful practitioner, so that the temperance reform gained an able and eloquent advocate. At the same time it appeared to me that this thing was getting monotonous, and Pete's interruption is in order. Doctor, will you?"

"Boys, it's been dry talking. The Judge is right; Pete was right; we're all right, or will be in less than a hundred years. There was something else I intended to say, but never mind. All of you take a drink at my expense. Come up, everybody!"

The proprietor of the Arcade and his associate, who had preserved a serene composure during all this time, gracefully slung the glasses along the polished surface of the counter. The word was "fire and fall back" till the glasses were all filled. It was numerically a healthy crowd; there must have been nearly, or quite, forty, all told. The Doctor, the Judge, the District Attorney, an ex-Senator and Assemblyman, the editor, and most of the "old timers" took whisky straight. There was a toddy or two called for, and the man from Tuolumne said "brandy." The little, pale, delicate schoolmaster from Pea Ridge took lemonade, but after a sip a two poured half of it out, and allowed the barkeeper to "put a stick in it." The Doctor took three-fourths of a glassful. He was "weary and thirsty," he remarked. Pete, whose neck was "dhry as a powder-horn wid walkin' and waitin'," filled his to the brim. "I'm loser on that transaction," pleasantly remarked the proprietor.

"How's that, now?" said Pete.

"That glass of whisky cost half a dollar at wholesale."

"Did it? Be gob, it's worth ivery cint of it."

"Are you all ready?" asked the Doctor.

"Ready," was the response.

"Then here goes—and may the Lord take a liking to us."

"Amen," responded Pete. "It's a poor parish that can't afford a clerk."

The Doctor never concluded his lecture. Its statistics are matters of record. The place is going to decay, and, like all old mining towns, its old settlers have emigrated—most of them to the burying-ground. Their surviving companions are scattered far and wide. Occasionally they jostle against each other, and then they sit down and have a quiet talk of old times, and of those glorious old "boys" whose lives shone with the light of noble deeds, and went out in the vigor of manhood; who scorned meanness, who dispensed wealth with a liberal hand, who shrunk from no peril in championing the right; but—well—they would "take a drink."

SAN GORGONIO PASS, February, 1879.

Everybody knows how actresses and singers are occasionally beset by some moon-calf, who takes the same seat every night, buys flowers, sends *billets doux*, waits at the stage door, and advertises himself openly to the world as an infatuated noodle or a crazy wretch, unfit to be at large. There was a fellow, it will be remembered, who followed Christine Nilsson about when she was in this country, annoyed her by staring ferociously at her from a private box every night, threw himself in her way when she left the opera house, and finally broke into her room one day, and declared he would shoot himself if she did not marry him. Lydia Thompson was beset for a year by a lunatic, who followed her from city to city, wrote wild rhapsodies in obscure papers, and sent them to her by the hundred, marked with red chalk, and planted himself every night in front of her audience to attract attention by his disgraceful show of familiarity. Even the staid Clara Louise Kellogg has not escaped this kind of persecution. A few years ago a woman fell in love with her, followed her about from city to city, made her acquaintance, and having some literary ability, succeeded in getting published a number of the most extravagant and fulsome articles about the distinguished singer. The infatuation was so complete in this case that the lunatic made her pursuit of Miss Kellogg the one business of her life, and almost succeeded in making the *prima donna's* existence a burden to herself. Miss Maud Harrison, the estimable young actress at the Union Square, has been, it seems, subjected to the same kind of persecution by a mild lunatic, much to her annoyance and to the discomfort of her managers. The monomaniac in this case is a middle-aged, bald-headed person of clerical appearance, who plants himself in a front seat, and as soon as Miss Harrison appears, looks round at the audience with a most absurd air of proprietorship and triumph, and applauds vociferously and continuously.

A writer in *Truth* gives the following amusing account of an incident illustrating the melancholy snobbery of the English social character, and the sacrifices of self-respect that are cheerfully made for social favor: I was once an *attaché* at an embassy, and there was to be a ball. With that distant, reverential love of which Burke speaks I adored a lady. She was on the outskirts of society, and she had not been asked to the ball. How she did tease me to get her an invitation, and how I did tease the Ambassador's wife to give her one. But in vain; "it would offend so many people whom I really can not ask," etc. At last we hit upon the following expedient. She was sent an invitation to dinner, on the distinct understanding that she was not to accept it. Of course she put the invitation card in a very prominent place in her drawing-room. Then when her friends came to see her, and kindly observed: "I did not see you, dear, at the Embassy ball," she was able to reply: "No, dear, I was so sorry not to be able to go, nor to dinner before, for I was not very well." And the card was on the table to show that she was not lying.

OUR OWN POETS.

Her Eyes.

Like timid maids from out a bed of rose,
Two misty stars crept from the sunset skies
And fled in frolic to the earth's fair shore;
There—weary, lost—they sought and found repose
Beneath the lids of my dear lady's eyes,
Which, closing, shut them in for evermore.

But oft they watched their distant sisters rise,
Oft wearied sore to gain their home so bright,
Where ceaseless vigils keep the Pleiads seven.
This is the cause that in my sweetheart's eyes
There rests a misty cloud of yearning light,
And this the reason why she looks to heaven.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

SIGNA.

Mignonette.

The darling of the summer time,
The sweet-breathed mignonette,
Comes from a loving hand to mine,
Reminding me of girlhood's prime,
The days in sunshine set.

Gently across my winter day
This breath of summer floats;
It bears my tired soul far away
Unto some calm and blessed bay
Known but to these frail boats.

The drifting clouds are mirrored there;
The slowly moving leaves,
There lie at rest the lilies fair—
No sound disturbs, nor thought nor care;
There nothing speaks or grieves.

And there the wild bee, all untold,
Hushes his breezy tune,
In sweet content his wings to fold
Within the lily's heart of gold,
Breathing the breath of June.

Within my airy barque I lie,
Of Nature's self a part;
Across, beneath, a placid sky,
A cloudless incense floating by
Out of the summer's heart.

CALISTOGA, February, 1879.

JULIA H. S. BUGEIA.

Cui Bono?

Who finds himself belated, and still follows
The windings of the wood, and hopes to see—
When he's beyond the dense and tangled hollows—
The dying sun illumine the open lea,

But meets instead thick brake and growing shadows,
Then sinks upon the damp and trackless clay,
And weary dreams of level fragrant meadows,
And wakes, and sleeps, and longs, and moans for day,

Is he who, proud of stored and earnest learning,
Would solve the mystery that wraps him round,
And dreams that science, cold, unswayed, discerning,
Can pass beyond its clay-encircled bound.

He sees the stars, he measures every distance
That lies between each planet and the earth;
The globe itself can offer no resistance,
But yields to him its story from the birth.

But when he struggles with his own soul's mystery,
A wall unyielding casts its bulk between;
All else surrenders long restrained history,
This only stands a grim, impervious screen.

We live, we die—so much, no more, is given;
From dust we spring, return again to dust.
And ties are made, and dearer ties are given,
And trust is true, and oft betrayed is trust.

What good, I ask you, is this vain undoing?
What good this fruitless measurement of years?
The old beliefs may perish—the pursuing
Can only find its goal in nameless fears

That we may perish with the tree and blossom,
And be no more in any time or place,
But form one atom of earth's mighty bosom,
One particle upon the parent's face.

What good? Ah me, who cares for the hereafter,
If only here we taste the hour's delight?
The world is full of song, and wine, and laughter;
The day is ours—be happy until night.

OAKLAND, March, 1879.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Outside.

Within the gate it is passing fair—
A fringe of flowers and a plat of grass,
And men and women and children are there,
I hear their voices, I see them pass;
But I am not of them, and wince to feel
The cruel cold of the latticed steel.

"Kismet?" No, it is merely Chance.
"Work?" I have worked—it is something more.
I do not envy their reckless dance,
Or their damask ease on the marble floor;
I do not envy them ever, and yet
I gaze till my eyes are dazed and wet.

"Why?" Do you care for the why? I turn
To the cool green hills which climb to the cloud;
But no ambitions within me burn,
For Fancy's dead, and Despair's the shroud.
So, idle and wicked and weak, I choose
To sigh for the good which the gods refuse.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

R. S. S.

Tired.

Palm unto palm to lie
In purest calm of sky,
And be a child again,
Where shadows cross above,
And bird-songs weave their love
On floors of shining grain.

To hide in grass, a child,
By winds that pass me wiled
From every thought of pain;
Till earth should grow too fair
For the child-heart to bear
Without sweet tears, a rain.

NILES, February, 1879.

CH. 31.

SUBURBAN SAUCE.

Served from the Witch of Endor's Ladie.

MY DEAR JUANITA:—You read the "Maid of Athens?" letter last week, and can therefore imagine my feelings. Just to think of it, when I hunted Damon and Pythias, and Castor and Pollux, out of the manual, and got French phrases for her—to think of that antiquated old "maid" who has to put carboline on her eyebrows to keep them from falling out, and talks so affectingly about "we girls"—just to think of her reproaching me with youthfulness! Age a delicate subject to me? Nothing of the sort. Don't believe it. She had to write something, and as age gives her so much trouble it is natural that she should attack me at the other extreme. But it ill becomes me to enter the lists against one who has had so long an experience on the track, and who carries besides the "extra weight"—of years. But forgive me for encroaching on your time with my private grievances. You want news, I know. Since my last you have come near to losing your little "witch," and thusly do I tell it. At lunch the other day (I told you where it was) I was suddenly taken ill and had to leave. At home I thought I should die. I supposed that I had been suspected of telling on people, betraying their confidences and so on, and that they had inveigled me into that lonely spot to dispose of me. Two days after, however, I found that the other seven were just as bad as myself. I can't believe that any one could have been so atrociously cruel as to have poisoned the whole company with the salad. A good thing happened the other evening which I now feel at liberty to inform you of. The occasion was the celebration of a silver wedding. The evening came, and also the guests anxious to congratulate the entertainers. The family bible was brought out, and the date, with names of officiating minister, witnesses, and contracting parties, were read by the proud and happy father. He then turned to the births, where some wag had altered the date of the eldest child's birth, but this the old man did not notice. And so it came about that the astounded company were informed of a child's being born five years before the parents had met. You can understand how the joke was appreciated. We immediately had supper. We have now a genuine sensation, and one that was especially enjoyable, for it was *such* news. It seems that a year ago a young couple quietly determined to take upon themselves the responsibilities of wedded life, so they quietly marched to the city, were married, and came home, but on account of some queer, romantic idea or other, they failed to inform their parents of their new relations, and so the revelation became daily harder to make. At length, just at about the time when their wedding was generally supposed to be about to take place, the marriage certificate was discovered by the little bride's mother, and they stood confessed. The beauty of it was that we had all along expected a wedding, and so society is disappointed. But we are to have a reception at any rate. I hope this will set the fashion, for I know a big wedding would frighten me to death or into a fainting fit. Last Friday night, Mr. Lunt's dancing class having fallen off in attendance, he had announced for the evening's entertainment a fancy-dress surprise party. We had no time for elaborate preparation, but mostly appeared in made-up costumes, as appropriate as one day's notice would allow of. The first prize was given to the most original character, a clever representation of the slang expression, "It blew in." Honorable mention was made of our hardware merchant as "a beardless boy." He threw an innocence into the characterization, and looked and acted truly artless. That, they say, is the highest form of art. His brother, the banker, personated a local "detective," and was mistaken for him. Mrs. F. appeared as the traditionally much-abused "mother-in-law." It was a very happy selection, especially in view of late events. Lawyer C. imagined himself as "Disappointment." I had to be told what he was trying to represent, and I do not believe more than a dozen people knew what he was aiming at. He should have carried a placard bearing the device, "This is disappointment." However, I suppose he looked rather to effects than causes. Mr. R. F. was "Silenus, a rural deity"—so I was told afterward. I thought him the "marble faun," from his statuesque assumption of the character. He should have "hopped" about livelier. Going home I glanced at my "Mythology," and found, what perhaps he was not aware of, that "Silenus" was an attendant on Bacchus, but I did not see his friend with him. Mr. T., in a gorgeous tie, was "Narcissus, the Grand." Mr. K., as proprietor of an itinerant circus, "One dollar admission, gentlemen." Miss R. displayed a remarkably beautiful costume as "Iris, goddess of the rainbow." Oh, if I could describe that dress to you! Pure white of some soft material (Chinese *crêpe*, I think) that draped beautifully, and just covered with the most exquisite hand embroidery—flowers and vines clambering around and over her. Mrs. R., in red turban, was a "Vivandière," but when Col. F. appeared with a yellow kerchief wrapped around his head, the couple was immediately dubbed as Bluebeard and Fatima. Miss L. as "Patience" was remarkably quiet. Indeed, her subdued activity suited the character admirably. Do you ever attend egg-nog parties? I thought they were intended for gentlemen only, but the refining influence of our sex hereafter will permeate the atmosphere of all their social pleasures—and why not? I believe in extending our sphere—as you see by the contents of this letter. Mrs. P. gave us good "egg-nog," but, thank goodness, something else besides. Who were there? The whole happy family; they were happier before they left. When the evening was nearly over, one young society belle (of the male gender, however) was presented to a lady who always avoids the subject of age. In the course of conversation she happened to remark that her father was something like a quarter of a century her senior. Very innocently and ingenuously he inquired: "Has he been dead very long?" Can you figure the freezing glance he received? It was terrible. The men have inaugurated an entertainment as an offset to the ladies' lunches; no mingling of the sexes, no mixing of anything but their liquors. I do so hope they will all suffer with headaches—as they probably will. They call these new entertainments *communiones*, and appoint an *arbitrator bibendi* in true classic style by shaking dice, and so the entertainment lasts just as long as the assembly. Saturday night has been very agreeably set apart for this heathenish custom—Sunday morning to sleep. Sunday afternoon they all walk out ten or fifteen miles in the

hills and back again. Monday all are bright and fresh for business. Cards are out for Miss L.'s "kettledrum" next Saturday. It is to be a very grand affair, and very extensive preparations are being made to receive the hundred or more lucky enough to get an invitation. It is not to be confined, as usual, to conversation, but we are to have music and dancing. I understand the ladies will appear in demi-toilet. They have not made Russian tea fashionable over here yet; what a pity! It always makes a company so jolly. The same day the students of the Senior Class celebrate "Charter Day" at Berkeley. This is an honored and honorable custom. The University boys are very popular, and I notice all their entertainments are well attended and exceedingly enjoyable. Have you heard of the new diamond mine on Jackson Street. There is great fear among all possessed of gems here, lest the market be flooded and the value of their rarities depreciate, but I can not believe there is ground for fear. This was found on an ordinary blue grass lawn, and was quickly disposed of. Singular how things will turn up, is it not? The decorative art as applied to ceramics and exemplified by B. has naturally led us on to the more beautiful and artistic (speaking artistically) work of painting on glass and china. Last week we all went to painting class as usual (only ladies), each with her plate and design. Just before the lesson commenced we were having great fun in caricaturing such of our gentlemen friends as have vulnerable points in the armor of their daily habits. The best one in point of likeness and recognizableness was a cleverly executed sketch, in black with a fine pencil, of a certain well known gentleman standing in front of an inn and supporting a lamp-post. The clock showed the hour of "3 A. M." It happened to be recognized by all, but to make assurance doubly sure, his name and the circumstances were neatly set forth, and it was passed around to be admired. Just then in came our teacher. Instead of erasing the ridiculous thing the artist proceeded to paint over it in a monotone, and very deftly utilized some of the black strokes underneath as outlines and shadings. The lamp-post was transformed into a flower-stem and two blossoms, one was the light and the other the young hero's countenance, in a quiet drab. However, the painting was finished, sent to the furnace, and from there to the identical young man for a birthday present. But horror of horrors! opening the package he beheld an indelible likeness of himself in a most laughable position. The whole thing had been caused by using fleeting colors prepared from volatile substances, which had been dissipated by the heat of the furnace and left the original "Pasquin" beneath. The point to the joke was, that the night before he had gone around in a carriage to his friends' houses drumming up recruits to a temperance meeting. The plate now adorns the mantelpiece in the Occidental Club. The last thing of any interest at all that I can tell you now is of the skating carnival. I did not attend, as I did not get my invitation until too late, but Harry says that I missed several good things. Mr. S. led the grand march with a delicate fairy in blue. Messrs. T. and C. received permission from their friends in the gallery and joined the gay throng at a very late hour in Dominos (Pink). Mr. T. evidently in his excitement forgot the necessity of a disguise, for he went dashing around the room at a great pace minus both hood and mask. But this nonsense must have an end. Just wait till I meet that "maid." Pythias says that if she is a man he will challenge her, and if she is a woman I will—do worse than fight; I'll tell everybody how she makes up. And now, my Juana, farewell for ever.

Your own,

WITCH OF ENDOR.

The Oakland Gossiping Club.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—Just a word to inform you of the organization here of a Gossiping Club, an institution of which we have long been in extreme need. Its membership is composed exclusively of the gentler sex. None but just the right kind have so far been admitted, and the greatest freedom of discussion is allowed except in the presence of the subject. You can at once see the propriety of this exception. Some people will be sensitive in spite of all reason, and, besides, one can't express herself with as much frankness if she is afraid of wounding the feelings of a friend. But don't imagine that we see and dwell upon only the reverse side of human nature. Compared with other cities on the Continent, we are conceited enough to think that ours possesses as many good traits as any of them. We have our *parvenus* and ignoramuses, it is true; our well-to-do people whose self-esteem is out of all proportion to what they actually possess in the way of desirable qualities; and our blue-bloods who manifest an awkward eagerness to pay obeisance to strange lions; our pretty, smirking, ignorant misses, and our newly-fledged society chickens of the male persuasion, whose knowledge of history is confined to their own experiences, and who date the world from the time they dropped their pinafores. These we consider legitimate prey in our splenetic moods. But one tires of a single diet, and often resorts from choice as well as necessity to the discussion of her intelligent, modest, well-bred neighbors, whose presence in our midst is only negatively detected—that is, by an entire absence of the trumpeting and tinsel which characterize the period. So you see, we have our good people, and we talk about them, too. Gossiping is not necessarily bad, as men insist upon believing. In discussing others' frailties we are merely sounding human nature in search of shoals and reefs that we may avoid them with greater certainty. But enough of the Gossiping Club. I merely mention it as one of the institutions now beneath the shade of the oaks, and would recommend its introduction in your wind-swept metropolis. Our sisters on your side of the bay would at once recognize the advantages it affords for the dissemination of matters of interest. The season of indoor gaiety is rapidly waning, and the scent of acacias in full blossom, with the spring freshness of a few days past, inspires a longing for the open air. The rink will soon be closed, and before many days the slippery foot will have glided its last at the dancing-school. We anticipate many a pleasant trip in the near future to the Alameda beach, for you must know we have organized a bathing club. There is also much talk in "our set" of forming an archery club. Some of our gentlemen already profess much skill in that direction, and we have material to form a whole Robin Hood band—Littlejohn (Mac) and Friar Tuck included. The elder and younger brothers would make a powerful team, while the grace of

the *petites* Misses L. and T. and the winning manners of Mrs. L. would inspire all our braves to render valorous service in their behalf. Of course you have heard of the archery tournament. It is much talked of here, and several clubs from different parts of the State have announced their intention to participate, ladies included. All Oakland will no doubt turn out for the two days, and with gay equipages and well filled hampers add quite a feature to the canopied field. We count largely upon the H. brothers and the artist to maintain the glory of Athens. By the way, they say the studio in Cameron Block is a charming spot, with its draperies, Japanese screens, and growing flowers; and now since Mr. T. Hill has taken up his abode with us, we number quite a strong team artistically. There were many topics under discussion at our last session which I had intended to impart to you, but there are obstacles yet to their publicity which I can not, or dare not, overcome. W. A.

Sam Davis's connection with the scheme of sending a "Christian Chinaman" East to lecture on "The Chinese Question from a Chinese standpoint" recalls to one of our correspondents an exaggerated newspaper hoax perpetrated by Sam on the Vallejo public. It was at the time of the great race in 1874. Sam had a detail to report the race for one of the city papers. At the race-track he met a reporter on the Vallejo *Chronicle*, who was bawling the loss of his credentials, without which he could not gain admission to the reporter's stand. Sam, seeing an opportunity for a hoax, at once offered his services, and the Vallejo scribe, after giving Sam an order on the telegraph operator to "forward anything written by the bearer," started off to see the town. Davis took advantage of his opportunity by writing the following dispatches, which were duly forwarded to the Vallejo *Chronicle*:

"GRAND STAND, Nov. 13, 1 P. M.—At least 100,000 people on the ground. The Masonic Cemetery overlooking the track crowded with people. Eligible tombstones are selling at \$5 a piece for reserved seats."

"1.30 P. M.—Horses ready to start. 'Thad Stevens' has the pole."

"2 P. M.—Tremendous shock of earthquake has just demolished grand stand. People, horses, etc., flying in wild confusion; will send list of killed and wounded in half an hour."

"2.15 P. M.—The dead have been cleared away, and it has been decided to run the heat. 'Thad' favorite in pools."

"2.30 P. M.—'Thad' won the first heat."

"2.45 P. M.—Another shock of earthquake has leveled everything. Several thousand people swallowed up. Get out an extra. My life is in danger. I must go."

Sam signed the initials of the accredited reporter, to all these dispatches, and on the suggestion of the last dispatch the *Chronicle* did get out an extra.

Vallejo was wild with excitement when the startling news contained in the *extra* became circulated. The next boat to San Francisco was crowded with friends of possible "killed or wounded," and all this time the unfortunate Vallejo reporter was getting himself blissfully full of beer.

As though all this was not injury enough, Davis sent the following letter to the proprietor of the Vallejo *Chronicle* the next day:

"Inclosed you will please find bill for services rendered at the great race on Saturday. You will observe that I succeeded in getting an exclusive account of the earthquake to you, thereby beating every other paper on the coast. I only succeeded in this sublime piece of journalistic enterprise by the sleepless vigilance which is the invariable price of good items. Immediately after sending your dispatches I hired a small boy to cut the wires, thereby preventing the San Francisco *Chronicle* from sending similar ones, and the *Post* and *Alto* from stealing them. Any further orders for exclusive items will be filled on application at the shortest notice. Yours fraternally, SAM DAVIS."

For earthquake item—two shocks at \$5 per shock. \$10 00
Paid boy to cut wire. 2 50

Received payment. \$12 50

Somehow it seems to us that some of the marriage presents to the royal Duke of Connaught and his bride of the imperial house of Germany are just the least bit skimpy. We can not quite reconcile ourselves to the fact that the young man did not jump aboard the steamer and go over to the girl's home and marry her there, instead of allowing her to come over to England and marry him. Mr. and Mrs. Leopold, of Belgium, cousins-german through the Saxon family, gave a set of laces from the Brussels factories. The Princess of Wales gave a ring set with a stone known as "cat's eye;" we hope she gave it to the bride, that she may keep it on her husband when he thinks he is in the dark. The Princess knows how it is herself. The Prince gave a silver punch bowl—not genuine bullion, but only silver gilt. The Crown Princess of Germany—poor girl!—had no pocket money, so, in the kindness of her heart, she painted some fruit and flowers; it is not recorded whether she sent them framed or not. The Princess Beatrice sent a Japanese lacquered lamp; the Duchess of Cambridge, six silver spoons; the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, a silver fish knife and fork; the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, a glass claret jug; Prince Christian, a pair of modern English candlesticks; Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, two second-hand silver candlesticks, bought at a pawnbroker's; the Duke of York, an ormolu clock; the Maharaja Dhulap Sing, a silver gilt tea service; Lord Beaconsfield, a silver gilt plate with a sea horse; Lord and Lady Bredalbane, an album with a monogram on the cover. A great many other presents were received which the recording Jenkins did not think worth mentioning. Now, if this royal English Duke with an Irish title had come over to San Francisco and picked out one of our millionaire princesses, we would have given them presents worth having. No plated ware nor silver gilt should have been imposed upon them.

We are informed by a gentleman from the Southern country that all the accounts of large meetings, enthusiastic receptions, ovations, etc., given to Kearney are either imaginary or altogether misrepresented by the *Chronicle* and *Call*. We are informed that Carl Browne—Kearney's private secretary—is the *Call* correspondent; that the whole thing is a gross exaggeration, growing out of the disgraceful rivalry of the two sand-lot organs.

"Relief from Pain" is the way the *Bulletin* heads the account of a suicide at a hotel. The landlord says that's about the correct idea, but avows his intention of becoming dum-busted if that's the way to spell "paying."

STUDIES IN TONE AND COLOR.

If our California landscape is not overfruitful of useful material for the painter's art—and this must be admitted by every one who has studied it with special regard to the picturesque (rather non-picturesque) side of it—our human surroundings are still less inspiring. I fear it will have to be concluded that we are not a picturesque people; we do not group well nor fall into pleasant lines; we are not suggestive of pictorial possibilities. We are, thank heaven, reasonably useful in certain other directions, but we do not make good material for pictures. Nor will we—the few of us who might serve—willingly lend ourselves as models to those who could make such use of us. It would not be quite easy to say why this is so, nor, indeed, would it be likely to serve any good purpose. That it is so is enough; our painters who desire to study and paint figures are driven from home for material, and, if they are lucky, stay away. If they come back to us they are compelled to paint from studies made elsewhere—where material and models are attainable—and consequently have nothing to give us but scenes with which we are unfamiliar and not in full sympathy. And then we howl for "familiar" subjects, and straightway begin to prate about "California art," what it ought to be, will be, must be, and what not else of it. There has been a deal of this sort of stuff to be heard since the opening of this present exhibition, most of it apropos of Mr. Rosenthal and Mr. Virgil Williams, who both paint foreign subjects, and it is—to put it mildly—arrant nonsense. We may ask for Californian views from our landscape painters, for it is here that they make their studies. But as we have no pictorial figure material in our surroundings, we must expect figure painters to seek for it where they can find it; we must wait for our home subjects until we ripen into picturesqueness ourselves, and for our "California art" until we have learned to care for pictures for their own sake, and to value art for what of good and beauty there is to be found in it, instead of for the pride that we may have in the possession of it. So long as our ambition is for a distinctively Californian school of art we shall have none, nor do we deserve to have any. Let us do some respectable work first; the rest will take care of itself.

If we agree with Taine that "the end of a work of art is to manifest some salient or essential character, consequently some important idea, clearer and more completely than is attainable from real objects," it seems to me that we can claim to have but very little genuine art work in our exhibitions. Of this, the serious, earnest work, in which character and thought is endeavored to be worthily represented; in which the painter, *having something to say*, strives with all the power that is in him, and with all the knowledge and experience that he has been able to acquire, to express this something; in which we recognize an ambition beyond and above that to produce a mere prettiness or a "salable" picture; of this work that is, after all, the only kind worth serious consideration or a man's doing, the specimens are not frequent. Of some of the few I spoke last week. There are still others, however; foremost among them Mr. Rosenthal's thoughtful and earnest work, No. 57, which is entitled "Forbidden Longing." I am not going to question the methods of a painter of Mr. Rosenthal's great knowledge, simply because I feel throughout his work a thoughtful, studious quality that convinces me that his method is the result of an earnest and deep conviction; yet I can not avoid the conclusion that this picture suffers somewhat from the over-elaboration that is one of the besetting sins of the modern German school, and that in the extremely careful manipulation of the minor details there has been lost out of it somewhat of the poetic aroma that evidently existed in the artist's first conception. It is extremely difficult to work up a picture to the last degree of finish and either keep the poetry in it or not attract the attention of the beholder away from the theme—the matter—to the cleverness of the handling—the manner—or the success with which some unimportant difficulty has been overcome. Another objection to this over-attention to finish I find in its tendency to harden the quality of the work; and still another—the most serious—is in the loss of the suggestive quality that is one of the great charms of a freer style of handling. But, apart from the question of method, of which after all every man who is competent to do the work must be his own best judge, Mr. Rosenthal's picture is a thoroughly delightful as well as earnest and serious effort; it is a picture with a soul in it; a poem that, over and above the admirable technique with which it is constructed, is full of the genuine essence of poetry. His unfinished portrait (small room, No. 119) is evidently designed to be in a freer style, and, even in its present condition, is full of lovely color and a beautiful, life-like expression. It has all the air of being painted *con amore*, which, considering the attractiveness of the subject, is not very remarkable either. Mr. Williams has several canvases, of which No. 15, "Peasant Pilgrims to St. Peter's," is the most ambitious, and I think, one of the most successful things he has done. It is in a low key, and consists of a group of Italian peasants who are marching on through the twilight toward the eternal city—just visible in the horizon—and a weary goatherd sitting by the roadside, attended by his dog. In spite of the action of the moving peasants, which is admirably given, the picture is full of repose, and has all the tranquil sentiment of a beautiful sunset. The parts are nicely balanced and the composition quite masterly. Of his "Bit of Capri," No. 34, I have already spoken; it is an exquisite bit of pearly color, and rings out from its corner like a clear A major chord among a mass of discordant harmonies. No. 137 (small room) is also a happy bit; it is called "Feeding Chickens," and is one of the best *genre* pictures in the gallery.

Mr. E. W. Perry contributes a portrait, No. 9, with one of his harmoniously arranged and rich-toned interiors, and a larger picture, "Sweet Corn," No. 59, in which he has painted a very plain young woman, who has the air of having just been rubbed down with a coarse crash towel; but she looks nice and clean. Mr. Tojetti's "Ophelia," No. 21, is a *replika* of the larger picture exhibited some weeks since, and Mr. Narjot's 41 and 46, repetitions of that gentleman's faults, without any redeeming qualities. Mr. Woodman also shows a sickly sentimental bit, "Evening Chimes," No. 7, which is to be wondered at, since his portrait, No. 10, is bright, healthy, and life-like—one of the best in the exhibition. Another

good portrait is No. 19, by Miss Rockwell—a right manly head; and that by Mr. Farnam, No. 18, has some good points. Mr. Bonny's "Tartuffe," No. 39, is clever and animated, without being very well drawn or colored, while Mr. Wyttenbach's No. 50 is bad in everything that I can see.

Mr. Oscar Kunath, most of whose work is to be seen in the small room, has, in his "Old Man of Letters," No. 48, a fine example of powerful drawing and thoroughly conscientious treatment. His picture is at once striking and full of genuine force. His heads, in the smaller gallery, are all well drawn, especially No. 147, which is very refined and delicate; and his frame of sketches from nature, No. 112, is filled with delightful bits of study. Two sketches, by Mr. Voegtlin, are also pleasant in color. Mr. Irwin has an excellent portrait, No. 143, and Mr. Dickinson a picturesque little head, No. 76, which, along with his No. 89, a twilight sky, with nice color in it, sums up his good works.

There can be no doubt that the worst work in the exhibition—I mean that with the least of honest effort, and in which the evident tendency is the very reverse of what one would hope to see—is that of our young people, from whom I, at least, had expected the best. Mr. Strong—one of our youngsters who has studied abroad—sends a theatrical and affected bit of heroics in No. 4; an attitudinizing frontiersman perched upon a fairly well-drawn horse, who is poised upon the grass—standing on the very points of the blades of it—and relieved against an impossible sky in an improbable and certainly not artistic manner. Miss Strong, who has given evidence of undoubted talent, and some of whose efforts were very promising, exhibits a couple of over-ambitious pieces, evidently painted with one eye—if not both—on a possible buyer who is to swallow their crudities for boldness and their ignorance for freedom of handling. Miss Isabel Osborne, who has also studied abroad, makes her *début* with a "study of a child," No. 157, that is not a study of anything, excepting perhaps of how to cover a 10 by 12 canvas with very little pains and a sham display of *chic*. It is inconceivable how a young lady of talent can find it in herself firstly to paint, and secondly to exhibit such a picture. Miss Nellie Hopps shows nothing betokening progress in a healthy direction.

Of utterly atrocious daubs, we have a landscape by Mr. Biesta, some horses by Dahlgren, a view in Napa by Mrs. Kate Boyd—who also sends a "Little Bopeep" copied line for line from Walter Crane without credit—some particularly bad work from Mr. Norton Bush, etc., etc.

One of the features of the small room is to be found in some painted tiles by Emily H. Ryder and Mrs. Boyd. As the latter lady copies without giving credit I do not feel safe in further referring to her work, since she is not to be considered responsible for either its merits or defects. Miss Ryder, however, has also several little pictures that have nice qualities—notably her "Idle Moments," No. 156, which is well composed and very harmonious—and is evidently an artist. I do not think that her work on porcelain entitles her to much credit, or that the purpose of an art exhibition is served in the hanging of such bad drawing as is to be seen in some of her figures. A design in the conventional style need not necessarily be carelessly or badly drawn, nor, indeed, are all of Miss Ryder's; her birds and flowers are very pretty and well done. But most of her figures are neither one nor the other. A group of "Roses" by Miss Dugan, No. 154, seems to me to be the best flower piece of this year; it is warm and rich in color, well drawn, and has a genuine artistic *raison d'être*. A cat and kittens (No. 138) by Mrs. Tichenor, has also many pleasant qualities, and is evidently the result of careful study. Miss Williams has several portraits, of which No. 115 has a delightful baby in it, and is a good piece of work; and Mr. Fred. Yates exhibits a pen and ink portrait, No. 64, a perfect marvel of patient labor, in which the details are beautifully worked up, and everything exquisitely elaborated without the sacrifice of any of the force or life of the picture.

The Quintet Soirée of last Tuesday evening—third of the series—brought a somewhat lighter programme than usual, Senor Espinosa, who undertook the piano-forte portion of it (in place of Miss Schmidt, who has been quite ill), not having time to prepare any larger piece of chamber music, and selecting for his solo the *Lucia Fantaisie* of Liszt. This extremely difficult composition he played with great accuracy and precision and a refined, musical touch, but somewhat *en miniature*. The *Rossignol* of the same composer—given as an *encore*—is more in his *genre*; it calls for the delicacy and lightness of style which he has in a high degree, and as a consequence was beautifully played. The vocalist of the evening was Mrs. H. E. Cadman, whose first appearance in this city may be called a decided success, and who, I think, now that the nervousness of a *début* has been overcome, is destined to be a favorite. The lady has a rich and powerful mezzo-soprano voice—the quality rather than of a contralto—a sympathetic style, and musical intelligence, and ought to sing ballads delightfully. Mr. Clifford Schmidt seemed far from his best in the *Andante and Rondo* of David, which he played coarsely and with frequently inaccurate intonation, while Mr. Ernest made the most of a pretty, sentimental *Andante* of Lindner, and a not-pretty *Tarantelle* by Davidoff. I am not of those who find an ideal grace in the dancing of a bear or the prouetting of an elephant; a *Tarantella* on the violoncello is not unlike either of these. Of the *ensembles* the best performance was undoubtedly the *Meditation on Faust* by Gounod. This was given with much beauty of color and a captivating *verve* and *elan*. The quartets were only passably well played; that of Bazzini best—it gave Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., an opportunity to display a lovely quality of tone—but the one of Mozart without the evenness or warmth which would make it enjoyable, and the *Scherzo* of Cherubini with an exaggeration of "points" (especially in the first violin) that had all the appearance of hasty preparation rather than a careful, exhaustive study of the composition. This *Scherzo* is entirely too beautiful a piece of music to deserve such treatment.

S. E.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND COMMENT.

Savings banks are very generally notifying their customers that they will call in their old loans and make no new ones until they know the result of the election of the seventh of May.

The merchants of San Francisco are withholding credits and accommodations from the interior merchants until it is ascertained whether those credits are to be the subject of taxation.

Irrigating canals throughout the State are at a stand-still until it is known whether the men and capitalists who build them shall have authority to fix the price they will charge for the use of water.

F. A. Birdsall, contractor, declines to complete the works supplying Auburn with water, because if the new Constitution is adopted it empowers the purchasers of water to fix the price they shall pay for it.

If the new Constitution is a good one, how does it happen that all the idle vagrants and propertyless bums of the State favor it, and nearly all of the intelligent, industrious, and provident business men oppose it?

What was the necessity of striking out the old clause of the Constitution that taxation should be equal and uniform, unless it was the intention to follow it up by legislation that should make taxation unequal and not uniform? Does not this squint at graduated taxes?

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." The press, that great engine of liberty—the *Chronicle*—has driven the alien Wellock from his secondary position in the W. P. C., and Clitus Barbour—"secondary Clitus"—takes his place. Another triumph of the "live daily" over the *Bulletin* and *Call*.

The Constitution must be adopted as a whole. If, therefore, it is positively bad and wholly unjust to any one interest, it ought to be defeated. In the case of water companies, it authorizes the consumers of a commodity to fix the price they will pay for it. No honest man who is not an idiot can justify such a law.

In taxing credits, and allowing real estate to be credited with the amount of mortgage upon it, simply authorizes the money lender to add the tax he must pay to the rate of interest he will accept. A usury law declaring contracts in violation of it void would have attained the object sought. In the absence of a usury clause, the proposed relief is not afforded.

At Santa Barbara "Mr." Kearney assailed Sheriff Covarrubias. The Sheriff was absent. Kearney either knew that fact or did not know the material of which this particular Sheriff was made. His—Kearney's—friends, recognizing the importance of preserving his valuable life, obtained from him a retraction and apology in writing, and upon the return of the Sheriff his first information of the insult was in the written apology made for it. Next, gentlemen.

It is desirable to defeat the new Constitution upon the single consideration that its adoption is going to bring about some years of hard times. The loaning of money and the establishment of new enterprises will be arrested till the Constitution is interpreted. All laborers, borrowers, and owners of small city properties, all mechanics and manufacturers should vote "no" upon the proposition.

In the case of railroads and transportation companies, it allows freights and fares to be fixed by a political commission. Control by the sovereign or political power should go to the extent of declaring that no passenger should be charged more than another passenger for the same distance and accommodation, and no discrimination should be made in charges for the same kind of freight transported under similar conditions. It would be just as honest and just as politic to allow a commission to fix the cost of advertising in the ARGONAUT and the price of its annual subscription.

Kearney has been walloped. Not by the bloated monopolies, nor by the "lecherous bond-holders," but by a working-man of his own party and his own nationality. Not in the interest of the stock thieves, or the water rats, or the railroad robbers, but by the employes of one McFadden, an Irishman, because Kearney lied about him. McFadden is a shipbuilder, and Rule, the gentleman who has the honor of having walloped "Mr." Kearney, was his workman. Kearney said at Los Angeles: "When any one disturbs our meetings in San Francisco we break their heads." So the Arab chickens have only come home to roost. Mr. Kearney has now for a year past been sowing the whirlwind, and he has caught the first patter of the storm he has himself raised. He goes to San Mateo and charges a Supervisor with stealing a yoke of oxen; to Santa Clara, and fixes upon Mr. Murphy, a gentleman of prominence and unimpeachable character, the nasty sobriquet of "Stud-horse," and "Poodle-dog Murphy;" to Monterey, and Mr. Jackson, one of its oldest and best esteemed citizens, is assailed as a thief; to Salinas, and its county officials are charged with larceny. And thus from town to town this traveling vagabond assaults men by name, and charges them with felonious crimes. He is walloped. It is only surprising that he has not been walloped before. And now we ask the sand-lot "What—is—it—going—to—do—about—it? Is this to be the baptism of blood? Are village bells to be rung and the country aroused for an armed resentment? Are the "military forces of the W. P. C." to be called out by Antone Fischer, of the German Club, and the soil drenched in blood in vindication of this "great and good" blackguard of the sand-lot? This is an internecine war in which Americans seem to have but little interest. The young Democracy thrash the old bums at Platt's Hall. Rule, a workingman, thrashes Kearney. The *Chronicle* thrashes Wellock. We don't see that America is doing to do in the premises, except to look calmly on and play—as did the wife when her husband for

WINIFRED'S STORY.

They first saw each other at my house, so I suppose I was in one way responsible for the whole matter; but, bless you, nothing was further from my thoughts on that July evening when we sat together in the little front porch. Winifred Reid was a cousin, on my father's side, and Geoffrey Arnold on my mother's, so, although they were not connected with each other, they were both related to me, and that was the way they happened to meet there. Winifred was an orphan and lived with her father's relatives, but every little while she would run down to spend a few days with me and enjoy the country air and the quiet life until some gay event would be coming off in the city, and they would send for her to go home. She called it home, but she used to say that there was not a place in the world that really seemed as much like home to her as my little cottage. She never sent me word when she was coming—she knew there was always a welcome for her—and I was better pleased to have it so, for then I could look forward to her visits without having to set any definite time for them. The day before, she had walked in just as I was sitting down to my solitary supper, and had announced that this time she meant to stay a good long while. I never made any difference in my simple habits for the little lady, so our day together had been spent in the usual quiet way, and we had just come out to enjoy the sunset when the latch of the garden gate clicked, and who should come walking up the path but Geoffrey Arnold.

I was surprised to see him, for his visits were usually like those of angels, at least in respect of being "few and far between;" but he was none the less welcome on that account, and I hurried into the house to have supper prepared for him, leaving Winifred to entertain him in the porch. There were few girls who liked Geoffrey, and, as a rule, he scarcely spoke with ladies; but when I returned I found her chatting to him as freely as she would have done to me, and he actually look interested, although he evidently regarded her much as he would have done a small humming bird. The table was set in the broad hall so that he could enjoy the sunset and the cool evening breeze at the same time that he partook of the less ethereal raspberries and cream and bread and butter, and as I sat by him to pour his tea and see that he was supplied with the more substantial viands, which I was sure he must need after his journey, Winifred was left alone in the porch, so she presently came and seated herself in the doorway. I can see just how she looked as she sat there in the glow of the sunset light, in her white dress with its knots of violet ribbons, and her golden hair fastened with a violet bow. I could not keep my eyes off her, and Geoffrey looked at her several times, which was remarkable in him, for he usually cared no more for a pretty face than if he had been a hundred years old instead of thirty; but even then no thought of the possible consequences that might ensue from their meeting occurred to me, which will prove conclusively to you that although I was forty years old and unmarried I was not that most odious thing—a match-maker. I might not have felt so secure if Geoffrey had been a different man, but I had long ago made up my mind that he would never marry. He was entirely engrossed with his studies, and I do not believe he had ever had one of those dreams of wife and children that come to most young men. He had warm feelings for the few he had loved from childhood, but I used to fancy that during all these years his head had been cultivated at the expense of his heart, until that had gradually become encrusted, so that now, although underneath it was still warm and fresh, on the surface it had grown too hardened to receive any new or lasting impressions. I used to tell him that if he spent a little less time in studying the events of past centuries and a little more in contemplating what was going on in the present he would be a more agreeable companion; but for all that I was very fond of him and very proud of the name he had won for himself in the world of science.

Everything that happened during that week is as fresh in my mind as if it had transpired only yesterday, but the idea of their liking each other in anything more than a friendly way did not once occur to me until the last evening had come which Geoffrey was to spend with us. Winifred was very quiet, so he and I had the conversation to ourselves; but by and by he proposed that they should walk down to the gate to see the moon rise, and then, as I watched them going together down the path, it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps this week might result in their being more than friends to each other. I do not know whether I was most glad or sorry. I loved them both, but I was not quite prepared to have them love each other. My eyes being thus opened, I reviewed the events of the week, and I felt that they grown to like each other and enjoy each other's society, but whether anything more would come of it I could not tell. They stood at the gate a long while, where I could just see the outline of the two figures, and then they sauntered slowly up to the house again; but by that time it was so late that—although they remonstrated—I would not let them stay out any longer, so we went in and soon the cottage was quiet for the night. But long after they were asleep I sat pondering over their future and wondering if they would be happy together should their lives ever be joined.

Geoffrey went away the next morning, but although Winifred stayed with me a fortnight longer, I could arrive at no definite conclusion as to her opinion of him; but soon after she went home he visited her, and his visits after that were so frequent that I was fully prepared for the news that came to me during the winter that they were engaged. During her engagement Winifred was too much occupied to make me a single visit, so I had not seen either of them since the previous summer until I went to the city to attend their wedding, which was to take place early in May. Their letters had been full of love and happiness, so my old fears had all vanished, and when I saw them together I was satisfied. Geoffrey had no romance in his nature and never could have, but I felt that he really loved Winifred, and she was amply able to supply all the romance and sentiment necessary for the occasion, and her pride in him and her evident love and admiration were pretty things to see. Only once did the least doubt cross my mind, and that was on the wedding morning when I went into the library and found him reading an essay on the refutation of the Darwinian

Now, I was ready to make every due allowance for

interest in a wedding which is innate in every feminine heart, but I do say that he ought to show a due amount of excitement on his own wedding day, and I have my opinion of the man who can be interested in the Darwinian theory at such a time. I went up to him and took the book out of his hand.

"Geoffrey Arnold," said I, "are you glad you are going to be married?"

"Why, of course," he replied; "what a ridiculous question! Pauline, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing; but I thought there must be something the matter with you when I saw you sitting there so calmly reading," and then suddenly changing my tone, I took hold of his hands and looked steadily at him. "Geoffrey," said I, earnestly, "are you sure that you can make Winifred happy?"

The color flashed suddenly into his brown face as he answered: "Pauline, I love her."

"I know you do," I said; "but love before marriage and afterward is such a different thing. You have really seen but little of each other, but from this time you must live together all your lives, and you have been so long wrapped up in your books that I am afraid you might sometimes forget that you have anything else to live for, and be tempted to go your own way, while she goes hers; but Geoffrey, you must never do that, or you will break her heart. You do not know her as well as I do, and I tell you that she will never be satisfied with less than your whole love. Forgive me, but that child is the dearest thing in the world to me."

"So she is to me, Pauline," he said gravely, "and I will love her and cherish her in a way that will satisfy even you."

So my fears were lulled to rest, and it was with a light heart that I saw them married. Geoffrey had lately been called to a professorship in A—, and it chanced that Winifred owned a house there; so while they were away I went and made it ready for them, and was there to welcome them on their home-coming, but I did not stay long after that, much as they urged my doing so, for I have a theory that during the first year of married life the fewer people they have about them the better it is for a young couple, and they seemed so happy and contented that I left them feeling well satisfied as to their future.

The next year Winifred came to me as usual, but Geoffrey was too busy to leave home; so we had a quiet visit that seemed like old times, and yet even that year of married life had changed her, and I was surprised to see how much her character had gained in strength and purpose, and was glad at the change, not only for her own sake, but also because I felt that her husband's love would be strengthened and deepened as she became more and more of a companion for him. The following year I did not see her, and about that time I first learned to notice a change in her letters; they were more formal and constrained, and did not sound in the least like herself; but I tried to account for it by thinking that she was maturing rapidly in the life she led with Geoffrey, and that I could not expect her to be as frank and confiding as she had been before her marriage, but at the same time my own excuses did not more than half satisfy me, and I had an undefined feeling of uneasiness, which I could not reason away. What troubled me most of all was the cold way in which she wrote me. Her letters came seldom, and in answer to my repeated invitations for her to come to me she would give me evasive excuses that I could not understand, for I did not think it possible that she had changed so utterly as to have lost all her love for me; but she certainly did not show any desire to see me, and I noticed that she never asked me to visit them, although at first such invitations had been frequent. I suppose you think that at forty years old I should have had more sense, but the trouble is that as our sense increases our sensitiveness usually keeps pace with it, and when you, in all the freshness and beauty of your girlhood, look down with mighty condescension on some poor spinster, you little know how you wound her, or imagine that she is feeling the difference between you much more keenly than you are capable of doing. I am an old maid, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge the fact, but I must confess that I think in general society we, as a rule, have a hard time. I am not so foolish as to imagine myself either pretty or attractive, but I should like, once in a while, to have a gentleman under seventy talk to me without discovering the mortifying fact that as I am making a desperate attempt to be agreeable his eyes are wandering off to a far corner of the room, where some girl of sixteen is receiving the homage of a throng of admirers. Bless you! we have hearts if we have not husbands, and we feel these things as much as you would if we could exchange our plain black silks for your fluttering muslins, and with them give you our wrinkles and gray hairs, while you bestow upon us your sparkling eyes and all your other manifold attractions.

So Winifred's conduct wounded me deeply, and when the third year of their married life closed I made a sudden resolve, and packing my trunk, started for A— without notifying any one of my intention, and arrived there in the twilight of a May evening, and proceeded at once to the house without giving myself time to think of the many misgivings that had oppressed me on my journey. "Mrs. Arnold was at home," the servant said, and showed me into the drawing room. The windows were open, and the cool evening breeze stole gently into the room, while the violets and hyacinths, blooming in the *jardinières*, filled the air with their spring-like odors. I stood by the window, absently watching some boys playing ball in the opposite square, but I had not long to wait before Winifred entered the room. She came in with the pretty, hesitating way I knew so well, but that vanished when she saw me, and as she threw herself into my arms, and as I held her close to my heart. I knew that whatever had changed her she was still my Winifred. I did not see Geoffrey that evening; he had gone to attend some meeting, his wife said, and I was tired with my journey, so I retired early; but the next morning he greeted me so cordially that I said to myself: "Pauline, you are alone so much that if you get an idea into your head it takes complete possession of you, but I hope now that you see how foolish you have been; this will be a lesson to you in the future."

Alas! before I had been a week in the house I discovered that there was a change in Winifred, and found that all my old instinctive fears had been realized. Her trouble was not as great as many women have to bear, but that did not comfort me, as I saw how she faded in the life she was leading.

I believe that Geoffrey loved her, but why he had married her was a question that would have arisen in the mind of any one who had seen them together at this time, for she certainly was not necessary to his happiness, and he treated her in a way that was almost worse than positive unkindness, for then there would have been something tangible; now it was a simply a complete ignoring of her. I believe he never said a word to her that might not have been uttered in a room full of people, and she had evidently grown half afraid of him, and was so constrained and altogether unlike herself in his presence that I could scarcely believe that the demure little lady who presided at the table with so much dignity was my light-hearted girl. This state of things grieved me inexpressibly; but she never alluded to it, so I only learned what I could not help seeing in company with the rest of the household. I knew then why Winifred had not made her visits to me; she had as proud a heart as ever throbbed, and she was afraid to trust herself with me for fear she should betray her unhappiness. She was thoroughly miserable; and, at first, my being with her seemed to give her more pain than pleasure, for she was evidently in constant fear lest I should say something about her trouble; but she gradually lost this feeling, and then I saw that I could be of some comfort to her, and she sorely needed help and comfort, poor child! Geoffrey, too, urged my remaining, so I finally decided to spend the summer with them. My being in the house did not make any difference to him, for we seldom saw him except at meal-time. I soon discovered that Winifred had very few friends, and could not help expressing my surprise, for she was such a sociable little creature as a girl that she had been intimate at half the houses in town.

"Well, you see, Pauline," she replied in answer to my remark, "they were all very kind to me when I first came here, and I exchange calls now with the professors' wives and a number of others; but I can not have any intimate friends, and as I did not respond to their advances they soon ceased to make them."

"Are you never invited anywhere?"

"Yes, occasionally; but Geoffrey never can go with me, and I can not go alone, so I have never been to a party here; and I can not invite any one because he does not enjoy it."

"I should think you could occasionally have a little, informal company; but since I have been here you have not even had a friend to lunch."

"I never ask any one in that way," she replied with slightly heightened color. "I tried it once soon after we were married, when two ladies happened to come in at lunch-time; but it annoyed Geoffrey, so I never did it again; and then, besides, I never know when he may bring home some one with him. One day, not long ago, he came just at lunch-time with half a dozen professors."

"How did you manage?"

"I have learned to be prepared for such emergencies, but I had some funny experiences at first."

She laughed in her old, joyous way as she said this, but I could not join in her merriment, for it hurt me so that she, who seemed specially fitted to be the centre of a happy home, should miss so much of the joy which I felt to be her due. Even her little housekeeping experiences seemed sad, for, instead of there being two to be amused and interested in them, she was as much alone to all intents and purposes as if she had set up an establishment for herself and had had no husband. He gave her the most absolute freedom in everything; her large fortune was settled upon herself, and she spent her income as she chose; and he would no more have thought of questioning her about it than of inquiring how she passed her time. As to that, I suppose if he ever gave it a thought, he concluded that she did whatever other ladies were in the habit of doing, and he certainly never suspected that her whole aim was his comfort and happiness. Anything that could help him in his work she would do to no matter what sacrifice of time or trouble; but it was so quietly done that I had been in the family some time before I discovered how everything was arranged with reference to him, with never a thought of herself. She was naturally the most unselfish person I ever saw, and the discipline of her married life had tended to the growth of this spirit in her, for Geoffrey certainly would have been a discipline to any woman. Yet I honestly believed that he was a good man, and I thought he loved his wife, but he did not show his love, and he accepted everything from her while he gave her nothing. It seemed as if there must be a veil before his eyes that prevented his seeing things in their true light, and I was strongly tempted to tear this aside and show him himself as he appeared to others, but I could not yet see my way clear to do so. I wanted to be sure that I should do more good than harm, for to interfere at all between husband and wife is a delicate matter; but I could not bear to see those two going through life and missing the happiness which they might have had together. One trial Winifred had so far been spared: through it all and in spite of everything she still loved her husband; had that been otherwise, I believe she could not have borne it; but with that she was willing to live for the sake of sacrificing herself to him. Winifred and I lived as quiet a life as we had done in the days when she used to visit me; and seeing how she clung to me, never wanting me out of sight for a moment, I understood how lonely those three years must have been for her. Geoffrey had a great deal of company, but unless they were there to lunch or dinner we never saw them, as his time when in the house was spent in the library, where we never intruded. One evening, however, about a month after my arrival, we were sitting in the parlor, when the door opened and he entered, followed by a man whom he introduced as Mr. Lewis.

"I have a meeting in my study," he said to his wife, "but I shall be at leisure in half an hour, so I wish you would entertain Mr. Lewis till then."

Winifred started to ring for lights, but the stranger said: "Please do not on my account, I like to sit in the twilight." So she resumed her seat in the window, where the sunset light seemed to form a halo around her fair head. Then they chatted idly, as people do who have no subjects in common, but Winifred's manners were so lovely that no one could help feeling at ease with her—that is, when she was away from her husband; if he had remained in the room she would have been stiff and constrained; but as it was, the conversation grew more animated all the time, I meanwhile busying myself with my knitting, and only speaking occasionally. Presently Mr. Lewis said:

"Were you at the Scientific Convention this morning?"

"No," she replied, "I did not know that ladies were admitted."

"O yes, there were quite a number there; and you should have heard your husband's opening address. It was one of the finest ever delivered before the association."

"I thought that was to have been given last evening."

"That was the original plan; but so many of the delegates had not arrived that it was thought best to postpone it until this morning."

I wondered if it struck Mr. Lewis as forcibly as it did me how strange it was for him to be explaining Professor Arnold's actions to his own wife. If so, he gave no sign, but went on answering Winifred's eager questions which showed most plainly that she did not know the fact of which evidently every one else was aware: that Geoffrey was the leading spirit of the convention. I was so glad to see her enjoying the conversation, for although, except that one time, she had never spoken of her lack of society, yet I knew that, constituted as she was, it must have been a sore trial to her. The next morning she said to me, half hesitatingly:

"Pauline, would you have any objections to going to the convention?"

"Of course not," I answered briskly; "I could enjoy it very much, although I do not suppose I can understand more than half they are talking about."

I must confess that there was a good deal that was like Greek to me, but I noticed, to my surprise, that when it was the most unintelligible to me then Winifred seemed the most interested, and when our visitor of the preceding evening rose and read a long paper, I could do nothing but look at her as she sat there with flushed face and flashing eyes. When the meeting adjourned, as we were going out, we met Mr. Lewis at the door. He shook hands with us, and we stood for a moment chatting, when I saw an almost imperceptible cloud creep over Winifred's face, and immediately afterward Geoffrey came up, but he did not notice us at all.

"Ah, Lewis," he exclaimed, "I am glad I found you; I wanted to discuss that subject a little further, and I was afraid you had gone."

"I hurried out to speak to your wife."

Geoffrey then for the first time became aware of her presence. "Winifred, are you here?" he said, and at the tone more than the words her eyes filled with tears; but he did not notice them, nor indeed did he pay any more attention to her, but plunged at once into an eager discussion with Mr. Lewis, while we walked silently along until we reached the house. Then he stopped abruptly:

"I am sorry I can not go in with you, but I have an engagement. However, you must not let that interfere with your lunch. Mrs. Arnold will take good care of you, and I will call as I return."

Mr. Lewis glanced at Winifred, and she timidly seconded her husband's invitation. So he went in with us, and we were presently seated at a dainty little lunch. "How did you enjoy the meeting," he asked, as he slowly drank his chocolate.

"Very much," she answered, and then they drifted into a discussion of the different papers, and finally touched upon the one he had read, when, to my surprise, Winifred attacked one of his statements, and advanced an entirely different theory, proceeding to give her authorities, and then her own opinions, unassumingly, but in a way that showed conclusively that she had thought and read much on the subject. He argued well, but one after another of his arguments were disproved, until he laughingly owned himself vanquished.

"What an able assistant your husband must have in you," he exclaimed. "I will tell him how completely you came off conqueror."

"Oh, please do not say anything about it to him," she said hastily, and then evidently thinking that she had spoken too earnestly, she added: "My husband's time is so fully occupied that I never speak to him of my studies, and besides I know how trivial they would seem to him."

"They could hardly be that to any one," he replied courteously, "but of course I will not refer to the subject again if you do not desire it; but, Mrs. Arnold, may I ask how you happen to be so well informed on the matter? It is not one usually considered interesting to ladies."

When I was first married, and heard the conversation at my table of my husband's friends, I discovered that I was woefully ignorant on all scientific topics; so, for the last three years, I have devoted at least half my time to improving my knowledge of them."

"You are an exception to most ladies in society, that you can find time for such pursuits."

"I suppose I can scarcely be called in society," Winifred answered, simply, "for I go out very little and have no company at home; so, if I had not my studies, I should be very lonely."

Mr. Lewis evidently regarded her as a phenomenon among women; and I soon found out what she thought of him, for when Geoffrey had come, and they two had gone off together, she said:

"Pauline, you do not know what a treat it is for me to meet a gentleman who talks to me in a rational way, for Geoffrey's friends usually regard me as a mere nonentity, and never speak to me except perhaps to make some insane remark on the weather."

"I was proud of you, my dear, but I was as surprised as Mr. Lewis to see how much information you have picked up since you were married."

"It has not been picked up at all," she answered, laughing; "for I have gained it by hard study. I have had regular hours for it, and this time since you have been here is the first vacation I have given myself."

I could not tell Winifred that the reason why Geoffrey's friends treated her in the way to which she objected was because she did not give them any opportunity of finding out her real character; for I knew that she, poor child! was not to blame when she sat at the head of the table without speaking, for Geoffrey treated her in such a way that she could not help being constrained in his presence.

Three months passed away, and still I lingered, not seeing how I could leave Winifred, for she daily seemed to cling more closely to me. In all that time I had seen Geoffrey so little that I really had had no chance of expressing my opinion to him, and I was not quite ready to make an opportunity. One morning, at breakfast, he announced that he was going to a reception that evening, and asked Winifred if she

would like to go with him. Her eyes danced with delight, she had so little pleasure in her life, though she only answered "yes," demurely; but when the time came, she looked so lovely that even her husband noticed her appearance, and a compliment from him was so unusual a thing that her cheeks flushed until they rivaled the hue of the wild roses she wore in her hair. Late in the evening Mr. Lewis came in, and, wishing to see Geoffrey, sat down with me to wait for their return. After a while we heard the carriage drive up, and I opened the front door so that the gas light streamed down the steps. I saw Geoffrey alight and heard him say "Winifred," but she did not move. Then Philip Lewis rushed past me and down the steps, and was back again before I could realize what was the matter, carrying her in his arms. He laid her gently down on a sofa in the drawing-room.

"Do not be frightened," he said to me, "she has only fainted." But as the restoratives I was using began to take effect, I heard him say to her husband, "I suppose you do not know when it happened;" and the tone was so much more reproachful than the words that Geoffrey answered, meekly:

"No; I was busy thinking about something, and we did not speak after we left the house."

As I went with Winifred to her room she begged me so earnestly not to leave her, that I could not resist her entreaties, so I went down again to tell Geoffrey.

"Certainly, you must stay with her," he said. He was pacing up and down the long drawing-room, but he stopped suddenly. "Do you remember the conversation we had on our wedding morning?"

Before I could do more than nod an assent, he went on, hurriedly: "Pauline, I did love Winifred, as I do now, and I honestly thought that I could make her happy, but I see that I have failed utterly."

"But she loves you yet."

"It can not be possible. I have treated her so that I should think her love would be turned to hatred. But I will not keep you from her. Good night;" and though my voice was so choked that I could scarcely speak, I went up-stairs with a lighter heart than I had carried for a long time.

At breakfast-time the next morning I found that Geoffrey had gone out, as he was in the habit of doing, for a horse-back ride; so I was just sitting down by myself, for although Winifred declared she felt perfectly well, I had insisted on having her breakfast sent up to her, when a servant entered with a note which she handed me. I opened it carelessly, wondering from whom it could have come; but before I had read six lines my whole attention was absorbed, for it was as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS ELLETT:—I am writing to you to say what I have not courage to say to any one else, that I am going away never to come back, and that the reason is because—I love Mrs. Arnold. Do not condemn me before you hear me plead my cause. I had been away from civilized society so long, and she was the first lady whom I saw on my return, and you, who know so well her loveliness, will perhaps find in that fact some excuse for me. Then another reason that drew me to her was the way in which her husband treated her, to which I venture now to allude, because I hope that from something which he said to me last night his eyes have been opened, and he will endeavor to make amends for the past. I felt so sorry for her, and pity is so nearly akin to love, that I scarcely know when it changed into a deeper feeling. I have never loved a woman before, I shall never love another, but until last night I thought I was strong enough to hide my feeling; but when I held her for one moment in my arms, it swept over me with such terrible force that now I am afraid to trust myself, so I am going away to see what change of scene will do for me; it can not cure me, but I may at least conquer my love so that my life shall not be ruined simply because it is unhappy. You can tell as much of this as you please to Prof. Arnold, for before it reaches you I shall be gone. PHILIP LEWIS."

A sudden fear crept into my heart as I went back to Winifred, and I determined to find out immediately whether it was groundless.

"Winifred," I said, "I have just had a note from Mr. Lewis telling me that he was going away."

"Gone away without seeing me! Show me the note."

"I can not," I answered, trembling as I saw her excitement.

"You must; I will see it!"

Something moved me to grant her request, and I gave it to her. She read it through without a comment, but the light slowly faded from her eyes, and when she had finished she laid herself down wearily, saying:

"Oh, Pauline, I love him!"

"Love Philip Lewis! Winifred Arnold, think of your husband."

"Why should I think of him?" she answered, starting up in her excitement. "He never thinks of me, and how could I help loving Philip? Pauline, since you have been in this house you have seen the way in which Geoffrey treats me. I have not been happy for three years except since Mr. Lewis has been here."

"You certainly have not been happy lately," I answered, speaking as coldly as possible, and not showing the pity I felt for her. "If, as you say, you loved this man, you must have known what a sin you were committing." And then I went and brought the prayer-book, and read to her the whole marriage service, although she quailed and begged me to stop, but I went on pitilessly. When I had finished she lay quiet for a long time, and then she said, softly:

"Pauline, go away now, please, and leave me alone. I have a hard battle to fight, and I would be by myself."

So I left her, and did not see her all day. At lunch-time Geoffrey inquired anxiously for her.

"She is not sick," I answered, "but, Geoffrey, she is in a great deal of trouble, and when she tells you about it, will you be kind to her, and not judge her too harshly?"

"I am in too much need of forgiveness myself," he said, gravely, "to be in danger of passing a harsh judgment upon any one—least of all upon her."

That was the strangest day I ever spent, and yet, anxious as I was for Winifred, I knew that she would bear her trouble in the right way; and just at twilight she came to my room, and nestling down in my arms as she used to do when a child, she asked me what she should do next.

"Go to your husband," I answered, promptly, "and tell him the whole story."

She hesitated a moment, then slid from my grasp and went down to the library. After a long time they came up stairs together, and I saw that whatever Geoffrey thought of her confession, he loved her none the less for it, and so then I had no fears for the future. I knew they had troubles

times to go through, but I felt sure that in the end it would all be right. I soon brought my visit to a close, for I thought there would be more chance of a reconciliation if they were by themselves—though, after all, reconciliation is hardly the word to use where there had been no quarrel. It was touching to see them together; my confidence in the strength of Winifred's character had not been unfounded; she did struggle bravely, although at first it seemed as if, having once permitted herself to blame her husband, every little slight that at the time had been scarcely noticed came back with redoubled force; and yet he was so patient, so tender with her, that I felt convinced that the idle passing fancy which had been so brief would give way before this strong love.

The evening before I left them I had a long talk with Geoffrey, and, much as I blamed him, I did then feel very sorry for him; but I tried my best to comfort him, and said what I firmly believed, that in the end it would all be for the best. Since that first day Winifred and I had not talked much about it, but that night she came to my room to see that all my preparations were completed, and as she bade me "good night" she exclaimed, suddenly:

"Pauline, why are our lives such mistakes?"

"Child," I answered reverently, "God arranged our lives, and He makes no mistakes."

"No, but He lets us make them."

"Then they are not mistakes. All you have to do is to live your life doing your daily duty, and leave the result with Him."

She sighed wearily, but said no more.

After that Winifred made regular yearly visits to me. The first time she came she seemed happier, although not much inclined to talk about herself; but the second summer I knew the first moment I looked at her sweet face that all was well with her. That year she brought with her a new little Winifred, whose innocent baby face was a miniature likeness of its mother; and the next morning, as we sat together on the porch in our old way, with the exception of this new claimant upon our time and attention, she told me the whole story, and I will give it as nearly as possible in her own words.

"For a long time I was very unhappy, and Geoffrey's kindness and thoughtfulness pained rather than comforted me; but if I ever said so to him, he was always replying that he could never do enough to atone for his neglect of me during those three years. At last, insensibly, I began to lean upon him, and even to enjoy his society; and after a long time I found out that my passing fancy had vanished, and that my love for my husband had come back, with tenfold its old strength; but, Pauline, I could not make him understand this. I would not tell him, and I could not make him see it, though I tried by every means in my power. When my baby came, I thought she would draw us together; but Geoffrey seemed to feel as if I needed her entirely for my comfort, and if he petted her, he would do it in a deprecating way, almost as if he were asking my permission. You know when baby was three months old, she was very sick, so that for twenty-four hours I sat with her in my arms, expecting every moment would be the last. Although Geoffrey was so kind, and although I knew that if she was taken from us he would feel it as deeply as I, yet he did not seem to consider his own grief at all, but only thought of mine. When she was better, I left her, for the first time, to take some rest; and after I had been sleeping a little while, I awakened to find him standing by me. I sprang up in alarm, but he said:

"Baby is sleeping nicely, so I came to see if her mother was doing the same."

"O, Geoffrey," I cried, "I am so thankful and happy."

"And so am I for you," he said, earnestly.

"But your sorrow would have been as great as mine, and you do not seem to consider that at all."

"I should still have had you left me, and you have nothing but baby."

"Then I sprang up, determined to make him understand: 'Geoffrey, would I not have had you?'"

"He seemed for the first time to see my meaning, and such an illumination came into his face. O Pauline, I never realized before how much he loved me; but now nothing can ever come between us."

Tears were rolling down my face, but Winifred's was a picture of joy, as she stopped a moment to caress the baby, and then went on:

"We have been so happy since then, and I think the proudest moment of my life was when I found that I could really help him. His eyes had been troubling him, and finally the doctor forbade him using them at night. The first evening he was very low spirited, and finally I asked him if he specially wanted to do anything."

"Yes. I promised an article for the *Review*, and if I do not write it this evening I can not do it at all. It is on an astronomical subject, and the calculations are all sketched out, so I could easily write it in three or four hours."

"Do you think I could help you?" I asked, timidly.

"I am afraid not, for you do not understand the subject."

"I know a little about it," I answered, "and perhaps you can explain it to me."

"He looked doubtful, but brought his papers, and after fifteen minutes' explanation of them I began to work, and before I went to sleep that night the paper was finished to his entire satisfaction, and he said—but that was too foolish to repeat."

Winifred blushed at the recollection of her husband's praise; and as I looked at her sitting there—a picture of smiling content, with her baby in her arms—I was more thankful for her happiness than for anything else in the world.

—LESLIE TYRRELL.

DETROIT, MICH., March, 1879.

A well known actor of this city was recently traveling in Nevada, when the coach was halted by "road agents," and the passengers were all plundered. While our hero was standing with his hands in the air, and a masked highwayman was benevolently relieving his almost destitute pockets, he was recognized by another of the gang, who had probably witnessed his artistic performance of the beam villain in Virginia City. "Hello, old Let-us-dissemble," said the knight of the double-barreled shotgun, "don't you know this is only a stage robbery."

NOTICE.

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 A. P. STANTON, Business Manager.



THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

We met at San Rafael, on Sunday last, five French gentlemen, all naturalized American citizens. They had read the ARGONAUT, and fully indorsed all it said in reference to the insolent efforts of a low and ignorant class of foreigners who attempt to control American politics. They said it would afford them pleasure to cast their votes with an American party, that should embrace the intelligence and respectability of the American people. They fully appreciated the right of the native-born to direct political affairs, and considered it as insolent and meddlesome for adopted citizens to thrust themselves forward as party leaders. We should consider ourselves as entirely misunderstood if any one thinks that it is our intention or desire to revive the Know-Nothing party. We would not question any one's religious belief, nor interfere with the conscientious discharge of his religious duties. We would not, for the purpose of party organization, question any man's birth-place. We can anticipate no political crisis that would justify us in placing none but Americans on guard.

Ours is an American party that shall invite the coöperation of all disinterested, respectable, intelligent, property-accumulating, foreign-born gentlemen, and exclude every ignorant, scheming, worthless foreigner or American who makes politics a business. We have many German, Irish, and Jewish friends—men whom we esteem and whose good opinion we regard; they must not misunderstand our position when we say that we are impatient at the arrogance and insolence of their ignorant, criminal, and dangerous fellow-countrymen, and that to the extent of our influence, and in the exercise of a clear right, we will endeavor to drive these men out of politics. The "German vote," the "Irish vote," the "Jewish vote," are all expressions of a thing we despise. It is the "American vote" that represents to us a national idea. Saint Patrick parades; German, Prussian, French, or Irish military companies; foreign flags borne in processions; foreign languages taught in free common schools; newspapers printed in a foreign tongue; and all associations—except social and charitable ones—other than American we would discourage and destroy. If these foreign people will not themselves forget their nationalities in the discharge of their political duties, they must not be surprised that we as Americans assert ours.

We commend this reflection to our foreign-born citizens, and suggest to them to consider for a moment this idea. Let us suppose that in Berlin, Dublin, London, Paris, Rome, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Madrid, or Vienna, there was a large immigration of Americans, made citizens by law, and in all political positions the equal of the native-born; that there were grievances, not peculiar to themselves, and not directed against them—burdens, and wrongs even—but which were alike upon themselves and upon the native-born population of those countries. Then let us imagine that of this American colony many had attained the very highest political honors, had accumulated vast fortunes, and that both rich and poor had enjoyed and were still in the enjoyment of all the privileges incident to the government. Then, that out of many hundreds of thousands of prosperous and contented Americans, there had immigrated a small percentage of the vicious, the criminal, and the idle classes; that in process of time, say a hundred years, there were found in any one of these cities as many Americans as native-born, and of these let us suppose that one-fifth part had been unfortunate, unthrifty, because of their idle, dissipated, and criminal habits; that this band of Americans, uniting under the leadership of an unprincipled American agitator, should organize to overturn existing laws and set up other laws in their place; that they should threaten to burn and destroy the city, and to hang and murder leading people, and conspire together by violence to binder and retard in

Then let us suppose that there was another class of men who by a mistaken policy had also obtained

legal residence in the country—people not so favored, not made citizens, not recognized socially, only filling positions of menial service—and whose further immigration everybody, both native-born and American, were endeavoring to prevent; but this band of low Americans, impatient at the laws' delay, should endeavor to usurp the prerogative of government and drive this people out of the country by violence. And to make this statement more emphatic, let us suppose that the highest legislative body of the nation—Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, Reichstag, or whatever named—should have passed an act preventing this class of undesirable immigrants from coming, but which the President, or King, or Emperor, or whatever might be the designation of the highest executive officer of the government, should, in kindly words and with expressions of sympathy with the Americans and all other protesting classes, say it could not become a law until he had entered into a formal diplomatic correspondence with the country with whom he was under the obligation of a treaty. Then suppose this mob of ignorant Americans should denounce this Emperor, King, or President, denounce all parties differing upon the question, and be guilty of uttering the absurd threat of destroying the government of which they had become citizens, by a civil insurrection, and withdrawing from the rest of the nation and set up for itself an independent government within the jurisdiction and upon the soil to which they had been invited. All this being considered, we ask our intelligent foreign citizen if he was back in his native land witnessing such a spectacle, what would he think of it? Would he be indignant toward that little squalid band of worthless Yankees? Would he not feel disposed to unite with the intelligent, property-holding gentlemen of that country to put down and crush out those offending American vagabonds? Would he not be willing to enroll himself and join a political organization of the native-born, property-owning, intelligent, and better social class in opposition to the unreflecting and criminal mob of agitators? This is the alliance we would bring about in California; this the political party we would desire to see organized. Intelligence against ignorance, honesty against crime, industry against idleness, economy against profligacy, sobriety against drunkenness, property against criminal poverty, order against chaos, and good government against a political and social earthquake. To the consideration of these things we invite the thinking men of foreign birth who have sought asylum and opportunity in our American land.

The *Nation* is not a very able journal, nor is it always just, nor always honest. Its editor is an English person by the name of Godkind. An English person can not in the right spirit, and with impartial fairness, discuss political questions in the United States. If Mr. Godkind was an able and an impartial writer he would, in an audience of forty million of people, secure more than seven thousand and six hundred readers. This is his own published circulation. The ARGONAUT, not yet two years old, and published in a State that has less than a million of white people, has a larger issue than the *Nation*. But then the ARGONAUT is not edited by an Englishman, and is always just, and always honest. To illustrate our meaning, and in demonstration of the fact that the *Nation* is not always just nor always honest, it speaks of our Chinese problem as follows: "The President has vetoed the Chinese bill on grounds to which the 'hoodlums' of California can take no exception." By this statement this English person means to declare that the opposition to Chinese immigration is confined to that class which he pleases to call "hoodlums." Now the truth is—and Mr. Godkind, if he wishes to state the situation honestly, should admit it—that there is an almost unanimous opinion among our most intelligent classes that this immigration ought to be restricted. There are different opinions entertained here we admit, but that those opposing this immigration of Chinese are highly respectable, intelligent, humane and honest minded we assert. They are not "hoodlums." There is an argument in opposition to our views that is plausible. There are considerations in opposition to the passage of the Chinese bill that may well be entertained by honest men. But the *Nation* not only does not state them, but grossly misrepresents our people, their acts, and their opinions.

An Associated Press dispatch came over the wires on Monday, which indicates to us the inauguration of a Presidential campaign of misrepresentation and lies. It reads as follows:

"The following significant expression of Southern Democratic sentiment, printed in the *Okolona* (Miss.) *Statesman* of March 12th has just been received, and attracts much attention here: 'Thank God, we have captured the Capitol, and in 1880 our man will walk up the White House steps and take his seat in the Presidential chair. Then will our glorious triumph be complete. Then will we proceed to tear our amendments from the Constitution and trample them in the mire. Then will we break the shackles you have forged for the free, sovereign, and independent commonwealths of the Union. Then will we recognize the right of secession—a right that is not dead, but sleeping. Then will we decorate the Capitol with pictures of Davis, Lee, and Stuart, and all the glorious leaders of a cause that is not lost, but living still. Yes, thank God, we have captured the Capitol, and from that coigne of vantage we propose to rule the Republic in a way that will make your radical leaders forever odious in America.'

We hardly believe there is any such place in Mississippi as "Okolona," or that it has any newspaper called the *Statesman*, or that there has been printed in any Southern

journal so foolish and absurd an item as the one above. We believe it is a Republican lie, made out of whole cloth, telegraphed across the wires to produce political results in our three Western States; that it is paid for from a party fund. We believe it is the first gun of a sulphurous campaign of fraud and misstatement. If we can not elect a Republican President without lying about the South, and without dragging from its sepulchre the skeleton of the civil war, without exciting sectional jealousies, and stirring the angry passions of another internecine strife, we had better suffer defeat. This journal intends to support a Republican candidate for President. We hope to take an active part in an honorable campaign. We shall be glad to discuss national questions in a dignified and honorable way; but we give notice now, early in the contest, before our battle-blood is warmed by the excitement of the strife, that we hope our party headquarters at Washington will send us no stink-pots, for we will not help to explode them. No bloody shirt for this side of the continent. No negro persecution stories for us. Of this kind of politics, we are altogether disgusted.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The test that will be submitted at the coming primary will be as recommended by you in your last issue, "Will you vote the Republican ticket." The reasons are valid, and you clearly state the principal one. We do not propose to make the Republican party a close corporation, and by making a test which shall read, "Did you," etc., drive from our primary the intelligent and respectable Democrats who intend to work with us. The County Committee intend to make this coming primary as fair and pure as possible, placing about it all the safeguards that party usage and the State law will allow, so that any man can cast his vote with the assurance that it will be protected. Of course Mr. J. J. Green is opposed to this test, hence the Conference Committee of five from each district, from the Young Men's and Occidental clubs, which are to wait upon the County Committee and dictate to them what is best for the party.

UP AND UP.

It is a cheering sign that there is an organization of respectable young gentlemen in the Republican party who are willing to measure wits with the old gang of party wire-pullers who have so long and so disastrously manipulated political affairs. These young men are in earnest and honest. They mean to have a primary that shall not be packed by Mr. Jim Green in the interest of Mr. Evans, or Mr. Perkins, or Mr. anybody else. A Republican State Convention, honestly constituted, fairly representing the party as a deliberative assembly, can nominate a successful ticket. Any other kind of Convention-work will meet a divided party and defeat. There are fifty respectable gentlemen in the Republican party who have the right to have their names considered in connection with the office of Governor of California, any one of whom we will gladly support. No man can be dishonestly nominated whom we, and thousands of others, will not oppose. When the time comes we will expose the conspiracy that is now forming to steal the Convention, and give the names of the conspirators and their motives.

There is no class so much interested in defeating the new Constitution as poor men. Men of small business, and men who are the owners of small properties, are deeply interested in cheap money and its free circulation. Money is a coward. It is quick to scent danger and quick to hide itself. Money never circulated in times of commotion. Money never takes any chances. Its empire is peace. In times of political agitation money withdraws itself. In periods of excitement it hurries to its hiding place. Money can afford to lie idle. Real estate can not remain long unoccupied, because it earns nothing. Labor can not remain unemployed, because the laborer must eat. Money should never be compelled to dodge the tax collector. Give it free circulation, tempt it abroad, and it will venture into all sorts of enterprises. When it is circulating freely everybody has a chance to get some of it.

If the Constitution is adopted foreign corporations will be driven out of the country; foreign banks and insurance companies must quit business. Rates of interest will thus necessarily advance. Rates of insurance will also advance, money be scarce, rents low, industries discouraged, and a general period of stagnation follow until affairs can be adjusted on the new basis. We have had good rains, promising abundant crops, money is abundant at easy rates, and everything gave indications of a prosperous year until this unfortunate political agitation occurred. If the Constitution is beaten, business will return to its normal condition, and California will enter upon a prosperous period.

"I will just state," said Kearney, at his Los Angeles meeting, "that when a man attempts to break up a workingman's meeting in San Francisco, he gets his head broke." That is true. It is also true that there is an organized gang of Kearney's followers, about three hundred strong, who attend all other public meetings for the purpose of disturbing them. At the Democratic anti-Chinese meeting, at Platt's Hall, Kearney's band got badly thrashed. There is a counter organization forming to resist the insolence of this band of rioters. It is composed of young Irishmen and Americans, and Mr. Kearney's coyotes, whose bravery consists in howling, will be compelled to confront the sheep of the Democratic fold in a square fight from this time forward. This fight will be from the shoulder, or the hip, just as the coyotes may choose. We prophesy that the last Democratic meeting has been disturbed.

AN INCENDIARY SERMON.

The Mule's Address to Themasses of the Sand-Lot.

My fellow-asses: Owing to the absence of your long-eared and brazen-lunged leader and orator, who is now traveling through the State in the kindly endeavor to teach the American people the sort of laws they ought to adopt, and the kind of men they ought to elect to administer them, I have been induced to fill his pulpit for a Sabbath-day's discourse. If I do not blaspheme God, nor abuse the Constitution, nor denounce as "hell-born and hell-bound" the "bloated aristocrats and lecherous bondholders," nor sympathize with him or you in his and your cowardly threats toward that class of foreigners whom you Irish and Germans have undertaken to drive out of the country, in violation of laws made before your arrival and international treaties entered into before you came to the country, you must excuse me. Being of American birth, I can not be expected to fully enter into prejudices that result from institutions with which I am not familiar.

Being well born and educated, having served my country as an army mule, and bearing upon my shoulders the brand "U. S." well burned in, you will excuse me if I entertain prejudices which you asses from Germany and Ireland do not entirely sympathize with, and entertain opinions which in your ignorance you can not fully understand. While I intend to be entirely courteous, and to avoid the vile and ribald language which you are accustomed to hear, I shall indulge myself in the use of plain talk within the comprehension of the most stupid donkey of you all, and perhaps endeavor to stir your thoughts with some sharp cuts of Saxon speech, which if you will carefully consider will do you no end of good.

And now, my dear adopted fellow-citizens, let us drop the *simile* of the ass. Let me, for the purpose of this discourse, forget that you are unreasonable, inconsistent, thistle-eating donkeys, led by one of your own kind; but treat you as American citizens, upon whom—unexpectedly to you—has fallen the duties and responsibilities of government, through the exercise of privileges denied you in the countries of your birth, and unwisely accorded you by ours. What is it of which you complain? What have we as American citizens done to you that we ought not to have done? What act toward you have we left undone that we ought to have done? How is it that you, citizens by adoption, clothed with all the prerogatives of American nationality, have arrayed yourselves in opposition to our country and its laws? Why is it that every Sabbath-day now for more than a year, in rain and sunshine, in heat and cold, you have come here to the sand-lot to hear American-born citizens and American institutions abused, vilified, denounced, and threatened? How is it that you, the meanest and most ignorant part of our foreign population, have organized yourselves into a distinct political party, threatening to burn property and destroy lives, to carry out your peculiar ideas? Do you remember the conditions from which you fled in your native lands? Do you forget that in Prussia or Ireland for the utterance of your incendiary language you would be punished by imprisonment and fine? Do you recognize that while this is a land of freedom and free speech it is still a land of law?

If you had stayed at home, you Germans would have been compelled in the interests of the German Empire to have served in the army. Do you Irishmen understand that if you had stayed in your native land you would have enjoyed no right to make laws, and no right to break them except at the penalty of the tread mill? And all of you foreigners, of whatever European nationality you may be, have you forgotten that in your own country you were but peasants, compelled to labor for inadequate wages, and only permitted to denounce authority at the peril of your lives and liberties?

Here you are freemen, sovereigns, clothed with political power, and in your ignorance and base ingratitude you are shamefully betraying the confidence that has been placed in you, and returning with most vile and unprincipled and evil acts, the kind things that have been done you. You were starving upon inadequate wages in your native lands, and we have given you such compensation as no other country has paid to laborers. You were ignorant, and our common schools were thrown freely open to you and your children, and in our night schools we teach your adults; and our schools from the primaries to our highest universities of learning are open to your children. If you profess religion, we ask of you no questions concerning it. You may worship as you please Christ the God, the sun, the oaks, the Pope, the tablets of your ancestors, the white bull, Buddha, Mahomet, or the devil, and we seek to put no constraints upon your conscience. We give you equal protection of our laws; we defend you in our courts. If sick, we take you to our free asylums; if criminal, we welcome you to our prisons. We have no property entailed from your acquisition. We have no laws of primogeniture; no laws that place traps and spring-guns if you poach for game or fish. We have millions of free acres of government domain which we invite you to occupy without payment. Our mines are open to your labor. Every vocation is open to you. The highest political honors are within your reach. When you die you may transmit your accumulations to alien heirs. In a word, we make you citizens, and place you on the same plane with ourselves. All professions, all civic honors, all military achievements, all arts, industries, and employments are offered to your competition. If there are any wrongs in the enactment or execution of the laws, we offer you the electoral urn, and give you equal voice with the native-born to correct and remedy them.

That all this is true you know. Look about you in our community. First, you Catholics. Look to your clergy, your churches, their millions of accumulated wealth. Look to the Jesuit College on Market Street, and the other palace of learning and religious worship now being erected on Van Ness Avenue. You Irish and Germans, look to your savings banks with nearly \$30,000,000 of deposits; to the bankers, bonanza kings, millionaires, Senators, Governors, State officials, leading merchants, prominent business men, honored and honorable citizens, who, under our laws and the generous hospitality of our political and social system, have attained wealth, honor, and honorable positions. How does it happen that there are to-day in San Francisco fifty thousand prosperous, wealthy, honorable, and respectable citizens of foreign birth in the enjoyment of their homes, their churches, their clubs, and their innocent recreations at rural picnics, and you two, or three, or four thousand discontented, grumbling, impecunious, political malcontents are down here among the fleas upon the sand-lot, cursing God, the Constitution, and the American people that you have had bad luck? I will answer you, and you may kick back with all the malevolence of your ignorant heads and your malicious heels.

You are an idle, drunken, worthless, vagabond lot. You drink too much beer. You hang about corner groceries, and you play "pitch seven up" for whisky. You are worthless ward politicians. You waste your lives pursuing demagogues who are more worthless than

yourselves, more idle, more ignorant, more selfish, and more criminal. If you would go to work, there is plenty of work to do. If you will stop drinking whisky, give up Chinese cigars, save your money, follow your wives' advice, stay at home nights, and go to church on Sundays, you can save money, buy a homestead, become independent, educate your children, and by sobriety, industry, and economy, become honored and respectable American citizens, instead of remaining what you are—a discontented, worthless set of ignorant foreigners. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. There is not a millionaire, nor prosperous business man in California, that has not had his days of adversity—his days of trial, poverty, and hard labor. Those who came to California in the early time endured its hardships. Some fell under the burden, and filled early graves; some prospered, all toiled, all struggled; and now you—most of you either late comers or men of unthrift, idle, and dissolute habits—what do you demand? That we divide with you?

Not much! We will see you collectively and individually damned first. You must work as we did, and if you won't work, you shall have no beer, nor whisky, nor "pitch," nor "seven-up." You shall not help yourselves by threats, nor by violence. You shall not bring about agrarianism, and division of property, by politics or Constitutional tricks. We are not afraid of you as a political party, nor of your shillalabs. The time has not come in California for Nihilism, nor Socialism, nor Communism; and if your leaders—your Kearney, your Beerstecher, your Citrus Barbour, your Freud, your Vacquerel, your Bonnet, your Larkin, your Tinnin, your Howard, your Terry, and all the other demagogues who deceive and mislead you; all the draymen, corset-makers, cooks, hair-dressers, lawyers, and demagogues whom you have set up as political oracles—would tell you the truth, they would tell you that you enjoy to-day all the political privileges for which Nihilists contend in Russia, Socialists in Germany, or Communists in France.

You have every political privilege in this State for which revolutions have been stirred and dynasties overthrown. There is not a principle for which martyrs ever died or heroes contended that you do not enjoy. You are free in your conscience, free in your persons, free of speech, with perfect freedom of action within the law. You are not serfs to lords, nor vassals to the soil. You owe no military service to feudal chieftain, nor are you drafted to the armies of the State. You are not subject to exactions by taxation. You are in every sense freemen and citizens of a free republic.

If you can not prosper in this country, it must be for one of two causes: either God has given you no sense or it is because you are idle and unenterprising. If God has not given you the proper modicum of brains, it is His fault, and not the fault of the American nation or its laws. If you are idle and unenterprising, it is your own fault. We did not create you, and we can not recreate you.

If you do not like this country, then, in the name of heaven, why don't you go back to that you came from? If wages are inadequate here, return to your peasant homes in Germany, where women are yoked with steers to plow; go back to Belgium, where women drag carts with dogs; go back to Ireland, to France, to Scandinavia; to the plains of Lombardy, where women wield the mattock; to Portugal, where women hold wooden plows, and where you are liable to do military duty. Go back and tell your countrymen and countrywomen that in a land of inexhaustible fertility, where farms were free, where religion was honored, where education was within the reach of all, where mines, and forests, and fisheries were open to the world, where the law protected all, and where you were clothed with the sovereignty of citizenship—that you could not make a living. Go back and starve, and die, and rot. Be cremated, be damned, be anything, and give us a rest from this insufferable, never-ending din of beer-drinking, whisky-guzzling, pitch-seven-up foreign-born politicians.

As Americans, we are sick and tired of it. We are angry at the insolence of your demands. You are accustomed to the argument of kings, and in your ignorance you are unfit to be freemen. Therefore, we ask the respectable, the prosperous, the contented, the reasonable of your own countrymen to unite with us, in order that we may silence your clamor, and relegate you to your proper positions. You, an ignorant mob of unwashed foreigners, would teach Americans their political duties. You, a propertyless mass of unskilled laborers, who are too idle and too vicious to earn your beer and whisky—you demand of us a division of our earnings, and call it Communism. You would overthrow our laws, and style it Nihilism. You would level all barriers of society, break down all distinctions of class, and this is the sand-lot's idea of Socialism. You would steal the money you have not earned, and call it Agrarianism.

Now, my dear adopted German and Irish fellow-citizens of the sand-lot, let us again take up the *simile* of the ass. You are the asses, and I am the speaking one that Balaam bestrode. Let us discuss the Chinese question, remembering all the time that I am a mule and that you are donkeys.

Have we—imported jackasses that we are—have we any right, or does it become us, to dictate to the American people what other animals they may import. We are natives of Central Asia. Some naturalists think our wild ancestors belonged to Africa. So, then, we are no better than Africans or Chinamen; and being foreigners ourselves, coming to the country by the invitation of Americans, with what sort of reason, propriety, or decency, shall we set ourselves up to say that Africans and Chinese shall not come to the country because they are more patient, will stand harder knocks, work more hours, bear heavier burdens, and live upon meager food than we?

Remember, I am not addressing you now as Germans or Irishmen, but as jackasses. I am not comparing you, my dearly adopted fellow-citizens, to these unfortunate animals; I am only using the *simile* to illustrate how utterly absurd and inconsistent it is for one kind of wild animal to kick another out of the pasture to which all have been admitted by the same kind of invitation.

And now—again dropping the *simile*—let me ask you, German and Irish workmen, if the American citizens of California are not doing all they can to rid the State of the Chinese, and to prevent more from coming? Are they not doing it in your interest, and for your benefit? Have not both political parties, all the Christian churches, all the respectable clergymen, the entire press, the Chamber of Commerce, delegates in both houses of Congress, the Senate and Legislature of California, the Mechanics' Institute, State and county conventions, the people in public meetings, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the Board of Supervisors, the Health Office, the Police Department, men of eminence, everybody, everywhere, under all circumstances, at all times when opportunity presented, have they not honestly worked to solve this Chinese problem?

You know they have, and you know they have made great progress. And you know that your insane threats, your violent and illegal conduct, have injured and retarded this business. You have placed difficul-

ties in the way of legislation. The brutal and cowardly motto that the "Chinese must go" is a piece of absurd demagogism. The Chinese that are here are here under the invitation of an American treaty, and while it is well and desirable to prevent any more Chinese from coming, there is no more right, nor sense, nor justice, nor humanity in driving Chinese away than there would be in driving away Germans or Irishmen. You know this, and you know that the threat is a contemptible and cowardly one. You do not intend to carry it out, and, what is more, you dare not attempt it.

You claim to want labor. The sand-lot is not the place to find it. You have the sense to know, and if not the sense, you have had the experience to demonstrate, that your present mode of angry agitation is making labor less, and is reducing wages. Capital and labor are mutually dependent upon each other. If you intimidate capital, it is timid and hides itself. While it is in hiding you are starving. It never comes forth at threats. It never circulates in times of violence and danger. Before this agitation commenced you were prosperous. The Real Estate Associates built hundreds of houses in a year. Since this agitation times have been hard. Real estate values have depreciated, enterprise is arrested, and you are the first to feel the blow. If there are no bricks laid, there is no money for carrying the hod. As soon as you cease agitating, confidence will be restored. Money was never more abundant. New enterprises will be inaugurated, new industries stimulated. Money will again circulate freely, and you will get some.

It is your own fault that this period of stagnation has come. Ten years ago this was the happiest, most hopeful, and most independent community in the world. Everybody was elastic and buoyant; everybody was industrious and economical and nearly all had their own homes. You gambled in stocks, went into politics, lost your grip, gave way to the Chinese, began to drink whisky and beer, and to play "pitch" and "seven up" at the corner groceries. Your bad example made hoodlums of your children, and now you meet on the sand-lot, blaspheme God, and denounce the laws of the American Republic because you have reaped the consequences of your own crimes and follies and because you have been the contrivers of your own ruin.

Now, take the advice of a sober-minded mule—one who came early to the country, worked hard, and ate thistles. Abandon the leadership of the good-for-nothing, long-eared, leather-lunged, asioine brayers who have undertaken to set themselves up as teachers of political economy. Abandon politics and go back to honest labor. Stop drinking beer and whisky. Give the corner groggery, "pitch" and "seven up," "cinch," "blue Peter," "old sledge," and stocks a wide berth. Give ear again to the sermons of your priests, the advice of your wives, and the prayers of your children. Leave "lecherous bondholders" and "hell-born and hell-bound" rich men alone till you can change places with them. Do not attempt, through the organization of a Workingmen's party, to secure for yourselves the places of thieving, dishonest, devilish politicians, lest you should be tempted, and, like them, fall. Let Americans, assisted by foreigners of intelligence, wealth, and common sense, govern the country of your adoption; and, for God's sake, desist from howling about the Chinese—whom many honest people, who are not asses, think a more desirable class of citizens than the ignorant, idle, political, discontented, ever agitating, insolent set of foreign-born brutes they think you to be.

ADDENDUM.

At the conclusion of this address the owner of the animal came forward and apologized for the rude manner and harsh expressions used by his mule toward the very large and respectable audience of adopted fellow-citizens—both ladies and gentlemen. He thanked them on behalf of his long-eared property for their indulgence of his plain talk, reminding them that freedom of speech within the bounds of license was one of the bulwarks of American liberty. He also advised the audience that the mule did not comprehend within the criticism any order-loving and law-abiding citizen, of either foreign or native birth, and did not exempt from caustic denunciation any idle, good-for-nothing, worthless human ass, whether native or foreign born; that his mule, having retired from politics, did not desire their votes, nor require any of their small advertisements for his support.

The new real estate house of Cox, Teall & Co.—J. O. Eldridge, auctioneer—have an auction sale of lots on Tuesday next at Newhall & Co.'s salesrooms, corner Sansome and Halleck Streets. We hope with this sale to see a new departure in real properties. The house of Manrice Dore & Co. advertise a sale in the *Alta California* that nobody ever sees, rings a bell that nobody ever hears, sells lots that nobody ever buys, and the report goes out that real estate has no value; all the old real estate dealers look blue, talk despondent, and act as though the bottom had fallen out of San Francisco. By-bidders are fixed for the different auction sales, and men are advertised as purchasers who have not money enough to pay for a burial lot in a second-class cemetery. Thus the market is imposed upon and the property scandalized. There is no better investment to-day in America than unimproved lots in San Francisco. They are selling for less than half their value as compared with any other prosperous American city. Our debt is nominal. Our taxes are not high, when we consider that we are paying as we go and building for the future. We are not issuing bonds. San Francisco is rapidly increasing in population and in wealth; is improving, and its inevitable destiny is to be one of the greatest cities—we think the second—of the continent. When we get tiff with stock gambling, and have secured laws preventing the too great immigration of Chinese, our growth and development will be a marvelous one. We shall be glad when all the old 49ers die or retire from business on ample fortunes. We need young men, new blood, fresh enthusiasm, more heart, more courage, more confidence, and more enterprise. When the city gets rid of all of us old fossils, it will take a new start and emerge from its present condition; the grub will take wings, and a country village be transformed into a commercial metropolis.

The young Democracy of San Francisco have volunteered for a forlorn hope. For the first time in twenty years they smell the flesh-pots of the national soup kitchen. Their mouths fairly water with the smell of succulent repast. The campaign is to be positive and aggressive. They are determined to carry the war into Africa. If they do get fairly into the Dark Continent we suggest for a slogan "On, Stanley, on!" We would also suggest they carry the war into China and Ireland, and thus invade Europe, Asia, and Africa. As a specimen sabre-cut of these bold young statesmen, upon whom depends the safety of the American Republic, we quote the following audacious lie from their address: "The Republican party, from its fraudulent President down to its most bigoted, puritanical Congressman, has with deliberation placed itself upon record as the champion of Mongolian slavery." This is certainly "positive and aggressive," and for force of argument beats Tom Pepper all hollow. Everybody knows that Tom was kicked out of hell for.

OUR BOOK OF WORTHIES.

People Whom One Does Not Meet.

Emperor William still carries his wounded arm in a sling.

Secretary Evarts's two sons, Messrs. Prescott and Sherman Evarts, are the editors of the literary magazines of Harvard and Yale.

The Czar of Russia went on the stage at St. Petersburg, after the second act of *Faust*, to compliment Mme. Albani. Such an honor as this, it is said, is without parallel in the Italian operatic history of Russia.

In the library of M. Dufaure, in his villa at Cozes, there hangs on a piece of white vellum, handsomely framed and covered with glass, a small sprig with some dry leaves, under which is written: "From Washington's grave."

President Grévy is reported to carry himself very much like an American President. Visitors easily get speech of him, finding him in his office in a loose coat and slippers, pacing the floor, and in the full enjoyment of a cigar.

Sims Reeves, the famous English tenor, has a second son who is said to be a dramatic tenor of great promise. Joachim and Sterndale Bennett were his godfathers, and his full name is Herbert Sterndale Joachim Sims Reeves. A grave responsibility rests on a youth who starts in life with such a name.

M. Gambetta, as President of the Chambers, makes a very powerful and imposing figure. He shows great ease of manner and is quiet and self-restrained. He manages the Royalists and Bonapartists with the bell, and calms the restlessness of the Republicans with a slight motion of his small left hand.

Madame Blanc, the widow and heir of the owner of the gambling-house at Monaco, began her career by sweeping out the Kursaal gambling-rooms. Her property is managed by a company. One of her daughters married a Polish prince. The income of Madame varies from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year.

Mr. George Augustus Sala held fifty-four tickets in the French lottery, all of which proved blanks. He now says: "I lack words wherewith to express my indignation at such an immoral encouragement of public gambling having been sanctioned by the French Government. Public lotteries are public scandals and nuisances, and direct incentives to fraud."

Senator Hannibal Hamlin, it is said, is popularly supposed, in Maine, to be immortal; he has been a veteran politician so long that hardly anybody can remember when he began his public life. The farmers like his homely ways and his devotion to agriculture. In the time when he was Vice-President he is described as walking through Bangor business streets, when at home, in blue "overalls" and muddy boots, bearing under one arm a gift of a yellow squash for some friendly Bangor householder.

Mary Clemmer accuses Senator Burnside of being chiefly devoted to his clothes, and says that as a reward he is pictured in the tailors' fashion plates. "He is the most luxurious moving object visible in the Senate, as he 'spreads' about with broad, branching side-whiskers, a chinchilla cap to cover his shining head, and the gayest of flowering cashmere waistcoats. And he is one of the most 'nobby' objects on the avenue, in the eyes of admiring belles, as he dashes through it in his dog-cart, beside some happy young lady, with a decorated 'tiger' clinging close behind."

The Chinese Chargé d'Affaires, in his national dress, is a conspicuous person at the Court entertainments in Berlin. He is said to be far less arrogant than his predecessor, Lin-Ta-jün, who, in his boundless pride, overstepped all limits. Instigated by a keen dislike to foreigners, he neglected no opportunity to denote his aversion publicly. One day he appeared at Court with a numerous suite, including even his cooks and other menials. A traveler famous for his explorations in China, detecting by their garb the low social rank of the respective persons, drew the attention of the High Chamberlain, whereupon the Minister was sharply reprimanded for his insolence.

Republican simplicity, as understood by M. Gambetta, is not quite what it was in the days of the Athenians. Since the 4th of September not one of the Presidents of the Chamber, M. Buffet, M. d'Audiffret-Pasquier, nor M. Grévy, had ventured to inhabit the princely apartments of the Présidence du Corps Législatif, which had remained, so to say, sacred to the memory of the hospital Duc de Morny. M. Gambetta, however, likes grandeur, and has lost no time in taking up his abode in the Palace. To prepare his Spartan broth, he has engaged the *chef* of the Duc de Noailles, and three *aides de cuisine*. This is indeed a change from the days of the Café Procope, and it is scarcely astonishing that some persons look forward to revolutions as the only way of giving every one a chance.

General Chanzy's selection for the post of French Ambassador at St. Petersburg completes the series of military diplomatists who have been sent there from Paris for the last ten years. General Fleury opened the march; and the celebrated letter of his *attaché*, M. de Verlière, will be remembered as one of the most curious *papiers des Tuileries*, in which the favor of the Ambassador with the Czar was gauged by the fact that he had been riding for a whole day with his Majesty in his single-seated sledge. The letter went even so far as to mention in what an uncomfortable position General Fleury took the drive; a piece of information which had undoubtedly a not inconsiderable share in the declaration of war with Germany, as Napoleon III was forth convinced that he could rely on Russian neu-

JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Hallifax.

IX.—THE RATS AND THE TRAP.

Once upon a time a man set a trap to catch the rats that overran his house, and went to bed, hoping soon to hear the noise of the trap falling and the squeak of the rat.

When the rats saw the trap, they consulted together, and determined to play a joke on the man of the house. So they prowled about till they found the safe, and, after a sumptuous meal, returned and pushed the trap over; after which they ran away to their holes, where they remained peeping out to enjoy the man's disappointment when he heard the trap fall and found no prisoner in it.

The master of the house, hearing the trap fall, ran gleefully to get the rat he was certain would be under it, and awoke the household to come and see; but they found nothing there but the empty trap. He again set the trap, wondering how it could have fallen without catching a rat, and returned to bed. In a few minutes the trap again fell, and he again got out of bed, only to be disappointed and laughed at by the jokers. In the morning he found they had eaten up what he had intended for his breakfast, and was in consequence very angry.

The next night the trap was set; and his wife, bearing a noise as of the trap falling, woke him, and told him the trap must have fallen, and that he ought to go and see. "Oh, no," said he; "it's of no use. I am sure it has not fallen, for I nailed it up so securely I am positive it could not be pulled down, and therefore could not have made a noise."

X.—THE CATS AND THE FISH.

A man was once cutting up a poisonous fish to make some dainty dish, when a hungry, homeless cat snatched up a piece and scampered off with it. The man followed, and saw puss in an inaccessibly narrow space between two houses gloating over the stolen morsel. When he saw the cat eating the fish he said to himself: "If these cunning animals eat it, surely I can eat it without fear," and he returned home. Meantime the cat had waited, having its suspicions as to the wholesomeness of the fish, but when she saw the people eating it, she also fell to eating it. Other cats came, and a quarrel ensued over the morsel, but they were seized with a fatal sickness, as also were the people, so that all who had partaken of it died.

MORAL.—Cunning persons are often outwitted in the end.

XI.—PUSSY'S RUNAWAY LOVE-MATCH.

Once upon a time a teacher of the guitar owned a pet tom cat, whom he called Gon. Gon was a fine, handsome fellow, and all the young lady cats of the neighborhood vied with each other in winning his affections. His heart was, however, given to a sleek little pussy called Koma, owned by a young lady next door, who, finding her pet so deeply in love with the music teacher's Gon, endeavored to purchase him, so that her favorite might be happy. On the other hand, the music teacher wished to obtain Koma in order to marry her to Gon.

As their owners could not come to terms, the lovers agreed to run away together; and one day off they started, but on the road a wicked dog ran after them. Koma climbed a cherry tree, but Gon, trying to attract the dog's attention, kept along the road, and would have been killed in sight of the crying and frightened Koma, had not the messenger of a mansion beaten the dog away and saved Gon's life. Gon was taken home to the mansion, and he lost sight of Koma. Now, in this mansion there was a lovely lady, a princess, who every day walked in a beautiful garden; but in this garden was a great ugly snake who was madly in love with her. The princess was very much frightened at the snake, who often came to make love to her. Gon, on seeing this, one day watched in the garden, and, spying the snake crawling toward the room where the princess was singing and accompanying herself on the harp, jumped on the reptile, and, biting its neck, soon killed it. The noise of the scuffle attracted the attention of the princess, and when she saw her troublesome lover dead she was very glad, and, sending for Gon's owner, she persuaded him to let her keep Gon altogether, and fed him on nice things.

But Gon wanted to find Koma, whom all this time he had not once forgotten, and for whose safety he felt the greatest anxiety, and whenever he could steal away searched diligently. One day he heard a cry of distress, and going toward the spot from which the noise appeared to come, saw a naughty, thieving cat cruelly ill using a beautiful young lady pussy cat, who was crying piteously. Gon immediately attacked the scoundrel, and gave him a severe beating; then, turning to the pretty lady cat, told her to dry her eyes, that her persecutor was driven off, when what was Gon's surprise to find that his pretty *protégée* was his long-lost Koma. Indeed, she scarcely recognized him, he had so improved. So tenderly embracing her, and vowing never to part from her again, he led her to his mistress, and she, understanding how matters stood, sent to Koma's mistress and bought her; so both Gon and Koma became her very great pets, and were very happy.

By and by the princess was married to a great *daimio* (noble), and Gon and Koma accompanied her in great state to her new home, where they were happy ever after, and had numerous little Gons and Komas, who used to amuse the princess' pretty baby. The princess told her lord about Gon's killing the snake, and he was very kind to Gon and Koma, and their family.

It is hard for professional pride to remain silent when a good old tradition of the craft is outraged. The other night when *The New Babylon* was produced at the Duke's Theatre in Holborn, the gallery was crowded, and the gods were pleased to approve of the piece generally until the burglary scene. But when the burglar was seen "doing" the place with all the blinds up, so that he could be seen "at work" from the street, an expert present could bear it no longer, but yelled out, "Why don't you pull your blinds down?"—*The World*.

The man who sighed for the wings of a bird did not, apparently, know that the legs were much nicer eating.

THE WOMEN.

Young married ladies have gone into society in Charleston during the past winter, contrary to the custom of that city since the war.

Neither women nor wind instruments will be permitted after June 1st in the choirs of the churches in the Catholic diocese of Montreal.

Mrs. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, daughter-in-law of the late Charles Dickens, was recently killed by a runaway horse in Australia, together with her child.

"We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, "you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

Mrs. Stackpole, of South Chelmsford, Massachusetts, recently celebrated her one-hundredth birthday, and her friends from Lowell and elsewhere got up a grand supper at her residence in honor of the event.

As they parted at the railroad station—"Do not forget me, nor cease to love me," murmured the husband. "Never, never!" sobbed the wife, and she pulled out a handkerchief and tied a knot in it, that she might remember.

Lord Blank married a charming woman. She died, and he married a lady with a temper. Some one called on him the other day, and said: "Where is your wife?" He answered: "She is in heaven; Lady Blank is in the drawing-room."

The death is announced of Mrs. Cohen, mother of Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, and consequently grandmother of the Countess of Rosebery. By this event a further sum of a quarter of a million falls to the share of the Countess of Rosebery.

The marriage of Jules Simon's son to Sarah Sonneis, a Jewess, at Paris, was a most brilliant affair. All the prominent men and women of the day were present; and it was especially noticed that the bride, who is immensely rich, did not wear a single jewel.

In a breach of promise lawsuit in Marshalltown, Iowa, the plaintiff swore that he broke the engagement with the defendant because, when he slipped and fell on the ice, she laughed unfeelingly. She swore that she laughed because he would not have fallen if he had not bowed with superfluous politeness to a young woman.

A lovely young lady in Glasgow was talking with a gentleman from a distance about that city and its gayeties. The conversation turned upon balls and the attendance of them, when the gentleman laughingly asked the question: "Have you many beauties in Glasgow, Miss —?" On which the young lady naively replied: "Oh, yes, sir; there are five of us!"

A fashion which has spread rapidly in France is that of paying calls and taking afternoon tea in bonnet and gloves, without any cloak or jacket. Parisian ladies can not any longer endure the temporary sacrifice of outline which an outdoor garment entails. The visitor therefore drops her wrap in the hall or anteroom; so that *un cachemire*, which was thirty years ago the one joy in life of a Parisienne, is likely to become so again.

Further proceedings are about to be commenced in the French courts, with a view to enable the Marquis de Caux to annul her marriage. In French law divorce is not recognized under any circumstances; but a marriage may be declared null and void, if any irregularity can be proved in the manner in which the marriage was celebrated. I hear that several such irregularities will be sought to be proved in the case of Madame Patti; and although no single one of them by itself might be of sufficient weight, yet several flaws taken together might have the necessary weight with the French courts.

The Parisiennes (says a writer in a London journal) are wild about what they call the English fashion of wearing living jewelry. The fashion is, in fact, not English, but American; it was set by a fair American, once an ornament of the Court of St. Petersburg, whose Mexican beetle caused some sensation in London lately. Her beetle, however, was too rare a creature ever to become a fashion. The British Museum possesses a dead specimen, but there is, as far as I know, only this one alive in England; so that if the mode become established, I supposed that humbler members of the family will be pressed into service. The glossy black of the common cockroach, relieved with gold harness of exquisite workmanship, would really be more effective than the dull brown and black of the Mexican beetle. I strongly recommend the plentiful and unpretentious cockroach to the blonde beauty, while the brunette might make something of the cricket of the hearth.

A picturesque story is told of Madame Grévy in the early days of her husband's elevation. She drove in a hired carriage one morning to the door of Laferrière, the famous dress-maker, and entered, dragging after her a huge bundle containing an old velvet gown. She was received with much condescension, and was told to wait, inasmuch as the great milliner was then engaged with a customer—no other, in fact, than an actress of the Comédie Française. Madame Grévy sat down humbly with her bundle in her arms until the great artist chose to interview her, when she explained that she wished to have her dress "done up" and improved. "Oh," said the great one, "we don't do up dresses here; sometimes for our own customers we do such a thing to oblige them; but we do not know Madame." "I am Madame Grévy," was the reply, "and I thought I could have this dress arranged for the reception at the Elysée." Thereupon the whole establishment fell at her feet and implored pardon, and it is probable that the velvet dress will still rejoice the hearts of ambassadors.

INTAGLIOS.

A Love Song.

Oh, yes, I knew you loved me,
Long since I divined it well;
But when to myself you owned it,
Great fear upon me fell.

Away I rushed to the mountains,
I shouted and sang for glee;
I went to the beach and wept there,
Till the sun went down in the sea.

My heart, it is even as the sun is,
All aflame to the gazer's sight;
And it sets in a sea of love, too,
Majestic and bright.

HEINE.

Leviathan.

Midway between the lone rock and the shore
A fountain fair sprang skyward suddenly,
And sudden fell, and yet again once more
The column rose and sank into the sea.

Silent, ethereal, mystic, delicate,
Flushed with delicious glow of fading rose,
It grew and vanished, like some genie great,
Some wild thin phantom, woven of winter snows.

CELIA THAXTER.

A Tournament.

Queen of the tourney was I set,
And watched the harnessd spearman dash
Athwart the mellow, and the flash
Of helmets, as the fair knights met
And the spear shivered in the crash.

Full many a deed of arms was done,
And many a mighty man that day
Rode, meteor-like, through the array;
But over all the mellow shone
One knight's white plumes; and through the fray

Rose Lautrec's war-cry, as he clave
The throng of riders, and the sweep
Of his broad falchion did reap
The mail-clad knights, as some stout knave
Shears through the corn sheaves tall and deep.

JOHN PAYNE.

The Stab.

"Of sudden stabs in groves forlorn."—HOOE.

On the road—the lonely road,
Under the cold, white moon,
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled, and shifted his weary load,
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed,
A broad, white knife, that gleamed and shone
Like a splinter of daylight, downward thrown,
And the moon went under a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
That the barn fowl woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood
That a man lay dead in the road.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Theology.

If sheep and swine, and lions strong, and all the bovine crew,
Could paint with cunning hands, and do what clever mortals do,

Depend upon it, every pig, with snout so broad and blunt,
Would make a jove that, like himself, would thunder with a grunt;
And every lion's god would roar, and every bull's would bel-
low.

And every sheep's would baa, and every beast his worshiped
fellow
Would find in some immortal form, and naught exist divine
But had the gait of lion, sheep, or ox, or grunting swine.

ZENOPHANES.

Three Kisses.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know,
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweets,
And lavished our kisses as summer
Lavishes heat;
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent,
And nothing is left to give, except—
A sacrament!

SAXE HOLME.

The Troll of the Deacon.

Die I must, but let me die drinking in an inn.
Hold the beer-can to my lips, frothing to the brim!
So when the angels flutter down to take me from my sin,
"Ah, God, have mercy on the sot," the cherubs will begin.

WALTER DE MAR.

Arte O'Neal.

Sweet Arte O'Neal, with your heart of steel,
Ye're driving me mad with your cruel eyes.
There never was yet such a rare coquette,
Ye pout at my smiles and laugh at my sighs.

Ye swear that ye love by the One above,
Yet never a kiss will ye let me take;
But ye dress so neat and ye look so sweet,
Oh, Arte O'Neal, it's my heart ye'll break.

Faith, have ye forgot that horrible spot
Where I pulled ye in from the river's brink?
'Twas an awful sight, with your face so white—
Ye'll remember the time if ye only think.

Oh, they thought ye dead, for your hands, like lead,
Fell down on the grass by your breathless form;
But ye sipped poteen from my old canteen,
And I held your hands till your blood grew warm;

And the roses came like a holy flame,
And frightened the chill from your cheek so pale;
And ye swore to me, on your bended knee,
Ye would love me till your life should fail.

But ye pout and fret in a foolish pet,
Ye think me coarse with my awkward ways,
And ye'd rather wed to a man well read,
Instead of a lad whom none can praise.

Good-bye! I will go. Nobody shall know
The maddening, maddening grief I feel.
In the course of years—what! Arte in tears!
Now come to my bosom, sweet Arte O'Neal.

EDWARD FRANCIS CHASE.

Instruction.

Dear love, thine eyes are like an open book,
With noble poems on its perfect page.
Dear love, when in thy dreaming eyes I look
I methinks I am at last a mighty sage.
So many words have I read therein,
So many secrets learned, that none can know
Save I who love thee. I would fain begin
Anew my lessons, nor from study go
Till stealthy hand of Death shall touch my heart
And still its beating. Why may I not learn,
By gazing in thine eyes, some magic art
To make the flame of love burn
But if I die before thee, thou wilt seal
The book, nor any of its lore reveal.

EDWARD KING.

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ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS,

1879-80.

ALL PERSONS, COMPANIES, AS-

sociations, or firms, in the City and County of San Francisco are requested, either in person or by their proper representatives, to deliver at the Assessor's Office, New City Hall, in said City and County, before the SECOND MONDAY IN APRIL, 1879, a statement under oath of all the property, both Personal and Real, owned or claimed by him or them, or which is in his or their possession, or which is held or controlled by any other person in trust for or for the benefit of him or them. See Political Code, Sections 363—3648.

All persons owning Real Estate that has heretofore been assessed in the wrong name, or misspelled, or otherwise misdescribed in last year's Real Estate Assessment Roll, or who have purchased Real Estate within the last year, are requested to appear personally, or send their Deeds to the Assessor's office, and have the proper changes made for the Real Estate Roll for the fiscal year 1879-80. Immediate attention is necessary, as work on the Roll will commence in a few days, after which it will be too late for any alterations.

POLL TAX,

TWO DOLLARS, NOW DUE AT THIS OFFICE, or to a Deputy. Will be THREE DOLLARS when delinquent, and constitute a lien upon other property.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,
City and County Assessor.

March 1, 1879.

NOTICE.

The public are hereby notified that the Field Deputies of this office will commence assessing property MONDAY, March 3, 1879.

The duties assigned to those Deputies are too well known to the community to require explanation, and while I have been careful in making my selections to fill the positions by men favorably known in the community for their competency and integrity, and am confident that the duties will be discharged by them to the satisfaction of all concerned, I urgently request Taxpayers to report to this office any dereliction of duty by any of my Deputies, and assure them that any complaints will receive immediate attention.

ALEXANDER BADLAM,
City and County Assessor.

March 1, 1879.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,

removed to 200 STOCKTON ST., COR. GEARY, S. F.

RARE ENGRAVINGS,

MODERN ETCHINGS.

VISITORS WILL BE ALWAYS
welcome to inspect collection.

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NOOK FARM.

THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY

HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.
For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court, adjudging that certain debt, executed by defendant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1878, be reformed and amended in the description of certain real property particularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded. (Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.)

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

(Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.)

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the seventh day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUKEROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twelfth (12th) day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 61) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eighth (8th) day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 27, San Francisco, March 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 41) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, March 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., March 7, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 1, of fifty cents (\$0.50) per share, was declared, payable on Wednesday, March 13th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York. Transfer books closed on Saturday, March 8, 1879, at 12 o'clock.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at 432 Montgomery Street, Room 3, the same being her place for the transaction of business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MAGDALENE

Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May.
Dated at San Francisco, March 1st, 1879.
PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Ad.



INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21, 1879

MY DEAR MADGE:—We had no *Danicheffs* after all. On dit that at the last moment Geo. Clarke refused to place himself in direct contrast with Charles Thorne by accepting the part of "Ossip." In this particular instance he was wise. I am treasonable enough to think that he may frequently be quite as acceptable as that much-lauded New York god in other parts, but it would indeed be a bold experiment to face a strongly pre-judiced public as "Ossip." Suppose if Geo. Clarke should have been seized with a spell of his mannerisms and bounced through the part! Ah, fate is propitious. The happy result of the change of bill was to bring the "Zicka" of the ill-starred *Diplomacy* party out of her retirement, last week, to infuse the Union Square Company with just that fire and *verve* which they lacked, for, truth to tell, interesting as Miss Rose Osborne is, and pretty and well dressed as Miss Clarke may be, they are both a trifle lackadaisical. They may do the pearly grays and soft tones, but for a genuine dash of strong color give me Jeffreys-Lewis. As "Mlle. Clothilde de Roreraire" in *Fernande* she is the counterpart in amiability, sweetness, softness, etc., of fiery "Zicka," and as the attending situations are not entirely unlike, I could really have almost fancied myself set back again to that fateful time when *Diplomacy* became memorable.

Do you remember *Fernande*? I suppose not, for it is so long since it was played here that it has had time to be forgotten, and yet it is odd that it is such a comparative stranger to the boards, for it has some charming parts. It contains no less than two jealous women, and actresses love to play jealousy as children love to play lady. The jealousy in *Fernande* is of two vastly different qualities, and the quality of jealousy, as we know, dear Madge, is not strained, neither does it drop like the gentle dew from heaven, but bubbles up like a big geyser from the other place, and what under heaven the horrible thing is good for excepting as dramatic material I know not. Miss Lilian Cleaves Clarke—what a choking, spluttering sort of a name that is!—played the jealous young wife, whose husband being a lawyer naturally has many queer papers about the place. I have a suspicion that the young lady has eyes on *Madge* when her histrionic future shall have unrolled itself. At all events, she has such an iron-bound, copper-bottomed, triple-plated sort of style and dignity that I was quite amazed when she positively relaxed into humor and made us laugh as merrily as might be. Perhaps undeveloped tragedy is the crudest of all crudeness on the stage, but she has an innate strength which reveals itself even in trivial comedy. She has an exquisite taste in toilets, Madge, not as a dressmaker's advertiser, but that greater refinement of dressing in which the taste and design of the wearer is displayed. I especially admired a white valenciennes over a pink slip, which looked better than it reads, and a curiously contorted leghorn hat.

Jeffreys-Lewis flashed upon us in vivid yellow, set off here and there with a blood-red rose. How is that for a contrast? She had on her most tigerish mood as well, and her stage stride was at its longest. I feared at one critical moment, when she got under full headway, that she would not stop short of San Bruno, but she veered as sharply as a weathercock, and was safely at the right centre, in a telling attitude, by the time I got my breath. You know, Jeffreys-Lewis always does over-play just a little; but then she always gets such a volcanic part that it is perhaps impossible to resist the temptation. One thing is certain, she always gets the sympathy, however naughty a girl she may have been. You must know, Madge, that however French the argument, you must never use a worse word than naughty in the American adaptation. It is not a Cazauresque word, but it conveys the idea so far as they will permit us to get it. Now "Fernande" herself is presented to us almost as a living child of light, and we are only left to guess darkly at the cause of all her abject humiliation and shame.

Miss Rose Osborne is a charming "Fernande" through three acts. In the last, to put the case in Jack's lingo, "she falls down." I can not understand her complete lack of force in the scene of her confession to "André," her husband. She is so thoroughly satisfactory at first, and does not seem to be consuming her entire strength either, that when it fails her at this trying time, and she is simply a weeping baby, it is a disappointment; and one does so resent a disappointment on the stage.

I think I preferred Geo. Clarke's Marquis in *Fernande* to his Baron in *Mother and Son*, because he is more essentially a comedian than a melodramatist; but even in *Fernande* he was a trifle too *insouciant* in his understanding with "Clothilde." I should not think that even in France a man should be absent-minded while breaking off a connection of years' standing. However, men are queer everywhere, and perhaps this is a bit of nature. But it is just this lack of interest which makes this actor's acting so palpable.

Poor Mrs. Wilkins! She was not allowed one line of comedy. Of course one involuntarily feels duty bound to laugh when she is on, and the effect of this admirable comedienne in a lachrymal monologue was very odd. In fact, as "Mrs. Gibber," would say, we were quite *bouleversee*. Mr. Bradshaw, the other Union Squarer (they do say he was never on the boards of the Union Square in his life), made up admir-

ably as "Commander Jarbi," the South American, who, so far as I can see, is only introduced for sake of this make-up, and as a matter of detail in the gambling-room. It is a very light comedy part, but it sat heavily on Mr. Bradshaw. We quite missed Fanny Morant, but there was no place for her any more than there was for Mrs. Wilkins, for Mrs. Wilkins, as "Madame Senechal," impressed the fact that she was married at sixteen and had a daughter of twenty. Of course any such statement brings about a little mental arithmetic, and there she sat with her hair as white as winter snows and sixty-five if a day. However, such little things are easily overlooked, and it is a long, long time since we have had anything at the California so enjoyable as *Fernande*.

And now, Madge, think, oh, think! of dropping from an alleged Union Square Company, from Jeffreys-Lewis, from Sardou, to "Buffalo Bill" and *May Cody*! Two weeks of the "Histrionic Government Scout and Military Guide." Ach! Claptrapery!

Yet there are those who will enjoy it, and they do say that for their benefit Voegtlin has wrought marvels of woodland beauty and prairie space on canvas; while the realistic effects are to include such small affairs as live horses and mules and yokes of oxen. And then, again, "how sweet are the uses of adversity," those of the company who are unfitted for Sardou will find their true sphere in supporting "Buffalo Bill." Good luck to the season, at all events, for we shall better appreciate what comes after.

At the Baldwin they have been giving the time-worn, beautiful *Hunchback*; but it is not a drawing play, excepting for a benefit, although with the two Roses it should be attractive.

At the Bush Street Theatre the Hyer Sisters—two young colored girls—are giving a musical entertainment called *Out of Bondage*. Plot there is none, dialogue there is none. It introduces a family of negroes in the days "befo' de war." They are in the old cabin home, and they sing their sweet, rude, characteristic music in their own peculiar way. How kindred must all primitive music be. We laugh at the queerly interpolated a's in negro music, as in "Rock-a my soul," or "No man can-a hinder me." Yet in our own England did not the balladist write:

"Although I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear-a;
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparel wear-a.
My coat is made of comely gray,
Yet is my skin as soft-a
As those that with the choicest wines
Do bathe their bodies oft-a."

And a hundred more of the same sort. Sambo sings, "Didn't my Lord Diver Daniel?" while the basso growls, "Yes, He did; indeed, He did," and so on. Can not you imagine some of our sweet-voiced ancestors "bearing the burden," as they called what the country singing master calls "taking the air." And as the sweet-voiced ancestor sung, some burly, bluff, red-faced, deep-voiced fellow roared the "Hey no nonny," the "Hey down derry," or the "Tol de rol de riddle tol de rol de ri do," which, in the days of ancient music, was the accompaniment to the melody, and not, as now, the chorus.

The Hyer Sisters' entertainment is, as I take it, simply to show the advance of the negro in the science of music. For, at the second stage, they abandon the music of their people and take up the songs of the Christy Minstrels—an artificial growth, sweet in themselves, but spurious melody. Lastly, as a matter of course, they take to drawing-room ballads, to ambitious quartets, to opera, and in opera, of course, to nothing less exacting than the *Miserere*.

"Of all the operas that Verdi wrote
The best to my taste is *Il Trovatore*.
And Mario could soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory."

It would be rather extreme to say that of Wallace King, the tenor of the Hyer troupe; but he really has a pure tenor voice, of which he has no command, for, while some of his notes are of inexpressible sweetness, others rasp like a sile. However, it sounds well in the choruses. Of the Hyer sisters themselves, one has a very sweet and not badly-trained soprano voice, together with the most amusingly affected manner and speech that ever you saw or heard. The girl has evidently taken some stage model, and the result is funny. The other Hyer is tall and good looking—in fact, they are both very pretty—and at first seemed to be rather a clever comedienne, but she lost her sparkle when she put on fine clothes and tried the fine lady, too. She has a nice contralto voice, but they were all, unfortunately, as hoarse as crows.

The feature of the company is Billy Kersands, a natural comic actor. He is of the purest negro type, though not very black, and, strange to say, has a wealth of facial expression. He is simply, naturally, and exuberantly funny. He is a graceful tambourine player, an excellent dancer, and has a perfectly bewildering number of steps. Poor fellow, the moment he got "out of bondage" he got out of business. He was lost in a drawing-room and a dress coat. There was nothing for him to do but sit around and be miserable. In point of fact, he was a "lost Pleiad," and the circumstance would almost seem to point a moral to the race. You see, dear Madge, I end my story according to the obsolete rule of composition with a moral, and as far-fetched a one, I painfully acknowledge, as I ever saw in an old-time story-book. Adieu, dear girl, and think of

Yours ever,

BETSY B.

Next Sunday evening, Julius Kahn, a pupil of Annette Ince, makes his *début* as "Shylock" in the *Merchant of Venice*, with Baldwin's Company in the cast. Superior dramatic talent is claimed for Mr. Kahn by his friends, and the general public are invited to a judgment.

There is a pocket telephone stretched across from the house of a young man in Oakland to the window of his sweetheart just opposite. They are to be married soon, and it is a touching sight to watch the little sparrows perch on the string and peck at the taffy as it slides along between their toes.

A recent issue of the *Quitman* (Ga.) *Free Press* contains this remarkable obituary: "Died in Quitman, on the 22d inst., a colored man, name unknown. His death was caused by eating poisoned cabbages taken from the garden of the editor of this paper. *Requiescat in pace*."

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Jenkins is very hard to suit in the matter of restaurants. The other day, after he had finished his dinner at one he had never been in before, he sent for the proprietor.

"Ah, sir! will you permit me to embrace you, and take a heartfelt farewell?"

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why so? you miserable old hash-chopper; do you dare ask me why? Because you will never see me again, that's why."

And so saying, he embraced the restaurant man, and walked away with great dignity.

A widow refuses a foppish bore; she is not ready to be married yet, she says.

"Madame, I am your servant. I can wait."

"Oh, well; you look as though you did. At what restaurant, pray?"

There is a good deal of talk about the floods now. The Mayor of one of the districts was asked by a sub-prefect if he had taken all necessary precautions against the rising water in his district.

"Yes," said the Mayor, with a conscientious air of having done his whole duty, showing the other official a row of little tin boxes, all new.

"And what are those for?"

"Oh, those are for collecting the relief for the drowned-out folks."

Here is a profession not included in the industrial statistics. I met Johnson, a very intelligent young fellow, but who hasn't succeeded in making his fortune exactly.

"Where are you going?" said I. "You act as if you were very busy."

"Oh, I'm going to a general meeting of stockholders."

"How is that? You got to be a capitalist?"

"O, not quite that. I've got a first-rate situation. I'm hired to go around and make sham attacks on the directors of different companies, and then they come out with flying colors by answering me so easily."

Scene: A compartment on a railroad train. On one side, M. Grévy, President of the French Republic, is seated in a chair all by himself, a cigar in his hand and his hat on his knee.

Opposite him, on a bench, is M. Gambetta, a traveling robe on his knees, his traveling bag by his side. The scene is entitled "On the express train," and the following dialogue ensues:

Gambetta—"Are you comfortably fixed, my dear Grévy?"

Grévy—"Oh, very comfortably, thank you."

Gambetta—"Nobody crowding you?"

Grévy—"Not the least in the world."

Gambetta—"Then it's a very good place?"

Grévy—"Excellent."

Gambetta—"All right. We'll change places at the next station."

At the lottery. Agent to a woman who persists:

"But, madam, I tell you that you have won nothing."

"Has there not been a change of government? With that we should all have new numbers. Everything ought to commence over again."

"I can understand very well," said Barrien to Marger, "why you do not work after breakfast. You want to digest your food; but why do you not work when you get up?"

"I want to digest my sleep."

We commend to amateur actors, troubled with bad memories, the happy idea of our friend C. Though still a young man, he was to play the father, and the daughter chanced to be a very handsome woman. So when he forgot his part, he could think of nothing better than while holding his "child" to say:

"Kiss your father."

And each time when he felt that his memory was about to fail, he would save himself by crying out:

"Come to my arms, my child."

The husband of the daughter was heard to say that he thought "the author repeated himself very often."

A great French landowner gave an entertainment to his tenantry. The purveying was intrusted to the principal confectioner of the neighboring city. At the conclusion, Mr. X. expressed a hope that everything had been arranged to his lordship's satisfaction.

"Well, Mr. X., it seemed to me that there was a deficiency in the way of sweets—hardly enough tarts and cheese-cakes."

"You know, my lord, all the light things were put on the tables, and I could not foresee that the farmers would eat them with their salmon," replied the confectioner.

A woman cured her husband of staying out late at night by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the keyhole, "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.

Extraordinary, bearing in mind the general depression of business and tendency to economy, has been the sale in England of Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*, issued at the price of two guineas—ten dollars. The book, it is true, is still in its first edition, but this consisted of six thousand copies. The whole of the six thousand copies have been sold by the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and a second edition of one thousand is now being "subscribed"—that is, sent round among the booksellers, each of whom puts down against his name the number of copies he will take. All such copies are taken "firm," to use a financial word. The booksellers in England, whatever they may be elsewhere, are not agents of the publishers, but do business at their own risk. If they can dispose of their purchases to the public, well and good. If not, they must bear the loss.

THRENODY.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
And he's just as mad as fire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
And he says if I come higher,
That he'll raise me ten times higher
Than the German Methodist spire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
If to win thee I aspire,
Mary Ann!

Oh, I dread to see his fa-hace,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
For I know he'll give me cha-hase,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
He will waltz me round the room,
He will fan me with the broom,
Yes, I safely may assume,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
That he'll fire me out the roo-hoom,
Mary Ann

I'm so scared I can not sleep,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
For I'm struck all of a hee-heap,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
He is coming after me!
Blood in both his eyes I see,
Oh, wherever shall I flee-hee?
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
He will make hot for me-he,
Mary Ann!

—Burlington Hawkeye.

The strange happenings of this eventful week have been numerous. Detroit has had a variation of the common foreign count matrimonial episode—the husband running away with the bride's money and jewelry, but proving, after all, to be a real count. A young woman engaged a section in a sleeping-car at Pittsburg, blithely explaining that she would be joined by a husband at Harrisburg. When the train arrived at Harrisburg a young man got aboard with a clergyman, who married him to the purchaser of the section, and the honeymoon tour was at once commenced. A rustic couple dashed into a Washington oyster saloon, and implored the proprietor to get them married as soon as possible. They had eloped, and parents were on their track. The oyster-man not only summoned a Justice to tie the knot, but provided stew for the party after the ceremony. Miss Locke married Mr. Aiken in Denver, Col., upon the assurance that he was, as she phrases it, "a wealthy Christian gentleman;" but within four days she learned that he was a professional horse-thief, and parted from him. Miss Ruggan's wedding day was appointed in Clerburne, Texas, and she made herself ready; but in the morning she received a note from her faithless lover, inviting her to come and see his marriage to another girl. She committed suicide.

Nearly sixty years since, Delabarre, the noted French dentist and writer on dental topics, believed it possible to extract an unhealthy tooth, remove the unsound part, and put it back in the socket, and that it would grow into its place. Experiment after experiment proved him to be right. Since then the matter has received very little attention, and, in truth, seemed forgotten, despite its importance, until Magitot, another Paris physician, has lately taken it up. He has made a long and serious study of it, and divides the grafting of the dental organs into extracting teeth and putting them back after a certain time, and drawing teeth from one person and placing them in the mouth of another. Toothache arises from abscess at the root, decay of the bone, inflammation of the surrounding membrane, disease of the gums, or other causes. Magitot has repeatedly done what Delabarre had done before. Out of sixty-two operations, he has succeeded completely in fifty-seven—a proportion of about ninety-two per cent. While reintegration is going on some local reaction is caused, but not enough to affect to any degree the general system. Small boils or abscesses form on the gums, and when they have run their course leave the healing and restoring process complete within a week or a fortnight. If the attempt fail, inflammation ejects the tooth in a day or two. The age of the patient is said to have no effect on the result, and teeth of every kind may be drawn and replaced.

The firm of Carter & Cavin, sugar refiners in Osceola, Kentucky, was dissolved by mutual consent. The partner's had disagreed in consequence of Carter's wife quitting him and marrying Cavin, and the work of settling up their accounts was accomplished with difficulty. "Is everything satisfactory?" Cavin asked, when the books had been closed. "Yes, all that relates to the business," Carter answered; "but there is an account still to be balanced. You've got my wife, and I'll take your life in payment," and he shot Carter dead.

An old man in far off Montana,
Who tried to gulp down a banana;
But it stuck in his throat,
And he straightway did float
To the land where they holler Hosanna!

A Vermont woman sold her two-year old daughter for \$25. A high price, considering that daughters of eighteen years and upward are given away. And a bachelor, who lately died in Manchester, England, left his property to the thirty women who had refused his matrimonial offers. He said in his will that to their refusals he owed the peace he had enjoyed during life, and that he felt himself their debtor. And the old duffer was right.

When George Washington was six years old, his father made him a present of a little hatchet, et cetera. "George," said his father, "who has destroyed this cherry tree?" "Father," said the noble lad, "I can not tell a lie; the hired man saw me do it." "Come—" etc.

A kind word is asked for the Lancaster (Penn.) *Weekly Bean*, a little paper established for the benefit of the soup-house in that city, and that, in its thirteen weeks of existence, has netted a considerable sum to the fund. It already has a large number of brown-bread subscribers.

A Nevada girl wrote to her lover: "Dear Jimmy: Its all up. We ain't going to get married. Ma says you're too rough, and I guess she's right. I'm so sorry. But can't you go to Europe and get filed down?" Jimmy filed down and out.

The owner of a Chicago peanut stand has formally gone into bankruptcy.

A row recently occurred in an Episcopal theological seminary in which young men are trained for the ministry, near Poughkeepsie, New York. Some of them went on a sleighing party and afterward had a supper, at which several got drunk. Subsequently, another student, through whom the affair reached the knowledge of the Faculty, was put under a pump. Then there was a "free fight," in which chairs were used; then there was a secession of a large number because others were not expelled, in spite of the advice of the Faculty to forget the past and apply themselves to their studies with renewed vigor. When one considers that these gentlemen are actually preparing to be teachers of religion, and are presumably of tolerably mature age, the willingness of the Faculty to do another day's work on them strikes one as rather odd. It is difficult to believe that any body of professors, however able, could truly prepare them for orders within any reasonable period.

An obliging spirit prompted the Jersey farmer who put a two-pound whetstone in every turkey he sent to the New York market. He knew the buyers would find the stones indispensable when it came to carving the fowls.

Mary Clemmer says that in a certain circle of Washington society the cry is, "The White House is too stupid for me. Wait till the Grante come back. Then we shall see elegance."

A woman in New York says that when her husband is a little drunk he kicks her, and that when he is very drunk she kicks him; and she adds that she does most of the kicking.

The *Detroit Free Press* is of the opinion that a life of Beecher, written by himself, would be a "naughty biography."

O God, show compassion on the wicked. The virtuous have already been blessed by Thee in being virtuous.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Wanted, a copy of the ARGONAUT of November 3, 1877 (Vol. I, No. 33).

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The eloquent Honorable Tom Fitch will answer Bob Ingersoll, in the Metropolitan Temple, next Tuesday evening, March 25th. This is a lawyer's and worldling's answer to the talented and audacious skeptic, and is most magnificently done. It is Greek meeting Greek. It is Ingersoll, as it were, "hoist by his own petard." It will be the greatest treat of the kind ever enjoyed in this city. Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents extra. For sale at the Temple and Kohler & Chase's music store, 137 Post Street.

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This (Saturday) evening, March 22d, and every evening until further notice, the

GENUINE PARISIAN CAN-CAN,
A truthful representation of the Jardin Mabille, superior to anything of the kind ever seen in this city.

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In their novel Musical Drama, entitled

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Or FROM THE COTTON FIELD TO THE OPERA,
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GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET DEPT.,
San Francisco, March 13, 1879.

FOR THE SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION of Tourists and Sportsmen, special arrangements have been made with the C. & O. C. L. Stage Company, whereby we will be able to place on sale during the season, commencing May 1st (near), at our offices in San Francisco and Sacramento, SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS—contract limited to thirty (30) days from day of sale, at the following rates for the round trip:

Miles from Reading.	To Station named and Return.	From S. F.	From Sacramento
22	U. S. Fishery—Allen's.....	\$24.50	\$19.50
44	Slate Creek.....	28.50	23.50
54	Southern's.....	30.80	25.80
64	Lower Soda Springs.....	32.80	27.80
65	Castle Rock.....	33.00	28.00
69	Upper Soda Springs.....	33.80	28.80
77	Strawberry Valley—Sisson's.....	35.40	30.40

NOTES.—The U. S. Fishery is on the Cloud River, at the only point where that stream is touched by the stage road, and is two miles below the hotel at Allen's Station.

Slate Creek, Southern's, Lower Soda Springs, Castle Rock, and Upper Soda Springs are on the Sacramento River.

Strawberry Valley (Sisson's) is at the base of Mt. Shasta. At Sisson's Upper and Lower Soda Springs, guides and horses are provided for Excursions to the summit of Mt. Shasta, and to the Salmon and Trout Fishing Stations and Deer Licks on the headwaters of the Cloud River.

T. H. GOODMAN,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,
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KINDERGARTEN

For children from three to six years of age.
The next term of this well known Institute (established since 1873) will commence on MONDAY, March 24th, 1879. For catalogue and particulars, address
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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Mento Street.

POUR LES DAMES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The women are always divided at this particular season between two rival interests: what to make and how to make it. There is such a delightful variety of new materials, and such a corresponding choice in novel styles this year, that the task is positively bewildering. In heavier fabrics, such as are always possible for wear in this climate, brocaded silks, especially in combination with satin, will be exceedingly popular. Cheviots and mohairs, for more ordinary wear, will be found very useful, as well as capable of charming combinations with lighter and darker shades, and fine pipings of silk and satin. In silks for summer wear expressly, the foulards, in flower sprig designs, promise to become fashionable, more particularly the darker shades, French gray, wood brown, bronze and greens, and navy blues. The Panama tweed is something new. It is a light, loosely woven woolen goods, made in checks of three or four threads each way, and comes in tan, beige, and gray and white. The cheviot striped goods have two shades of the same color, and twilled. Zephyr armures, resembling crape, are also serviceable and pretty. Many of these light woolens are shown in the new shade known as *gendarme* blue, a rather light tone, though, for street use; darker shades always being preferable for this purpose. Among other novelties may be mentioned the Chuddah cloths, in camel's hair, which are so very much sought after in blacks, the Chuddah stripe being the fine, herring-bone line that is seen in so many variety of fabrics this year. Light shades of cashmeres, marked with bands of satin *moiré*, make up beautifully in the long sacques called *matinées*, that are almost entirely superseding the old style morning wrappers. The chintz satteens and foulards, in similar designs, are used for these *matinées* as well, the trimming most used for the cashmeres being plaitings of Boston lace. *A propos* of this favorite garniture, the imitation, in which the darning is done by machinery so perfectly as to make the deception almost impossible of detection, and the similarity in color and irregularity of mesh equally excellent, is being largely introduced. The demand for both real and imitation is so great that the supply is said to be frequently entirely exhausted before a fresh lot can be manufactured. This is the cause of the fluctuation in the price which sometimes perplexes shoppers. Among the new flannel-finished fabrics is one called *beige de sauté*, a sleazy goods in single color, most often the popular tan shade or French gray, sometimes in the invisible check pattern. It will take the place of the buntings worn for the three past seasons, and will be better liked, as it is much less stiff and wiry. The Louisien silks are loosely woven and very soft in texture. The colors are bright, and the designs the rococo patterns of the Pompadour school, stripes of colors on cream, gray, or white grounds, alternate ones being repped and dotted with rosebuds, while the intermediate ones have a satin-like lustre. The Bandana plaids are reproduced in these silks with excellent effect, the plaids being small but very bright, two shades of blue, with olive and old gold, or green, garnet, and white being favorite combinations. Invisible checks, too, are much liked, and will be largely used for street suits this spring. As to the style for making up, the "Tailleur" suit, hardly more than introduced last season, is destined to be very popular; and where this rather severe style is not adopted, the other extreme of increased fullness about the hips and a tendency to the *bouffant* fashion that reigned not long ago, is plainly perceptible. Street skirts are still worn short—very short, indeed; and, while the overskirt has many friends, a more convenient model is the plain skirt trimmed to simulate an overdress. With a polonaise the "bee's wing" drapery is frequently added in the back, or the front and side gores are so plaited as to resemble panniers, which are slightly stiffened by crinoline lining. For the heavier cloths, that are used for early spring suits, it is a pretty style to have the underskirt trimmed with flat plaits—when not made perfectly plain—and the overskirt looped up on the hips with straps drawn through handsome buckles. A basque and vest is the proper waist to go with this jaunty costume. Vests are especially pretty this spring, the newest fancy being to fasten the basque over them just at the waist line by two or three buttons, the upper and lower portion of the latter garment being cut away *en revers*, above and below, to show the vest, which is invariably made to button the whole length. A colored skirt or Balmoral has become almost an indispensable of a lady's toilet, and very pretty ones can be made at a very slight expense by a combination of gray mohair and black velvet ribbon. The trimmings consist of one or two plaited flounces of the material headed by a band of the ribbon. The skirt must be cut very short and narrow.

New bonnets are, in some respects, revivals of old shapes, verifying the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." Grandmamma's poke is the model, and the more dressed one is the bigger and pokier must the bonnet be, the brim not only reaching forward but upward, and having a facing of shirred silk or satin or plaiting of India muslin, all of which must be so laid on as to begin an inch at least from the edge of the brim, which is never wired. Light-colored satins, as cream and tea rose, are much used for these face linings, though to many complexions the darker colors are more becoming, Prince of Wales red, garnet, bottle-green, and *gendarme* blue being special favorites. Bows of large loops are fastened low down at the back of the crown, and from the centre spring two or three long ostrich feathers, that curl up over the side and encircle the front. The close cottage bonnet has the same facings, and full wreaths of flowers are placed around the crown, or the three-cluster feathers, known as the "Prince of Wales," are used, with the addition of loosely knotted loops of satin ribbon. Straw beads, strung in fringes or made into garlands, as well as tinsel garlands, dusted with silver or gold, are among the newest ornaments. White crystal, for light or white bonnets, and jet for black, seem to be the most popular so far of those styles of trimming. The latter are made of the plain Brussels net, laid smoothly over the frame, and the most *distingué* models show jet ornaments, black feathers, and black Breton lace as the sole trimmings. When colors are used, however, they are tea, old gold, or Prince of Wales red. For evenings and receptions, young ladies wear small turbans or toques of fancy color silk, with soft crowns and scarfs twisted round them, usually finishing them with a cluster of ostrich tips or a marabout pompon.

The hideous turban that Madame de Staël made the fashion is increasing in favor as a house cap, silk handkerchiefs or Algerian scarfs making the prettiest. Very good matches for any material and color can now be found in the great variety of these handkerchiefs now in the market. Even very young ladies wear breakfast caps, if only in the form of an Alsatian bow on top of the head. For morning wear are also the Chuddah shawls; the most desirable having gray, red, or cream-colored centres. The colored Chuddahs are always relatively better than the black ones. New Hamburg embroideries show novel designs, among them the Gothic points, that have a vine up each point, which is made to lap over so as to form the top of each plait, and is used for trimming sacques and wrappers. Greek patterns, arabesques, etc., on open squares, are the corresponding novelties in insertions. Breton lace and India muslin form the staple attractions in neck wear. The Louis Quatorze jabots are very dressy, and are made up in Maltese, Valenciennes, and Breton laces. Very handsome Breton scarfs can be made by sewing two pieces of broad lace together on the plain edges. A plaiting of the same finishes the ends. The new linen collars are of the English shape, with turnover collars and long chemisette fronts. The edges are bound with strips of satteen half an inch wide on each side, and the same extends down the front of the chemisette, which is fastened at the throat by a single gold button. The cuffs to match are square cornered. White linen vests are something very fresh and pretty. They are made of fine linen, embroidered and finished with plaited frills of lace. Cuffs come to match, and the whole set is intended to wear with black silk dresses or summer costumes. White waists are made shirred and plaited; in the latter style, a fichu is formed of plaiting and laid from shoulder to waist.

LILIAS DUBOIS.

No man, says the *Westminster Review*, ever earned for himself by means of the pen a more sinister reputation than Niccolò Machiavelli. It requires a good deal of villainy to secure a man an immortality of obloquy, but that Machiavelli achieved. His name has passed into many languages as a term of reproach. It has been said that we ourselves have derived a familiar name for the devil from his Christian name, and an epithet for a false and faithless schemer from his surname. No man ever did so much for the vocabulary of abuse. But all this was done by the little Florentine with the "gentle disposition," by means of his pen. His works have produced profound sensation in high quarters. They have been condemned by a pope, interdicted by a council of the church, and refuted by a king. They have come under the gifted hands of great critics and the foul fingers of the common hangman. Never did a few reams of paper, and a few volumes of lucid prose, make such a stir in the over-righteous world. Never were such heaps of abuse piled upon the memory of a mere writer as those which have monumented the infamy of this useful servant of the republic of Florence, who wrote *The Prince*. * * * We find that Machiavelli, while he was not illustrious among his contemporaries, was yet respected and trusted by them, and that he has only been condemned by posterity, that his cross-grained performances in literature caused no very particular sensation in his own days and in his own country, but that they have been loathed and abhorred by succeeding generations and distant nations. Another thing is certain, and that is, that Machiavelli is not the man to be dismissed from notice with a puff of scorn, as some critics have supposed. He has not been relegated to obscurity by the papal interdict. The refutation which Frederick the Great gave to the world, as antidote to that bane, *The Prince*, when he was about to wield a sceptre instead of a pen, got little credit for its author, and added nothing to the discredit of its subject. Even now Machiavelli attracts the interest and curiosity of many, and well deserves the careful and useful study even of our own days. * * * It was when fortune turned her back upon Machiavelli that he began to write those enduring works, those heinous books, which have been such a puzzle to posterity, and which have earned for Machiavelli two reputations. For he is not only blamed as one of the worst men of a bad time, but is praised as one of the best and ablest which the prolific and redundant age of the Renaissance produced. It was in this time of obscurity that Machiavelli wrote *The Prince*, which is in itself one of the prime curiosities of literature. How Machiavelli, who was a friend of liberty, should write a work with the view of teaching that principalities are to be governed and maintained by mendacity and fraud, that morality is a consideration altogether apart from statecraft, and that the worst rule is justified by the success of its sway and excused by the treachery of the mob, is a question which has been asked ever since criticism came to be more than a pope's bull or the interdict of a council. It is a question which will trouble candid people centuries hence.

DEAR ARGONAUT:—The writer was much impressed with the ARGONAUT of the sentiment contained in Mr. Pickering's editorial which was copied in your paper lately. She has tried to make up a little verse to express the same idea, but is not sure about the feet (don't you call them?), and would you please be so kind, if the lines are not too awfully bad, to print them in your next number? I want my little boy to learn them, but he doesn't read writing yet (he's only four years old, but a very clever child for his age), and your types are so nice and plain, like the print of the family Bible that Willie is so fond of. No doubt there are a great many other mothers that would like to teach it to their children (that is, if you think it will do—I mean the way I have written it). This is the little editorial, and the little verse comes after it:

"WE DO NOT PREJUDGE.—We shall not prejudice the new Constitution in advance. The people must read it carefully, and then they will be able to determine what will be best. This is the policy which the *Call* intends to pursue. That course which the best interests of the people require is what should be done."

Prejudge not, in advance,
The course that should be done;
That which is best (perchance)
To do, that (may be) is the one,

MARY.

John Chinaman's remark to Brother Jonathan at this time is: "Why this coldness on your partee; alle same, me coolie, too."

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Dance of the Dead.

The sexton looked forth, at the mid hour of night,
O'er the tombs where the dead were reclining;
The moon, at its full, gave a great, ghostly light,
And the churchyard as day was shining.
First one, then another—oh, terrible sight!
Each grave opened wide, and, in gowns long and white,
The dead all arose from their sleeping.
Round the tombs grimly dancing and leaping.

In a skeleton ring, then, together they hung,
While they danced as the waves of the ocean—
The poor and the rich, and the old and the young—
But their grave clothes hindered their motion;
And, as here no modesty held its broad sway,
They all shook them off, and around them there lay
Their winding-sheets, here and there scattered,
And they naked—but that little mattered.

In a frenzy of joy then they swung their long shanks,
Their long fingers in unison snapping,
And they clicked and they clacked as they played their wild pranks,
As though timber on timber were clapping.
Then the sexton laughed loudly again and again,
And mischief gave slyly the thought to his brain:
"Now quickly—'tis joking, not thieving—
Steal a winding-sheet! None are perceiving."

It was done; and then swiftly he fled in affright
Behind the great door of the tower,
While the dance still continued, the moonbeams bright
O'er the weird scene still holding their power.
At last it was o'er, and the skeleton crowd,
One after another, each slipped on its shroud;
Then into their cold graves they glided,
And silence once more presided.

But one—'tis the last—trips and stumbles along,
And eager each tombstone it scratches;
But none of its comrades have done it this wrong.
For the scent in the air now it catches.
The church gate it rattled, but backward was pressed;
To the joy of the sexton, the door had been blessed—
With crosses of iron 'twas covered,
And angels' wings over it hovered.

Its shroud it must have, else it rests not again,
For soon its last hour will be chiming!
The columns it grasps the high tow'r to attain,
From summit to summit still climbing,
Oh, sad for the sexton, for swifter it glides,
And onward it rushes in wonderful strides!
O mischief! 'tis thou hast undone him;
Heaven help him! 'tis almost upon him.

The sexton grew pale, in his horror he shook,
And the shroud would have yielded with gladness;
Near, nearer it came, then its last leap it took
In a frenzy of rage and of madness.
For an instant the moon no longer shone;
"One!" thundered the clock in a terrible tone;
Its limbs through the air wildly dashing,
Down—down—fell the skeleton, crashing!

—From the German of Goethe.

The Poet-Laureate.

It is not a hundred years (says a writer in *Truth*) since a well-dressed gentleman rode up to the gate of a pleasant-looking residence in the Isle of Wight. "Is Mr. Tennyson at home?" he demanded of the Buttons who answered the bell. "I'll see, sir, if you'll give me your card," replied the boy. "Never mind my card," replied the gentleman; "I am the Prince of Wales." "Oh, I dare say!" was the youth's irreverent rejoinder. But it proved to be the Heir-Apparent, and no doubt Buttons spent a bad quarter of an hour that day. The poor boy, however, was not so much to blame, for a smart Yankee reporter would scarcely have hesitated to assume the most august of pseudonyms in order to interview the greatest of English poets, and Mr. Tennyson's orders in reference to the admission of visitors are of the strictest kind. He has more than Wordsworth's horror of tourists, and is equally inaccessible to neighbors. The fact is, like other mortal men, he prefers to choose his own company, though a letter of introduction will always insure the most courteous of receptions. But Mr. Tennyson can be much more than courteous with a sympathetic person; he can be the most charming of companions. Lounging in a comfortable arm-chair and smoking his pipe—he is a great smoker—the Laureate will talk on any and every subject, and equally well on all. Though perfectly unaffected, he can not help revealing the poet every now and then by some remark which is of almost puzzling originality, and—must one add?—impracticability.

In politics Mr. Tennyson is a Liberal; in religion he may be described as a Broad Churchman—very broad—but with the keenest sense of the beauty of what our German cousins would call the Christian Mythos. In literature his tastes are far more correct than those of many famous poets. He sincerely loves the great masters, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott. Among Greek poets, one gathers that Homer is his favorite; among Roman, Lucretius. For his poem on the latter in *Macmillan* he received a guinea a line, or some three hundred in all—not a bit too much. Albeit, Dryden was paid but £250 for 10,000 lines.

Genus irritabile vatum. The Laureate's irritability, however, is generally of the right kind—a noble rage, because the right thing is not being done or said. He is no respecter of persons. A lady of very high rank indeed (almost the highest) was once reading "Locksley Hall" aloud in the presence of the author, who suddenly jumped up impatiently and snatched the book out of her hand, saying: "That's not the way to read it." He then declaimed the verses himself. "I call that shouting it," was the lady's comment.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, March 23, 1879.

Potato Soup.
Boiled Salmon, Sauce Poquette (see Vol. III, No. 9).
Breaded Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.
Green Peas. Sweet Potatoes.
Roast Veal, with new Potatoes baked in gravy.
Cress Salad.
Omelette with Preserves.
Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Bananas, Nuts, and Raisins.

TO MAKE OMELETTE WITH PRESERVES.—Beat into a basin eight eggs, with three desertsful of powdered sugar. Beat well. Melt three ounces of butter in a frying-pan; add the eggs and cook as you would an ordinary omelette. When it is set, fill the inside with four spoonfuls of currant jelly, fold in, turn into a dish, shaping nicely. Sprinkle with sugar, glaze with a hot iron, and serve quickly.

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sion, twenty-seven miles from San Francisco, on the San
Jose Railroad, is offered for rent or sale at reasonable terms.
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view of the Bay; contains thirty acres of land, highly im-
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new, spacious, and elegant, with all modern improvements.
It has a detached cottage for servants, with laundry room
and offices; a stable with six stalls, carriage house, cow
houses for thoroughbred stock, chicken house, grounds un-
derlaid with water-pipe; outhouses provided with gas; gas
and water furnished from the works of larger Belmont;
water free. The residence and cottage are furnished with all
fixed articles, such as book cases, armchairs, billiard table,
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rooms filled with attractive engravings, all of which will be
disposed of with the property and at a low price. A bargain
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Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco
(P. O. Box 770)



COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.
Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger
Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as
follows:
8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister,
Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way
Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects
with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the
M. & S. V. R. connects with this train for Monterey.
STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.
3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and
Way Stations.
4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.
6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Sta-
tions.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Sta-
tions is discontinued for the Winter season.
EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate
points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings.
Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.
Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of
the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad
via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry
Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Ex-
press Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for
Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Ana-
heim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, and Stanwi- (85
miles east from Yuma).

**SAN FRANCISCO AND
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.**
Commencing Monday, November 11, 1878, and until further
notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco:
(Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)
3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays included,
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington
Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at
Donahue for Delahue, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Clover-
dale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lake-
ville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at
Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the
GEYSERS.
Connections made at Fulton on the following morning
for Korb's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays
excepted).
(Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)
Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except
Sunday).
TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.
ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.
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March.....22 April.....16
May.....16 June.....17 July.....15
August.....13 September.....16 October.....15
November.....13 December.....16
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California Street.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1,
September 29, October 27, Novem-
ber 24, December 22, and
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thereafter.

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ICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN
PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST IN-
DIA PORTS, on the 5th and
20th of each month.
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ment in the San Francisco daily papers.
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C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.
COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH
3d, 1879, and until further notice.
TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:
7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), con-
necting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calis-
taga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis
(Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing,
and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Liv-
ermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting
with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving
at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy
arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville,
Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Pala-
side (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with
train arriving at 4.40 P. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MAR-
TINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-
land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Hay-
wards and Niles.
(Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at
5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry)
to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
(Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton),
Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall
(San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles,
Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Col-
ton, and Yuma. (Stages for Prescott and Colorado River
Steamers). Connecting direct with daily trains of the South-
ern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Stanwix (85 miles east
from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa,
Phoenix, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between
Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
(Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing),
connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Wood-
land, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramen-
to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee,
Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Valle-
jo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street
Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
(Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via
Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. and T. R. R.,
connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on
second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,
Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all
trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.
FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To Alameda.	To Fremont.	To East.	To Niles.	To Berkeley.	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fremont.	East.	Niles.	Berkeley.	Daly City.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
8.10	12.30	7.00	8.10	8.10	7.00	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	9.10	7.30	10.00	8.30
7.30	1.30	9.00	10.00	8.30	11.30	9.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	11.00	9.30	12.00	10.00
8.30	3.00	11.00	12.00	10.30	1.00	11.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	1.00	11.30	1.30	12.00
9.30	4.00	P. M.	1.30	To San Jose.	1.00	3.30
10.00	4.30	1.30	2.00	12.30	4.00	4.30
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.30	1.00	4.30	5.00
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	1.30	5.00	5.30
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	2.00	5.30	6.00
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	3.00	6.00	6.30
.....	7.00	6.00	6.00	4.00	6.30
.....	8.10	7.00	7.00	5.00
.....	9.20	8.10	8.10	6.00
.....	10.30	9.20	9.20	7.00
.....	11.45	10.30	10.30	8.00
.....	11.45	11.45	9.00

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Daly City.	Berkeley.	Niles.	East.	Fremont.	Alameda.	Oakland.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
8.10	8.10	7.00	8.10	8.10	8.10	12.20
8.30	8.30	8.00	9.10	9.10	9.10	12.50
9.00	9.00	9.00	10.00	10.00	10.00	1.20
10.00	9.30	2.20	7.40	P. M.	7.00	7.20
12.00	8.30	4.30	8.40	8.00	8.03	7.50
P. M.	10.30	9.40	9.00	8.25	3.20
1.30	11.30	10.40	10.30	9.30	3.50
3.30	P. M.	11.40	11.03	9.20	4.20
4.30	1.00	P. M.	12.00	9.50	4.50
5.30	3.00	12.40	1.00	10.20	5.20
6.30	4.00	1.25	1.00	10.50	5.50
.....	5.00	2.40	3.00	11.20	6.25
.....	6.00	4.40	3.20	11.50	6.50
.....	5.40	4.00	7.00
.....	6.40	5.00	8.00
Change cars	A. M.	7.50	6.05	10.20
at West	7.10	9.00	7.20
Oakland.	P. M.	10.10	8.30
.....	1.20	10.00

* Sundays excepted.

NO TEAM THOROUGHFARE.
The Long (Oakland) Wharf from and after Dec. 2, 1878,
will be closed to Teams, Stage, & CREEK ROUTE.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—8.00—9.20—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—
6.15 P. M.
FROM OAKLAND—Daily—8.45—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—
11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05
P. M. * Sundays excepted.
"Official Schedule Time" furnished by Anderson & Ran-
dolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.
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Reserve (U. S. Bonds).....3,500,000 "
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Agent at Virginia, Nev.....GEO. A. KING
Agents at New York.....C. T. CHRISTENSEN
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Amer. Exchange Nat. Bank.
LONDON BANKERS.....Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smiths
The Union Bank of London.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO

Capital.....\$5,000,000
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WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

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nia; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union
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Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiana, Locarno,
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New York Agents.....J. & W. Seligman & Co

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Surplus Earnings.....150,000

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Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED'K F. LOW, } Managers.
IGN. STEINHART, }
P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

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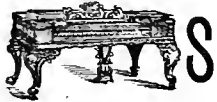
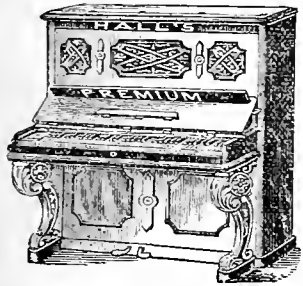
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STORES, ETC., ETC.THE LARGEST STOCK AND
the greatest variety on the Pacific Coast.

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Battery Street to

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SEWING MACHINE STANDS PRE-EMINENT.

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C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

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FURNITURE

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BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

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Pants in Six Hours. Snits to order in One Day, if required.

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Overcoats, -	15
Dress Coats, -	20

Genuine 6 X



TO ORDER

Black Doeskin	
Pants, - - -	\$7
White Vests, fm	3
Fancy Vests, - -	6
Beaver Suits, \$55.	

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Suits, from	20
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Dress Coats, from	20
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On SATURDAY, March 29, at 10 A. M.

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P. B. CORNWALL.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 29, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

SHALL WE ADOPT THE NEW CONSTITUTION?

As a citizen of the State of California, I protest against the adoption of the proposed new Constitution for the following reasons:

I.—IT IS A DANGEROUS TIME TO CHANGE THE FUNDAMENTAL LAW.

The whole civilized world is groaning under the burden of a business depression. The sad cry of "hard times" is heard not alone in California, but is echoed from ocean to ocean, from continent to continent, and from mountain to valley, river, and sea throughout every habitable country of the globe. The rich are troubled and the poor are turbulent. Society is feverish and unsettled. The luckless toilers of this State who have for the first time keenly felt the pressure of poverty blindly attribute it to some imperfection in our system of local laws, instead of tracing it to the wide sympathy which modern commerce has created between all the civilized nations of the earth. The oft-repeated saying of Edmund Burke, that "people never give up their liberties but under some delusion," applies with peculiar force to the poor people of this State, who vainly hope to cure the ills of poverty by adopting the new Constitution. It is for just such feverish, turbulent times as these that fundamental laws are adopted. Let us, therefore, beware how we depart from the ancient landmarks until society has returned to its normal condition, and deliberation shall at least moderate our counsels.

II.—IT IS THE WORK OF AN ILL-CHOSEN BODY.

The sudden and unexpected organization into a political party of the restless, unemployed "workingmen" of this State resulted in sending to the Convention a controlling majority of delegates in no sense fitted by education, interest, or residence, to draft an acceptable, well considered organic law. Indeed, the very existence of such a party assuming to call itself a "laboring-men's party," in a community where there is no distinctive class of "gentlemen," is a fact so exceptional and so revolutionary even as to excite deep feeling and alarm. Whether it is the angry uprising of the poor who have been wronged by the exactions of the rich, or whether it is the natural expression of discontent existing on account of the general depression, it is equally unsafe as a deliberative body intrusted with the power to dictate an organic law. Any instrument drafted by such a body of men, and under such circumstances, ought to receive the most suspicious and critical examination, if for no other reason than that it was not framed by those who would ordinarily have been chosen to perform so delicate and difficult a task. I protest against any man assuming to make laws for me because he belongs to a so-called "gentleman's party," or a so-called "rich man's party," or a so-called "workingman's party."

III.—A CONSTITUTION SHOULD BE FAULTLESS.

It is the province of a Constitution to adhere closely to the great fundamental principles of right about which none of us differ; leaving all details to be regulated by legislation, by custom, and by the decision of the courts. It is fatal to a Constitution if there are errors in it. It should be absolutely faultless. It is not enough that some of its provisions are good. *None of them should be bad.* Citizens of California: Have you ever thought of what is involved in the adoption of a fundamental error? It means that your Legislature shall pass laws inherently unjust in order to conform to it, and that your courts shall construe laws against equity and right in order to enforce it. Can we build a just system of laws upon the basis of an unjust Constitution? Can we expect an honest judiciary to uphold and defend a bad system of laws? Can our courts enforce the rules of right in construing laws based upon fundamental wrongs? Let us remember that this is no mere legislative enactment, that may be repealed at our pleasure. It is the solemn organic law of this land. What must be the disgrace to us as a State if we incorporate into this fundamental law provisions which are inherently wrong? If we must have errors let them be errors of omission, as in our present Constitution, and not errors of commission, as in the proposed new. Errors of omission may be supplied by appropriate legislation, or by sound judicial construction, but errors of commission can not be cured.

IV.—IT PROPOSES AN UNEQUAL, UNJUST, AND INEQUITOUS SYSTEM OF TAXATION.

It was among the fundamental principles of our Government that taxation, to be just, should be equal. The new Constitution, almost avowedly, makes it unequal. We are, therefore, to have a system of taxation confessedly unjust, because admittedly unequal. This is not mere assertion. The new Constitution conspicuously, and of course purposely, omits that provision of our present Constitution which guarantees that taxation shall be "equal and uniform," thus leaving us to infer that equality and uniformity are not to be elements in the proposed new system of taxation. This inference is resolved into certainty when we examine this proposed new system.

The New System.—Our present Constitution tersely declares that all "property" shall be taxed in proportion to its value, but does not define what the term property shall include. The new Constitution defines the term "property" to include "moneys, credits, bonds, stocks, dues, franchises, and all other matters and things, real, personal, and mixed, capable of private ownership." Now, the term "property," as used in its general sense in our present Constitution, has been interpreted by our Supreme Court to include only *tangible and real* things. The new Constitution, however, reverses the opinion of the Supreme Court and specifically "declares" that the term "property" shall include all *intangible, artificial, and representative* things of value, such as "credits," "bonds," "dues," etc. Thus it is plainly seen that the new Constitution proposes to sweep away our present system of taxation, based upon the tangible and certain, for the purpose of inaugurating a new system based upon the intangible and uncertain. Now, I can conceive of no

more monstrous, and at the same time stupid, proposition than that the Constitution of a great State shall gravely and solemnly "declare" that certain things shall be called "property," which are perfectly well known *not* to be property, simply for the purpose of taxing them! (As if any mere constitutional enactment, or even a divine command, could transform a manifest falsehood into an accepted truth.) For who is there so bold as to claim that the representative of a thing *is* a thing?—that a promise to pay money *is* money?—that a deed to land *is* land?—that a bill of sale of a horse *is* a horse?—or that a certificate of stock in a corporation *is* the corporate property? And yet these absurd things are gravely "declared" to be true in the new Constitution; and we are all asked to ratify and confirm this constitutional "declaration," which we all know to be a lie, in order that it may be made the fundamental lie of this State. Now, if the mere *theory* of calling the representative of a thing a thing is so absurd, what must the practice be? Let us take the item "credits" as an example:

Credits.—The term "credits" includes "bonds," "dues," and all the other intangible "matters and things" above enumerated, except "stocks" (which I will speak of hereafter.) We are all of us aware of the numerous vain attempts that have been made under our present Constitution to tax "credits" under the name of "solvent debts," and of the decision of our Supreme Court that a "solvent debt" was not "property," but simply a *debt* that had to be paid out of somebody's property, and that to tax the debt and then tax the property that pays the debt would be to tax the identical thing twice. To illustrate: I owe Jones \$100, and I own a horse worth \$100. Under this new Constitution Jones will be taxed on the \$100 note which he holds against me (providing the assessor can find it), while I am taxed on my \$100 horse. In order to pay Jones the note I give him the horse, whereupon he gives me back my note and I destroy it. Here the horse was the "property" represented by my promise to pay the \$100, and *was* the identical thing with which I did pay the \$100 note; and yet the note and the horse are both taxed. Now I am willing to admit that to tax a thing twice is not necessarily unfair, *if everything is actually taxed twice*; but if we tax all the tangible property *once*, and then attempt to find the intangible property, consisting of "credits," "bonds," "dues," etc., but only succeed in finding a small fraction of it in the hands of a few men who are honest and truthful enough to disclose it, while the great bulk of these "credits," "bonds," "dues," etc., are locked up in the safes or carried in the pockets of dishonest and untruthful men and perjurers, we simply inaugurate a system of taxation that is infamous. So far from being a wise and meritorious attempt to reach a class of dishonest capitalists who escape the burdens of taxation under our present Constitution, it will constitute a standing premium to dishonesty and perjury. Dishonest men who can hide their "property" in their pockets in the form of "credits," promissory notes or bonds, and escape the burdens of taxation by the simple act of lying *will* lie and escape, while honest men, who conscientiously tell the truth, will be punished for the crime of honesty, by being required to pay not only their own just proportion of the taxes, but the taxes of the rogues and scoundrels who have thereby escaped by the easy crime of perjury. Thus California will become the rogues' paradise, where the honest and good men of the State will be absolutely forced to turn liars and resort to sneaking evasions or bear all the burdens of taxation. I can readily understand why so eminent a scholar and jurist as Thomas M. Cooley should, in his great work on Taxation, condemn such a system "as holding out a strong temptation to false swearing." Men of California, do we need any new incentives to moral turpitude? Have we not enough false swearing already? Do we want to offer a permanent constitutional premium to perjury? But this is not all. The system of taxing "credits" has the rare merits of being both infamous and stupid. No man has the boldness to assert that the assessors can find one-tenth of the "credits," "bonds," and "dues" that are hidden away in the vaults of this State. If so, then the system is uncertain. If uncertain, it is unequal. If unequal, it is unfair and unjust. To make the matter still worse, it is unfair and unjust to precisely that class of honest and good men who above all others ought to be protected. Uncertainty is as bad for the finances of a community as an unenforced criminal code is for its morals. The potency of a criminal code consists in the certainty more than in the severity of its punishment. So the wisdom of any system of taxation consists in its simplicity more than in its complexity. In attempting to enlarge the area of taxation by including artificial, uncertain, and intangible things, we decrease the revenue in still greater proportion. This fact has been distinctly recognized by the eminent writers on political economy. John Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy* (Vol. II., p. 295), quotes and adopts the following language from Adam Smith: "The certainty of what each individual ought to pay is, in taxation, a matter of so great importance, that a very considerable degree of inequality, it appears from the experience of nations, is not near so great an evil as a *very small degree of uncertainty.*"

To-day there may be millions of dollars of "credits" in existence. To-morrow they may be paid off and destroyed. To-day the capitalists of California may hold bonds and stocks innumerable. To-morrow, when they learn of the coming of the assessor, they may conveniently exchange them with foreign bankers or capitalists for government non-taxable bonds, until the assessment day is over. The most remarkable thing in connection with all this is that the very men who favor the adoption of this infamous system of taxation fully admit the truth of these facts, and yet blindly persist in the hope that some good may possibly come of it.

"Stocks."—The new Constitution "declares" that "stocks" shall, for the purposes of taxation, be regarded as "property." The term "stocks" applies alone to that species of property represented by certificates in corporations. The taxing of "credits," absurd and wrong

as it is, is profound wisdom compared with the taxing of "stocks," for, as we have seen, the taxing of "credits" may at least be plausibly defended; but the taxing of "stocks" is simply and purely a bold and audacious attempt to fix double taxation on corporations, which is legalized robbery. If I hold a certificate in the Pioneer Woolen Factory, it is merely the evidence of my ownership of an interest in the property of that corporation. My certificate of stock is to me precisely what the farmer's deed is to his land—the evidence of its ownership. It would be just as ridiculous for the assessor to assess the farmer's land and then assess his deed to it, as it is to assess the property of the Pioneer Woolen Factory and then assess my stock in that corporation. Indeed, this proposition is so absolutely monstrous that Volney E. Howard, in a lengthy argument in the *Bulletin*, has vainly attempted to explain it away. His explanation is that, inasmuch as the new Constitution declares that "all property shall be taxed in proportion to its value," this is a guarantee that corporate "property" will not be taxed twice. But the trouble with General Howard's argument is that the Constitution itself *defines what shall constitute "property."* If the Constitution says that all "land" shall be taxed as "property," and that all "deeds" to land shall also be taxed as "property," how can we escape taxation on "deeds" by showing that the "land" is taxed? The Constitution says that, for the purposes of taxation, they are *both* "property." It is not for General Howard to say they are *not*. The Constitution says they *are*. I am willing to admit that the Constitution *lies*, but I will not allow General Howard to assume that it tells the truth for one purpose and lies for another. The position I have taken receives additional strength from the marked and conspicuous absence in the new Constitution of that provision which *should* guarantee all taxation to be "equal and uniform." If this safeguard had been retained in the new Constitution there would be no fear, but its absence creates both suspicion and alarm.

Now, it possibly may be claimed that the provision under discussion simply proposes to tax the value of corporate "stocks" only so far as their market value may be in excess of the value of the corporate property. Let us illustrate by taking two large dividend-paying concerns, one a corporation—the San Francisco Gas Light Company—the other a partnership concern—the *Morning Call*. The taxable property of the *Morning Call*, consisting of its presses and type, does not quite reach \$20,000. It pays an annual income to its proprietors of fully \$100,000, and it could not be purchased for a quarter of a million dollars. Here, then, is a private business that pays taxes on less than \$20,000 that could not be bought for ten times that sum, and yet the community makes no fuss about it. It seems to be generally conceded that this excess in business value over the assessable value of the property is "good will," which ought not to be taxed. And yet the *Morning Call* is not a monopoly. On the other hand, the San Francisco Gas Light Company pays taxes on perhaps \$3,500,000, while its capital stock is worth on the market between \$8,000,000 and \$9,000,000. And yet there are a great many innocent and good people who wonder why the Gas Company is permitted to escape taxation. It is simply for the want of light, not gas light, nor electric light, but intellectual light—that light which comes from calm and dispassionate investigation, and not cheap demagoguery about the tyrannical "monopolies." The profits of every business constitutes its "good will," and this can not, on any principle of justice or policy, be taxed. If the corporate property of the corporation in question were owned by a partnership, consisting of Messrs. Pickering & Fitch, no one would ever think of taxing the property more than its actual worth, whatever the profits of the business might be.

V.—CONCLUSION.

It is not in accordance with my taste to pick paltry flaws in the new Constitution. I have not condescended to make a bare list of objections to it, supported by hasty reasons, but have patiently confined myself to pointing out *one monstrous iniquity*, to wit: the taxation of intangible things, which lies at the basis of all other provisions. For it is mainly through taxation that we are made aware that we have a government. If our system of taxation is unjust to any portion of the community we can not live happily together. And I hereby respectfully but fearlessly challenge any gentleman of this State who favors the new Constitution to show wherein any position I have taken is illogical or incorrect; not by retorting that I am a mere "corporate attorney," or the "hiring of capitalists," but an honorable and direct reply to the positions I have herein maintained on the new system of taxation.

Respectfully, H. N. CLEMENT.

The *Chronicle* of Friday acknowledges the organization of a "plan" among merchants to kill it. It boldly defies what it pleases to style a conspiracy, and declares that the "merchant class" is acting under the whip of monopoly to cause a withdrawal of advertising patronage. It is an unpleasant condition of things that justifies an organized raid on the press, but the relation of a newspaper to a commercial community is after all but a business one. If the community thinks the journal injuring it, it may injure the journal in the only way it can—namely, by ceasing to do business with it. This is not persecution. It is not conspiracy. It is self-defense. If the *Chronicle* has excited the uprising of the mob, and written a dangerous agitator into prominence, and the result has been a depreciation of property values and a paralysis of business, the men who own property and do business have a right to strike back. The experiment is not a new one, nor when tried has it proved unsuccessful. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. It would be an exhibition of arrant cowardice for an intelligent community to fear the press. A newspaper but reflects the opinion of the people, and no journal is any better or worse than the men who control it.

A SAGE-BRUSH CHIEF.

While the bones and body of Captain Bob, the recently defunct chief of the Piutes, have scarcely begun to mingle themselves with the alkali of the surrounding earth I take occasion to pen a brief history of his life. Captain Bob, for more than ten years the chief of the Piutes of Storey County, Nevada, was thirty years old when he breathed his last, at his wickiup, on the 16th of February, surrounded by the leading lights of the tribe over which he had ruled. For an unadulterated specimen of the guileless savage, just barely leavened with the yeast of civilization—such as it was—Bob had no equal on earth.

The first time I ever had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman was one hot summer afternoon, on Taylor Street, Virginia City. Bob was mounted on a little, stumpy mule, and the only exertion he seemed to be engaged in was to bend his knees sufficiently to keep his colossal feet from bumping against the ground. The animal was led by Bob's wife, who had about one hundred and fifty pounds of wood on her back, and was shedding perspiration at a rate which threatened to render the services of a street-sprinkler useless on that thoroughfare. Bob looked every inch like a lazy man born to rule, and held his head with an air that a mining superintendent might have envied. The same night the mule alluded to was stolen, and Bob came to the *Chronicle* office with a woeful history of the outrage:

"Some dama sunagunna heap stealum mula. You putta in pappu one piecer. Catchum, you bet."

A blood-curdling account of the ravishment of Bob's stable was accordingly promulgated in the columns of the paper next day. The description of the mule (one ear gone, four brands on his body, and a game leg) was recognized by an honest rancher in Carson Valley, and the animal was rescued from the hands of a tramp. Bob got his mule, and from that time his respect for the power of the press was something akin to the reverence of a Hindoo for one of his manufactured deities. To Bob's untutored mind all things were possible with a newspaper, and although the rascal could not read a word of English, he came next morning and ordered a copy left regularly at his wickiup.

"Me reada to my mahala."

"When it came to thanking the staff for the return of the mule, language is impotent to describe his expressions of gratitude; and when he learned that I was the man who was immediately responsible for the mule's return, it required the efforts of three able-bodied men to prevent his hugging me to his bosom.

Finally understanding that such familiarities would not be tolerated during business hours, he contented himself with admiring me from a distance, and ejaculating at short intervals:

"Heep gooda man, you betcherlife."

I was at once established in his estimation as a "bigger man than old Grant."

Next day, about nine o'clock in the morning, he filed in with his wife and two children, and gave all hands a formal introduction to the family. As a mark of special distinction to myself he insisted that I should be allowed to hold the baby, a little, weazley-looking papoose, wrapped in greasy swaddling clothes, and smeared all over with ham-fat.

He sat down and stayed an hour, with his feet in a pile of fresh exchanges, and chinned us about the forthcoming Presidential election.

When told that Henry Ward Beecher was the people's choice for the White House, he communicated the fact to his wife with a chuckle, and nudged her in the ribs with a leer which spoke volumes for his knowledge of the great Brooklyn sensation.

"Bleacher no good. Me hear allee 'bout;" and throwing back his head he made the building echo with his laughter.

He was finally invited outside and given half a dollar to cover a pedestrian lap of two blocks.

Next day he came in with six squaws and introduced them with a great flourish as "his sisters and cousins, and his aunts." I was specially pointed out to them as "heep gooda man, catchum mule." This announcement made me a family favorite at once. For the next two months I was pointed out by the Piutes on the street as the matchless recoverer of stolen mules, and soon my popularity with the tribe was such that no buck ever thought of passing without shaking hands, while the squaws would skip across C Street in three bounds to say, "How you do, Harra Dava?"

Presently the attentions of Bob took a more pronounced turn, and he would come in with:

"Say, you got any ole plants, some vlests, blue fannell shlufts, may bee. Some ole clote some day, you sabbe?"

This business would be kept up until a man would be willing to take clothes off his back to satisfy the demands of the unrelenting savage.

His cheek increased in proportion to the kindnesses he received, and soon the office became a regular resort for the royal family.

He outthrew the worst of exchange fiends. Although he did not know a single letter, he would frequently speed an hour looking over the papers, pretending to be absorbed in their contents. He had a general idea of what belonged to a newspaper, and was cunning enough to occasionally look up and remark:

"Heep big fire New Lork." "Steamblot blow up San Flisco."

When ever the ARGONAUT contained pictures he would slip it into his pocket and carry it away to decorate the walls of his cabin. He also liked the cuts in Boruck's paper, but finally began to throw it aside in disgust, with the remark: "Too mucchee hoss."

After he had finally established himself as a regular visitor, he made it a point to bring along his squaw and two dirty children, Pat and Bob. Mrs. B. would comb her hair in front of the office looking-glass, while Bob would black his brogans with the office blacking, generally using a whole box. Pat would wander into the composing room and pity.

One day Mrs. Bob sat down on a hot stove, mistaking it evidently for a settee. She presently discovered her blunder, and rose up—somewhat hastily. She was on fire. We put her out, first with a Babcock extinguisher, and next with a strong shove through an open door. She no doubt still bears the inscription, "Charter Oak No. 12, Patent applied for," as evidence of the first lasting impression made upon her by

civilization, and can no longer be alluded to as an "unlettered savage."

One day Bob grabbed up a just finished editorial, written by Dennis McCarthy, on the corruptions of the Bank of California under Bill Sharon, and proceeded to light his pipe with it, while Mac was turning round to give a theatrical agent his ruling figures for three-sheet posters. The author of the editorial never knew where it went to, and no one dared to tell him, fearful of a subsequent homicide.

There was a half-breed in his tribe who could read, and when ever the *Chronicle* contained an approving notice of Bob, the half-breed would translate it to the chief and his family. These notices soon bore unexpected fruit.

One day Bob came in with some game, remarking, "You likee fish?" throwing down a trout. "You likee labbit?" slamming a hare on the table. "Plalie (prairie) hen pretty good?"

These tokens were thankfully received, to Bob's delight; ducks, hare, grouse, and trout were showered upon the reporter staff by the hunters of the tribe. Whenever the supply began to fall short, a slight allusion to Bob's eminent fitness for the place he occupied and a passing notice of his good looks, or gentlemanly treatment of his squaw, would bring another deluge of game.

The reporter staff, which numbered three, went into keeping bachelor's hall, hired a Chinese cook, and began to live on the fat of the land, at the mere cost of beer and stove-wood. A petition from the staff to the county commissioners, asking an appropriation to build Bob a board house, was jokingly taken up, and the lumber furnished. This made the staff perfectly solid with Bob, and the supplies of fish and game increased until it seemed like Christmas all the year round. To keep this stream of luxury and high living flowing to the full capacity of its banks now became our main object in life.

One day, however, Dan de Quille, who was no doubt a little envious of our popularity with his pet tribe, was taking dinner with us, and there put up a job which sent our Bachelor's Hall to the dogs at a single kick. He told us, in a confidential way, that nothing so delighted a Piute as to be considered the father of twins. We swallowed the bait, hook and all, and the next day officially announced in the *Chronicle* that Captain Bob was the happy father of twins, weighing respectively ten and twelve pounds. We waited next day at the house, expecting Bob to heave in sight loaded down with game. He came a little earlier than usual, with several stalwart bucks and the interpreter. He rushed in, and waving the paper aloft, shouted, "Heep dam lie!"

The Indians awaited for no explanation, but pounced upon us bodily, clearing out the astonished staff in a about five minutes. We fled through the back window, and Bob and his followers proceeded to smash the crockery and demolish the furniture, after which he left, satisfied with his work. The damage was estimated by the landlord at \$65, and I guessed this to be an undervaluation of at least \$50.

We ascertained that night that nothing was such a disgrace to a Piute family as twins, it being supposed by the Indian that each twin required a separate father. Thus our game supply was cut off with one fell stroke. Yet we forgave Dan de Quille for his infamous hoax, for to such dizzy heights does some men's magnanimity soar.

Presently Bob fell into evil ways and became a poker sharp. He made his own rules and counted the spots to suit his own sweet will. He would construct four aces from a pair of deuces, on the principle that the deuces contained the requisite number of spots. For a year or two he had about all the money of the tribe, his flexible and endless rules carrying a percentage in his favor of about ninety-five to five.

Finally his victims rose in revolt and demanded a set of rules for all time, and not for each change of the moon. They held a poker convention on American Flat, and the ways of the Comstock said that the spirit of Poker-hontas presided over the deliberations, and wanted the rule of "Pass the buck" abolished. After that poker convention Bob never won a hand, and quit gaming in disgust.

A few weeks ago he lay in his cabin dying. It was the house which he had built from the County's lumber. This inclosure and its cooking stove inside had proven too much for the constitution of the savage, and he was literally dying from a stroke of civilization. He had all his life been accustomed to the cold blasts which sweep over the sage brush; he had slept in the snow a thousand times, and crouched under the quartz croppings when the storms were fiercest, and recked little of the night with its bitter winds and starless sky. When, however, he moved into a roofed house he fell a speedy victim to the change.

When his brother came up to say that Bob wanted to shake hands with me before he died, and ask me to forget the little disturbance at Bachelor's Hall, I was glad to go. The other two reporters had left the country a year before.

I found him in his house, stretched on a couch of skins, dying. He was surrounded by squaws, who filled the air with lamentations, and men of his tribe, who seemed utterly indifferent to the situation. His head was held by his wife, who was utterly disconsolate over the prospect of his speedy demise. At every change in the condition of the dying man the wailing of the squaws broke forth afresh. Every beating of the pulse was noted, every chill that passed over his frame, and every flutter of his breath.

I knelt by his side and grasped a hand that seemed to belong to a skeleton. He turned his head a little and lifted his eyes. There was always an inexpressible comic look in Bob's face, and a merry twinkle was always in his eye. As he looked up, I could have wagered a thousand that the cruel sell of which Dan de Quille had made us a victim was flitting across his mind and interrupting a rising view of the spirit world. His hand closed upon mine like a bird's claw. The same irresistible smile wreathed his thin lips, and the same comic leer came for an instant from the corners of his eyes. His face then resumed a serious expression, the grasp of the claw tightened. Bob was dead.

His wife bent her face to his closed mouth, and as she did so the lower jaw slowly settled down, but there was no breath for her cheek. She raised her head with a look of unutterable despair, and the lamentation of those about her ceased at once, all leaning over and gazing upon the dead in silence. Even the little children seemed impressed with the idea that the climax of the scene had been reached, and, although weeping bitterly with the rest but a moment before, they now hushed their little cries.

When I left the group there was not a sound in the cabin, yet from the face of every squaw the tears were streaming down like summer rain. At the door was an old hag, whose white hair and shriveled skin told of at least a hundred years of life. She was in a sitting posture, with a robe of rabbit skins thrown over her naked shoulders. Holding a staff between her two hands, she leaned forward upon it, motionless; alongside this relic of another generation, the Witch of Endor, or the foul hags who confronted Macbeth, seemed as rosy, dimpled babes. She made no effort to move out of the way, and I was almost obliged to leap over her to make my exit from the cabin.

The next morning the body lay in the Catholic Cathedral, for years ago Bob had embraced the Catholic faith and received the rites of baptism. All day the Piutes crowded the sanctuary, and gazed upon the features of the dead chief, who was coffined like a Christian and lying amidst burning tapers. It was nearly sunset when the service was performed. The measured notes of the organ and the solemn chanting of the choir swept through the aisles.

It was a peculiar and picturesque sight—a group of savages in their red blankets and paint standing before a background of gothic architecture in blue and gold, and flanked with images of the Saviour and Holy Mother. How Tavernier would have plied his brush at such a scene!

Presently the procession went forth from the church, headed by Father Monogue. Eight of Bob's tribe bore his coffin, and darkness was gathering about the cemetery as they threw in the last clods. Thus the poor fellow was buried a Christian as he had lived, for no one will question that he was a better man than his surroundings.

Although his poker accomplishments sometimes overstepped the bounds of honest play, let us suppose, for sweet charity's sake, that he learned the game from dishonest whites, and actually believed that a sleeve full of Jacks was as much a factor in the play, and as indispensable to success, as mature judgment in deciding whether to complete a flush or draw to three kings.

An honest and kind heart beat in the breast of the unlettered savage, and in the midst of a mad race for wealth he lived content with what he had—an extra mule, or the possession of a cast-off pair of pants, being the only ambition which ever tried his soul.

VIRGINIA CITY, March 20, 1879.

Thackeray, the Bohemian.

Among the most charming Bohemians of history was Thackeray, and upon that side of his character we lose sight of all his keen satire, and see him sitting, like a true, jolly companion, with the art students in Germany, or walking in the vineyards. The satirist has laid aside his keen blade, and beneath nature's pure influences, breathing its delicious incense, he walks in the warm sunlight, and is full of love and sympathy. One of the unprinted anecdotes illustrates this side of his character at the time when he had achieved his greatest triumphs. A young painter, poor, but honest and talented, had made the acquaintance of the author of *The Newcomes*, and especially admired him since he portrayed so many of his own trials and sorrows in that charming story of the loves of *Clive and Ethel*. The author often sat behind the young painter, and smoked and chatted as he watched the magic brush selecting and blending the colors, until one day, noticing the poverty of his friend, he proposed to buy the picture on the easel for a hundred dollars. The artist modestly protested that the work was not worth that much money, knowing that Thackeray meant a delicate and polite piece of gentlemanly charity. Thackeray persisted, however, and finally forced the offered sum into the artist's hand, grabbed the picture and walked off with it under his arm, the sight not being at all uncommon in Dusseldorf, or any other European city where artists abound. When the great author was gone with the picture, and the poor painter stood with the twenty pounds in his hand, the happy feeling of wealth contrasted with the shame of accepting the money as a polite sort of charity; and the young man (who has since grown to be a great artist), having the strong character nourished by manly pride, thought and thought the matter over, until at last he settled it satisfactorily.

He wrote a note to Thackeray, asking him to take supper with him in his studio the next night, and promised him the company of Bierstadt, Irving, Elder, and others of the cleverest students. The room was very large and could hold enough. Thackeray was delighted; it was just what he liked; art talk, story, jolly companions, genius, and beer. He arrived to find not less than a score of geniuses, and the corners of the room filled with the variously-labeled bottles of the Rhine, and especially the squat black flasks with handles which hold the glorious "Steinwine." They drank, smoked, and told stories, sang songs, and one of the Americans showed Thackeray the "break-down," another played him the "Arkansas Traveler," and a third criticised the "Virginians" as he had never heard it done before. He, himself, repeated his poem on "The Bouillehaise," and when the company was tuned up to concert pitch, supper was announced. Thackeray seemed at once to perceive that his artist friend and host had conceived the idea of defeating his well-meant charity by spending all the price of the picture in a supper. He grew serious, and was thinking sadly about the failure of his scheme and the false pride of the painter, when the latter said to him, gayly:

"Old fellow, excuse the familiarity, but you are in Bohemia, where genius never thinks it a condescension to cook. Behold your beefsteak: there is the fire, and while you cook it I will set the table."

The illustrious author bowed with stately gravity as he received the piece of meat on a fork, and with the other hand took the gridiron; but he had to look at the other amateur cooks before he knew exactly how to proceed to the *impromptu cuisine*. Every guest took a raw beefsteak and went to cooking, each in turn; presently the table was spread. The host took his seat at the head of the table, Thackeray at the foot, and then such an orgie began as youth and genius can alone fully appreciate. The hundred dollars was dissolved in wine and cooked in steaks; but, perhaps, it was Thackeray's hearty declaration that it was the most pleasant night he ever spent which contributed to the artist's start on a great career.

THE DEVIL'S FUNERAL.

I felt myself lifted up from my bed by hands invisible, and swiftly borne down the ever narrowing avenue of Time. Each moment I passed a century, and encountered new empires, new peoples, strange ideas, and unknown faiths. So, at last, I found myself at the end of the avenue, at the end of Time, under a blood red sky more awful than the deepest black.

Men and women buried to and fro, their pale faces reflecting the accursed complexion of the heavens. A desolate silence rested upon all things. Then I heard afar a low wail, indescribably grievous, swelling and falling again and blending with the notes of the storm that began to rage. The wailing was answered by a groan, and the groaning grew into thunder. The people wrung their hands and tore their hair, and a voice, piercing and persistent, shrieked above the turmoil, "Our lord and master, the Devil, is no more! Our lord and master is no more!" Then I, too, joined the mourners who bewailed the Devil's death.

An old man came to me and took me by the hand. "You also loved and served him?" he asked. I made no reply, for I knew not wherefore I lamented. He gazed steadfastly into my eyes. "There are sorrows," he said, meaningly, "that are beyond utterance." "Not, then, like your sorrow," I retorted, "for your eyes are dry, and there is no grief behind their pupils." He placed his finger on my lips and whispered, "Wait!"

The old man led the way to a vast and lofty hall, filled to the farthest corner with a weeping crowd. The multitude was, indeed, a mighty one, for all the people of every age of the world who had worshiped and served the Devil were assembled there to do for him the last offices for the dead. I saw there men of my own day and recognized others of earlier ages, whose faces and fame had been brought down to me by art and by history; and I saw many others who belonged to the later centuries through which I had passed in my night progress down the avenue of Time. But as I was about to inquire concerning these, the old man checked me. "Hush," he said, "and listen." And the multitude cried with one voice, "Hark and hear the report of the autopsy!"

From another apartment there came forth surgeons and physicians and philosophers and learned faculties of all times, charged to examine the Devil's body and to discover, if they could, the mystery of his existence. "For," the people had said, "if these men of science can tell us wherein the Devil was the Devil; if they can separate from his mortal parts the immortal principle which distinguished him from ourselves, we may still worship that immortal principle to our own continued profit and to the unending glory of our late lord and master."

With grave looks upon their countenances, and with reluctant steps, three delegates advanced from among the other sages. The old man beside me raised his hand to command perfect silence. Every sound of woe was at the instant suppressed. I saw that one was Galen, Paracelsus another, and Cornelius Agrippa the third.

"Ye who have faithfully served the master," said Agrippa, in a loud voice, "must listen in vain for the secret which our scalpels have disclosed. We have laid bare both the heart and the soul of him who lies yonder. His heart was like our own hearts, fitly formed to throb with hot passion, to shrink with hatred, and to swell with rage. But the mystery of his soul would blast the lips that uttered it."

The old man hurriedly drew me a little way apart out of the throng. The multitude began to surge and sway with furious wrath. It sought to seize and rend to pieces the learned and venerable men who had dissected the Devil, yet refused to publish the mystery of his existence. "What rubbish is this you tell us, you charlatan hackers and hewers of corpses?" exclaimed one. "You have discovered no mystery; you lie to our faces."

"Put them to death!" screamed others. "They wish to hoard the secret for their own advantage. We shall presently have a triumvirate of quacks setting themselves up above us, in place of him whom we have worshiped for the dignity of his teachings, the ingenuity of his intellect, the exalted character of his morality. To death with these upstart philosophers who would usurp the Devil's soul!"

"We have sought only the Truth," replied the men of science, soberly, "but we can not give you the Truth as we found it. Our functions go not further." And thereupon they withdrew.

"Let us see for ourselves," shouted the foremost in the angry crowd. So they made their way into the inner apartment where the Devil's body lay in state. Thousands pressed after them and struggled in vain to enter the presence of death that they, too, might discover the true essential quality of the departed. Those who gained entrance reverently but eagerly approached the massive bier of solid gold, studded with glistening stones, and resplendent with the mingled lustre of the emerald, the chrysolite and jasper. Dazzled, they shrank back with wild faces and bewildered looks. Not a man among them dared stretch forth his hand to tear away the bandages and coverings with which the surgeons had veiled their work.

Then the old man who with me had silently witnessed the tumultuous scene drew himself up to a grand height, and said aloud: "Worshippers of the Devil, whose majesty even in death holds you subject, it is well that you have not seized the mystery before the time. A variety of signs combine to inspire me with hope that that which has sealed the lips of the men of science may yet be revealed through faith. Let us forthwith pay the last sad tribute to our departed lord. Let us make to his memory a sacrifice worthy of our devotion. My art can kindle a fire which consumes weighty ingots of gold as readily as it burns tinsel paper, and which leaves behind no ashes and no regrets. Let every man bring hither all the gold, whether in coin, or in plate, or in trinkets, that he has earned in serving the Devil, and every woman the gold she has earned, and cast it into the consuming fire. Then will the funeral pyre be worthy of him whom we mourn."

"Well said, old man," cried the Devil worshippers. "Thus we will prove that our worship has not been base. Build you the pyre while we go to fetch our gold."

My eyes were fixed upon the face of my companion, but I could not read the thoughts that occupied his brain. When I turned again the vast hall was empty of all save him and me.

Slowly and laboriously we built the funeral pile in the centre of the apartment. We built it of the costly woods that were at hand, already sprinkled by devout mourners with the choicest spices. We built the pile broad and high, and draped it with gorgeous stuffs. The old man smiled as he prepared the magic fire that was to consume the gold which the Devil worshippers had gone to fetch. Within the pyre he left an ample space for their sacrifice.

Together we brought forth the Devil's body, and placed it carefully in position at the top of the pile. Thunders rolled in the lofty space above our heads, and the whole building shook so terribly that I expected it to fall, crushing us between roof and pavement. Crash came after crash of thunder, nearer and nearer to the pyre. Lightnings played close around us—around the old man, the Devil's corpse, and me. Still we waited for the multitude, but the multitude returned not.

"Behold the obsequies!" said the old man at last, thrusting his lighted torch into the midst of the pile. "You and I are the only mourners, and we have not a single ounce of gold to offer. Go you now forth and bid all the Devil worshippers to the reading of the last will and testament. They will come."

I hastened forth to obey the old man's command, and speedily the funeral hall was thronged again. This time the Devil worshippers brought their gold, and every man sought to make excuse for his tardiness at the pyre. The air was thick with explanations. "I tarried only," said one, "to be sure that I had gathered all—all to the very last piece of gold in my possession." "I have fetched," said another, "the laborious accumulations of fifty years, but I cheerfully sacrifice it all to the memory of our dear lord." A third said: "See, I bring all of mine, even to the wedding ring of my dead wife."

There was a contention among the Devil worshippers to be the first to cast treasure into the fire. The charmed flames caught up the gold, and streamed high above the corpse, casting upon every eager face in the vast room a fierce yellow glare. The Devil's body shone incandescent through its cerements. Still the fire was fed by hands innumerable, and still the old man stood beside the pyre, smiling strangely.

The Devil worshippers now cried out with hoarse voices: "The will! the will! Let us hear the last testament of our dear lord!"

The old man opened a roll of asbestos paper, and began to read aloud, while the hubbub of the great throng died away into silence, and the angry roar of the consuming flames subsided into a dull murmur. What the old man read was this:

To my well beloved subjects, the whole world, my faithful worshippers and loyal servitors, greeting, and the Devil's only blessing—a perpetual curse!

Forasmuch as I am conscious of the approach of the change that limits every active existence, yet being of sound mind and firm purpose, I do declare this to be my last will, pleasure, and command as to the disposal of my kingdom and effects.

To the wise I bequeath folly, and to the fools, pain. To the rich I leave the wretchedness of the earth, and to the poor, the anguish of the unattainable. To the just, ingratitude; and to the unjust, remorse; and to the theologians I bequeath the ashes of my bones.

I decree that the place called Hell be closed forever.

I decree that the torments, in fee simple, be divided among all my faithful subjects, according to their merit. But the pleasures and the treasure shall also be divided equitably among my subjects.

Thereupon the Devil worshippers shrieked with one accord: "There is no God but the Lord Devil, and he is dead! Now let us enter into our inheritance."

But the old man replied: "Ye wretched! The Devil is dead, and with the Devil died the world. The world is dead!"

Then they stood aghast, looking at the pyre. All at once the gold-laden flames leaped in a blazing column to the roof and expired. And forth from the red embers of the Devil's heart there crept a small snake, hissing hideously. The old man clutched at the snake to crush it, but it slipped through his hands and made its way into the midst of the crowd. Judas Iscariot caught up the snake and placed it in his bosom. And when he did so the earth beneath us began to quiver as if in the convulsion of death. The lofty pillars of the funeral chamber reeled like giants seized with dizziness. The Devil worshippers fell flat upon their faces; the old man and I stood alone. Crash followed quick on crash on every side of us, but it was not this time the concussions of thunder; it was the hopeless sound of the tumbling of man's structures and fabrics, and the echo from the other worlds of this world's crack of doom. Then the stars began to fall, and the fainter lights of heaven came down upon us like a driving sleet of frozen fire. And the children died of terror; and the mothers clasped their dead babes to their own cold breasts, and hurried this way and that for shelter that was never found. Light became black, fire lost its heat in the utter disorganization of Nature, and a whelming flood of chaos surged from the womb of the universe, and swallowed up the Devil worshippers and their dead world.

Then I said to the old man as we stood in the void: "Now there is surely no evil and no good; no world and no God."

But he smiled and shook his head, and left me to wander back through the centuries. Yet as he disappeared I saw that high over the ruins of the world a rainbow of infinite brightness stretched its arch.

In the history of mankind there is no grander subject of investigation than that of the career of the great Aryan family, which, starting from its rugged Asian home, has encircled the world, founding successive empires, ever foremost in the arts of peace and war, and in the race of civilization, and evidently destined in the future to dominate the earth. The events now taking place in the East wear a new and picturesque significance when viewed in connection with the past. It is probably at least five thousand years since the European Aryans left their brethren to the east of the Caspian; and now we see a fragment of the Teutonic branch returning by new and circuitous paths, and over-throwing a realm of their Hindu kindred four thousand years old; while the Slavic branch has gone back by nearly the original route to recoccupy its ancestral seat, and Saxon and Slav are preparing for a death-struggle, the prize of the victor being the original home of the common stock.—*Nation*.

OUR OWN POETS.

Interview.

My mother drew me to her at the gate,
Kissed me, blessed me, and I walked away
To take my chances bucking against Fate,
Or else to fall, like many, by the way.

I looked not backward, but I knew she stood,
With hand above her tearful eyes, to gaze
On me, erewhile she prayed I might be good
And be her boy at home in future days.

That's all. What was there else 'twixt this and that?
Ah, well. I did not fall, or, falling, rose again—
Stung back to manhood by my mother's kiss—
And fought my daily battle, hand and brain.

And then? Well, then—it is my tend'rest theme—
I got another woman's kiss upon my mouth
And was again a boy; as in a dream
She brought me love and warmed it with her youth.

West round the world we wandered half the way,
And built our home, at last, upon the verge
Where wide Pacific flings the eastward spray
Through the full music of eternal surge.

And she? I think there was a funeral,
And since that day the house is very still—
Although her shadow hangs upon the wall—
And I have lost the essence of my will.

Oh, no, I am not feeble yet with years,
But, sometimes, what the women give they take.
They send us forth and bring us back with tears
And keep us always living for their sake.

And that is all the story you've to tell?
Yes, all. Oh, well! Of course you fill it in
With little things which, here and there, befall;
Of joy and folly, piety and sin.

These had their days and hours, and minutes too;
But, mostly, over all, around, above,
I have possessed—though simple, it is true—
Two honest women's everlasting love.

Now, you may take my property and place,
And then come back and take away my life;
But you can't rob me of the crowning grace
I borrowed from my mother and my wife.

J. W. GALLY.

To S—.

In haven hid 'mid fairy bowers
On dreamland isles of Night's strange sea,
In temple clad with speechless flowers
That wreath and climb the elfin towers,
I sink to sleep, to dreams of thee.

On dreamland isles the white stars glow,
The flowers bloom as they bloom in June,
The faint soft breezes perfumed blow,
And Ocean sings in surges low
A monotone of mighty tune.

There I may own thy tropic face
As mine alone on those sweet isles;
There I may know thy soul's best grace,
And in a long and sweet embrace
See heaven born amid thy smiles.

Though through the years in earthly sight
I may not kiss thy lips so leal,
I may not own thy eyes' dear light;
Yet on that land, amid the night,
Devoted at thy feet I kneel.

SAN FRANCISCO, January.

SIGNA.

When Thou Art Near.

When thou art near,
The wild pulses of my heart
Will throb and bound—
Rebound—yes, and bound again
At thy voice, which gives no pain.
Ne'er a sorrow, ne'er a dart
You throw to wound.

When thou art near,
All the darkness turns to light,
To one bright day.
Though to thee I may not speak,
I may listen to thy voice—sweet
As the music of the night
When mermaids play.

When thou art near,
This dull, weary world of care's
A paradise.
When away, no joy, no rest,
My soul for ever is oppressed,
Unseen by men, marked with care
By angel eyes.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

MORA.

The Aztec Plains.

On Arizona deserts, where shadeless palm trees seem
A weird realization of some dim, unpleasant dream,
Amid the lonely wilderness of barren, trackless sands,
Are silent ruins, bearing still the trace of Aztec hands.
Grim palms, like spectral Ishmaelites, stand round the broken walls;
On broken wall and fading mound the desert mirage falls.
Time was—the present ruins bear the story on their stone—
When grass and trees and flowers were in this forsaken zone;
Where gleaming engines sped across a waste, unpeopled plain,
The Aztecs knew of bending trees and fields of waving grain.
By convex sacrificial stones, by hearths for ages cold,
By sherry rings and painted shards, the Aztec tale is told;
The drifting sands have yielded up the secrets of the dead;
Words graven on the broken stones of ruins have been read—
Vocal of streams the Aztecs brought to fertilize their lands,
Of living streams that waste, and wane, and perish in the sands.
The ruins speak of Aztec homes, of skill and patient toil,
Of husbandmen and garnered stores, of corn, and wine, and oil.
The change—no record yet reveals the causes of decay,
No traces indicate the time, the toilers passed away;
Encroaching sands lie over all, the desert veil is spread
Above the cities of the plain, the cities of the dead.
Beyond the plains, in purple seen, the mountain summits glow,
Fretted with sombre piñon pines and pinnacled with snow;
And still from pinnacle and dome, when summer days are long,
The snowland streams come leaping down, the limpid water throng
Trace of the Aztec! Yes, for still their aqueduct remains
In sturdy scars on cañon side above their ancient plains.
Swart grangers, prehistoric moons, beheld their harvest
Their threshing floors were strewn perhaps in days of old
Now, rushing by their wasted farms, the speeding engine
And buried homes in Aztec land seem only things of old.

MERCED, February, 1879.



ACCORDING TO SHAKSPEARE.

A Captious Character Sketcher Among the Oakland Belles.

"If we offend, it is not with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

"There is a kind of character in thy life
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold."—*Measure for Measure.*

The subject of this sketch appears before me a beautiful vision—a picture starting from its frame with all the vividness of actual life, and impressing me with that same sense of awe, that hush of reverence, that I always feel in looking upon a masterpiece. A more complete or many-sided girl it has never before been Oakland society's good fortune to welcome than this glorious realization of our wildest imaginings. Her *début* was made just before Lent—usually an unfortunate time, but here we have the somewhat remarkable instance of Lent's being forgotten in the contemplation of so much varied loveliness condensed into such small space. Don't imagine, however, that she can be called *petite*. On the contrary, her presence is extremely commanding—almost martial. To lovers of Homer I should describe her as was Juno—ox-eyed—except that the translated term bears so little poetry in it. "Diana's lip is not more smooth and rubious" (*Twelfth Night, I, 2*). The nearest approach to a likeness is in a fine copy of "Roxana," the original of which she has undoubtedly admired in the Villa Farnesina, at Rome, only perhaps this breathing image has a greater depth of brow and thinner lips. Her hair is almost the exact tint of Roxana's, where "the painter plays the spider, and hath woven a golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men" (*Merchant of Venice, III, 2*). It is a very peculiar blonde and changes color from day to night. How I should love to see her in a passion once. I can just imagine the flash of those blue orbs, her drops of tears turned to sparks of fire, the straightening of her elastic figure, and the scorn she would express—and wanting not a word. In accomplishments she acknowledges to nothing in which she does not excel—painting, singing, and conversation. Her conversational powers are extraordinary. There is a peculiar fascination which I can't describe, but in her graceful company you forget that you stand before the *rage*—the belle. The ease with which she draws out opinions, suggests ideas, turns subjects from dangerous points to more pleasant experiences is wonderful. And here again the chief charm is, that it is all done without your perceiving how or in what manner. She speaks seldom of herself, yet is far from avoiding the subject. There is an essence, a flavor of good breeding, a strain of innate gentleness about her which, like delicate perfumes, proclaim the rose so softly on the still night air. You feel that the "manner of her life" does "unfold her history," because it is so free from oppressiveness. In a fine picture it is a serious fault to have any detail so forcible as to attract especial attention. So in the harmony of her nature you notice only the general effect. I doubt if among the many ardent admirers who have lately flocked about her half a score can tell the color of her eyes, the components of a costume, or a set expression. Everything is smoothed and blended into perfect symmetry. She is a lady who would never be compelled to repulse undue attention, for her peculiar Eastern training admits of no familiarity. In opinions, although she is disposed to be somewhat philosophical, she steers widely of "rights." She has very well determined opinions on historical matters, and expresses them to whomever of her acquaintance she thinks can appreciate them. Her motto is, "*Che sara sara*" (whatever is to be, will come), from which I infer her to be something of a fatalist. A peculiar gift of sarcasm belongs to her, but without malicious sting. Her humor is of a very high order, and yet her gentleness tones down her strokes so beautifully and sweetly that resentment can not show its head. You may feel, in conversation, that she is gently making fun, reproving, or giving an opinion which effectually knocks a request you opined making, and yet her smile assures you all the while that no harm is meant. This paragon is not an overdrawn or strained description, although allowance may be made for my dazzled daze, but this I choose as a fit preface to a short description of our beauties and celebrities. What faults she may possess I know not of. She has not lived in Oakland long enough to discover them. Not to this century does she belong, but the seventeenth, and the days of Rembrandt. With hopes of a long and happy reign let me drink

"Her health; and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name."

"By Heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible, but—"
Love's Labor Lost.

"And who having unto Truth, by telling of it, made a sinner of thy memory."—*Tempest.*

This picture is somewhat marred in effect through having attracted so much attention as to have been cut from its frame by thieves, and held for a long time in seclusion. Imagine a statue, not the dull white things of days gone by, but the latest colored fancies of that wonderful Roman school—

a statue in all respects, a beautiful statue in justice, but still a statue. And why, do you ask, is she so cold, so dead, to all common passions? Has life no interest for her? Was she always thus? No. Not twenty summers have passed that golden head since she was a light-hearted, happy child, romping all day beneath the pines, scaring the hares at noontide from their sagebrush coverts, or bathing her dimpled feet in the cool snow-water of a mountain stream. Why, then, so changed? In one fell word the fearful portent doth appear. Europe, O dread Europe! how much have you to answer for! Now for that simplicity and naturalness,

"A marchand des modes is her oracle,
And Paris her earthly paradise."

She is a perfect blonde, with all accessories. Her manner is very dignified, and, until known well, she is much feared by timid young men—other than whom we have none. It is claimed that her mannerisms are the result of diffidence. She seems naturally fitted to a carriage, and shows one off to excellent advantage. Indeed, it is then that the "dignity" is best elaborated. Her dancing is, to put it mildly, exalted; and, in fact, she seems ever waiting in fit costume and position for an artist. Although Hill gets on so nicely, Rosenthal could not exist in such a frigid atmosphere, nor can I think the reception he would get would serve at all to thaw his *reserve*. This lady must, however, be approved by all students of Chevreul in regard to the excellence of her ideas of dressing. Her toilets are generally perfect, except with an occasional and seemingly impossible tendency toward the statuesque. Her favorite author is Tennyson, and, forsooth, it was quite the thing, just after her return from Europe, for admiring and wondering friends to present her with a copy of the *Idylls of the King* with a certain passage conspicuously denoted. Beyond the laureate's stilted and ponderous style no literature can charm, no conversation interest or please her; hence, what wonder that we poor, common clay fear to approach her in kindly talk, or do ought but gaze in silent marveling. She belongs to "The" Club, of course; gives receptions, makes calls on a few favored ones of the "blues," skates spasmodically, but beyond this her life is wrapped in repose.

"But that your royalty
Holds idless your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself."

"Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

"Would it not grieve a woman * * * to make an account of her life to a clod of yardward marl? Adam's sons are my brethren."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

"She will sing the savageness out of a bear."—*Othello.*

Number three is a strange being—very, for she is the only lady in our set who is wholly without desire for a husband or a lover, and who has already announced her intention of remaining in a state of single blessedness. Men (her brothers) are to her subjects for study and contemplation, and women, too, for that matter, only she does not as readily adopt sisters as brethren. A very peculiar being, truly. Her hair is brown, not very dark, contrasting light blue eyes, beneath the brow so massive, as needs be to balance a non-retiring chin. Her features are very irregular, and yet the result, due to great expressiveness, is pleasing. She dances if need be, but would prefer watching others, commenting the while on occurrences of the ball room in very paragon style, which shows her to be familiar with the organizing machinery of thought and its expressions. Her authors—oh, dear! I can never get them! They are mostly black letter, and very deep; and the deeper, the more kindly does she take to them. She has some very peculiar ideas of reforming the world. Men are tyrannical; women are poor, abused creatures—abused by all others wrongfully and without warrant; but for her *all* humanity is fit game, as you would believe if you heard her sing. Her style is something odd, and therefore refreshing in these days of sameness. In fact she has a style and fashion all to herself, which I must own differs very materially from that of most ladies. Whoever has been honored with her attentions once, in the line of her fair discourse, will never regret it, and must needs credit her with a masterly mind. Everything, the commonest occurrence, takes in her gothic brain a grotesque and weird cast of countenance. This comes of German poets and philosophers. She paints—not as an amusement, but for the purpose of improving—her mind. In very truth, so everything she does is with the avowed purpose of additional culture. But where is it all going to end, is what is now agitating our little world. It is anything but reassuring to a fellow, after he has been trotting himself up and down for her inspection, trying (in vain, perchance) to show off all your good points, and keep your blemishes as far as possible in the background, to have those cold blue eyes regard you, while you are nervously awaiting the verdict, with a steady, thoughtful, half inquiring gaze, as an entomologist watches the squirming object through which he has but just thrust a pin, and wonders in what case he will place it away. That is always my feeling; but if I continue to allow her to study me, to learn all my ways and means, to get my thoughts checked off, all my little imperfections laid bare, to know beforehand what my impressions are about to be, going to be, how long will she continue? where will conversation come in? She will degenerate, like Coleridge, into monology. She asks questions now, but she answers them mostly herself. What bothers me is, what will be the result when she ceases to ask questions? Gods defend us! But by that time perhaps the human mind will have been gradually cultivated up to that long looked for point, when spoken language shall be no more, but thoughts shall be communicated by silent impressions of the brain. Two gifts she holds, but holds so strangely that I know not if they be gifts or not. One is acting—this is hysterical. The other is singing—and this in turn is gymnastical. But if all is said that can be said,

"This will outlast a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave."

DROMIO.

The entire Bible has now been translated into the Turkish language, which is spoken by 150,000,000 people. Only 149,000,000, however, will read the new version, and become good Christians.

ARCHERY NOTES.

Now that the spring skies are looking clear again, the archer takes his bow from its case, straps on his quiver, and sends his arrow whistling toward the gold. Last year was the initial period of archery on the Pacific slope; this year will see those early seeds bring forth good fruit.

A few weeks ago a party of archers met in solemn conclave in Oakland, and decided upon having an archery tournament. Mr. Frank C. Havens was elected president and Mr. Daniel O'Connell secretary of the Executive Committee, in whose hands lie the arrangements for this grand gathering of archers. The grounds where the shooting is to take place have not been as yet selected. As each club will have its marquee on the ground, the spectacle of a dozen or so tents with the club flags displayed, the brilliantly painted targets, the ladies and gentlemen with the badges of their respective clubs, will form a unique and interesting picture. Archery is essentially a sport wherein the ladies stand an equal chance for the honors with their male competitors. The gold arrow has often in England been carried off by a lady, even when the opponents were archers of long experience and unusual skill.

The tournament will take place in the first week in June. There will be prizes for the clubs and individual archers. The club cup will be shot for at ranges of thirty, forty, and fifty yards, at the regulation target, forty-five inches in diameter. The prize for the championship will be contested at a sixty-yard range, at the same target. Prizes for the best archers at the various ranges will also be given, and the committee have ruled that no single archer can bear away more than one prize. If the winner of a match at a certain score has already won a prize, the next to him in skill can claim the award. The ladies' prizes will be shot for at twenty and thirty yards, but of course those who are ambitious, or who rely upon their powers at longer ranges, can shoot at all the targets.

The Bow Club, of Oakland, of which Frank C. Havens, Richard Bush, Charles, Henry, and Albert Havens are members, is a strong body, and will turn out a very formidable team for the tournament. Frank Havens, unless some Robin Hood as yet unknown turns up, is certainly the crack shot of the Pacific Coast. Frank has shot twenty out of thirty arrows into a twelve-inch target at thirty yards, and this is hard to beat. This club shoots its practice matches at Frank's ranges, on Vernon Heights. The ladies of the club are working hard, and by June will "arch" well.

The "Merry Foresters," of which Dan O'Connell is president and William L. Eyre secretary, have a range at Adam's Point, and promise to "make it warm" for the "Bow Club" when the cup is fought for. There is one lady in this club who has made such extraordinary progress that, if her nerves are steady on the match day, the lady's gold arrow may possibly fall to her lot. Another Diana, it was whispered among the ladies at the practice matches on Saturday, has hit an onion at sixty yards. This was alarming, but nobody knows how many onions she dispatched before piercing the fragrant bulb.

The Mills Seminary Archery Club, which numbers about fifteen young ladies, has gone into hard training. It is said that Mrs. Mills herself is quite an adept at drawing the long bow, and that the good lady exercises daily in increasing her proficiency in this respect.

The Robin Hood Club of San José, of which Mr. George Babcock is president, and in which I believe the ladies have a majority, are said to do some good shooting. They will uphold the cause of the Garden City in June.

Nathan Josephs, on Clay Street, has introduced the Telt-ham bows, which are preferred by many to the Highspeed or Ayers. He assured the writer a few days ago that the demand for archery tackle is so great that his large stock is rapidly diminishing. Mr. Josephs has offered a fine bow, arrows, and belt to be shot for at the tournament.

OAKLAND, March 28, 1879.

QUIVER.

The Hermit of Lake Merritt.

Oakland society has had of late a very interesting subject under discussion, namely, the little suppers and lunches given by the recluse of the lake. The charming Mrs. W. has declared that the broiled kidneys prepared by the recluse are in themselves a strong source of attraction to his semi-aquatic abode. Mrs. H. and Miss S. have found that those little patés, which the recluse mysteriously obtains, are the very perfection of the cuisinier's art. These "little feeds" are very pleasant affairs. Thackeray tells us that he had never found a poor Irishman who didn't have a poorer countryman to arrange his affairs, conciliate his creditors, and transact his business generally. So it is with the recluse. He invariably has in his train some impecunious foreigner, who does the chores about the house, who, in consideration of the crumbs that fall from his patron's table, keeps the garden in order, and gives an air of ton to the establishment. The master is said to have a great weakness in the line of widows. Having been a widower several times, he strongly affects the society and cheering presence of those ladies who have buried their husbands, and who are in the enjoyment of comfortable incomes. He is decidedly on the marry, and though peremptorily and indignantly refused by a young and wealthy Spanish belle, who was visiting Oakland, and to whom he wrote a most sentimental and pathetic appeal for her heart—and property—the old man's cheek, so to speak, hasn't decreased a particle, but he feels as confident to-day of the effect of his "fine old English gentleman's manner" on the female brain as when he was a young swell rambling down Piccadilly. This same recluse is in every sense of the word a society man. Mrs. M., the prize at the Grand Central, has been exposed to his fascinations, but has so far succeeded in not being led to the altar though, the temptations are very strong. Miss S., who is so very, very pretty, has looked kindly on the recluse—hardly kindly, though rather compassionately—and the "old boy," as his friends delight to call him, has hinted about orange blossoms and wedding favors, and enlarging the cottage, and hiring a few English servants, "by Jove." I have headed this little gossip "The Hermit of the Lake," though the "old boy" is not by any means a hermit. He is very jolly and very sociable, and may marry well and be happy before the close of the year.

ENTRE NOUS.

PRATTLE.

A correspondent, noting a statement made in these columns, to the effect that the prevalence of twaddling braggarts in American political life disgraces and belittles us in the eyes of civilization, is of the opinion that another statement in the same issue disgraces and belittles us even more than the braggarts do—the statement, namely, that “the average United States Senator is not fastidious in his friendships, scrupulous as to his instruments, nor over-respectable in his family relations.” The only question of importance is this: Is the assertion true? If so, the blame attaches, not to him who utters it, but to those of whom it is uttered. There is nothing disgraceful in the truth except the fear of it.

This correspondent, more patriotic than wise, should study to so broaden his understanding as to include much of the ground now occupied by his feelings. Let him learn that truth is better than anything in this world or the next—better than love of country, better than country, better than any form of government, better than liberty, dominion, and glory. Let him learn that, within the limits of their influence, the severest censor of his country is its foremost benefactor, and its loudest laudator its worst enemy. Patriot, wouldst thou serve thy fatherland? Cultivate, then, the habit of uttering whatever thou art most reluctant that its enemies shall know. So shalt thou attain to be stoned to death, but in the clearer light of the after time it will be seen that the wielded hands of thy persecutors have but builded thee an honorable monument, the stones whereof shall be passionately kissed by pilgrims' lips which said “Father” to the savages that flung them.

In a recently tried case against a local bank, Mr. A. A. Cohen began his argument for the plaintiff with a parable from the Gospel of St. Luke.

Disputing for a doubtful soul,
The devil quoted, almost whole,
A chapter from the Sacred Book,
Then met Saint Peter's startled look
With: “Who than I more keenly feels
The truth of all the Word reveals?”
Cohen, his purpose to achieve,
Quotes what himself does not believe.
Accept, O Cohen, this rebuke
From me, the devil, and Saint Luke.

“Wealth has its cares, but we are quite willing to assume them for the sake of the position it gives us.”—*Financial Editor of the Bulletin*. The date of publication of this philosopher's *Book of Aphorisms* will be duly announced in these columns. It is now approaching completion—that is, he has finished the foregoing brilliant apothegm, and has only to write the rest of the volume. He is the golly-be-John-dangest rough-and-tumble thinker that the century has turned up, and don't you forget it.

In “pure intellectuation” the philosopher of our vespertine contemporary is run pretty hard by that matutinal *mage*, Brigadier-Gen'l John McComb, of the *Alta*; but when it comes to clothing thoughts that breathe with words that burn a hole in a blanket at fifty paces the latter is distinctly inferior to many a leaner man, as was most lamentably apparent when, as Grand Marshal of a Fourth of July celebration, he undertook an extemporaneous address in place of the Orator of the Day, who had the misfortune to be shivering drunk. “Flow citizens,” began the burly warrior, “accustomed as I am to handling the sword more than the tongue, this glorious nation, less than a hundred years hence, was the tributary providence of an effoot monarchy; instead of which the patiment of sentriotism is incoherent in the American heart!” At this point the great man's oration triumphantly died for its country, the orator standing statuesquely silent like a tallow monument erected to its memory.

Says Fitch: “I'll draw my longest bow
This Ingersoll to overthrow.”
The devil heard, and lightly laughed,
Then shouted, down a mining shaft:
“Bob's tackled by the fellow Fitch,
And I'm to pay!—make hot the pitch.”

It is probably not the fault of the members that the coming ball of the San Francisco Art Association is announced as an “elegant” entertainment to be given under their “auspices.” One smells the hand of the reporter in that kind of diction: “elegant” is a term from the lexicon of penury, and “auspices” belongs to the vocabulary of ignorance. It only remains for indigence to explain that the entertainment will be given in “palatial” apartments, and for uninstruction to add that it will be an “ovation.”

The crop of poets who sing of Spring will be larger this season than last. They began a month ago, thinking the rains were nearly over, but nature's tardiness has enabled them to write several poems each, instead of one, and has also brought to the fore some scores of bards who had not intended to write at all, but were beguiled by the protracted opportunity. With copious protrusion of tongue and abundant confusion of legs, these industrious people have ground out an irritating quantity of “extemporaneous” rhyme (relating mostly to vegetation—which they are pleased to call “Nature”), and a good deal of it will be sent to the newspapers, owing to advice of injudicious friends. In addition, the writer of this has knocked off a few verses himself, which several persons in whose judgment he has confidence have assured him are not wholly unseasonable, nor altogether unworthy of print.

It is increasingly apparent that when the news goes blazing and thundering across the continent that General Grant has set his foot in San Francisco, that gentleman will find himself not very much to his surprise, perhaps) the centre of the most powerful and least reputable political uprising that the extra-mural malefactors of the country ever devised for purposes of plunder. The man who does not now perceive how all Grant's movements since he left the White House two years ago have been arranged, by or for him, with the one definitive object of his reëntering it two years hence, may justly boast himself impenetrable to the light of

events, and fortified against the assaults of reason. There have before been notable feats of electioneering, but this rascally ingenious plan of roping-in the rulers of the Old World as platform statuary and “honorary vice-presidents” forges a clear length ahead of anything hitherto attempted. The scheme has no political parallel, and the only neat thing in “enterprise” that nearly matches its crafty audacity is the devil's plan of getting himself so advertised in the pulpit that his name, the nature of his business, the seductive quality of what he has to offer, and his alacrity in serving parties at their residence, are matters of familiar household knowledge in quarters whence he hopes for the largest orders.

“If this oppressive instrument
Is ratified, it's my intent
To pull up stakes, by Jove, and go,
With all I'm worth, to Mexico!”
Says Mr. Brown, who seems to think
Unreal estate, if taxed, will shrink.

The repairs on the *Jeannette* will cost Mr. Bennett \$40,000. Add to this sum the expenses of the expedition and the value of the vessel, deduct the price of the North Pole, and in the remainder you will have the amount of Mr. Bennett's contribution to the cause of Arctic exploration. The loss to his associates will probably not exceed twenty-five or thirty lives—men in moderate circumstances can work for science pretty cheap nowadays when so many gentlemen of wealth are willing to incur nearly all the expense and risk.

The Watt mine, in Nevada county, has been closed, the managers not caring to invest any more money in improvements necessary to a continuance of work which the adoption of the new Constitution, with its liability-of-directors clause, might compel them to definitely abandon. This gives the thirty-five or forty laborers hitherto employed more leisure to expound the merits of the Workingman's Constitution.

Chief Moses is expected on the steamer *George W. Elder* to-day. This lecherous scalp-holder is thinking of making his home in the northern part of this State (Oregon has become too parching for him) and has come down to consult his attorneys as to the effect of the new Constitution. Double taxation is his special and particular aversion, and he wants to know whether a scalp on which the tax has once been paid by the gentleman (or his executors) whose head it would fit can be again assessed against the gentleman whose roof-tree it adorns.

It is a knotty question that Chief Moses propounds, and must be determined, not by construing any single provision of the new instrument, but in the spirit of its general intention, which is to tax all kinds of property, real, personal, and imaginary, a great many times indeed, both where it is and where it is not. The only section of the new “organic law” that appears to bear directly upon the scalp question—and that not in a way to relieve the person in present possession—is the one allowing a rebate, or drawback, on poll-tax, under conditions not very clearly defined in the new o. g. This section, that able jurist, Mr. Psalmuel Williams, of the *Bulletin*, interprets (unselfishly, no doubt) to the advantage of the taxpayer who has but part of a head.

By the way, if the new Constitution should be adopted—and the *Post* is vigorously opposing it—there will be four days (from Thursday noon, January 1, 1880, to Monday noon, January 5, 1880) when the State will be absolutely without a government or officer of any kind. No court of record will be in existence, no judge in office to make an order, grant an injunction, or issue a warrant. Nobody will be liable in purse or accountable in person to anybody else for anything which it may be his pleasure to do, to be, or to suffer; and if the hand which now points out this peril to the good and opportunity of the wicked be not then incarnadined with gouts and clots and blobs of local poets' blood, it will have basely abdicated its critical function, shaming alike the powers that urge it and the sentiments that guide.

It will be a blessed season of cold and pitiless vengeance, and it shall go hard, but every nuseman of the uncanny lot shall offer his broad soles to the horizon, spread his fat fingers, and shiver out his pellucid ghost to squeak and gibber unscanable meters to the moon-blasted fens and frog-noxious morasses of the Mission—haunt of the gloomy Stuart!

“Dr.” C. C. O'Donnell and a fellow named Bates are going East with a brace of Chinese lepers for public exhibition in the giddy capitals of the Atlantic seaboard. The judicious showmen, determined to please all tastes, did not hamper themselves with a rigid and inelastic standard of merit in selecting talent for their entertainment. One of their attractions, a fat and well-liking person, is supposed to be a recent convert to leprosy, the only outward and visible sign of his change of heart being a sea-green complexion of exceeding splendor. The other sportsman is iridescent, beaded, clatter-boned, mealy-meated, and crummy to the verge of dissolution. It is believed, however, that these worthy members of an ancient and honorable disorder—the neophyte and the *magister mysteriorum*—are in reality only one of the “Doc tor's” jaundice patients, before and after treatment, respectively.

A letter from the Bureau of Statistics in Washington has been received at this office, asking for a statement of the professions and other callings represented in the recent constitutional convention. Nobody about this paper has the time to look into the matter as carefully as its importance deserves, but it is hoped the following report will be found valuable so far as it goes:

Beerstretcher practices law upon fools,
Vacuquerel sweats on the roast that he rules,
Freud on the corset doth sew and sew,
And Bonnet arranges the furbelow.

“I say, Tom, why didn't you come to my house-warming?”
“Why didn't you invite me?” “How punctilious! Didn't you hear the fire-bell?”

“Wild young men and criminals,” says the society reporter of the *Call*, in the charming, jerky style of which he is the foremost living master, “have, when arrested, on several recent occasions, in this city, given the name of prominent citizens as their own.” This is not justifiable in the wild young men and criminals, but the natural desire to keep their own names and misdeeds out of the *Call's* weekly record of social events must be frankly acknowledged as a mitigating circumstance.

Mr. Clitus Barbour—for whose first name might be substituted a word which, it is hoped, no one will have the hardihood to suggest—is good enough to swear “as God lives” that the advocates of the principles of the Workingmen's party shall be heard, or every street in California shall run with blood.” Well, we will choose the blood; but see here, Clit.; while we are paddling about in that liquid you fellows have got to stop arguing, or it's no bargain. We are not going to get our feet wet and be called anthropophagous old salacities at the same time. Oh, no!

Gussie Wax, the other day,
Married, so the papers say,
And a wit of great renown
Dazed and tickled all the town;
For his unexpected joke
Fell as falls the lightning stroke
From a sky without a cloud,
Over traffic's dusty crowd,
Darkening the noonday blaze,
Stillling all the city's drays—
Nature's wit, compounded right,
Half amazement, half delight.
Even so this joker's jest
Startled while it charmed each breast.
“What his *jeu d'esprit*?” Attend,
Mark, digest, and comprehend:
When Miss Wax's name he heard,
And to wed that she preferred,
Spake he not a single word.

Wits, ambitious more than others
For distinction o'er your brothers,
Recollect his fame's the brightest
Who can hold his tongue the tightest.

“You are too severe on my friend,” expostulated a tender-hearted gentleman, the other day, to a rather censorious writer, mentioning the name of a local poet; “the poor fellow is in almost the last stage of an incurable disease.” “Too severe!” was the warm reply; “can you point to a line of mine in which I have asserted that he was getting well?”

A good deal of satisfaction is expressed concerning the malevolent astuteness of Messrs. Hansbrough and Gibson in spoiling the gigantic hoax devised by Sam Davis and Chester Hull. Well, they didn't. The only hoax these ingenious gentlemen planned they successfully executed in making the public believe they had planned a hoax. Your rogue is never so little to be trusted as when confessing his rognery.

A stock sharp of the good old days
The crown when Ralston wore
Went South e'er the Bonanza craze,
Returned when it was o'er.
This rusty old Peruvian
Knew naught of things Diluvian.

He opened at the same old stand
And shouted Ophir wild;
“Hold!” roared his partner—“stay your hand—
Jim Flood is long!” He smiled,
Explaining: “By attacking him,
We'll learn what blockhead's hacking him.”

Consistency is the base and spurious imitation jewelry that ornaments common minds. It evidences the lowest order of talent, and the most cowardly of mental and moral organizations. A consistent Christian is bigoted, dogmatical, and stupid. A consistent politician is an old party, brass-bound bottom, covered with barnacles—he is a Bourbon, a fool, a Democrat. A consistent editor is one of those double-humped dromedaries of the press that thinks he must always remain a donkey because his father was an ass. Consistency is impossible to the man possessing a progressive, thinking, self-reliant, original mind. Conditions change. New facts are presented, new ideas are formed, and new conclusions arrived at. The man who will not admit this fact is dishonest. If he will not accept the conclusions he is an idiot. If he will not frame his conduct in accordance with his convictions he is a moral coward. We never see a consistent man that we do not desire to kick him. It is better to be right to-day than consistent with yesterday.

To the list of clergymen who are endeavoring to resist public opinion in the interest of the Chinese invasion we may now add the name of the Reverend Doctor Bowles. This new Universalist preacher seems anxious for the distinction of a quarrel with the Reverend Doctor Kalloch, reminding us of the person who had the ambition to be recognized by the Duke of Wellington—and who was. We are now compelled to admit that Doctor Guard, a Methodist, Mr. Bowles, a Universalist, and Otis Gibson, a Congregationalist, are the three particular bulrushes of the clergy who are endeavoring to dam Niagara. If any other minister desires to have his name enrolled in this dam business he will please send it to the ARGONAUT.

Mr. F. Hassaurek, of Cincinnati, has written another book, drawn from his experience and observations at Ecuador. It is a romance, having the title *The Secret of the Andes*, with the scene laid at Quito, about sixty years after the discovery and conquest of Peru by the Spaniards. Atahualpa, the last of the Incas, left at Quito a great hidden treasure, in the existence of which the Ecuadorians and Peruvians religiously believe, and for which they have vainly searched for centuries. The object of the book is to prove that Mr. Hassaurek did not steal it while United States Minister at Ecuador.

There are two kinds of men that tell the truth: the force of circumstances and the other for a

A HELP TO FREEDOM.

It was in the days when what is known as the Fugitive Slave Law was in force; when an escaped slave could be taken in a free State as lawfully as upon his master's own plantation; when the officers of the Government were bound to make arrests, and hold a negro till he could be proven; when a man aiding such escaped slave was liable to fine and imprisonment as though he had been a thief. But by the secret link that binds one sympathy to another, slaves were aided and assisted. Food, shelter, and transportation were furnished them. They were passed along in the dark from hand to hand till they reached Canada. This passage in the dark to freedom was known as "the underground railway." Not all who made a practice of helping the trembling slaves along were known, but most were marked, and the practice was frowned upon by the authorities. The name "Abolitionist" came to be a term of reproach next in spite and loathing to "nigger."

My grandfather, Elisha Baldwin of Ohio, was one of these Abolitionists. A man of principle and of upright life, besides being a deacon deep in the rigidity of Presbyterianism, he could not but have the respect of his neighbors, though many hated him, and the little playmates of my mother used to tell her, their lips curling with scorn, that her father was "an Abolitionist." Those days are long gone now, but to-day one of the old stories stirs my memory—the story as I have heard it over and over, and many another like it, too. My mother has told me about it many a time. She was a little thing, six, may be seven, years old. It was the first snowfall of an Ohio winter, and she ran out the next morning, mittens on her hands, and red woolen hood tight over her head, and her light curls falling from under it over her shoulders. She was a hardy child, and a fearless one, besides being the youngest of a large family, or she would never have been allowed the freedom out of doors that she always was. The snow was a beautiful light to her blue eyes, tired of the dust of summer, the glorious hues, and then the bare twigs of the later autumn. So she frolicked about in it like a playful kitten, till at last her little feet wandered away from the old brick house that stood like a dark blotch upon the pure white landscape. On and on she skipped till she reached the edge of the wood, and into it further and further by way of the path, upon whose edges in the early spring she gathered the first Ohio wild flowers.

Suddenly she stood transfixed with fright; her heart clutched itself, and she would have cried out but that the sound choked in her throat. Five negroes were huddled together round a small fire, their black faces shining like dead coals amidst the snow. It was a terrifying sight to a child who had scarce seen a negro in her life before. With a start one looked up.

"My Lord bress me!" she exclaimed, being an old woman with grizzled eyebrows and great fat cheeks, holding in her lap and covering with her shawl the head of a small and slighter woman who neither moved nor spoke. "It's one ob de little angels," she added, clasping her hands.

With a smothered oath one of the men rushed forward and seized the child in his arms.

"Don't yo' hu't dat chile, Gawge," called the old woman; "don't yo' do it."

"Yes, I will," he answered, in a low voice; "I done kill her ef she's sent hyar fur to spy."

"What fur yo' don't know I got as much to lose as yo'? Gib dat chile to me." And the man carried the limp little bundle toward her and delivered it into her hands, black on the backs but white on the palms. "Yes," she began, comfortingly smoothing the white cheeks, "dat Gawge he's a mighty good boy, an' he wouldn't hu't yo' fur a meal o' vittles, honey. Don't yo' be scairt, now, little missis; ole Victory done tole yo' de truf. I spec' may be de little Ohio gals tinks a nigger's de bad man, sure nuff."

"How'd she come way froo de woods?" suggested one of the men, suspiciously. "Somebody must 'a' brung her."

"Tell de ole Victory, now, honey, who brung yo' froo," said the old woman, in a petting tone. "Twas a young man, now, warn't it, honey, wid a fine ring blazin' on his finger, an' a gold chain dangle?" He tole yo' to fin' Victory an' Em'ly, didn't he, honey?" And at this the woman with her head under the shawl moaned and turned her head, and the old woman put her hand down as if to comfort her.

Gathering so much of courage as yet remained to her, the little wanderer turned her eyes from the scowling black faces above her and hid her head on Victory's fat shoulder.

"It wasn't a man that brought me," she sobbed; "I brought myself."

"An' what was his name?" persisted Victory, hushing the head on her lap.

"I tell you, it was nobody," said the little girl, growing indignant. "These woods belong to my father, and I come here often and often, though never before in the snow; and if you please, good niggers, to let me go home, I'll never, never, never come again."

A little murmured moan came in a broken, smothered voice from the folds of the shawl: "Oh, I hoped it was him; I hoped so."

"Mother," said George, fiercely, "ef Em'ly done goin' to keep dat up ebery day, I wish to gracious I neber brung her."

"Yo' Gawge, yo' hush, now; yo' don't know nuffin', yo' idgit! Nobody but her own mudder know how Em'ly feel. Nobody but a woman know how to feel fur anudder woman, ennybow. Lemme tend de po' gal, Gawge; she sufferin' like she done come to de bad place a'ready," and she laid her great hand on the heaving shoulder and quieted it.

"Now, little gal, yo' jes' tell us who yo' be," said one of the other men, joining in the conversation.

"Yes; what's yo' name, little pritty?" asked Victory, persuasively.

"Elsie Baldwin," answered the little girl, bravely.

"Bress de Lord for eber and eber," said Victory, bringing her hands together with a loud clap; "but Gabe an' Gawge, I do b'lieve de chile am Mas'r Baldun's baby! An' where does yo' live, honey? In de humbly brick house out yonder? Oh! de little lamb, de little white lamb! 'Clar to goodness, boys, 'tis Mas'r Baldun's baby. Stand away dar from dat fire an' let little Missis warm her hands, an' stir de coals a leetle, jes' a leetle, Gabe; white folks neber see no smoke; all keepin' snug in de house dis col' mornin'."

The woman with her head under the shawl stirred and said nothing to her herself again. The men looked at each

other, nodded, and turned away. She sat up in a moment, nursed her knees, and turned a vacant gaze in among the trees. Her eyes were large and dull, and her curling hair was matted in her neck. She was lighter than the others, and her hands were small and delicate. Her mouth was partly open, and her under lip had dropped a little, disclosing the row of even, white teeth; and she shivered miserably and moaned like one who suffers a dead pain.

"I'm so very cold," she whispered finally, while Victory watched her anxiously; "I think all the time I'm freezing, an' there's such a gnawing at my stomach."

"Never yo' min' nothin' Em'ly, honey. We'll be clean froo it all in a few mo' days, an' in Canady dere'll be plenty to wa'm an' plenty to eat, an' de little feller, Em'ly, 'il be crowin' in yo' arms, an' we'll be free. Oh! de good Lord, dat lets ole Victory be free at de las'!"

"But there's such a gnawing here," said Emily, placing her hand on her breast, and swaying backward and forward. "It's my heart that aches an' aches, and I've heerd the white folks say the yaller gals hadn't no heart. Oh, they don't know, they don't know!"

Under the yellow of her skin there was an ashy paleness, and her eyes were bloodshot. A tear forced itself beneath her lash, and, rolling over her cheek, plashed upon the hand clasped across her breast, but she never heeded it. Pretty soon she moaned again:

"I wish I was back at the old place, mother. I don't care if I'm never warm nor have a bite to eat again. I don't want to be free, mother. I want Mas'r Henry. He'll never know his baby, an' he tole me over an' over it should be free. Oh, I want to go back, I want to go back!"

"Em'ly, chile, yo' don't know it, but I tole yo' over an' over how 'twas. Don't yo' tink ole Marse John tole Victory her little chile should have freedom, too, an' look at yo' now, Em'ly, fur all his promise. An' Marse Henry goin' to be marr'd, too, next month! I tell yo', ole Missis have yo' sold fo' one yea' mo', an' some udder man buy yo' case yo're a fine, likely gal. An' yo' gettin' de lash kase yo' wasn't sprightly no mo', an' sent off wid dem common niggers, like Mandy and Lize. Ef yo' heart's broke in two, now, Em'ly, dat would smash it, suah. Now, heah to yo' mammy, Em'ly."

Emily burst into a passion of tears, and sobbed on her clasped hands, while great drops of sympathy fell from Victory's cheeks. Finally, Emily wiped her face. "It know it's all true, mother," she said. "If we could only be gettin' on, and not lyin' here among the snow freezing an' starving. If it wasn't for the other little life in me playing with my heart-strings I should have died a week ago. My spirit's all gone, an' I feel like another gal—all broken down an' tired."

"De good Lo'd!" said old Victory, "but here's dat little un a listenin', all ears an' eyes an' mouf. Sich talk ain't for sich a little Missis. Come, now, what yo' folks doin' dis mornin' dat you run'd away in de cold, darlin'?"

"I didn't run away, though I don't think ma will quite like it 'cause I came so far," said Elsie. "But they're all in the kitchen, cooking up a great lot—ma, and Mary, and Harriet, and Julia, and Ellen, the hired girl, and they said I was nothing but a bother. It's for some poor folks just come to town, and they haven't had a thing to eat since yesterday noon time, ma said."

"Yo' got a good mammy, chile. Mighty few white folks got feelin's fur niggers. Bress de Lo'd ebery minute in de day, little gal, dat yo' hadn't de luck to be born wid a black face. When de souls go a flyin' an' a flyin' roun' de earth, sometimes dey gits in a black body, sometime in a white body—jes' as it comes; an' once in, dey neber git out till dey come befo' de great throne, an' den de Lo'd he'll say: 'No matter, children, 'bout de bodies; de souls is white all froo, jes' alike.' But de black skin has drefful times heah, little Missis, an' sing praises dat it didn't happen you was a nigger!"

"No," said Emily bitterly, "nobody cares for niggers—not even God. They've got no feelin's; whip 'em, and starve 'em, and curse 'em. And yet Marse Henry was always kind," she added in a broken voice; "never spoke cross words to me. Oh! how I wish I was back on the old place! 'Pears like the col' and the hunger don't strike in as they ought to, 'cause I'm so col' and so hungry here," and she struck her breast despairingly, and her teeth chattered, and her lower lip dropped again.

"Oh, yo' po' gal! don't yo' know Marse Henry done yo' de mos' hahm? Not de once yo' got de lash on yo' shouldahs hu't yo' half so bad! Keep up, Em'ly, fur yo' ole mudder, till we done git de udder side into Canady. Ebery minnit now I's spectin' yo'll have a bite to eat, an' when de dark done come agin' we'll be on de underground way to freedom."

In a moment more little Elsie was taken by George near to the edge of the wood, where she found John, their own hired man, with a great basket on his arm, and it dawned upon her then who the poor folks just come to town the day before must be.

As she walked along in the path behind the crunching of John's boots a great many things that had been a puzzle to her were made plain. The whole thing of the mysteries in the kitchen, the bundling away of clothing, the still whispers that sometimes seemed to fill the house from garret to cellar, the nods, the consultations, the busy days, the bread and the great piece of bacon that never came on the table—all of a sudden a strange world seemed to open to the little girl.

When she reached home, and John had communicated in a few words her discovery, she was bidden never, never, never to speak of it, as nobody knew what hurt might come of it; and a little motherly caution was added about going so far into the wood again.

She had heard stories—since she was old enough for stories—of the slaves and their cruel treatment, of their endeavors to escape, of their capture; and on this day of discoveries she was busying her brain with putting two and two together. Once she broke out with: "But, ma, in Ohio they never have any slaves, and why?" but her inquiry was smothered away under her mother's hand, with a warning: "Hush, hush! my little girl musn't talk!"

Toward night it began to snow again—large, soft, muffle-like flakes. They seemed like words spoken without sound. They were watched anxiously by all, and the low sky was appealed to for encouragement so often. The sleigh in the barn had quilts, and provisions, and bricks ready for heating stowed away in its bed, and little Elsie knew that all things were waiting till dark to take the runaway slaves to free soil. And John was on the lookout somewhere in the wood.

But just at dusk he came in hastily, and as the candlelight struck his face it seemed filled with concern. Again the house was filled with whisperings and their echoes. "The poor, poor creature!" exclaimed the women, one after another, and father shook his head, and mother went to fixing up the little room that was partitioned off in the garret, and her face was very sad. "There is no help for it," said father, "we must run the risk and bring her in. Elisha Baldwin, deep-dyed abolitionist already, must take a deeper plunge, and harbor the runaways under his own roof. It is very unfortunate." And then old Victory came in the back way, and Emily's head was on her shoulder. "Em'ly's took! Em'ly's took! Marse Baldun," said she, and her voice was all of a tremble; "I was afeared she'd neber hol' out till we got ober into de promise lan'." And Emily's eyes were fixed and dull, her brow was drawn, her lip dropped, her chin shaking, and she moaning, moaning. She was taken up into the garret, bottles of hot water and blankets carried after her, and so she was put to bed.

About midnight little Elsie was awakened by a sobbing and wailing outside the door of her little chamber. It was the voice of old Victory.

"My po' leetle gal!" it said, "yo' ole mammy done goin' to leave yo' in de pangs. My Lord, I neber done nothin' to make eberyting come so ha'd. Don't let my leetle gal go back, Marse Baldun. It's Marse Henry done got her heart down Souf, but he just tink she like what else he own—de horse in de ba'n, de dog in de kennel. What he care 'bout her love? Don't yo' let her go, Marse Baldun, yo' heab to me."

In a moment more the sound of a sleigh deprived of its bells was heard running off the back way, and then the little girl drifted away into sleep again. Yet next morning the sleigh was under cover, as usual, and John, though a little tired in the eyes, was about at his work. Oh! yes indeed; but Elsie knew all about it, and quiet as a little mouse she meant to be, never opening her mouth on the subject to her little playmates. But now that she knew, and they knew that she knew, she did think they might talk right out before her, and not be so very mysterious, nodding and hinting at things, and consulting with each other, and not taking her into confidence at all. For instance, grandmother said: "A dreadful mess we've got into, girls! I declare I'm just nervous for fear it may turn out a serious case, and I know it wouldn't do to call in either of the doctors here."

Now what on earth did that mean?

Then grandfather said at table, "I learn that another lot of corn will come up before long, and may be expected any time the next six months. Same section of country as the last, but it was thought best not to ship too large a lot at once."

Grandmother answered, "Father, father, do be careful. This is an unpleasant business to be mixed up in. I know that suspicion is turned in our direction now, and what if discovery should make that suspicion certainty?"

"I know, Jane, I know; but I feel it's the Lord's work. I can't take back my hand now that I've once put it out."

And Mary, and Harriet, and Julia were busy at sewing on garments almost small enough for Elsie's great rag doll. They were fashioning little woolen slips and skirts of flannel, and once Harriet said she didn't mind about her plaid shawl any more, and she guessed they'd better wrap "the baby" in it. Day after day grandmother kept herself in the garret, and she slept up there nights; and coming down to her meals, she would tell how worried she felt, and how Emily had a fever, and wandered in her mind, and how the red spots in her cheeks kept coming and going, and she knew it was owing to cold and exposure she had suffered.

Elsie grew very indignant indeed, and finally spoke out her mind to grandfather, who said indulgently to grandmother that he guessed Elsie might as well know. And so she was bidden to walk quietly up to the garret, where Emily lay in bed. Emily had been very sick, but for a week she had been better. Her eyes looked very large, and her cheeks thin, and her lips pale; but she was a very pretty girl, with black hair curling over her forehead, and small fine features. Wonder of wonders! when the covers were turned down, upon her arm lay a little, little saffron-colored baby, with its fists shut up tight.

"I'm sorry she was a gal, missis," said Emily, earnestly, "cause bein' a gal she mus' suffer so much, anyhow you can fix it; but I'm goin' to do all I can fur her now I brought her to the world. I'm jus' as 'fraid somebody'll fin' me an' take me, 'cause I want my baby to be free. Marse Henry was mighty good to me," and here a spasm passed over her face; "but I never want my baby to be a slave like her mammy." Then she brightened, and said, in an embarrassed, shamed way, "Don't you know she got blue, blue eyes? Oh, I do hope she'll be real white!"

And then in another week the sleigh ran cautiously up to the back door again in the dark, and this time Elsie was up and awake.

"I'll never forgit what you done fur me," said poor Emily, sobbing. "I never could pay you if I had the money; but I pray every night that if ever you come to misfortune I'll know it somehow, jus' fur the pleasure of bein' sorry with you. Missis Baldun, I could jus' git down an' kiss your feet," and the tears streamed over her cheeks.

The sleigh drove away with its burden, and ran off into the night. "Thank God!" exclaimed the mother, with a sigh of relief. And next morning the horses were stabled, the sleigh was in its place. John sat down to breakfast as usual, and not a word was said during the whole meal or at any time thereafter before Elsie about the fugitives. But she learned long afterward that in three days more two men had come with a bang to the front door. "You will know your own marshal," said one, haughtily, "and recognize his authority. I have come for the niggers named respectively, Victoria Hunt, George Hunt, Gabriel Britton, Samuel Pettit, and the wench Emily Hunt, whom you are suspected of harboring."

"I have never heard these names before," sturdily spoke out old Elisha Baldwin. "I do not know the whereabouts of these people. If I were put upon my oath I could not even guess at their whereabouts, but I should judge that every slave headed for Canada as soon as the shackles were struck from his limbs."

As the two took horse at the gate, the younger and handsomer was heard to mutter between his teeth: "Damned old abolitionist!"

KATE HEATH.

FRENCH BONBONS.

Magistrate—You seem to have been drinking, and to have left your wits at the bottom of your tumbler.

Prisoner (blandly)—Impossible, your Honor; I never leave anything at the bottom of my tumbler.

Child (pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific combat between a lion and a crocodile)—What are those things doing, pa?

Father—Talking politics, my dear.

They were discussing the venerable theme of money and happiness.

"Money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman, pompously.

"Yes," replied another one, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

Reigning beauty to her hair-dresser—Mrs. X's hair is really thicker and longer than mine, but I am not a bit jealous. It doesn't seem so.

The rare, pale Margaret is a very orderly young lady. Not in vain has her fond mamma impressed upon her the advantages of keeping an exact account of all she does. For instance, on one page of her neat little pocket-diary is the following account current:

1879.	Cousin Jack.	Dr. to Me.
Feb. 13.	To 1 kiss given him.1
" 20.	By 1 " returned, Cr.1

A fond father marries off his daughter. When the matrimonial contract is about to be signed his prospective son-in-law rubs his thumb and fingers together in expressive pantomime, and says, gently but firmly:

"*Viellard, antez en haut!*" (Anglice—Old man, ante up!)

The fond father produces his daughter's marriage portion of 20,000 francs and hands them over, and the young man shakes him warmly by the hand.

"I don't see what he had to shake my hand about," said the fond father later in the evening to a guest; "he must be as stupid as a goose. I have 100,000 francs; Cecilia is my only child, and if he had not accepted that money to-night he'd have got the money when I died; as it is he'll only get 80,000 francs. He must be an ass to throw away 20,000 francs that way."

The regiment was ordered out for target practice, and to the unspeakable disgust of the instructor the soldiers made bull's-eyes on barns and centres on the planet Uranus.

"Gimme that rifle, you cross-eyed son of an old smooth-bore Tower musket," yelled the instructor, "and watch me."

He fires and misses the target, the bullet striking about two hundred yards short, and a quarter of a mile to the right.

"That's the way you gawks do," says the instructor, calmly, putting in another cartridge; "never make any allowance for windage—pay no attention to your elevation—nothing."

He fires again and sends the bullet over the target.

"And that's the way some more of you do—get a good aim on the mark, but when you pull the trigger, up goes your muzzle, and the ball goes up among the little stars and all around the moon, fair regent of the heavens."

Fires again and makes a bull's-eye.

"And that's the way you ought to do."

"Father, is that a goose—that big white bird?"

"No, my boy; that bird is the swan—that immaculate giraffe of the wave!"

The Magistrate—You were a builder and contractor?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor.

The Magistrate—Then what induced you to quit that honorable profession and open a savings bank?

The wife to her husband—Oh, how good you are, how generous; how thoughtful it was of you to buy me this lovely stuff dress! But, dearest, do you not know that the unhappy silk-weavers of Lyons are starving for bread? I prefer doing a little good, humble though it may be, to gratifying myself. Take this splendid merino dress back to the store and make them change it—a simple black silk robe will do for me. Let us remember the poor!

A manager who had just returned from a brief tour in Italy with an improvised opera troupe was asked how the theatre-going public was in that sunny clime.

"Well," said he, "the public varies according to locality. At Rome the people are warm—enthusiastic; why, you have hardly uttered a note before the houses rises at you and tears up the benches. At Turin, on the other hand, no reception is offered till you are half through your piece, and then every one gets up and goes out without saying a word. I don't like singing to one of these cold audiences. No artist does."

Two rich men of the self-made variety were discussing the trials and hardships of their early lives.

"I am worth three millions to-day if I'm worth a penny, and I came to Paris in a pair of patched boots."

"Four millions is my figure," says the other, "and when I came to Paris I hadn't any shoes at all. All I could call my own when I began life for myself was my dying father's curse!"

A small boy in Belfast, whose deportment at school had always ranked 100 per cent., came home one day with his standing reduced to 98.

"What have you been doing, my son?" asked the mother.

"Been doing," replied the young hopeful, "been doing just as I have all along, only the teacher caught me this time."

Bright Little Girl—The robbers can't steal my mamma's diamond ear-rings, 'cause papa's hid them.

Visitor—Where has he hid them?

Little Girl—Why, I heard him tell mamma he had put them up the spout, and he guessed they would stay there.

EXPLODED CRANIOLOGY.

One of the most entertaining chapters in the "Breakfast Table" series is that wherein the witty professor gives his views on Phrenology, which he calls a pseudo-science. Holmes says that to locate the functions of the brains from external signs, is like fingering the outside of an iron safe to learn the nature and quantity of its contents. The Professor's interview with Bumpus and Crane is a happy description of the art of the phrenologist. It is surprising that while the progress of science has gradually been taking away what little foundation craniology ever had, it has been growing in popular estimation. Many people are ready at first sight to believe in the mental powers of a man with a big bulbous forehead. There is much mention of "broad and lofty brows" in the description of the heroes in current fiction. By means of "phrenological magazines" and "busts," the public have been made familiar with the geography of the cranium. They know where to look on the bald head of a stranger for the craniological signs of his character and capacity. This kind of diagnosis is more difficult when the hair is on; but still the outlines determine whether the subject of the investigation has a "good shaped head" or not. It is then probable that there is more or less general faith in the ability of the craniologist to feel the mind through the skull.

Doctor Andrew Wilson, in a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, has given the hollow scone of phrenology a terrible rap. By an able presentation of the results of anatomical investigation, and by clear and convincing argument, he demonstrates that the old so-called "phrenology" has no scientific basis. The doctrine of phrenology, as preached in America by O. S. Fowler, allots to the brain some thirty odd "organs," and assigns to each a separate and distinct function. The skull is mapped out into corresponding sections, each section overlying its organ and bearing the same name. The strength or weakness of the various organs of the brain is indicated by the tell-tale elevations or depressions of its osseous envelop, appearing always in conformity to the official survey. For instance, if a boy develops a happy knack of stealing, and constantly exercises his talent as he grows up, until he attains a fat office or enters the halls of Congress, what would be the phrenological consequences? It would be found that his bump of conscientiousness had been gradually absorbed until a cavity or depression had resulted in that section of his cranium. Or, to take an opposite illustration, if a man, holding the office of public administrator, should give the reins to his "destructiveness" for a few years, what would result? The portion of his brain which exercised that propensity would grow and produce a corresponding protuberance on the cranial roof. But, unfortunately, the theory is not supported by experience. The comparison of the skull of Isaac Newton's friend, Dr. Gregory, a professor of mathematics and astronomy, with the skulls of fifteen notorious murderers, furnished a notable contradiction. Gregory was a man of ability and fine character, yet by the testimony of the skulls he was equaled in benevolence by the brutal Burke, who murdered so many persons to furnish subjects for the dissecting table, while in "causality," or reasoning power, he was not up to the average of the criminals. The heads of many living men, distinguished for character and ability, completely refute the teachings of professors of phrenology.

The truth is that the surface of the human brain in no way corresponds to the fanciful divisions of the craniologists' plaster cast. It presents many complex folds, or convolutions, utterly uncomfortable to the rectilinear divisions aforesaid. The brain may be compared in this respect to the kernel of a walnut, which in form it much resembles. Again, between some portions of the human brain and its bony case large air spaces, or sinuses, intervene. In the human forehead an inch of space separates the brain from that portion of the surface which reveals to the phrenologist the "form," "size," "color," and "individuality" of the owner. Form is located upon a nasal cavity; calculation, upon a solid, bony knob. Phrenology conveniently makes no account of the large base of the brain, which is beyond its manipulation, but is known to be active.

There is preserved at Harvard University the skull of a man whose "case" is of interest in this connection. While engaged in drilling rock, an accidental blast drove through his forehead and the top of his head an iron bar of fourteen pounds weight and three feet long. He recovered in a short time, and exhibited himself for years afterward, all over the United States. Although that crowbar must have carried away several ounces of his brain, and demolished in its passage his "causality," "ideality," and other intellectual organs, yet the man's intelligence remained as before the accident.

The late researches of anatomists have shown that in the brain of the higher animals, and probably also in man, there are certain nervous centres which govern many ordinary actions. Some of these nerve centres, notably that of the sense of touch, are found to be on the inner surface of the brain, a region of which the phrenologist has no cognizance. The old craniological divisions are irreconcilable with these discoveries, and in many instances run directly contrary to the revelations of anatomy. As to size and weight of brain, anatomists have ascertained that great intellectual powers are by no means necessarily associated with unusual cerebral development. Dull brains have weighed as high as 67 ounces, while the brain of Agassiz fell short of 54 ounces, and that of Dr. Chalmers weighed only 53 ounces. Women of but ordinary intelligence have had brains over 55 ounces in weight. In weight and size of brain, the red ant is infinitely above him in intelligence.

Beyond some general inferences drawn from the comparison of widely different races of mankind, there is yet no scientific basis for the determination of the character or mentality of any individual from a superficial examination of the bony processes of his skull. W. A. LAWSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

In Strasbourg two hundred and fifty people are engaged in the business of cramming geese for the manufacture of *pâté de foie gras*. In order to bring the birds' livers up to the proper condition of disease thirty pounds of food are required. Twenty-three Strasbourgers have the monopoly of the trade, receiving altogether about a quarter of a million dollars yearly income, nearly four-fifths of which is for the liver.

LITERARY NOTES.

In the Albemarle Street Library, London, is still religiously preserved the famous copy of Holy Writ in which Byron gave his own version of the line "Now, Barabbas was a robber," by turning it into "Now, Barabbas was a publisher." It is a book that "the world"—of authors—"will not willingly let die."

Admirers of "In Memoriam," of whom we are a hundred, must endure to be told that Mr. Tennyson had only a speaking acquaintance with young Arthur Hallam, whom he did not specially admire.

We note a revived interest in all that relates to Dr. Johnson, a distinct tendency toward his style, and a successful popular attempt to restore his social manners.

In expressing their sense of the merits of Messrs. Howells, James, Stoddard, Aldrich, and all the school of the latter-day *Atlantic*, the critics have exhausted over and over again the vocabulary of such words as "delicate," "suggestive," "exquisite," and "subtle;" but we have not observed any disastrous run upon such terms as "great," "robust," "large," and "healthy."

The author of *The Wide Wide World* has written another novel called *My Desire*. The Book of Genesis tells her to whom her desire should be.

M. Victor Hugo's poem, "La Pitie Supreme," has appeared. Its general drift is that the real objects of pity are not the victims of tyranny or persecution, but the tyrants and persecutors; that the lot to be envied is that of Socrates, Huss, etc., while Pilate, Sylla, Tiberius were looked down upon with pity by those whom they sacrificed. All the same we would prefer the lot of the wicked persecutor.

Mr. William Winter writes to the Boston *Journal* denying that he is the author of "The Under Dog in the Fight." Perhaps he is the subject.

Mr. Winter explains that some years ago a similar attempt was made to fasten upon him the authorship of "The Beautiful Snow"—that execrable bit of bosh, of whom the author is not known only because every writer accuses his worst enemy of being the man, and every man accused, guilty or innocent, hastens to deny.

The author of *La Fille de Madame Angot* is now strumming it upon a golden harp in the regions of the blest—where they had never heard anything like it before.

Mr. Anthony Trollope has consented to contribute a study of Thackeray to the *Men of Letters* series which Mr. John Morley is editing for the Messrs. Macmillan. The omission of Thackeray's name from the list of announcements has been remarked, but was a mystery to nobody who knew the reluctance which his family have to the writing of the great novelist's life. The difficulties have been overcome by putting the matter in the hands of a writer who was Thackeray's intimate friend, who remains the friend of his family, and whom his family can trust to handle the subject with gloves.

The inscription cast on a big bell just made for a church in Newark, New Jersey, thus blossoms in poetry:

Presented by Miss Abby Coe.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Mr. Froude has written a life of Julius Caesar, which is to be published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons by arrangement with the author. Julius has been dead these twenty centuries. What we need is a life of Grant.

Why under the sun should the Riverside people publish a two-volume book of the poems of James Montgomery? Does anybody really read Montgomery?

Pepys's Diary can now be obtained complete for eighty cents; also Evelyn's. These famous books are worth all the novels of a prolific year, and all the magazine literature of the last decade.

A work in eight volumes quarto, one volume to appear every month after publication begins, is announced by Sampson Low & Co., of London, with the title, *The Hundred Greatest Men*. It will be written by one hundred of the greatest living writers if the publishers can induce them to abstain from autobiography in writing it.

The King of Portugal has finished his translation of *The Merchant of Venice*, and the royal pen is now turning *Othello* into Portugosling.

A London bookseller exhibits with pride, crowds admire, and collectors spiritedly bid for a Bible with some of Martin Luther's handwriting in it. The circumstance that it has some of God's composition in it does not appear to materially affect its value or interest.

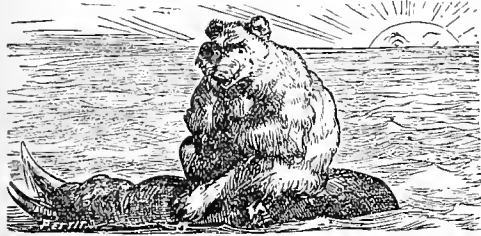
Mr. Robert Browning has a new volume of poems in press—probably a reprint from the "puzzle-columns" of some society journal.

Aubrey de Vere's new volume will be entitled *Legends of the Saxon Saints*. Ready in April.

If we had known that the *Westminster Review* had esteemed the poems of Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) Adair Welcker, of Oakland, sufficiently important and meritorious to justify a criticism in its august pages, we should have spoken more reverently of them and him (or her) last week. It is no small honor to be reviewed in the *Westminster*. The Irishman who boasted that the Duke of Wellington had spoken to him (saying, "Get out of the way, you blackguard!") had no juster or more reasonable cause of pride than Mr. (or Mrs. or Miss) Adair Welcker; for that, in effect, is what the *Westminster Review* said to him—or her.

NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1879.

History repeats itself. Something less than five hundred years before the birth of Christ there appeared at Athens one Kleon, an Athenian demagogue, distinguished for his insolence and venality. He was a tanner in his youth, bred among the lowest of the people. He was of extraordinary impudence and little courage, slow in the field, but forward and noisy in the assembly; corrupt in practice as in principle, but boastful of integrity, and supported by a coarse but ready eloquence, he gained such consideration by flattering the lower orders and railing at the higher that he stood in the situation of head of a party. He was placed in command by the Athenians and won a victory at Sphacteria. Thucydides says that the reputation gained by him in this victory completely turned his head and added to his inordinate vanity. He was finally whipped at Amphipolis by Brasidas, a Spartan general; he was overtaken while running away, and killed by a Myrcinian targeteer. Kleon possessed no qualifications as a statesman, and had neither superiority of talent nor political knowledge, but he possessed a singular facility of speaking and a great command of words, which, combined with low manners, unsparing abuse of those who were better than himself, and a coarse, vehement mode of delivery, rendered him acceptable to the mob. His prominent and leading qualities were impudence and rashness. His influence and power among the masses was finally destroyed by the ridicule of the comic poet Aristophanes, who leveled at him the shafts of his satire and held him up to public scorn and contempt. These are the historian's words.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-eight years after the birth of Christ, and in the year of American independence the one hundred and second, there appeared at San Francisco an Irish demagogue, one Denis Kearney, distinguished for his insolence and venality. He was a drayman, bred among the lowest of the people. He was of extraordinary impudence and little courage, slow in a scrimmage, but forward and noisy on the sand-lot. Devoid of principle, but boastful of integrity, and supported by a coarse but brutal eloquence, he gained such notice by pandering to the lower orders and railing at the higher that he stood at the head of a party. He won a political victory and sent some fifty delegates to a Constitutional Convention. This so added to his inordinate vanity that it completely turned his head. He was finally whipped at Santa Ana by a boat builder in the employ of one McFadden; while running away, with a pistol in his hand, leaping back fences and cutting cross lots like a cowardly dunghill, destitute of moral or physical courage, he was overtaken by a German named Rule, who put a beautiful and bloody head on him. Kearney possessed no qualifications as a statesman, and had neither talent nor knowledge. He was simply a leather-lunged, brazen-faced, ignorant fellow, with abundant cheek; but he possessed a great control of blackguard phrases, which, combined with low manners, unsparing abuse of those who are better than himself, and a coarse, vehement mode of delivery, rendered himself acceptable to the ignorant foreign mob that followed him. His prominent and leading quality was impudence. His influence and power among the masses was finally destroyed by a mule, who launched at him the shafts of his satire and held him up to public scorn and contempt.

Such is the parallel between Kleon, the tanner of Athens, and Kearney, the drayman of San Francisco. The parallel is complete in all its parts between the two: of ignoble birth, of low associates, equaling each other in insolence and venality, of great impudence, little courage, forward and noisy in talk, cowardly in action, attaining consideration by the accident of a first success which turned their heads and led to their final defeat. Athens (fortunately for itself) had no daily *Chronicle* and *Call*—no mercenary, jealous, contemptible and cowardly rivalry of newspapers—to report the

achievements of Kleon when he went out to combat, and to uphold by lies and misrepresentations his failing fortunes. If Athens had been thus accursed of two commercial journals, Kleon's career had been longer, and the comic poet Aristophanes had found it more difficult to put down the demagogue by his shafts of satire. Had Athens been so accursed of newspapers, the Athenians would doubtless have first suppressed the papers, in order that the destruction of Kleon had been more prompt and more certain.

The adoption or rejection of the Constitution has resolved itself into a drawing of close lines between the Kearney men and good citizens. If Kearney had remained at home, and the *Chronicle* had not married the Constitution to the sand-lot, and if Kearney had not made it the *sine qua non* of party allegiance and personal fealty that every one of his bummers' brigade should keep step to the crack of his blackthorn, there might have been a wider latitude of opinion. Kearney and the *Chronicle*, or the *Chronicle* and Kearney, have welded the two together in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony, good old father *Call* giving the bride away with his blessing, the *Bulletin* and *Post* acting as bridesmaids upon the happy occasion. There are hundreds of citizens who would have voted for the adoption that will now vote against it, because such a vote will identify them with the idiot band. When the worthless and vagabond element of society bands itself together and proclaims itself as the party of agitation, and becomes the party of misrule, and declares its only purpose to be destruction of private rights, it is time that those who have something unite for its protection.

This question resolves itself fairly down to a contest between the "have nothings" and the "have somethings." It is thrift, industry, economy, and accumulations on one side, against idleness, profligacy, waste, and poverty on the other. It is not a fight of the millionaires against the poor. Men of millions are beyond the casualties of political disturbances. This is the battle of the middle class against a band of desperate men who would override the law for the purpose of plunder, or who, having obtained a party and political control, would so mould legislation that they can direct it to their own purpose. Messrs. Stanford, Crocker, and the railroad magnates; Messrs. Flood, Fair, and the bonanza kings; Messrs. D. O. Mills, Lewis McLane, and the great bankers, may look with composure upon a political condition that shall disturb the money market, repress industries, depreciate values of real property, and destroy trade, commerce, and manufacturing industries. They are able to weather the storm, but the merchant, the manufacturer, the mechanic, the real estate owner, the man who has a mortgage upon his property, the owner of a homestead, the retail trader, the day laborer, how can they survive months and perhaps years of dull and hard times? Messrs. Haggin, General Williams, and the great unincumbered landowners will ride the storm, but how about the small farmers? Professional men, lawyers, preachers and rats they will—they always do—flourish; but how about the butcher and baker and candlestick maker?

There are two classes that ought to be friends, and under a normal and healthy condition of things they are. Wider apart than any other classes of society, they are mutually dependent upon each other—the idle rich and working poor, the spendthrift of wealth and the saving toiler. The poor man, while he is economical himself, is interested in having the man of means spend generously. Let this be illustrated in the career of Mark Hopkins and Michael Reese. They were poor boys, one of American birth and the other of Bavarian. Both were toilers. Hopkins aided to build a great trans-continental highway, obtained money from the General Government, from Europe, and in his enterprise expended millions among the laborers of California, and established an institution that to-day carries eleven thousand white men upon its pay-roll. The other loaned his money, sweated it for accumulations, and, like the snow-ball, rolled it up till he accumulated a great fortune. He lived alone, unmarried, at restaurants, died to save a silver groschen, and leaves no monuments or kindly memories behind him. The other laid the foundations of a palace—the best and most expensive house in America—a family mansion the like of which no king possesses. It adorns our city, a splendid monument of architectural beauty, and every thing about it, from the hewn granite of its base to the points of its gilded turret, represents labor. Every thing within it, from the beaten copper of its kitchen utensils to the beaten gold that adorns its richly frescoed walls, has paid coin to the toiler. Now which of these two men has been the poor man's friend?

If there were in our country any permanent class distinctions; if there were an hereditary monarchy with its crown lands, an hereditary aristocracy with its entailed estates, a ruling class with its privileges, a political and social line of demarcation beyond which the poor man might not dare himself to pass, and might not even hope to eradicate so that his children might pass it, then there might be justification for political agitation, that these political and social barriers might be broken down and destroyed. But—and thank God for it—there are no such differences in this country. There

is no place in its political system that the native-born may not attain. There is only one office in America to which the adopted citizen may not aspire. Every honor, and every pinnacle of social or political distinction is open to the ambition of every male born upon the soil, and every white man who may choose to come among us as a citizen. As a fact, all the eminent civilians, all the distinguished military chieftains, all the men eminent in the realms of science and honored in the world of learning, have come from the ranks of the humble. We recall but three large fortunes that have descended beyond the second generation, and there is no great landed estate in America that has not been divided upon the death of its first owner that we now remember. Then, is it not a shame, and a disgrace, that any band of foreign or native-born idlers and vagabonds should combine to disturb a government so absolutely generous, and so perfectly fair to all. The very laws that enable the accumulation of a great estate, that makes millionaires possible, are those which afford the greatest protection to the struggling poor.

This form of government can not be changed except after a bloody struggle. The attempt to make it more communistic or agrarian will necessitate the calling upon the military arm for protection to guard the rights of persons and property. The first step in this direction is toward imperialism. It will be an evil day when the teachings of the sand-lot shall fruit in actions of violence, and it shall become necessary to call upon the army to suppress organized discontent. It is a mistaken idea of the German Workingmen's Club if it thinks to call out the military forces of the W. P. C. to protect an Irish agitator from having his head punched for offensive personal abuse against other and better citizens than himself or those who follow him. It is a mistaken idea of Germans, Irish, French, Italians, Scandinavians, or any other foreigners, if they think that the American people will be run over or trampled under the hoofs of any alien mob. If these ignorant people think to intimidate society by a display of their foreign uniforms, arms, helmets, flags, or braggadocio, they will awake to a bloody realization that they have been deceived by their leaders. The American people are in a very large majority in California, and when this crisis comes they will be united as one man. The foreign force will be disunited, the whole of its intelligence and wealth uniting with the Americans. Whenever this time comes for measuring arms with Mr. Antone Fischer's German Workingmen's Club, aided by all the "military force of the W. P. C." that he or his sausage-eating companions can muster, it will be driven into the bay, as Christ, in the miracle, drove the devils and the swine. If this dispatch of the German club, asking Kearney "to telegraph immediately for the military forces of the W. P. C., to protect him from further injury, as an American citizen, and agitator for the benefit of the people, (signed) Antone Fischer"—if this dispatch was not the result of a plethora of beer and blood pudding, that so muddled the thick brains of this German club that it did not realize the double-distilled and treasonable insolence of its action, it ought to be—well, no, it ought only to be held up to the contempt and derision of every sensible man. The military forces of the W. P. C. marching southward to protect an alien agitator in blackguarding American citizens!!! The farmers would set their dogs on them, and there wouldn't be a Dutchman with an inch of shirt, or coat, or trowsers covering his hind parts from his neck to his flying heels.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—In your editorial of last week you use the following expressions: "The 'German vote,' the 'Irish vote,' the 'Jewish vote,' are all expressions of a thing we despise. It is the 'American vote' that represents to us the national idea. St. Patrick parades; German, Prussian, French, or Irish military companies; foreign flags borne in processions; foreign languages taught in free common schools; newspapers printed in a foreign tongue; and all associations—except social and charitable ones—other than American we would discourage and destroy." Your argument upon St. Patrick's day, your views upon foreign companies and foreign flags, and upon teaching the languages in the schools, we understand; but we do not appreciate the reasoning that opposes the publication of newspapers in a foreign tongue. Yours, respectfully,

We will modify the article by striking out the word "destroy." German, French, Italian, and Mexican papers have a right to be published; hence, as they are protected by the law, we would only "discourage" their publication. It is our idea that everything that tends to preserve the distinctive nationalities upon American soil ought not find favor among American people. We are impressed with the great dominant idea of elevating everything that is American above everything that is foreign. When foreigners come to our country we hope to have them become Americans. They throw off their political allegiance to the king, prince, or potentate whose subjects they were, and by that act become citizens of the American Republic. If they will clothe themselves in the outer habiliments of citizenship, we desire them in heart to become American. Hence, everything that tends to keep alive their patriotism or love of native land we would discourage. If the original immigrants—as is natural—would preserve the memories of fatherland, we would allow them the indulgence, but we demand of them that these sentiments—however natural and however becoming to them—ought not to be engrafted upon their children. No "green above the red," but the American banner above the world is our motto. We respect the Englishman who comes

to America and does not become a citizen. He is proud of his native land, of his English home, and we can respect the sentiment that clings to the soil and acknowledges no allegiance in opposition to the place where one was born. But we say, if he does forswear his allegiance to Victoria, Queen of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and Empress of India, then by that deliberate and solemn act he changes his nationality, and all his patriotism, and his love, devotion, and duty he owes the land of his adoption.

The German who comes to America, speaks German in his family, sends his children to a cosmopolitan school, takes a newspaper printed in German, and confines himself to a German social circle and votes a German vote, is undeserving the name of American, is not worthy to have become an American citizen, and if the test should ever come trying his fealty as between his abandoned and his chosen home he can not be relied upon. A German, French, Italian, or Mexican newspaper is an alien thing. It writes in a language beyond the criticism of the average citizen. It discusses our political and social affairs not from an American, but a foreign standpoint, and we have a right to suspect it of keeping alive memories that are not in harmony with our institutions. Foreign newspapers, therefore, we would discourage. The other things we would destroy—destroy by legal enactments, making a procession of foreign priests and politicians on the birthday of an hypothetical saint, bearing the banners of a hierarchy and the emblems of a church, a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment; a military company dressed in Prussian helmets, in Austrian equipments, in Irish green, flaunting the flag of the German Empire, the double-headed eagle of Austria, the colors or eagles of France, or any of the emblems, devices, or flags of a foreign nationality, we would imprison its members, confiscate and burn all the banners of the company, and disband the organization. Any military organization that can not parade under the American flag would never fight under it. The German or Frenchman who would educate his children in German or French in our free schools at the expense American tax-payers is, in our judgment, that kind of an American citizen that the fewer we have the better for the country. We hope these sentiments will not be regarded as illiberal. Certainly they should not be so interpreted. We desire to have Americans homogeneous; we desire all adopted citizens to become truly American, and we think that which is good enough for us is good enough for them. We would give them all the privileges we ourselves enjoy. We would accord them no other.

We have asserted before and now repeat that San Francisco is literally accursed of its daily press. There is no other institution on this coast so utterly debauched, so thoroughly licentious, and so absolutely demoralized as the four newspapers that enjoy the distinction of being the leading journals of this coast—the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, the *Bulletin*, and the *Post*. We name them in the order of their nastiness. Heretofore we have denounced these publications for their mercenary character, their selfishness, their cowardice, their personal jealousies, their vindictive quarrels. We have demonstrated their mendacity and exposed their hypocrisy. We believe they are utterly unprincipled, and in the pursuit of unlawful gains will stick at nothing. The truth of this assertion is apparent to every honest man who thinks that this entire Kearney business is attributable to the baneful influence of the daily press. Had these journals not existed Kearney would have to-day been as respectable and industrious a drayman as it is possible for an ignorant Irishman ambitious in ward politics to be. He has been lifted into a dangerous prominence by the rivalry of the journals named, and two of them are to-day, and to-morrow, and every day, by lying display type and audacious misrepresentations of his progress through the State, enabling him to do harm. Fifty millions of dollars do not represent the amount of depreciated property values brought about by this newspaper villainy. We can endure Chinese immigration, we can stand stock gambling, for both these evils have their compensations. If we had none of these newspapers it would have been better for the State. If we had respectable journals of large circulation they would have largely contributed to our prosperity. It is not of the injury to our material progress that we intended to write in this article, although we can not allow so favorable an opportunity to pass without saying that if the press had done its duty, we would not stand upon the brink of this financial and business crisis that to-day appalls us all. The Smith trial gives us the text for observations we have long desired to make.

A very offensive and most scandalous family quarrel, a family of quasi respectability, has been dragged, for no good motive, into the Criminal Court. The judge ought to be bastinadoed for not holding his nasty inquisition with closed doors. No respectable journal ought to send a reporter to the trial. Yet the four journals named are in rivalry, each with the other, to give the shocking details of this vile family scandal in their columns. The *Chronicle* has been heretofore accused of being the leading criminal in this direction, but now the *Bulletin* has come down to the same dirty work. How the proprietors of journals who claim to be gentlemen,

heads of families, husbands of honest wives, fathers of young ladies, brothers of virtuous sisters, sons of honored mothers, and guardians of young children, can do this thing we do not understand. They ought to blush at their own breakfast and dinner tables for the presence of this vile literature. The *Bulletin* has claimed to be a family journal, it advertises itself as such, and knocks for admission to the family circle because it is clean, yet it prints all this libidinous love-making between these vile people—for what? Money. The *Call*, endeavoring to preserve its respectability in the editorial column by its non-committal platitudes and its empty mouthings, throws open its news columns to rival the *Chronicle* in its recital of all the beastly details of this beastly trial. And the *Post*—the poor, feeble, good-for-nothing little *Post*—comes sweating and limping behind, with its little lascivious tongue out, drooling concupiscence.

These journals are unfit for the family circle—unfit for a decent community. They demoralize our youth, are a vexation to mothers, destroy girls, lead boys into temptation; they are nasty; they would not be tolerated in England. The New York *Herald* leads the American press astray in this respect. The *Chronicle* is an imitator of everything bad in journalism. The *Call* imitates the *Chronicle*. The *Bulletin* has just now for the first time thrown itself into this horrible newspaper cess-pool. What will not these papers do for money? What quack advertisement is too indelicate for them to print? What notice is too plain for their personal columns? What lie is too bold for them to tell for coin? What thing is too disgraceful for them to publish in this disgraceful rivalry that is dishonoring them and disgracing journalism. Such a press has no influence. These journals have destroyed their power for good. No bad man cares for them. Dread of their vile misrepresentations and abuse may keep good men from public positions or from offering their services to the public for fear of being dragged into a scandalous notoriety by ribald and unprincipled mention. There ought to be in San Francisco a morning journal well capitalized, conducted by gentlemen with money enough to be independent, intelligence enough to give it able conduct, and self-respect enough to make it dignified and keep it decent. And for an evening journal, the *Bulletin* ought to return to its former ways when it was, if not more ably, at least more respectably conducted. We know it is said that the newspapers are as good as the community in which they are printed. We do not believe it, notwithstanding the success of the New York *Herald*, the Chicago *Times*, and the four unprincipled things of which we have unwillingly written in San Francisco. We believe that an able, truth-telling, independent journal that would not indulge in personalities, eschew sensations, give news, and keep respectable would succeed. The experiment is certainly worth the trial in a community, half of whose wealth is constantly imperiled, and its morals assailed by a quadrilateral of unprincipled and unreasoning newspaper proprietors.

Going home one evening last week upon the California Street cars, a gentleman said to us that he thought the Constitution would not be adopted if every employer would do as he did. "I employ in my store," he said, "eight men. They depend upon my capital and my business brains to find and keep them in employment. I think the Constitution will injure my business. I have therefore said to my employes that while in ordinary elections I claim no authority to direct your votes, in this election I do. The Constitution, in my judgment, perils my capital and destroys the industry in which I am enabled to give you salaries. If you vote for it you vote to destroy my business, and I can no longer employ you. This is a question vital to my interests, and unless you will unite with me in counteracting the efforts of political demagogues and agitators, I will not and can not give you work." This gentleman is a German and an adopted citizen. His position is correct and ought to be adopted by every employer.

As a rule it requires nerve to do right. It requires a good deal of nerve in this community to say anything in defense of any corporation or any rich man. Public opinion has been so debauched by a demagogue press and a demagogue class of politicians that it is a bold editor and a brave politician who dares to say that any association of wealth is not criminal; that any organized industry, using capital, is not a conspiracy against the public welfare; or that any rich man is not an enemy to the community in which he resides. This editor or public man is at once pounced down upon as a tool and subsidized servant of corporations, and is charged with wearing the collar and being the bondman and slave of the institution, enterprise, or industry for whom he would say a just word in honest defense. It is the fashion just now to suspect everybody, to denounce everybody, who is prosperous, and to brand as a criminal monopolist or monopoly every man and every organization that has been successful. In other words, the sand-lot element is in the ascendancy; it is fashionable for newspapers and politicians to pander to the mob and accept the harsh yell of its brazen throat as the voice of God. Now, what single editor of a daily journal, or what candidate for office, would dare to write or speak in derogation of that clause of our proposed Constitution that says that the consumers of water in San Francisco shall fix

its price? The Spring Valley Water Company has been in existence for a quarter of a century. It has brought by expensive aqueducts, stored in costly reservoirs, and distributed through iron pipes, water from the Santa Cruz hills to our doors. Its stock is scattered over the world, and has had a fixed value growing up to par. The new organic law says that the consumers may fix the price they will pay for this water. Not the people of the State in the Legislature, not a joint commission representing seller and buyer, but the buyer alone. Now, everybody knows that this is legalized robbery; that it is practical confiscation of a valuable property; that it is unjust, dishonest, and dishonorable, and yet there is no journal—except the ARGONAUT—that dares to say so. If the same principle were applied to the venders of bread, or milk, or lager beer, or negro minstrelsy, or newspapers, there would be a row; but, in pandering to the selfishness of the mob, enlightened journalists are too cowardly to dare to tell the truth; and the politician does not live in San Francisco who would have the manliness to admit the truth in this respect, because it is fashionable and popular to aid the public to steal from the Spring Valley stockholders. The same feeling is manifested in dealing with the railroad corporations, the gas company, the banks, the stock exchanges, and capitalists of individual wealth and enterprise. All this cowardly pandering to the passions and the prejudices of the ignorant and the vulgar is sowing to the whirlwind; and in a government, republican in form, where every white male citizen may enjoy the ballot and bear arms, it is a dangerous thing to do.

The *Bulletin* has finally declared itself opposed to the adoption of the Constitution. It seems almost ungenerous to declare our conviction that it has been either bribed or driven to this resolution; but when we remember the history of the journal, and recall the fact that this crisis has now for more than a year been culminating; that it has encouraged the sand-lot by its silence; that it had a reporter in the Constitutional Convention; that it took no part and expressed no opinion at the critical period when opinions were forming, and waited till the indignation of the commercial classes and business men threatened to take form in action—we feel justified in saying that the *Bulletin* has manifested great prudence in finally arraying itself in opposition to the sand-lot. We wait to see whether it is in earnest and fights with the vigor of its earlier and better life. However, we welcome the ally, though coming late. There is work yet to do, and the *Bulletin* is capable of good service if its heart is in the combat. The *Chronicle* and *Call* have taken their destiny with the sand-lot. The *Chronicle* boldly flaunts the banner of the Workingmen's party. The *Call* does equally efficient service, skulking among the camp-followers in the rear to protect the wounded. There is something to admire in the fearless attitude of the *Chronicle*. There should be nothing but contempt for the cowardly position of the *Call*. A physical coward may find excuse in weak nerves; the moral coward is so for the opportunity of gain.

The *Celtic*, a leading magazine, proposes the idea that the Irish were the first discoverers of America; that away back in the thirteenth century the brave voyagers from the Green Island made a settlement upon the American continent, and founded a colony in that part now known as the Carolinas and Florida. And now comes the *Visalia Delta* and announces the discovery of a Chinese junk high up in the mountains of the Sierra, at the head-waters of King's River. Its timbers are of camphor-wood, and are copper-fastened, indicating, says the *Delta*, that the great interior valley was once an inland sea, and two thousand years ago navigated by Chinese. If this is so, then it does not seem quite so absurd to find the Chinese and the Irish now contending for possession of the continent. At present, however, it seems the Chinese have the best of the argument, as their possession antedates the Christian era, while the Irish are only two centuries ahead of Columbus. Question: What in the deuce is to become of us Americans, since it is found that we are only interlopers?

"Wellcock pinned a copy of the *Chronicle* to one of the supporting uprights of the stand on the sand-lot, expecting it to be hissed, but to his disgust the ringing cry went up, 'three cheers for the *Chronicle*.' 'Hurrah for the *Chronicle*,' burst simultaneously from thousands of lusty throats."—*Monday's Chronicle*.

"William Wellcock came to the front of the platform and nailed a *Chronicle* to one of its posts. This act was greeted with groans and cries of 'tear it down,' 'burn it,' 'put a match to it,' 'spit on it,' 'down with it.'"—*Monday's Call*.

It is from these journals that our community takes its facts and opinions. Is it surprising that they can not always be regarded as truthful? Is not the ARGONAUT right when it declares that they sacrifice the public good to advance their interests?

On Monday the *Call* found a mare's nest in the *Chronicle* office, and charged it with being a secret spy and enemy of the Workingmen's party. It says "the *Chronicle*'s is not the open, the bold, the honest warfare of decent journalism." Great heavens! what a serious charge as coming from the Cœur de Lion of journalism. The *Call* charging the *Chronicle* with want of bravery is like that of the fearless jack-ass rabbit or the long-eared hare taunting the cowardice.

A FEW HINTS TO THE ENGAGED.

My friend Blank, in speaking of the Engaged, says "that there is no more insufferable condition for other people than to have to stand by and be spectators of their happiness."

There is something, after all, in what my friend says, though it can scarcely be supposed he is entirely serious, considering the advantageous match his daughter, Miss Lucy, has really made of it. The fact being assured, however, he sticks to his point about the discomfort he experiences in being a compulsory witness to "their extravagant affection." My good friend, you forget. So many things have occupied your attention since the day when you were first admitted to the family circle as the "engaged" of dear Amelia that you forget both the joy that was yours, and the "insufferable condition" that joy occasioned to the members of your inamorata's family, who received you so kindly. Pray, let us hear no more about "extravagant affection."

Long ago Charles Lamb raised his voice against the pretensions of the newly married, and held them up to scorn in various ways, in return for indignities which he suffered at their hands; but the claims and self-assertions of the would-be married have gone on unchecked since long before Lamb's time until now.

With the single exception of the bard, Bon Gaultier hight, who sang in moving verse the miseries of the lover's friend and confidant, no one has ventured to handle the delicate subject of the conduct of engaged people, either toward each other or toward other people. It is a delicate subject, to be sure, and a man might be excused for refraining to bring in the mirth-makers, who haply might select himself for the immediate subject of their laughter. There are so few who can afford to raise a laugh on this subject; so few who have not, once at least in their lives, to pass through the love-making period, and so to appear, as they say, ridiculous in the eyes of other people. It is a privilege which only old bachelors like myself (I never recovered from the blow my young affections received when the beautiful Mary, sister of "dear Amelia," threw me overboard for the bearded man of war afresaid) enjoy. We have a fee simple in the follies and extravagances of those who are about to take upon them the holy estate of matrimony—who can with impunity let "our jest among our friends be free"—and in the matter of courtship, we have a right to comment upon it as we like, because of the completeness with which we are excluded from the joys of it. I hold that my friend, who grumbles at the "insufferable condition" in which he is placed, is quite out of court. He does but see the reflection of his former self; it is an instance of the thing that hath been being the same that shall be; and, so far as he is concerned by it, there is no new thing under the sun. With me it is different. Though once in my life, as I have already hinted, I "sat like patience on a monument," smiling at the grief which the bearded man of war caused me in the matter of Mary, sister of "dear Amelia," I sighed to myself only, without declaring my passion, and had not, therefore, to go through any public exhibitions of "extravagant affection," such as, doubtless, I should have done had I been admitted to *pratique*, and had the Fates been kinder to me than they were. Thus, you see, I am at liberty to make any remarks I please upon the situation. No one can meet me with a *tu quoque*, or declare me estopped from using as freely as I like the gleanings of my experience. Let my friend, therefore, for decency's sake, stand aside and let me take his place. I am vain enough to think I shall treat the matter with a hand more tender and sympathetic than his, while I shall not the less expose what he would in his unamiability tear to tatters.

There is, then, to be noticed in the carriage and deportment of engaged persons an amount of awkwardness and restraint in the presence of other people which not only stamp them for what they are, but tend to make the whole party amongst whom they find themselves perfectly uncomfortable. Strangers—that is to say, any people but the two who are interested in maintaining the monopoly of mutual "extravagant affection"—feel almost guilty of being the occasion of so much discomfort.

They do not want to obtrude themselves on the attention of the loving pair; and assuredly, if their own personal comfort were alone concerned, they would get far out of sight of the enamoured. But circumstances will not admit of it; there must be certain rooms in common at certain times. Under no circumstances, for instance, do lovers, love they never so lovingly, quite dispense with the service of the dining-room. Common civility, moreover, requires that occasionally they should be in the drawing-room, or other place where the other members of the family are assembled; and it is on each and all of these occasions that the characteristics above mentioned are noticeable. There is in the manner and on the face of Adolphus an expression half of listlessness, half of anxiety to be agreeable in spite of himself, which strikes a disinterested observer rather curiously. He begins to think that Adolphus is unwell, that he is a genius pondering abstruse questions "even in the presence;" or may be the thought crosses his brain, as he sees the consciousness of Adolphus' absence of mind, that perchance he may have committed some crime which makes him ill at ease. Only one who is cognizant of the true state of the case can rightly interpret the meaning of that shifting glance of the eyes, that perpetually wandering to and from the beloved object, who sits uncomfortably upon some neighboring chair, and tries to play the hypocrite, though with as poor a result as Adolphus. As plainly as the expression on an intelligent being's countenance can convey a meaning, so plainly it is apparent to the disinterested unappropriated that Adolphus is chafing on the bit which good manners have forced into his mouth, and that he is wishing with all his heart he had wings like a bird, that he might fly into the garden, where he would be with Amanda. What pleasure, what satisfaction there can be in thus secluding himself with Amanda, I do not pretend to say. Would it not seem more glorious to stay in the midst of the family circle, and triumph openly and continuously in the conquest you have won? Or are there sweet mysteries, solemn rites of courtship, which none but the initiated may know, and which must be performed in so private a manner that the sudden entry of a Philistine into the room is enough to scare the votaries of Cupid from their vow-making, and to cause a trepidation that is observable long after the invader has entered. I presume it must be so, else there could not be so great, so manifest a desire on the part of Adolphus and Amanda, and on

the part of Amanda's father before them, as I have already testified, to get away to some covert from the common gaze.

"Not in that room! They are in there!"

"Confound them! Suppose they are! My ARGONAUT is in there, too, and surely I may go and fetch it."

"My dear sir, you are too violent, and too inconsiderate as well. At all events, make a noise with the door-handle, so as to give some warning of your coming."

My friend enters his study to find his large easy chair vacant, but looking as if it had not been long so, drawn up in a comfortable position on one side of the fireplace, while Adolphus, who might be suspected of having sat therein, is busy seeing "why the lamp burns so dimly;" and Amanda, at the other end of the room, is so ostentatiously engaged in looking over some music, that one is bound to suppose, with Longfellow, that "things are not what they seem."

"Two are company, three none," says Marian, when it is proposed that she shall go with Adolphus and Amanda for a drive to the "Cliff House." "You are quite right, my dear," only there is the slightest possible tinge of dissatisfaction in your tone that you are of the three, and not of the two, which leads one to doubt whether your remark is prompted so much by a desire to let the company consist of the only harmonious elements, as by a wish to point uncomfortably towards the composition of the company in order to gratify yourself by enjoying their discomfort. If the tone be rightly interpreted I will pass by your remark as being cynical; if not, I cordially indorse the truism you have uttered. Engaged people *do*, as a matter of fact, dislike the presence of a third person, almost as much, perhaps more, than that of a large party. "A great company is a great solitude," and in it the "engaged" can be, comparatively speaking, free, almost unnoticed, whereas, in narrower limits, they both cause, and are required to give, a greater attention. I am far from being certain that the condition of the third person who is tacked on to the "happy pair" is not much more "insufferable" than theirs. If they so far consider him or her as not to talk about themselves, it will be in so forced and artificial a manner as to make their conversation less tolerable than their silence or their mutual self-appropriation. With what unblushing selfishness do an engaged couple walk off together, with a *noli nos tangere* expression on their faces, as though they had a monopoly of the earth on which they walk, and would resent any intrusion as the infringement of a patent right. While they choose to walk, they are as scarecrows to the timid and the good-natured, who avoid them as tabooed objects, and "steal away so guilty like" if perchance they stumble upon them.

My friend, the father of Amanda, complains—and herein, as a calm, dispassionate observer, I am compelled to join with him—of the demonstrativeness of the "engaged." "Positively, sir, I have seen them sitting knee to knee, with their hands clasped, their tongues as silent as the grave, their eyes reflecting all sorts of nonsense from one to the other, and looking like the most perfect fools outside of Bedlam."

Gently, my friend. This fault—this unshamefaced glorying, if you will—is very reprehensible. If it does nothing else, it asserts to all present, more plainly than is agreeable, that they are not happy as the "engaged" are. But I will mention the circumstance to them in a don't-do-it-again sort of way, and beg them to suppress the public exhibition of that which, to the observer, seems akin to lunacy.

Did the Captain take Amanda in to dinner? Well, it was a very *gauche* in the hostess to have arranged differently; but there is no reason why you, Adolphus, should sit savagely all dinner-time, saying nothing whatever to the amiable lady at your side, who is ignorant of your misfortune, and is trying to enlist your sympathies in the last report of the Society for Procuring a Change in the Color of the Ethiopian's Skin. Do not venture to press Amanda's foot, though you may think it to be within reach, under the table. You can assure her of your sentiments toward her, as well as of those you entertain toward the Captain, afterward. Meantime, though you may think to touch Amanda's foot with your own, it may happen you light accidentally on the Captain's, and some embarrassment may ensue.

Why should you be angry because an old friend of Amanda's chooses to talk to her longer than you like? Is it not enough for you that Amanda has preferred you to the old friend, to all her old friends, and only wishes not to make *them* feel the preference too keenly? Go to; you are unreasonable.

Again, while I recommend you not to wear your heart on your sleeve, or, in other words, not to flaunt your engagement in everybody's face, be careful how you inflict upon your friends the story of "how you did thrive in this fair lady's love, and she in yours." Your lady friends will perhaps welcome the recital, for their tender natures incline them to listen to a tale of love; but your male friends, glad enough to know that you are happy, will vote you a bore if you give them too many details of your happiness. They will be sure to discount your description of your lady love, and, ten to one, they will make fun of you, and of her, too.

As for Amanda, it would be almost presumptuous in me to offer her any counsel, yet, at the risk of offending so charming a young lady, I will venture to suggest that she should be very chary of confiding too much to her "dearest Jane." The chances are that she will say more than she intended, and there will be some additions made by lively imaginations. Let her remember she has some one else's confidence to keep besides her own. Let not the look of triumph, the communicative springs of happiness, still less the mere love of "hearing or telling some new thing," lead her into imparting thoughts which are already "engaged." Let her not exult by word or action, as I have seen some do, over her compeers who are unattached; "there is many a slip," etc. Above all, let her consider very tenderly the abnormal position in which she and all about her are placed during the term of her engagement—let not that be long; and let her try to accommodate herself to the convenience, aye, even to the prejudices, of those whom she is soon to leave, and to whom she will thereafter be glad that she showed so much consideration and self-denial. Finally, let her not on any account forget to ask me to the wedding. She may rely upon my services in the matter of giving away, of speech-making, of flinging the slipper, of drying the tears of the respective mothers-in-law, of anything, in short, which may properly and fairly be considered as forming part of the office and duty of the devoted admirer of all Amandas.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

C. S.

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

Modjeska's maiden name was Helena Benda; yet she never went on one in her life.

A tailor in New Orleans shot a woman because she coughed all night, and kept him awake.

A little girl, on being shown a neighbor's bonnet: "Mother says it's a perfect fright, but it don't scare me."

It takes the maiden lady of thirty-three to confess she is not so bitterly set against a man who smokes after all.

Mrs. M. C. Williams has succeeded her late husband as President of the State National Bank of Raleigh, N. C.

Can any mortal man tell why a woman will cross one sloppy crossing on her toes and the next one on her heels?

Lenten lunches, with the parish clergyman as the principal guest, are among the latest maddening dissipations of jaded society.

A charming young lady of Indianapolis is said to have a tubular tongue like a humming bird. She can talk with it all the same.

Very kind gent: "Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day in the year?" Lady: "Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."

A young girl in Michigan, about to elope, and knowing she was too young to be married, altered the record of the family Bible, and took along the sacred volume for proof.

A writer of the gentler sex says that "a womanly woman never gets jammed, crowded, or pushed," and adds, "I am neither young nor pretty." This explains it. No man—

American girls chewed up seventy tons of gum last year. One-half of it can be found to-day sticking under mantel-shelves. The other half was carried away by the young men who go courting, and lost.

Senator Logan has the smartest wife, Senator Conkling the gentlest born, Senator Dorsey the most beautiful, Senator Sargent the strongest minded, and Senator Gordon the most *distingue*, but Mrs. Senator Bruce excites more comment than all combined.

A "gypsy camp" is the latest novelty in Presbyterian church circles. The enterprising young ladies of the church at Manchester, Pa., have introduced it. They camp in the Court House, wear gypsy costumes, and lie to young men about their future at twenty-five cents a head.

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. "We ain't been married more'n six weeks."

At first the women of France were obliged to keep their gambling a secret, but during the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. they became less timid, and the wives of great men engaged in the deepest play at their own houses. "Such women," says La Bruyère, "make us men chaste; they have nothing of the sex but its garments."

A Boston lady, who contemplated purchasing a homestead in North Carolina, wrote to an old settler in that vicinity asking if it was true, as reported, that the grass in that country was infested with "jiggers" that creep into the flesh. The reply was: "Yes; but all you have to do is to keep your legs greased and they won't trouble you." She concluded not to buy.

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is about to go in for a new species of excitement. Actress, author, aeronaut, painter, and sculptor, she is now going to try a lawsuit, and it is said that she intends pleading her own cause. Some small print has insinuated that, having got other persons to paint pictures and to make groups of statuary, she has boldly signed them, and has exhibited them as her own work. She has determined to prosecute both writer and editor for libel. She looks upon it as the more serious that she got a reward at the last *salon*, and the article would insinuate she had obtained it by fraud.

"Atlas" of the London *World* says: "I was wrong the other day when I stated that the use of what may be called 'live jewelry' originated with an American lady. That was only true of its present shape, and in connection with live beetles. The idea itself, undoubtedly an original one, belongs to Mme. Musard, who startled Paris some ten years ago by appearing at a *représentation de gala* with a live snake around her shapely arm. The snake was bound with a thin chain to a splendid diamond bracelet, and at once became a subject of intense excitement to the audience. Several weak imitations, in the shape of live lizards, etc., made their appearance in the following days; but the fashion did not take, and it soon died out."

This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man, according to the *Courier-Journal*. She says: "You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join in a gauntlet in front of churches and theatres, and comment audibly on the people who are compelled to pass through it. I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man, but I *won't*!"

INTAGLIOS.

Our Prayer.

The prayer of Ajax was for light:
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noon-day night
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.
Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care,
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race. LONGFELLOW.

Baby Sleeps.

The baby weeps;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms
And hushed its fears and soothed its vain alarms,
And baby slept.
Again it weeps:
And God doth take it from its nurse's arms,
From present griefs and future unknown harms.
And baby sleeps. SAMUEL HINDS.

Somebody.

Somebody stood at the gate with me,
The moon was hid in a cloud;
Somebody stood very close to me,
But spoke not a word—aloud.
Somebody whispered my name last night
Out in the frosty air;
Somebody held my hands so tight
As long as I lingered there.
Somebody called me a "lovely girl"
As we stood on the frozen snow;
Somebody toyed with a tiny curl;
I thought he would never go.
Somebody kissed me late last night,
Close by the outside gate;
Somebody gazed in my eyes so bright,
With a look as fixed as fate.
Somebody knows that kisses are cheap,
And not any loss to me,
If taken when all the world's asleep,
And nobody there to see.
Somebody knows—this is not sin,
But relief from care and strife;
Somebody knows that it all goes in
To fill up the measure of life. E. E.

Pictures in the Fire.

The blazing coals were glowing bright
Upon the hearth so broad and wide,
And I was sitting in their light,
And Elsie by my side.
The tangles in her cloudy hair
She pushed aside; and just to see
More plainly where the figures were
She leaned upon my knee.
A rustic boy, with bare, brown feet,
Bright where the coals were deepest red,
Binding up roses among wheat,
She saw so plain, she said,
And then, to make me see him, too,
About my neck with witching grace
She put her arm, and softly drew
My face against her face.
Ah, is it strange I said I found
A picture that was very sweet,
But not a rustic boy that bound
Roses among the wheat?
Dear Elsie, in her modest trim,
I painted then with bashful art,
And said I saw her in the fire
A-burning in my heart.
And is it strange if new delight
Shook out to flowers our budding souls,
The while we sat and watched that night
For pictures in the coals?—Leisure Hour.

Dissipation.

A million little diamonds
Twinkling on the trees,
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.—St. Nicholas.

Snares.

Bright were the threads the lady wrought,
And bright the web her needles spun,
While the gay balls, upon the floor,
The little cat harried, one by one,
And in their gold and purple play
She only feints of flying prey.
Around the lady suitors pressed,
This pale with passion, that with pride;
These watched the flashing of her hand,
And those the fair face, violet-eyed;
One sang, one sued, one sighed, and each
Hung on the honey of her speech.
And as I saw the lady's smile,
Now here, now there, indulgence shed
Glances beneath a drooping lid,
Tremor of lip, and bend of head,
To me the little cat's bounding play
Had counterpart of nobler prey!

Four Sons.

A mother laid her babe to rest
Beneath the turf; her gentle breast
Rang with the better knell;
But Time his healing hand doth wave
Above the shadows of the grave,
And now she feels "Tis well!"
A mother saw the coffin lid
Close o'er her manly boy, and hid
Seemed half of being there;
But the rebellious heart, at last,
Hath learned its burdens all to cast
Upon a Father's care.
A mother saw the tomb again
Unfold to greet the warrior slain
In battle proudly brave;
She murmured not: "Twas right that I
Should send my soldier boy to die
And fill a hero's grave."
A mother saw her last lone child
Reel from his midnight orgies wild
With oath and scowl and leer;
Then 'twas at last her quivering heart
Rebelling against the tireless dart
And fell despairing there.

All the Same.

The Hadji said: "If o'er my tomb
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,
And if with tears the spot should be
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,
My rest would be a blissful rest,
And I would count the Hadji blest."
No roses deck the Hadji's grave—
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—
And never woman's eye grows dim
In that strange land at thought of him;
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest
Is quite as sweet as if his breast
Were by a million roses prest,
And woman made his grave her quest.
H. L. SPENCER.

THE RIVAL MANAGERS.

Mapleson, Strakosch, and the Sweet Singers.

[New York Sun.]

Official confirmation has been given of the reported engagement of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg by Mr. Mapleson to sing in London, and, as an offset to this, it seems that an attempt has been made to effect an alliance between Miss Minnie Hauk and the Strakosch troupe for the approaching season in California. So far as concerns Miss Kellogg, it has all been clear sailing; but the negotiations between Miss Hauk and Mr. Strakosch are at a standstill because of a very vital difference of opinion regarding her engagement with her present manager. The *prima donna* says it will be at an end this month, and Mr. Mapleson asserts as stoutly that he has the privilege of renewal. In the mean time Mr. Strakosch, deserted by Miss Kellogg, who is naturally anxious to have another hearing in London, and not being inclined to defy the law, much as he should like to secure the lady, supplements his negotiations with Miss Hauk by others with Mme. Marie Roze, another of the Mapleson *prima donna* and the daughter-in-law of the director himself.

Mr. Mapleson was found yesterday in the business office of the Academy of Music just before the hour when the matinee of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was to begin. The sidewalk of Irving Place was densely crowded with ladies, although the view from the window was somewhat obstructed by an immense crayon portrait of Mme. Gerster, wreathed in fresh-cut flowers, and surmounted by a crown of carnations and rosebuds. This trophy bore a visiting card with a salutation to "Etelka Gerster" in Hungarian. The elder Mapleson planted his stout elbows on the window-sill and conversed, with sundry interpolations directed at the ticket-sellers and other attachés. "The long and short of it is," said the manager, after acknowledging that the arrangement with Miss Kellogg had just been completed, "that Minnie will have to sail for England in a very little while now. She is legally bound to me, since I choose to avail myself of the privilege of renewal stipulated in the contract, and it is very hard to get around that fact. It is quite true that Minnie was not troublesome in England; she thought that it was the correct thing to do when she came to this country, but the public have been surfeited with such nonsense—you know the Kellogg-Roze row gave them a sufficiency of it. Then the trick Minnie played at the time she was to open the season in Boston was another mistake, based upon what she chose to assume was the 'advertising dodge' of Mme. Gerster's severe illness prior to making her debut. Because Mme. Gerster was received with such cordiality and made such a success after being seriously sick, Miss Hauk imagined that the same result would follow a physician's certificate and a delayed appearance in Boston. She was mistaken. The week's repertoire was upset, for the public were given the impression at once that the management was not going to keep its promises. This was the true reason of the poor business done—not, as Miss Hauk caused it to be announced, the disappointment felt by the people at not seeing her. In this matter, however, Minnie will find that she is vitally mistaken. I could prevent her appearing anywhere in Europe, and certainly any where in this country. She will sail this month—so her last appearance will be in *Faust* on Friday."

"There are three or four sites proposed for the opera house, the chief one being half of the space now occupied by Gilmore's Garden. This would cost \$400,000, which is too much for us; but it can be got, I fancy, at a sufficiently moderate ground rent, which would be a good thing for Vanderbilt's heirs. See how the Duke of Westminster has profited by leasing Eaton square. Now his income is so many thousands dollars a minute that it takes away a man's breath to think of it. I find cooperation on every side. James R. Keene has subscribed \$25,000 among others. Mr. Vanderbilt will probably help with the property, although the objection is made that Gilmore's Garden is too far down town. One of the sites proposed is on Forty-second Street, but nothing is settled yet. Doctor Hammond put himself down for \$20,000 last night, and laughed in a jolly way when I told him there was no immediate prospect of a dividend."

At this juncture there was a tremendous rustle and rush outside. It was the onslaught of the fair attendants at the matinee. Henry Mapleson came into the office, pale but collected, and announced that the ladies had knocked over two policemen in their desperate crush at the door. "Oh, these women!" said the elder Mapleson, rubbing his hands; "they're worse than men—one can't manage them." "Excellent Miss Hauk," was suggested. "Ah!" was the smiling rejoinder, "Minnie will be a good little girl, and go back to England directly. I must let her know who is master, you know."

Mr. Max Strakosch is in Chicago, but Mr. Maurice Strakosch, who is at the Everett House, said that the arrangement between Miss Kellogg and Mr. Mapleson had been concluded. "The affair is only fifty minutes off," he added. As to Miss Hauk, what could he say to his dear friend, the *poursuivant*, but that Miss Hauk affirmed one thing and Mr. Mapleson another.

"Minnie," said the mellifluous Mr. Strakosch, rolling the word like a sweet morsel under his tongue, "says she is free! Mr. Mapleson says she is not—that she is engaged to him. Minnie is a dear friend of mine; Mapleson is a dear friend, too. What can one do? Max is negotiating with Mme. Roze, a fine artiste, and perhaps—but who can tell, my dear friend?—he may have both Roze and Hauk, they love each other so well. Minnie is the sweetest thing you ever saw," said the amiable director. "She isn't—not though Mapleson is a dear friend of mine—been done justice to here. In Berlin and Vienna she is a prime favorite, and I assure you, my dear sir, that I paid a premium to hear her in *Aida* and *Les Diamants de Couronne*. In Berlin it was as difficult to get seats to hear her as it is when Gerster sings in this country. People flocked to listen to her in *Il Barbiere*, and in Berlin she reigned not for one season, but for three. The Emperor would not hear of her leaving. As for London, her *Carmen* was the great hit of last season; people went as wild over it as they do over *Pinafire* here this year. It may be said it was the opera; but no, it was Minnie Hauk's performance. You may think, my dear sir, I praise Minnie because I have engaged her; but I have not engaged her. I only do her justice when I say that she made a greater hit last year in London than any one, not even excepting Adelina Patti. Poor Minnie has not done the 'Elsa' in *Lohengrin*, nor 'Aida' here, and it is sad, for she is so versatile, and one of those singers who grow upon one. As to this engagement, Minnie says she can go to California, or anywhere else; Mr. Mapleson says she can't—*et voilà!*"

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court, adjudging that a certain deed executed by defendant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1888, be reformed and amended in the description of certain real property particularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein. Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

(SEAL) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN, defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony, reserving for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

(SEAL) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,
ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.
Office—Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twelfth (12th) day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 61) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eighth (8th) day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.
Office—Room 68, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, March 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 41) of two dollars per share was declared, payable on THURSDAY, March 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until 21st inst.

W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at 432 Montgomery Street, Room 3, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. A. NEUMANN, Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 10th, 1879.
PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Administratrix.

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Bright and burning jewels often have their lustre lost, and their natural brilliancy overshadowed by an insignificant setting and improper surroundings, but when the skillful jeweler's tasteful touch gives the required harmony and the proper conditions, the bauble beams. So with the stock company of the California Theatre. I have heard these people railed at. Men about town have wagged at them a wicked and uncompromising tongue, and critics have stabbed them through and through with the pen of remorseless comment. But when that "illustrious government scout and popular military guide," Buffalo William—the Hon. W. F. Cody—comes with his new, refined, sensational drama (written expressly for him by Major R. S. Burt, U. S. A.), entitled *May Cody, or Lost and Won*, with real Indian interpreters, a white boy-chief of the Pawnees, a real live jackass, and realistic scenes and incidents, I see the injustice of the past standing clearly out in the light of present excellence—and opportunity and ability vault right into popular appreciation and approval. The cast of *May Cody, or Lost and Won*, as presented at the California, is something that both the author and the star performers ought to be—and doubtless are—proud of. As "May Cody," Augusta de Forrest actually and unqualifiedly shines; "Mrs. Stoughton" and "George Stoughton," and "Brigham" and "Ann-Eliza" and "Amelia Young," and "John D. Lee," in his five or six different shapes—and "Darby McCune," and "Black Dan," and "General Harney," and "Captain Chambers," and the "First Mormon," and the "Second Mormon," and the "Bull Whacker"—with "Bill" as the whacker and "Darby McCune" as the whackee—all these characters were interpreted in a most delightful, artistic, and talented manner, some of them being really creations from the original text. The scenery was true to life, and the tableaux—especially the Mountain Meadow massacre—thrilling bits of realism. The Indian dances, the songs, the emigrant wagons, the real live horses prancing up the ravines, the thorough disguises of the villain, "John D. Lee," and the make-up of "Brigham Young," together with the musical selections of Charley Schultz, which included "Fantasie Bilden," "Faithful Forever," and "The Devil's Call"—all went to the making up of a programme that has rarely, if ever, in fact never, been excelled at the California, even in its palmy and gorgeously golden days. Any one who would, or could, find fault with the plot, people, or presentation, ought to be summarily dragged out into the clammy glory-blaze of the Jablochkoff light, in the background, and shown his own insignificant shadow. It was worth from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents of any man's money to hear Buffalo Bill crack that immense black snake, which the advertised bull whacker couldn't move without pulling himself up by the roots, and to see the long-haired Adonis of the plains make potato salad with a parlor rifle. I congratulate the management of the California Theatre at this most signal success of their new departure in catering to the public taste. True, the success has been at the cost of the lower portion of the house; but true, also, that it costs more to pander to the plebeian below than the patrician above, with fewer ducats in the box office and less appreciation in the end. So hurrah! for *The Knight of the Plains*, now in active preparation, and God help *The Banker's Daughter* if she ever strikes the Bush Street Bowery.

I do not think that Rose Eytinge has had altogether a pleasant visit to San Francisco this season. Her little *contretemps* at the California with Clara Morris was brought back to us toward the close of last week when she played the fated part of "Nancy." You've seen her "Nancy." She is much better in it than her rival, but I do not want to see her again. I can not fancy what her feelings must be when she is playing the servile mistress of the brutal "Bill Sykes." This week she has produced the play advertised at the California under the name of *Kate Peyton*, only she has re-named all the characters, calls herself "Kate Gifford," and entitles the piece *A Woman's Life*. It might be anything else, so far as it expresses any suggestion of the plot. It is *Griffith Gaunt* canned, and it tastes of the can. I blamed Mr. Maguire, you remember, for passing off on us *Proof Positive* and *The Green Lanes of England* as works of art. But I feel inclined to apologize to him when I see what poor stuff a leading actress like Rose Eytinge accepts as great, because it bears the names of Charles Reade and H. J. Byron. Byron has written as bad plays as anybody; in fact, Byron's successes are infinitesimal as compared with his failures; but I am sure that he is not responsible for *A Woman's Life*. Charles Reade may be. I do not think much of a man who translates a French play, and, simply because he has already made use of the author's brains in a novel, sells it to an American actress as a dramatization of an original story; and Charles Reade is in novel writing much what Boucicault is in dramatic literature. Rose Eytinge could have gone into the library of the theatre and picked up an "acting edition" of any old used-up play and been as fortunate in the selection. Fifty years ago, before the *Proof Positive* era, *A Woman's Life* might have astonished the hay-seed gentry of the English rural districts. To-day there is not a gallery boy who can discern a shadow of art about it, even as he understands art. What a tedious tissue of absurdities and improbabilities! "Gerald Barron" fights a duel with "Arthur Noel," in the first act, because "Kate Gifford" has exchanged horses with him. "Gerald" kills "Arthur Noel," and some time between

a quarter to nine and nine o'clock, while the curtain's down, she marries "Gerald." He is jealous, and is incited to action by the absolutely childish machinations of his wife's maid. He finds "Kate" on the brink of some peculiar precipice, with somebody he supposes to be "Noel." He tries to throw her over the precipice when he is suddenly stunned. When he comes to himself he gives himself up as her murderer; but while he is in prison it is discovered by "Noel" that his wife is confined in a cave under the cliff by "John Archer," ex-lawyer's clerk, now a smuggler of the deepest dye, and who loves her and hates "Gerald." She is saved, and they are reunited. There is only one scene for Miss Eytinge, and that, of course, she does well. How fond she seems to be of being choked, and pulled about the stage! How she seems to enjoy mad appeals to the mercy of villains, back falls, fits of hysterics, and other exciting conditions, which do not in the least add to her reputation, and are beginning to pall upon the public! How she did want to fight "Fagin," and how she struggled with "Bill Sykes" in *Officer Twist!* And this seems to be the attraction in *A Woman's Life*. There is nothing for her but the scene in the cave where she tries to knock "Archer's" brains out with the manacles on her wrists. Is there any histrionic art in this? I do not think so. You know I look upon her as one of the few good actresses we have. She has the healthy stage tradition about her, and does not affect the modern society drama in the modern way, only enjoyable when perfectly done. But she seeks the mechanical too much of late, and seems to be neglecting legitimate fields in which she might make many triumphs. She wants a new play, but it must not be the *Woman's Life* style of drama; and for the sake of art, I hope she will not accept any more manuscripts before she forms some better conception of what they are worth. James O'Neill looked very nice in a brown wig and a country gentleman's rig, and Lewis Morrison was a polite and stiff aristocrat as ever graced the boards at Baldwin's. I do not think you would have recognized him, with his hair "hanged" for the occasion. Mr. Herne was so much of a villain in looks that it is to be wondered at that he was ever allowed into any respectable house. There was another love thread running through the piece, and Mr. Bishop was put on as a country-boy to make fun between the heavy acts. But *A Woman's Life* is not likely to trouble theatre-goers long.

Next week Rose Eytinge will play "Armande" in *Led Astray*, for her benefit on Monday night. Rose Wood will also have a benefit on Thursday night, giving us the late success at Wallack's, Sardou's charming *Scrap of Paper*, and an act or two of *Camille*.

The Honorable Tom Fitch, whose public appearance in connection with the Arizona divorce bill, the question of the immortality of the soul as against Bob Ingersoll, and the Smith scandal, is the public talk, proposes to take advantage of the happy moment and figure in the part of "Richelieu," supported by the Baldwin company, sometime in the coming week. "Uncle Tom" ought to make a sensation of some description.

The Quintet Recital of next Tuesday evening will be the last of this series, and probably the final programme of this character that we shall have in this city for a considerable time to come. The place of Miss Schmidt, who is not yet sufficiently recovered to resume her post at the piano-forte, will be filled by Mr. Espinosa, whose playing at the last soirée gave great satisfaction, and whose numbers will be the E flat *Pologneise* of Chopin and a movement from Hummel's *Concerto* in B minor. Mr. Jacob Müller makes his second appearance with *The Monk* of Myerbeer and songs of Mendelssohn and Goltzman, and the Quartet numbers include compositions of Rubenstein, Bach—the lovely *Aria* of last season—and Mendelssohn—Canzonetta in G minor. Today's matinee also brings an exceedingly interesting programme, including quartets of Rubenstein and Haydn, a piano-forte solo by Mr. Espinosa, and Gounod's effective transcription of Schubert's *Young Nun*.

The Opera question seems at last to be conclusively arranged, and the season will probably begin about the middle of next month. The accomplished facts are, Cary, Roze, Litta—a new and successful *legere* Soprano—Pantalloni—who is hailed by the Eastern press as a *great* Baritone—and a Tenor whose name I have forgotten. Mr. Behrens comes as Conductor. Chorus and orchestra are to be supplied from home material.

Wilhelm, who was to have taken California at the end of his Southern tour, has returned to New York. As he is in the hands of Strakosch, who brings the opera company to Baldwin's, we are not likely to hear his Stradiarius fiddle this season.

I refer to the musical festival of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, given at the Grand Opera House on last Tuesday evening, only to express my surprise that a society that can command a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and is sufficiently sure of a house to risk such lavish expenditure as must have been entailed by this performance, should not possess somewhere among its membership enough brains to have suggested a something better than the utterly abominable programme that was presented. I can imagine the musical long-ears of some benighted Western village taking up Roof's stupid and ridiculous Cantata and drawing it through their noses with a certain satisfying of their aesthetic appetite commensurate with the distance at which they are removed from any sort of respectable musical surroundings. But in San Francisco, and in our day, I had hardly expected this diet of musical thistles and bran to be found worthy of dishing up with the piquant sauce of gorgeous costumes, scenery, and an orchestra, and can only account for it on the supposition that its flavor was palatable to the consumers beyond what respectable music would have been. The performance was entirely worthy the composition; from the chorus singing, which was abominable, and solos, which were on a par with the chorus, to the conducting—which was probably the most absurd part of it—the whole thing was simply contemptible. Ditto the olio, and ditto the scenes from *Un Ballo*. The only respectable musical performances of the evening were the gymnastic exercises by members of the Olympic Club and some club swinging by Mr. Warschauer.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

One day Bildad that's the new dog was a lyn fore the fier, were it was offie hot for his nose, and every little wile he wude haf to lift it up for to make it git cool, and then he wude lie it down agin tween his poz, pintin at the fier, like it was be fore. Uncle Ned, he sed: "Ile teech that feller a lessen, seef I dont."

So Uncle Ned he got sum whax, and made it worm and soft, and wen Bildad rose his hed Uncle Ned he lade the whax tween Bildad's poz, and Bildad he lade his chin in it and shet his eys up and smiled, much as to say: "That's a goodeel more cumfiable, thank you."

But bime by wen Bildad's nose was red hot agin, and he went for to lift it up, he cudent make it come, and you never seen sech a camp meetin pformance in ol yure life, and sech yellin glory hally looyo!

Me and Billy was took to camp meetin once, and I was too little for to know wot it was ol a bout, but Billy he sed it was the minstels. Birneby a big black feller he got xcited by the singin, and jumpt up an down and hollerd wild for a our, and no body else sed any thing til he got done and took out a grate big yaller hankchef for to whipe the swet off of his face. Then a white boy, which was wicked, he hollerd out: "Giv it back to Desdimony!" and all the white fokes laughd like they wude bust, but I think if he cudent say nothing no funnier than that it wasent harly worth while for to disturb the meetin.

An now Ile tel you a bout a other dog. Once a man had a dog wich dident have no tail, the dog dident, cos it was cut of wen it was little, but Franky, thats the baby, he is little, too, yes indeed, like puppies. So the mans dog grode up with out no tail for to waggle, but one night sum notty boys they got a peece of old rope out of a ship yard, and sum pitch, and fastend the rope onto the end of the dogs back with the pitch like it grode there. Then that dog was proud like he was a new dog on a old tail, an he went swellin a round a mung the other dogs, a tryin for to waggle it til he most broke his back. But he cudent lift it of the ground, and after a wile it was drug across a cigar wich a feller had threw a way, and it got a lite, the tail did, and had a smoke its ownself. Then the dog it lied down like it was agoin to sleep, and it sed to the uther dogs: "There wasent never enny pup wich cude be so cool and callum like me wile his tail was a house afire. I ot to be hired out to teech fortytude to Crision martars. Jest wake me up wen its ol burnt of, cos I have got a importent engagemant."

But wen it was ol of, and the fire was got hold of the cake of pitch onto the end of his back, he dident hav to be woke up, cos he woke the hwole town up hisself.

One day Towser, thats the dng, died, he got his tail cetched in a gate and houled, but pigs thay squeals, and a jackous it brays like a bras band.

One evening just after my sisters yung man had ben to see her and was gon home agin, and her and my father was a settin in the poller, there was a jakus, and it brade fritefle. Then my father he said: "Missy, nows yure time."

Then she sed: "Time for wot, father?"

And father he sed: "Time to remember yure vung man. Dident he tel you, not halef a our ago, a settin at that very pinnao, that wen uther lips and uther harts their tale of love shude tel then yude remember him. But tween you an me, I gess this fellers voice wude reminded you of him if he hadent mention it at all."

Then Missy she was the furioesest girl that ever was, but she dassant sas her pop.

One day Missy and her yung man met in the orchard and was taking holt of one a other, and me an Billy we was in the summer hous lookn out. Billy he got xcited and ran up to em a hollerin: "Get the under holt, Missy, get the under holt, and wen you trip him jest kanock his feets out forwards, and fetch him down onto his back, wop!"

Then Missy and the yung man let go, and she went in the house, and there wasent any rassel after all. That shows wot comes of takin sides, cos fair play is a jool. But wen me an Sammy Doppy was having a fite, Billy he come a long an hit Sammy in the spoot of his nose with a rock jest in time to save him from the werst lickin he ever got, yes, in deed, I wude busted his mouth soon as he let me up.

Ole Gaffer Peters was to our house one day a bragin wot a good fiter he was wen he was a yung feller, and Billy he said wy dident he go for a sojer, like Gorge Washington, which was the best fiter in the world. Gaffer he sed: "I did, William, I did. I was an officer in the war for ten year."

Then my father ast wot branch of the service did he be a dorn, and ole Gaffer he sed: "Hay?" Then my father ast a other time: "Was you Calvary, or Infootry, or was you a cannon sojer, or wot?"

Ole Gaffer he rubed his hed awile, wich aint got no hair on it, jest like a apple, only not so many fli spex, and then he sed: "It was so long ago I dont recokly jest this minit, but I bleev I was a Poltroon."

I shude spose that ole feller wude hav to lie a wake nites for to think wot a fool he is, cos one day wen Jack Brily, wich is the wicked sailer, he fire a eg at him, and it busted on his sholder, he wiped it of, and then he loked up to the ski for a long time, but cudent see nothin. Then he wocked over to Mister Pitchels house, thats the preacher, and ast more than a thousan hundred questens a bout the angels, and jest how much a angel is like a bird.

But if I was a angel I de rather be a eagle, and have my photograph onto all the green backs, and the dollars, and evry were, yes, in deed, with stickers on one foot, and a switch in the other to lick the British, hooray!

SAN RAFAEL, March 23, 1879.

The first concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, under the leadership of Mr. Toepeke, its new conductor, takes place at Platt's Hall on next Monday evening, the programme consisting of the overture of *Oberon*, a quartet from Verdi's *Requiem*, a *Battle Hymn* for basso and choruses, by Mr. Toepeke, and Mendelssohn's music to Racine's *Athalie*. The soloists will be Mrs. and Mr. J. E. Tippet, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Rightmire, Mr. Borneman, and Mr. O'Connor.

Photographic artists are not professional bruisers, and yet they mount all their customers.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Reduction in Commutation Rates, Etc.—Preparing for Summer Travel—Greatly Reduced Rates to Favorite Summer Resorts.

We have just received new schedules of rates covering the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the same to take effect April 1st, and which show that a general reduction has been made in local, round trip, excursion and commutation rates. The reduction in commutation rates is liberal throughout, and will no doubt be appreciated by many families who are desirous of having a suburban home on the line of this attractive route, but who may have been prevented from doing so heretofore on account of the existing higher rates. The company also announces, in anticipation of a large travel during the coming season to the various well-known Summer resorts on the line of its road, that they will place on sale at their several ticket offices in the city, through tickets to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Paraiso Springs, etc., at greatly reduced rates.

There is nothing so thoroughly satisfying to one's self as a thoroughly artistic and well-executed photograph; there is nothing so disgusting and worthless as a poor one. Everybody has a pride and a taste in this matter that is commendable; and those who believe that, as in a painting, the skill of the artist has something to do with the result of his work, go to the gallery of Bradley & Rulofson and pay a good price for a good picture. There is no sense in economizing on one's self in this respect. Go where you can get the best work and the best satisfaction. Price is—or ought to be—a secondary consideration.

A man walking rapidly home at night is stopped by a robber. "Hold!" says the robber, "I want your money." "Don't stop me," says the frightened citizen. "I am going after a doctor for a man who has just dropped dead!"

J. M. LITCHFIELD & Co., Merchant Tailors, No. 415 Montgomery Street, have the smallest stock and the poorest goods in the city, and keep the dearest place to buy fine custom clothing, as they do not sell their goods from thirty to fifty per cent. below cost.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 350 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y..

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Modern Artists' Etchings, 22 Montgomery Street.

"AMONG THE MORMONS."

THE SPICIEST BOOK OF THE Season. Marrying seven wives in two months. By RING JEPSON. 50 cents, post paid. S. F. NEWS COMPANY.

FLOWER POTS AND VASES.

A house without flowers is not homelike. FLOWER POTS of all sizes, GARDEN VASES at the Pottery Depot, 22 California Street, S. F. JOHN B. OWENS.

"ATHALIE."

AT PLATT'S HALL,

Monday Evening, March 31, the

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY

Will present for the first time in this city Mendelssohn's Sublime Oratorio,

"ATHALIE."

The Chorus of One Hundred Voices will be assisted by the favorite local artists:

MRS. J. E. TIPPETT,
MRS. J. M. PIERCE,
MRS. S. A. RICHMIRE,
MR. F. BORNEMANN,
MR. J. E. TIPPETT,
FRANK O'CONNOR, Esq.
And a Full Orchestra.

CONDUCTOR.....WILLIAM TOEPKE.

ADMISSION, ONE DOLLAR.

Tickets and Programmes may be obtained at the various music and bookstores and at the Hall. The Box Office will be opened at Platt's Hall on Monday, March 31, from 5:30 A. M. to 4 P. M., when reserved seats can be secured without extra charge.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

FAREWELL BENEFIT OF

MISS ROSE WOOD

.....ON.....

THURSDAY EVENING.....APRIL 3, 1879.

On which occasion a most attractive bill, embracing the entire strength of The Baldwin Company, will be presented, consisting of the last new comedy, now being played at Wallack's Theatre, New York, Boston, and London, entitled a

SCRAP OF PAPER.

Produced with new costumes and scenery, in which MISS ROSE WOOD will appear in an entirely new character. The performance to conclude, by special desire, with the last three acts of

CAMILLE,

With the beneficiary as the heroine.

Reserved seats at the Box Office.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER,
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER,
CHAS. H. GOODWIN.....TREASURER.

This (Saturday) evening, March 29th,

A WOMAN'S LIFE,

A play, in four acts, written expressly for

ROSE EYTINGE.

Last ROSE EYTINGE Matinee this afternoon March 29th, at 2 P. M.

For one night only, the first time in this theatre,

THE LANCASHIRE LASS,

Cast to the full strength of The Baldwin Company.

Monday, March 31, benefit of MISS ROSE EYTINGE—LED ASIRAY—on which occasion the great Indian Chief, Moses, and his party will attend the theatre.

Thursday, April 3d, farewell benefit of MISS ROSE WOOD.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Immense Success and Last Nights of the Popular Government Scout and Military Guide,

BUFFALO BILL

(HON. W. F. CODY).

Monday Evening, March 31, first time in this city of the thrilling melodrama entitled the

KNIGHT OF THE PLAINS,

Or Buffalo Bill's Best Trail, dramatized expressly for him by Col. Prentiss Ingraham.

BURGESS BROTHERS.—Eddie Burgess, the white boy-chief of the Pawnees. C. A. Burgess, U. S. Scout and Interpreter, will also appear nightly. Only Knight of the Plains Matinee Saturday.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—This theatre will be closed for redecoration and renovation during the week commencing Monday, April 7, and will reopen Easter Monday, April 14, with Mr. DION BUCICAULT in his great Irish play as Conn, the Shaugraun.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Monday, March 31, and every evening including Sunday, and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

Another Novelty—The Acme of Originality Reached.

THE HYERS SISTERS

Combination, including

BILLY KERSANDS, WALLACE KING, WILLIE LYLE, JOHN W. LUCAS, in their new extravaganza,

URLINA,

THE AFRICAN PRINCESS, presented with Beautiful Scenery, Entirely New Music, Startling Situations, and Gorgeous Costumes.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

M. B. LEAVITT.....MANAGER.

MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M.

Another gigantic success of the sensation programme.—The greatest bill yet offered.

This (Saturday) evening, at 8 P. M., and every evening until further notice, the racy sketch,

FEMALE BATHERS.

The spicy sensational comedy,
FORBIDDEN PLEASURES,
Or IT'S NAUGHTY BUT IT'S NICE.

MME. RENTZ MINSTRELS

—AND—

MABEL SANTLEY'S BEAUTIES

In New Specialties.

Bear in mind, this is the last week of the genuine French CAN-CAN!

MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED TO 25 cents.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1879.

Between San Francisco and San Rafael.
WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry).	Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry).
7.10 and 9.20 A. M.	8.00 and 11.00 A. M.
1.45 and 4.45 P. M.	3.20 and 5.20 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).	(Via Sausalito Ferry).
5.45 P. M.	7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry).	Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry).
8.15 and 10.15 A. M.	8.50 and 11.30 A. M.
12.50 and 3.45 P. M.	2.15 and 4.30 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).	(Via Sausalito Ferry).
8.00 A. M.	5.35 P. M.

† 8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from Sausalito Ferry, for all points between Sausalito and Junction.

†† 9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

††† 1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Sausalito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. (via Sausalito) 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, \$2 00; Tomales, \$3 00; Duncan Mills, \$4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879. Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.25, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

NOTE.—Trains leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. and High Street at 8.32 P. M. do not stop at Third Avenue, Schuetzen Park, Morton Street, and Chestnut Street.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1 75; Santa Clara, \$1 65. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3 25; Santa Clara, \$3 05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday Afternoons and Sunday Mornings from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to Santa Clara or San Jose and return, \$2 50, good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase. Commutation Tickets, good for one round trip daily during calendar month, between San Francisco and San Jose, \$20; Santa Clara, \$19. Family Tickets for 10 Rides and 30 Rides, also Six Months and Yearly Commutation Tickets, on sale at corresponding reduction in rates.

THOS. CARTER, G. H. WAGGONER, Superintendent. G. P. Agent.

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JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Hallifax.

XII.—SHIPPEI TARO.*

In the olden time, when cavaliers knew how to handle the swords they wore at their sides, not like the effeminate lovers of singing, and dancing girls of these degenerate times, it was the custom for young men of the military class to wander about, practicing fencing, until they became widely renowned swordsmen.

It happened once that one of these young fencing students, when traveling in the northern provinces, lost his way one night in the hills, and could not find a lodging. At last he approached a small wayside shrine, and feeling weary, and finding that the shrine was just large enough inside, he decided to pass the night there. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a great noise, and looking out, saw a multitude of cats gamboling about in the light of the rising moon. Presently he heard them saying, "Don't tell Shippei Taro; keep it all dark; let it be private," and away they danced at a great rate. Being tired, and a little superstitious, the young traveler kept quiet, and did not disturb them. In the morning, hunger drove him to follow a by-path that looked as if it had been but recently traveled over; and before he had proceeded far, he heard a woman's voice, as if crying in distress. Approaching, he inquired the cause, and was told that at the shrine of the "mountain god" a human offering was made yearly, and that she was to be the next victim. A little further inquiry convinced the student that it was at the shrine of the "mountain god" that he had slept the previous night, and he determined to save the girl. Asking her friends if there was any one in the neighborhood called Shippei Taro, they told him that it was the name of a fine dog belonging to the prince's agent.

Having obtained this information, he started at once for the agent's place, and, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in obtaining the loan of the dog, which he placed in the cage that had been made to confine the poor girl who was to be that year's sacrifice. The student told the girl's friends to watch her closely, and to leave him to perform his part at the shrine. Having esconced himself in the shrine, with the cage containing Shippei Taro, he awaited further developments. About midnight the cats again assembled, this time accompanied by an immense Tom, who appeared to be their leader; and all of them, evidently glorying in the feast that awaited them, as they danced and howled around the cage. Presently the watcher opened the cage, and out flew the dog, seizing the great Tom cat, and holding it while the student killed it. They then seized and dispatched the other cats, and returned to tell the girl she was saved.

The young girl, in her gratitude to the young student for having snatched her from a horrible and untimely death, consented to become his wife, and after all the customary formalities had been gone through, and they were made one, he returned with her to his native place, and lived there happily.

Ever since that time the offering of human beings has ceased at that shrine.†

XIII.—KAGUN YUKI KUMUGI.

In the time of Godai Tenno (A. D. 1319) there lived in the province of Oshiu a noble named Yuki Rodzuke no Niyudo Michitada, who was not only very fond of birds and of poetry, but was very learned and brave. Among his retainers was a young fellow named Hayato, who was in love with a waiting-maid of the palace named Kikuno. This young lady had induced Hayato to set free a couple of *oshi dori* (ducks noted for their loving dispositions, and always going in pairs, originating the proverb, *oshi dori fu-fu*, a loving couple), and these birds were destined to be in future mingled in the lives of the lovers; indeed, their amorous propensities had first caused the young people to think of love.

The disputes between Godai Tenno and the Hojo family (of Kamakura) at length broke out into open war. The Daiiri called on Yuki, as also did the Hojo, to assist them; but considering that his duty lay with his sovereign, the Tenno, he took the side of Godai. When departing he charged his household to take care of his son Kojiro, and, in the event of his death, to be loyal to their young master.

After a long and bloody war the Hojo were at length utterly routed and deposed, but Yuki had been severely wounded, and before he could be conveyed home breathed his last, vowing with his last breath to pursue the Hojo even after death. Yuki's brother, Hiogo, a wicked and ambitious man, had remained behind, hoping that if his brother should be killed to be able to usurp his nephew's position, and possess himself, not only of the property, but of the fair Kikuno also.

About this time a man of Shikoku, one Hagiu Hoshi, a retainer of the Kawano princes, being fond of traveling, in his rambles wandered to Echiu, where the mountain Tateyama rears its lofty head. On the sides of this mountain are numerous deep valleys, from which fire and smoke are vomited; and this was considered by the people of the olden times as the true pandemonium of the Buddhists.

Traveling through the forest he was overtaken by darkness before he had found a place of rest, and, becoming bewildered, he sat down to consider what he should do now that he was benighted in such a lonely spot. Presently a priest, dressed in black, approached him, and Hoshi, being a devout man, addressed him with great reverence, and inquired where he could find a shelter for the night. The priest told him that, knowing of his approach, he had come to meet him, and said that he had something to show him, adding that though what he saw would no doubt frighten him, he was not to betray his fear or to break silence. Receiving Hoshi's assurances that he would maintain strict silence, the ground immediately under their feet trembled, and the motion increased in violence, accompanied by loud noises that echoed weirdly in the night through hill and vale. Suddenly, with a tremendous explosion, an enormous iron gateway sprang up before them, at which the priest knocked with his wand. It swung open and admitted them. Hoshi

beheld ghouls of frightful aspect. Some, with heads like horses, oxen, lions, and so on, were busy slicing up a man and throwing the pieces into an immense cauldron, then drawing them forth, joining them together, and repeating the cruel process, to the intense horror of Hoshi, who inquired who he was that deserved such tortures. The priest told him it was Yuki, who had vowed to pursue his enemies in the spirit, after death even; and this was the punishment awarded him for this greatly impious vow. Moreover, if Hagiu Hoshi wished to relieve him from such a horrid fate, he must go to Oshiu, and instruct the widow, son, and other relatives of Yuki to pray for his release, and to devoutly perform the ceremonials for the repose of the souls of the dead. Meantime Hiogo had so far succeeded in his base schemes as to gain possession of the palace; but Kikuno turned a deaf ear to his flatteries. He also had a sagacious enemy in Hayato, who, faithful to his young lord, and jealous of his rivals' attentions to Kikuno, determined to frustrate, if possible, the wicked plots of the usurper.

Hiogo, discovering the bond that united Hayato and Kikuno, accused them of lewdness, and of disgracing and defiling the palace, and ordered them to be bound and brought before him. When they appeared, he ordered them to be beheaded—Hayato first, so that his mistress might suffer the torture of witnessing the horrible spectacle before she, too, was decapitated; but just then a messenger providentially arrived from Kamakura, saying that a child had been born to the Hojo, and that, in honor of the joyful event, the lives of all malefactors were to be spared. On hearing this news and the accompanying command, Hiogo reluctantly ordered his two prisoners to be set free. The messenger, as soon as the lovers were released, conducted them to a place far from where they had been so near meeting an untimely and cruel death. On the way he told them that he was the *oshi dori* whom, with his mate, they had formerly released from imprisonment, and that, in gratitude for their kindness, he had freed them from the cruel Hiogo; adding that now they must watch over, and endeavor to save, the young lord Kojiro, saying which the messenger changed into a duck, and flew away.

Soon after the rescue and flight of Hayato and Kikuno, Hiogo set about the completion of his scheme; but finding the widow of Yuki, and Takahama, a faithful retainer of her husband's family, were two serious obstacles to the success of his plans, he accused them of some frivolous offense against himself, and, without any hearing, ordered the widow to be beheaded, and Takahama to commit *seppuku* (suicide by cutting open the abdomen). The young lord Kojiro, who had been shut up in prison, being a horrified witness, from a window, of the murder of his mother and his faithful *kerai* (retainer).

After considerable difficulty, and not without frequently running the risk of being recaptured, and probably meeting the fate formerly intended for them, Hayato and Kikuno at last succeeded in communicating with the young Kojiro; and, having laid their plans carefully, and having an ally in the palace in a youth whose father died fighting by the side of Yuki, they waited till a dark, stormy night, and, stealing into the palace grounds, worked their passage under the floor of the chamber in which the Prince was confined. They then removed a board, raised the *tatami* (a very thick mat which covers the floors of every Japanese house), and signed to Kojiro that all was clear. Kojiro squeezed himself through the aperture, replaced the mat in its former position, and followed his deliverers by the way they had come, arriving, before his escape had barely been discovered, at a place of safety among the mountains.

Shortly after the above events had taken place, Hagiu arrived at Oshiu, and, making inquiries about Yuki's grave, learned where it was to be found. Approaching the grave, he erected a tablet, and was earnestly engaged in prayer, when, to his amazement, a voice recited the unfinished poetical sentence in the composition of which Yuki Michitada had been interrupted when summoned to assist the Emperor. The words were remembered by Hagiu, who exclaimed: "This must be the troubled spirit of Yuki. I must finish the verse, or the soul will not rest in peace." Then, after much thought, he completed the verse, repeating it aloud, when the voice answered in a joyous tone, "Oh, how happy am I now, relieved of torture and anxiety!"

Hagiu, having learned the escape and flight of Kojiro in company with Hayato and Kikuno, now set out in search of them, finally discovering them at a house at which he had accidentally called for the purpose of making inquiries. This happy meeting, they all agreed, was providential, and argued well for the future. They met next day to decide upon their future line of action, Hagiu having informed them that Nitta Yoshitada, of Kodzuke, was mustering men-at-arms to overthrow the still too powerful Hojo (A. D. 1332-3), advising Kojiro to go to that chieftain and join him, when, no doubt, there would be little difficulty in obtaining his assistance in expelling and punishing Hiogo, and regaining his own rightful position.

Acting promptly on this advice, Kojiro proceeded to Nitta's camp, and received from that chief a patent granting him all his father's titles and endowments of which he had been deprived, and in gratitude joined the troops of his benefactor, displaying great bravery, and with his own bow and arrow slaying Akahashi Sagami no Kami, by which the Hojo lost their best general, and the Imperial forces gained a complete victory, resulting in the overthrow of the Hojo power at Kamakura. Kojiro returned to his northern home to take possession of his own, hitherto withheld by his wicked uncle, and to avenge his mother's murder.

The *oshi dori* again appear upon the scene and lend their assistance in overcoming Hiogo, who is finally entrapped and securely bound. He is condemned to be beheaded, but as Kojiro is averse to spilling the blood of a relative, even to avenge his mother's murder, Hayato strikes the fatal blow, and the palace is freed from the wicked usurper, and the young lord is hailed with enthusiasm. For several days following there is great feasting and rejoicing among Kojiro's retainers, and much *sake* (wine) is drunk. Hayato received as a reward for his devotion a position of high rank near the person of his prince, and with his wife, Kikuno, lived to a good old age, loved and respected by every one.

In the bright lexicon of the chronic borrower there is no such word as *pay*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Ooster.

There was a young woman of Worcester,
She petted an old Shanghai rooster;
When asked what indorchester
To fondle the rooster,
She blushed, for the question conforchester.
—Truth Seeker.

Spring.

Pack away your sealskin ulster,
Get your straw hat out of pawn,
Renovate your linen duster,
Spring has come as sure's you're born.

Obituary.

His little drawers hang on the line—
He ne'er will wear them more.
He scratched a mule's heel with a straw,
And Dobbin kicked him in the jaw.
No more we'll hear his little snore—
The minister'll be in at four,
And boost him to the shining shore.
—New York Dispatch.

The Cause in Nevada.

'Twas out in Sierra Valley,
A far Nevada town,
That the cause of the Murphys flourished,
And would not be put down,
But at last some of the members
Forgot their solemn vows,
And the brethren held a meeting,
At which one Mr. Howes
Moved that the fallen Murphys
Be stricken from the rolls.
Lost. Then another brother,
The "Rev. Dr." Bowles,
Remarked: "I make a motion
That all them be expelled
Who *hasn't* broke thar pledges."
Carried! And then they yelled
Three times for "Johnny Barley!"
And adjourned across the street,
At the President's invitation,
Who stood all round a treat.
—Louisville Courier-Journal

"The Sweet Singer."

I've a peanut in my pocket,
Emeline! Emeline!
I'll jerk the kernel from its socket,
Emeline! Emeline!
To the theatre I'll go,
On the floor the shell I'll throw,
Then I'll munch to music slow,
Emeline! Emeline!
—Bungtown Bugle.

A New Departure.

It was a worthy pastor,
Who saw with grief and care
His congregation go to sleep,
Or, which was worse, elsewhere.

He pondered long and deeply,
This wise and pious man,
And at last hit upon a simple
And most effectual plan.

Next Sunday—of his sermon
The text when he had said—
He slid a-down the pulpit stairs,
And stood upon his head!

By thousands flocked the people
That preacher great to hear,
And the trustees raised his salary
To fifty thousand a year.
—Telegram.

Boardbill Mine.

I've a notice from the landlord,
Boardbill mine! Boardbill mine!
I've been fired by the landlord,
Boardbill mine! Boardbill mine!
I must sail for Kankakee,
I must go to Mill-wau-kee,
Or perhaps to St. Lou-ee,
Boardbill mine! Boardbill mine!
I must skip the Tra-la-lee,
Boardbill mine!
—St. Louis Times.

Inside.

'Twas naught but apple juice she drank—
That sparkling Jersey cider;
It made her feel supremely gay,
Or else her looks belied her.
I questioned why she acted thus,
But thought not to deride her,
And quickly came her answer bright—
"It was the stuff in cider."
—Syracuse Times.

Acquitted.

Two trembling culprits, sad and pale,
Before His Honor stood;
One said: "Mine is a thrilling tale—
I shed my neighbor's blood;
But then he tempted me to shoot
Because he practiced on a flute."

The other lowly dropped his head:
"Mine is a crimson crime;
I took a pistol and shot dead
A young man in his prime,
But then I freely shed his gore
Because I could not stand his snore."

His Honor then, sedate and wise,
His chin upon his palm,
In deep reflection closed his eyes
As solemn as a clam.
Then softly said to each, "Go free!
There is no law for such as thee."
—Cincinnati Star.

"There's no smoking allowed!"
The conductor exclaimed
To a man who had jumped on the car.
"I'm not smoking aloud,"
He gently explained,
"For I noiselessly puff my cigar."
—Hackensack Republican.

* Shippei is a head agent or officer of a prince. Koro, Taro, Yaro, etc., are common names, given to dogs.
† The custom of human sacrifices at shrines, and on the death of great people, existed in very ancient times; later, clay images were substituted, and recently these also were discontinued.

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CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

Tourist Season, 1879.

Excursions to Mount Shasta and Cloud River.

GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET DEPT.,
San Francisco, March 13, 1879.

FOR THE SPECIAL ACCOMMODA-
tion of Tourists and Sportsmen, special arrangements
have been made with the C. & O. C. L. Stage Company,
whereby we will be able to place on sale during the season,
commencing May 1st (next), at our offices in San Francisco
and Sacramento, SPECIAL EXCURSION TICKETS—
contract limited to thirty (30) days from day of sale, at the
following rates for the round trip:

Miles from Redding.	To Station named and Return.	From S. F.	From Sac'to
22	U. S. Fishery—Allen's.....	\$24.50	\$19.50
44	Slate Creek.....	28.80	23.80
54	Southern's.....	30.80	25.80
64	Lower Soda Springs.....	32.80	27.80
65	Castle Rock.....	33.80	28.80
69	Upper Soda Springs.....	35.40	30.40
77	Strawberry Valley—Sisson's....	35.40	30.40

NOTES.—The U. S. Fishery is on the Cloud River, at the
only point where that stream is touched by the stage road,
and is two miles below the hotel at Allen's Station.
Slate Creek, Southern's, Lower Soda Springs, Castle
Rock, and Upper Soda Springs are on the Sacramento
River.

Strawberry Valley (Sisson's) is at the base of Mt. Shasta.
At Sisson's Upper and Lower Soda Springs, guides and
horses are provided for Excursions to the summit of Mt.
Shasta, and to the Salmon and Trout Fishing Stations and
Deer Licks on the headwaters of the Cloud River.

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Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger
Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as
follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister,
Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way
Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects
with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the
M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey.
STAGE connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy, and
Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Sta-
tions.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Sta-
tions.

STAGE The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Sta-
tions is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate
points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings.
Good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
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Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of
the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad
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Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Ex-
press Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for
Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Ana-
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miles east from Yuma).

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(Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays included,
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington
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Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Clover-
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Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, and the
GEYSERS.

STAGE Connections made at Fulton on the following morn-
ing for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods (Sundays
excepted).

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except
Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

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June.....17	July.....17	May.....15
August.....15	September.....16	October.....15
Novemdr.....15	December.....16	

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3d, 1879, and until further notice.

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7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), con-
necting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Cal-
istoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis
(Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and
at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

[Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Liv-
ermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting
with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriv-
ing at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. [Returning, train from Tracy
arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville,
Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palis-
ade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with
train arriving at Loue at 3.40 P. M.

[Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MAR-
TINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (via OAK-
land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Hay-
wards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at
5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.45 A. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry)
to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
[Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern
Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton),
Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall
(San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES,
"Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Col-
ton, and Yuma (Stages for Prescott and Colorado River
Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the South-
ern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Stanwix (85 miles east
from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa,
Phoenix, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between
Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
[Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing),
connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Wood-
land, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramen-
to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee,
Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Val-
lejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street
Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via
Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.)
connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on
second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards,
Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and
Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all
trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS. FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To Alameda.	To Peninsula.	To East Oakland.	To Niles.	To Berkeley.	To Del Norte Street.	To Debarre Street.
To Oakland.	To Alameda.	To Peninsula.	To East Oakland.	To Niles.	To Berkeley.	To Del Norte Street.	To Debarre Street.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	17.10	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00
7.00	8.00	8.00	9.00	8.30	9.30	9.30	10.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	10.00	9.30	10.30	10.30	12.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	11.00	10.30	11.30	11.30	1.30
8.30	3.00	11.00	12.00	11.30	12.30	12.30	3.30
9.00	3.30	12.00	1.00	12.30	1.00	1.00	4.30
9.30	4.00	1.00	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	5.30
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	6.30
10.30	5.00	2.00	1.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	7.30
11.00	5.30	2.30	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	8.30
11.30	6.00	3.00	2.30	2.30	2.30	2.30	9.30
12.00	6.30	3.30	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	10.30
.....	7.00	4.00	3.30	3.30	3.30	3.30	11.30
.....	8.10	4.30	4.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	12.30
.....	9.20	5.00	4.30	4.30	4.30	4.30	1.00
.....	10.30	5.30	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	2.00
.....	11.45	6.00	5.30	5.30	5.30	5.30	3.00
.....	12.45	6.30	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	4.00
.....	7.00	6.30	6.30	6.30	6.30	5.00
.....	8.10	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	6.00
.....	9.20	7.30	7.30	7.30	7.30	7.00
.....	10.30	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
.....	11.45	8.30	8.30	8.30	8.30	9.00
.....	12.45	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	10.00

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From Berkeley.	From Niles.	From East Oakland.	From Peninsula.	From Alameda.	From Oakland (Broadway).
From	From Berkeley.	From Niles.	From East Oakland.	From Peninsula.	From Alameda.	From Oakland (Broadway).
A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
5.40	5.40	7.00	5.10	8.00	5.00	5.20
6.30	6.30	8.00	6.00	9.00	6.00	6.20
7.00	7.00	9.00	6.30	10.00	6.30	7.20
8.00	8.00	10.00	7.00	11.00	7.00	8.20
9.00	9.00	11.00	7.30	12.00	7.30	9.20
10.00	10.00	12.00	8.00	1.00	8.00	10.20
11.00	11.00	1.00	8.30	1.30	8.30	11.20
12.00	12.00	1.30	9.00	2.00	9.00	12.20
1.00	1.00	2.00	9.30	2.30	9.30	1.20
2.00	2.00	3.00	10.00	3.00	10.00	2.20
3.00	3.00	4.00	10.30	3.30	10.30	3.20
4.00	4.00	5.00	11.00	4.00	11.00	4.20
5.00	5.00	6.00	11.30	4.30	11.30	5.20
6.00	6.00	7.00	12.00	5.00	12.00	6.20
.....	8.00	1.00	6.00	1.00	7.20
.....	9.00	1.30	7.00	1.30	8.20
.....	10.00	2.00	8.00	2.00	9.20
.....	11.00	2.30	9.00	2.30	10.20
.....	12.00	3.00	10.00	3.00	11.20
.....	1.00	3.30	11.00	3.30	12.20
.....	2.00	4.00	12.00	4.00	1.20
.....	3.00	4.30	1.00	4.30	2.20
.....	4.00	5.00	2.00	5.00	3.20
.....	5.00	5.30	3.00	5.30	4.20
.....	6.00	6.00	4.00	6.00	5.20
.....	7.00	6.30	5.00	6.30	6.20
.....	8.00	7.00	6.00	7.00	7.20
.....	9.00	7.30	7.00	7.30	8.20
.....	10.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	9.20
.....	11.00	8.30	9.00	8.30	10.20
.....	12.00	9.00	10.00	9.00	11.20
.....	1.00	9.30	11.00	9.30	12.20

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

NO TEAM THROUGHFARE.

The Long (Oakland) Wharf from and after Dec 2, 1878,

will be closed to Teams, Stock, etc.

CRUISE ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—10.00—9.20—8.15—9.15—

10.15—11.15—A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.25—3.15—4.15—5.15—

6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—Daily—10.45—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—

11.05—A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.15—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05—

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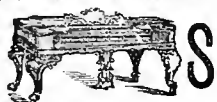
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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.QUIET AND DESIRABLE PLACE
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C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

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THE CAL. FURNITURE M'FG CO.

HAVE FIVE TIMES AS MUCH

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NOS. 224 AND 226 BUSH STREET, S. F.

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BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

Begg to inform his numerous patrons (and their name is Legion), that he employs only WHITE LABOR, and that the reason he is able to sell cheaper than any other Tailor is that, having Sixty Stores all over the United States, and a London House, he is able to buy and import in immense quantities direct from the Mills at home and abroad, thereby saving all the intermediate profits which other Tailors have to pay.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

Pants in Six Hours. Suits to order in One Day, if required.

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Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



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TO ORDER

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Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

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And 853 Broadway, Oakland.

GRAND SPRING OPENING.

MADAME SKIDMORE,

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WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, APRIL 2d AND 3d, 1879.GRAY'S
MUSIC STORE

AGENCY FOR



PIANOS

SUPERIOR QUALITIES OF

Tone, Touch, and General Finish.

PRICES VERY MODERATE.

HOME SCHOOL, Oakland, Jan. 29, 1879.
M. GRAY—Dear Sir: In reply to yours of this date, I purchased one Kranich and Bach Piano, No. 4,432, of you in 1874. In 1876 I purchased another of the same make No. 6,080. Both have been in use ten months a year since, and on an average ten hours a day. They have required tuning three or four times a year, have had no repairing, and are now in good condition. All the anticipations at the time of purchase have been realized.

Yours truly,

H. N. FIELD.

M. GRAY—Dear Sir: In reply to your note asking if the Kranich and Bach Piano purchased from you in 1875 has given satisfaction, I am pleased to inform you that it has proved to be all that was represented at the time of purchase. I will also add that a piano subjected to four years use in our club, where there are upward of five hundred members, is as severe a test as an instrument can be put to. The Kranich has stood the test, and at present writing is in first class condition—in fact as good as new.

Respectfully,

W. S. LAWTON,
Superintendent of the Olympic Club.ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, San Francisco.
Mr. M. GRAY:—In answer to your inquiry I would state that the Piano purchased from you in 1872, made by Kranich and Bach, came fully up to our expectations. We regard it as a fine instrument.

Yours truly,

BRO. JUSTIN, President.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS ARE IN USE AT

The Mills Institute, Alameda Co.
Washington College, Alameda Co.
Sisters of Charity, Petaluma.
St. Vincent's School, Santa Barbara.
Protestant Orphan Asylum, S. F.
R. C. Orphan Asylum, S. F.
St. Peter's School, S. F.
J. D. Smith's College, Livermore.
Blind Asylum, Berkeley.
St. Mary's College, Benicia.
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GREAT REPUBLIC,

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Will sail from Spear Street wharf, for the above ports,
On SATURDAY, March 29, at 10 A. M.

Steerage Passage.....\$2 00
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For freight or passage apply at the office on Spear Street wharf. Tickets also for sale at No. 5 New Montgomery Street, under Grand Hotel.

P. B. CORNWALL.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

AN INCENDIARY SERMON.

The Mule's Address to The-m-asses of the Sand-Lot.

[The following address, published in the ARGONAUT of March 22d, is reprinted in satisfaction of the demands of hundreds of people from all portions of the State who have not been able to obtain a copy of the edition containing it.]

My fellow-asses: Owing to the absence of your long-eared and brazen-lunged leader and orator, who is now traveling through the State in the kindly endeavor to teach the American people the sort of laws they ought to adopt, and the kind of men they ought to elect to administer them, I have been induced to fill his pulpit for a Sabbath-day's discourse. If I do not blaspheme God, nor abuse the Constitution, nor denounce as "hell-born and bell-bound" the "bloated aristocrats and lecherous bondholders," nor sympathize with him or you in his or your cowardly threats toward that class of foreigners whom you uneducated Irish, German, and other aliens have undertaken to drive out of the country, in violation of laws made before your arrival and international treaties entered into before you came to the country, you must excuse me. Being of American birth, I can not be expected to fully enter into prejudices that result from institutions with which I am not familiar. Being well born and educated, having served my country as an army mule, and bearing upon my shoulders the brand "U. S." well burned in, you will excuse me if I entertain prejudices which you asses from Germany and Ireland do not entirely sympathize with, and entertain opinions which in your ignorance you can not fully understand. While I intend to be entirely courteous, and to avoid the vile and ribald language which you are accustomed to hear, I shall indulge myself in the use of plain talk within the comprehension of the most stupid donkey of you all, and perhaps endeavor to stir your thoughts with some sharp cuts of Saxon speech, which if you will carefully consider will do you no end of good.

And now, my dear adopted fellow-citizens, let us drop the *smile* of the ass. Let me, for the purpose of this discourse, forget that you are unreasonable, inconsistent, thistle-eating donkeys, led by one of the most obstinate and illiterate of your own kind; but treat you as American citizens, upon whom—unexpectedly to you—has fallen the duties and responsibilities of government, through the exercise of privileges denied you in the countries of your birth, and unwisely accorded you by ours.

What is it of which you complain? What have we as American citizens done to you that we ought not to have done? What act toward you have we left undone that we ought to have done? How is it that you, citizens by adoption, clothed with all the prerogatives of American nationality, have arrayed yourselves in opposition to our country and its laws? Why is it that every Sabbath-day now for more than a year, in rain and sunshine, in heat and cold, you have come here to the sand-lot to hear American citizens and American institutions abused, vilified, denounced, and threatened? How is it that you, the meanest and most ignorant part of our foreign population, have organized yourselves into a distinct party, threatening to burn property and destroy lives, to carry out your peculiar ideas? What miserable infatuation has seized upon you that you think to be allowed to manage our political affairs? And what madness induces you to think you will be indulged in controlling when you ought humbly to follow and modestly to submit? Do you exalt your ignorance over our intelligence, and your vassalage to kings over our pupillage to institutions of republican liberty?—your ignorant and enforced abasement to Church and State over your birthright of freedom? Do you remember the conditions from which you fled in your native lands? Do you forget that in Prussia or Ireland for the utterance of your incendiary language you would be punished by imprisonment and fine? Do you recognize that while this is a land of freedom and free speech it is still a land of law? If you had stayed at home, you Germans would have been compelled in the interests of the German Empire to have served in the army. Do you Irishmen understand that if you had stayed in your native land you would have enjoyed no right to make laws, and no right to break them except at the penalty of the tread-mill? And all of you foreigners, of whatever European nationality you may be, have you forgotten that in your own country you were but peasants, compelled to labor for inadequate wages, and only permitted to denounce authority at the peril of your lives and liberties? There, you were serfs, landless, propertyless, and hopeless of advancement. Here, you are freemen, sovereigns, clothed with political power, and in your ignorance and base ingratitude you are shamefully betraying the confidence that has been placed in you, and retarding with most vile and unprincipled acts, the kind things that have been done you. You were starving upon inadequate wages in your native lands, and we have given you such compensation as no other country has paid to laborers. You were ignorant, and our common schools were thrown freely open to you and your children, and in our night schools we teach your adults; our schools from our primaries to our highest universities of learning are open to your children. If you profess religion, we ask of you no questions concerning it. You may worship as you please Christ the God, the sun, the oaks, the Pope, the tablets of your ancestors, the white bull, Buddha, Mahomet, the Grand Lama of Tibet, or the devil. We put no restraint upon your conscience if you have any. We give you equal protection of our laws; we defend you in our courts. If sick, we take you to our free asylums; if criminal, we welcome you to our prisons. We have no property entailed from your acquisition. We have no laws of primogeniture; no laws that place traps and spring-guns if you poach for game or fish. We have millions of free acres of government domain which we invite you to occupy without payment. Our mines are open to your labor. No vocation is closed to you. The highest political honors are within your reach. When you die you may transmit your accumulations to alien heirs. In a word, we make you citizens, and place you on the same plane with ourselves. All professions, all civic honors, all military achievements, all arts, industries, and employments are offered to your competition. If there are any wrongs in the enactment or execution of the laws, we offer you the electoral urn, and give you equal voice with the native-born to correct and remedy them. That all this is true you know. Look about you in our community, you Catholics. Look to your clergy, your churches, their millions of accumulated wealth. Look to the Jesuit College on Market Street, and the other place of learning and religious worship now being erected on Van Ness Avenue; your church spires on every side; your parochial schools and institutions of higher culture. You Irish and Germans, look to your savings banks with nearly \$30,000,000 of deposits; to the bankers, bonanza kings, millionaires, Senators, Governors, State officials, leading merchants, prominent business men, honored and honorable citizens, who, under our laws and the generous hospitality of our political and social system, have attained wealth, honor, and honorable positions. How does it happen that there are to-day in San Francisco fifty thousand prosperous, wealthy, honorable, and respectable citizens of foreign birth in the enjoyment of their homes, their churches, their clubs, and their innocent recreations at rural picnics, or you two, or three, or four thousand discontented, grumbling, impetuous, political malcontents are down here among the fleas upon the sand-lot, cursing God, the Constitution, and the American people that you have had bad luck? I will answer you, and you may kick back with all the malevolence of your ignorant heads and your malicious heels.

You are an idle, drunken, worthless, vagabond lot. You drink too much beer. You hang about corner groceries, and you play "pitch seven up" for whisky. You are worthless ward politicians. You gamble in wild-cat stocks. You waste your lives pursuing demagogues who are more worthless than yourselves, more idle, more ignorant, more selfish, and more criminal. If you would go to work, there is plenty of work to do. If you will stop drinking whisky, give up Chinese cigars, save your money, follow your wives' advice, stay at home nights, and go to church on Sundays, you can save money, buy a homestead, become independent, educate your children, and by sobriety, industry, and economy, become honored and respectable American citizens, instead of remaining what you are—a discontented, worthless set of ignorant foreigners. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. There is not a millionaire, nor prosperous business man in California that has not had his days of adversity—his days of trial, poverty and hard labor. Those who came to California in the early time endured its hardships. Some fell under the burden, and filled early graves; some prospered, all toiled, all struggled; and now you—most of you either late comers or men of unthrift, idle, and dissolute habits—what do you demand?

That we divide with you? Not much! We will see you collectively and individually damned first. You must work as we did, and if you won't work, you shall have no beer, nor whisky, nor "pitch seven-up." You shall not help yourselves by threats, nor by violence. You shall not bring about agrarianism, and division of property, by politics or Constitutional tricks. We are not afraid of you as a political party, nor of your shillalabs. The time has not come in California for Nihilism, nor Socialism, nor Communism; and if your leaders—your Kearney, your Beerstecher, your Clitus Barbour, your Freud, your Vaqueruel, your Bonnet, your Larkin, your Tinnin, your Howard, your Terry, and all the other demagogues who deceive and mislead you; all the draymen, corset-makers, cooks, hair-dressers, lawyers, and demagogues whom you have set up as political oracles—would tell you the truth, they would tell you that you enjoy to-day all the political privileges for which Nihilists contend in Russia, Socialists in Germany, or Communists in France.

You have every political privilege in this State for which revolutions have been stirred and dynasties overthrown. There is not a principle for which martyrs ever died or heroes contended that you do not enjoy. You are free in your conscience, free in your persons, free of speech, with perfect freedom of action within the law. You are not serfs to lords, nor villains to the soil. You owe no military service to feudal chieftains, nor are you drafted to the armies of the State. You are not subject to exactions by taxation. You are in every sense freemen and citizens of a free republic. To your children descends the heritage of freedom, and in whatever chains you were born, or by whatever bonds you were fettered, you are now free; free by the generous political policy of a nation that has made you citizen, sovereign, and equal with themselves under the law.

If you can not prosper in this country, it must be for one of two causes: either God has given you no sense, or it is because you are idle and unenterprising. If God has not given you the proper modicum of brains, it is His fault, and not the fault of the American nation or its laws. If you are idle and unenterprising, it is your own fault. We did not create you, and we can not recreate you.

If you do not like this country, then, in the name of heaven, why don't you go back to that country you came from? If wages are inadequate here, return to your peasant homes in Germany, where women are yoked with steers to plow; go back to Belgium, where women drag carts with dogs; go back to Ireland, to France, to Scandinavia, to the plains of Lombardy, where women wield the mattock; to Portugal, where women hold wooden plows, and where you are liable to do military duty. Go back and tell your countrymen and countrywomen that in a land of inexhaustible fertility, where farms were free, where religion was honored, where education was within the reach of all, where mines, and forests, and fisheries were open to the world, where the law protected all, and where you were clothed with the sovereignty of citizenship—that you could not make a living. Go back and starve, and die, and rot. Be cremated, be damned, be anything, and give us a rest from this insufferable, never-ending din of beer-drinking, whisky-guzzling, pitch-seven-up foreign-born politicians.

As Americans we are sick and tired of it and you; we are wearied of your whining mendicancy. We question the fact that you can not get work. We believe you do not try. If no one supplies you with labor, go and make labor for yourselves. Land is plenty and free; game is free in field and forest; fish abound in stream and ocean; the mines, the forests, the quarries, the broad range of pasture lands are open to your enterprise. Do as we did who crossed the continent on foot and mule-back, toiled in the mines, baked our own beans, and cooked our own slapjacks. Do as our fathers did, who pioneered the western wilderness, subduing savage beasts and nature, to make the homes where we were born. Fish for clams and crabs upon the seashore; dig roots; live on acorns and pine nuts, hire a sow and raise pork; but, for God's sake, stop your whining. The Digger Indians could live in California. Are you less enterprising? The early Californian could live. Have you less capacity? If everything fails, and in this land of broad opportunity you can not earn your living, then go hang yourselves. Abraham's bosom is never full.

Again, we are angry at the insolence of your political demands. You are accustomed to the argument of kings, and in your ignorance you are unfit to be freemen. Therefore, we ask the respectable, the prosperous, the contented, the reasonable of your own countrymen to unite with us, in order that we may silence your clamor, and relegate you to your proper positions. You! an ignorant mob of unwashed foreigners, would teach Americans their political duties. You! a propertyless mass of unskilled laborers, who are too idle and too vicious to earn your beer and whisky—your demand of us a division of our earnings, and call it Communism. You would overthrow our laws, and style it Nihilism. You would level all barriers of society, break down all distinctions of class, and this is the sand-lot's idea of Socialism. You would steal the money you have not earned, and call it Agrarianism. You have the impudence of bandits, with the courage of panel thieves.

Now, my dear adopted German and Irish fellow-citizens of the sand-lot, let us again take up the *smile* of the ass. You are the asses, and I am the speaking one that Balaam bestrode. Let us discuss the Chinese question, remembering all the time that I am a mule and that you are donkeys. Have we—imported jackasses that we are—have we any right, or does it become us, to dictate to the American people what other animals they may import. We are natives of Central Asia. Some naturalists think our wild ancestors belonged to Africa. So, then, we are no better than Africans or Chinamen; and being foreigners ourselves, coming to the country by the invitation of Americans, with what sort of reason, propriety, or decency, shall we set ourselves up to say that Africans and Chinese shall not come to the country because they are more patient, will stand harder knocks, work more hours, bear heavier burdens, and live upon meaner food than we? Remember, I am not addressing you now as Germans or Irishmen, but as jackasses. I am not comparing you, my dearly adopted fellow-citizens, to these unfortunate animals; I am only using the *smile* to illustrate how utterly absurd and inconsistent it is for one kind of wild animal to kick another out of the pasture to which all have been admitted by the same kind of invitation.

And now—again dropping the *smile*—let me ask you, German and

Irish workingmen, if the American citizens of California are not doing all they can to rid the State of the Chinese, and to prevent more from coming? Are they not doing it in your interest, and for your benefit? Have not both political parties, all the Christian churches, all the respectable clergymen, the entire press, the Chamber of Commerce, delegates in both houses of Congress, the Senate and Legislature of California, the Mechanics' Institute, State and county conventions, the people in public meetings, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the Board of Supervisors, the Health Office, the Police Department, men of eminence, everybody, everywhere, under all circumstances, at all times when opportunity presented, have they not honestly worked to solve this Chinese problem? You know they have, and you know they have made great progress. And you know that your insane threats, your violent and illegal conduct, have injured and retarded this business. You have placed difficulties in the way of legislation. The brutal and cowardly motto that the "Chinese must go" is a piece of absurd demagogism. The Chinese that are here are here under the invitation of an American treaty, and while it is well and desirable to prevent any more Chinese from coming, there is no more right, nor sense, nor justice, nor humanity in driving Chinese away than there would be in driving away Germans or Irishmen. You know this, and you know that the threat is a contemptible and cowardly one. You do not intend to carry it out, and, what is more, you dare not attempt it.

You claim to want labor. The sand-lot is not the place to find it. You have the sense to know, and if not the sense, you have had the experience to demonstrate, that your present mode of angry agitation is making labor less, and is reducing wages. Capital and labor are mutually dependent upon each other. If you intimidate capital, it is timid and hides itself. While it is hiding you are starving. It never comes forth at threats. It never circulates in times of violence and danger. Before this agitation commenced you were prosperous. The Real Estate Associates built hundreds of houses in a year. Since this agitation times have been hard. Real estate values have depreciated, enterprise is arrested, and you are the first to feel the blow. If there are no bricks laid, there is no money for carrying the hod. As soon as you cease agitating, confidence will be restored. Money was never more abundant. New enterprises will be inaugurated, new industries stimulated. Money will again circulate freely, and you will get some. It is your own fault that this period of stagnation has come. Ten years ago this was the happiest, most hopeful, and most independent community in the world. Everybody was elastic and buoyant; everybody was industrious and economical and nearly all had their own homes. You gambled in stocks, went into politics, lost your grip, gave way to the Chinese, began to drink whisky and beer, and to play "pitch seven up" at the corner groceries. Your bad example made hoodlums of your children, and now you meet on the sand-lot, blaspheme God, and denounce the laws of the American Republic because you have reaped the consequences of your own crimes and follies and because you have been the contrivers of your own ruin.

Now, take the advice of a sober-minded mule—one who came early to the country, worked hard, and ate thistles. Abandon the leadership of the good-for-nothing, long-eared, leather-lunged, asinine brayers who have undertaken to set themselves up as teachers of political economy. Abandon politics and go back to honest labor. Stop drinking beer and whisky. Give the corner groggery, "pitch seven-up," "cinch," "blue-Peter," "old sledge," and stocks a wide berth. Give ear again to the sermon of your priests, the advice of your wives, and the prayers of your children. Leave "lecherous bond-holders" and "hell-born and bell-bound" rich men alone till you can change places with them. Do not attempt, through the organization of a Workingmen's party, to secure for yourselves the places of thieving, dishonest, devilish politicians, lest you should be tempted, and, like them, fall. Let Americans, assisted by foreigners of intelligence, wealth, and common sense, govern the country of your adoption; and, for God's sake, desist from howling about the Chinese—whom many honest people, who are not asses, think a more desirable class of citizens than the ignorant, idle, political, discontented, ever agitating, ignorant set of foreign-born brutes they think you to be. And now let us pray.

ADDENDUM.

At the conclusion of this address the owner of the animal came forward and apologized for the rude manner and harsh expressions used by his mule toward the very large and respectable audience of adopted fellow-citizens—both ladies and gentlemen. He thanked them on behalf of his long-eared property for their indulgence of his plain talk, reminding them that freedom of speech within the bounds of license was one of the bulwarks of American liberty. He also advised the audience that the mule did not comprehend within the criticism any order-loving and law-abiding citizen, of either foreign or native birth, and did not exempt from caustic denunciation any idle, good-for-nothing, worthless human ass, whether native or foreign born; that his mule, having retired from politics, did not desire their votes, nor require any of their small advertisements for his support.

Kearney went out to instigate our ignorant American farmers like a lion in March. He was escorted to the boat with threats of brass. His trip all the way to San Buenaventura was a triumphal procession. At the latter place he ran against Sheriff Covarrubias, abused him, and apologized to save himself from being kicked. At Santa Ana he was soundly whallopped by one Rule, showed the white feather, and howled. Took water at Visalia from Senator Tom Fowler, and came back to San Francisco on Wednesday unnoticed. He brought no scalps to adorn his belt, no captives chained to his chariot wheels, but he had his expenses paid, had a good time, saw the country, abused plenty of people, and was only whipped once. His trip was a success; altogether a good April fool joke.

William Wellock, the ranting English shoemaker who came to San Francisco from Canada some eleven months since, had a benefit ball and concert given to him by the workmen of this city. He acknowledges the contributions as ample. If this man has done an honest month's labor since he has been in California we have not heard of it. It occurs to us that if the collections taken up for the agitators, spent in politics, squandered in processions, disbursed for papers, contributed to send Kearney in a palace car across the continent and back, and that gathered at his public meetings, had been devoted to the benefit of unemployed labor, there had been less to complain of.

"In Prussia the number of persons paying taxes on an income exceeding \$12,000 is twelve hundred and forty."—Official statement. There are twice as many Prussians in America, thanks to our beneficent laws, who have an income of one thousand dollars a month. Now we commend this fact to those Prussians who meet upon the sand-lot to hear an ignorant, flannel-mouthed Irishman denounce American institutions, and let every Prussian remember that the opportunity for him to secure an income is greater here than in his native land.

"Kearney and the Chronicle" is the signboard of the nation, and those who vote for it will be obliged to do so in new firm. They are honorable gentlemen without a doubt.

A DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT.

Why, of all books in the world, should they have chosen *A Daughter of Heth* for their evening readings aloud? Doubtless they were quite unaware how dangerous it was. For it is a dangerous book. One may not be the "Whaup," because not good-looking enough, not sufficiently brave and erratic; nor "Earlshope," because lacking wealth, polish, grace of carriage; and, if one be feminine, "Coquette" may chance to have no meaning as indicating one's looks, or likings, or temperament. There may be no "Lady Drum" among the listening circle, no "Mr. Cassilis," no "Leezebees," but, nevertheless, it is a dangerous book, and Mr. Potts was extremely blind not to see this before proposing the readings aloud, and naming, somewhat dogmatically, a book which he had previously read and liked.

There were five of them. A benedick, a matron, a bachelor, a maid, and a small boy. To be descriptively economical, it will suffice that the host and hostess were "pleasant people." Their two guests were wont to qualify "pleasant" with certain adverbs belonging to the superlative degree; but then there was a spice of partiality in their enthusiasm, natural certainly, but unmistakable nevertheless. The small boy was a study for a great painter of children and other unschooled animals—too many-sided a subject for this little canvas; but it will add to the picturesqueness to imagine him in mercurial attendance upon the crackling fire, the wondering moth-flies round the lamp, the eager interest of the listeners, until bedtime. The maid was not "Coquette," in all the word meant to the pen which created her. She was not beautiful in the sense which challenges criticism, but she had the sort of beauty which always disarms it. And like "Coquette," so strangely like her, that the others came to marvel at the likeness; her face had the rare quality of changefulness which we talk and write about so glibly, yet may never fairly tell about. As for the rest, your imagination must supply the details, and overlay the colors.

Mr. Potts was of that noble army of martyrs who merit no description. The inelegant "scrubby" would be accurate to a fault if indicating what he was *not* would fill the measure of our descriptive needs. But Mr. Potts is our hero, and it must be explained that he had a soul, and some well-worn purple of sentiment, and a way of looking at things, which, with greater capacity and better strength of purpose, might have made him of value in the world.

The five were storm-bound. A cabin in the lower Sierra, rather larger than usual, comfortable, arranged after a fashion in a sense artistic, and altogether, to three of them at least, little short of charming. The weather had shut them in to their own resources, a well-provided larder, a few books, and a supreme indifference to the outside world.

It was a wonderful place in itself, and a week before had seemed like a glowing scene from one of Church's fairest landscapes. Far away to the southwest, Tulare Lake glistened like the growing moon on the measureless green of the sea at night. The trackless Sequoia region, almost unknown except to the wild animals and John Muir, stretched southward into the blue distance; and to the north and east, the turrets of pine rose grandly, oft above the other, to the very edge of the rock-ribbed snow line, surmounted by its pinnacles of glistening, perennial whiteness. All around them grew the pines, rank, and yet shapely in their luxuriousness, odorless, with a stimulating fragrance their very own.

To all the five the pines were a ceaseless wonderment and joy, making monotony impossible. The cabin sat in a clearing on the crest of a hill, and there was no dread of danger from falling tree or rocky avalanche. Inside was a delicious atmosphere of coziness, induced by the big fires and the cheerful friendliness of the evening pastimes.

The pleasant days of the previous week, with their forest rambles in search of flowers and ferns and mosses and bits of shining quartz, the merry scrambles, the dizzy mule-back clambers, the fishing rivalries, the hunting triumphs, all these were at a stand-still; for the clerk of the weather, either in payment of some outstanding debt, or for some other wise but inscrutable reason, had gone to work with most business-like impressiveness, and every morning for a week Freita Macaire said gayly, in merry travesty of her text, "The rain it raineth every day."

"We will read *A Daughter of Heth* aloud," said Moses Potts, oracularly, and all the people said, "Amen!"

So every night of that tempestuous week they read a certain stint of that eerie tale, so wildly sweet, so vivid, glowing, and strong at times; so quiveringly sad, so mutely tragic always.

When Mr. Potts began his task he had not studied Miss Macaire with any special diligence. He had found her an extremely welcome companion during the preceding fortnight of *sans souci* in which they were first thrown together. Moses was a somewhat light-headed young man, who had paid the inevitable tribute of light-headed young men to the first pretty face he met, and had been becomingly repulsed. The hurt was not passing deep, though of course he thought it was, and three weeks before he had imagined he could go on for ever crying for the moon, to die at last constant and serene.

The first night of Coquette's troubled story taught him his mistake. He saw before him what he had never really known before—an actual woman. Not a waxen doll, reciprocal as a kitten; not an intellectual prodigy, too near Parnassus for patience of sentiment. Here, at last, was the living, breathing embodiment of womanhood which he had dreamed of, talked of, read of, yet had never seen. Therefore, it came about that to him this reading was at once a pleasure and an experiment. He would test himself and study the character page before him at one and the same time.

In the day time, when the prisoners were not sleeping or eating, they were dawdling, impatient for the night; and when the great pine logs were roaring on the hearth, the curtains drawn, and the lamps lit, there was a subdued hum of expectancy, and a brief buzz of question hazards as to this and that possible happening: to all of which Mr. Potts, the reader, made no sign, and zealously warded off all conjectures of the climax. And then he went on with the reading, the wondrous charm of the tale compelling the others, even through his tame delivery as though his voice had been the voice of a seraph; and there was always a pretty

clamor for "more" when the stint was finished, to which the judicious Moses always turned a deaf ear.

Mr. Potts was a maker of verses, and in the day-time he used to amuse himself trying to put his words into rhythmic praise of Freita Macaire. As well attempt to "arrange" the music of the spheres. Only a jumble of dissonant rhymes "wild and mild," "love and glove," and the like, came at his muse's bidding. And small wonder it was, for the jade was handicapped with an odd ghost or two: a baby face, a boy's ambition, a man's *ennui*—not to be shaken off lightly, either, at the whim of an ingrate whose ignorance of actual romance was his only excuse for the folly.

Luckily, Miss Macaire was not pestered with his gawky lines (he wisely lit his cigars with them), and his manner was not more pronounced than a gentleman's respectful attention to an attractive woman ought always to be.

It was Thursday evening, the book was more than half-finished, and every one was eager for the rest, but Moses was inflexible. So the host, who had a toothache, retired early, and the small boy carried off his mother to tell him "sleep stories," and the two young people were left together.

Miss Macaire lay on a tiny lounge before the red embers in the fire-place; her dainty wraps were draped in graceful folds about the flexible outlines of her dress; one wee, tantalizing, Cinderella slipper peered incuriously at the hearth-glow. She was charmingly picturesque, yet quite unconscious of its possible bearing upon other life-lines. She was thinking of the story, pitying, wondering, questioning, fearing.

To her Mr. Potts was merely a rather obliging, not at all disagreeable young man; distinctly ugly in appearance, and not at all overpowering in intellect or attainments—a person so obviously unromantic, so impossibly unloverlike, that her sense of humor was the only mental messenger which ever stirred to meet him.

Moses leaned in an outside angle of the fire-place, where his face was in the shadow and he could see her face distinctly. They sat a while in silence, and then he said, abruptly:

"What do you think of 'Earlshope,' Miss Macaire?"

"I am very sorry for him," she answered, simply.

"Why," he asked.

"Because he was unfortunate; because he was interesting, also, I suppose."

"That is a woman's reason, that last—'because he was interesting.' Come, now, be honest. Hadn't the last half of your answer the first half of your meaning?"

She laughed carelessly, and then answered: "Perhaps it had. I am not at all a philanthropist. I like persons, but I don't care much for mankind outside of my own experience."

"But suppose, Miss Macaire, the pity were narrowed down to your own experience, and a common-place young man should become very fond of you, and—"

"Then I should be very sorry for the common-place young man," interrupted the young lady, rather impatiently. "You surely would not have me marry him, would you?"

A somewhat discouraging opening that; an ordinary combatant would have struck his colors and surrendered at discretion; but Moses Potts was a little out of the ordinary as regarded pertinacity, if not constancy. He was merely silenced for the nonce, and bided his time.

Sunday night the story was finished, discussed, perhaps cried over; the painstaking reader received his meed of thanks and compliments; and then some one suggested another book for the coming week. To this Moses assented, but excused himself from further elocutionary duty, nor could entreaties or persuasions move him to change his resolve.

The next day, Monday, opened without a cloud. The chance for an outing was welcomed hungrily by the ladies, and a tramp was projected by the host to Coyote Lake, a point of interest which neither of the visitors had previously visited. The day continued bright and warm, and the ladies, unencumbered by wraps, walked quite as rapidly and easily as their companions. They had covered nearly seven miles of rough, sometimes muddy, country ere they halted for their nooning. It was understood that they should remain all night with some herdsmen living beside the lake, and would take their chances of getting back the following day without being overtaken by a storm.

In the afternoon the host and hostess and the other two paired off by themselves—the small boy playing a running accompaniment for both sets, and for a long while all were busy about leaves and mosses and "sich."

After a while Mr. Potts said, not more than half aloud: "Is it less sin than folly this game of love, at which men play so recklessly? I don't know, and it wearies me trying to solve the riddle."

His companion, that golden afternoon, was in perfect rhythm with the marvelous summer day in winter, under whose spell they moved. The vagrant sentimentality of the young man jarred upon her like an unskillful discord in a psalm of joy. She did not answer for a long moment, as if she struggled with the swift disdain which made her lip curl and her nostrils quiver. Then she said, quietly: "Don't ask me such questions, Mr. Potts. I have no answers for them. If I had I could not bring myself to think them out to-day."

"Will you go out on the lake with me to-night?" he asked, with odd abruptness.

"Yes, if you like—and it does not rain—and you'll promise to be sensible."

The evening was as cloudless as the day. The little canoe, crank and rather clumsy, looked a goblin boat in the shadow of the pigmy pier. It could hold only two, of which circumstance Moses was glad, and his companion not at all sorry.

The young girl wanted to be perfectly still, in sympathy with the almost pulseless night, and she believed that the young man facing her had only to be bidden to be silent too.

Behind them the treeless, grassy table-land sloped at a slight angle from the little lake up to the craggy shoulders of Coyote Ridge, crowned by the Titan forehead of Grizzly Peak. Over their heads, beneath their feet, the "starry hosts" were being "marshaled on their nightly plains," and away before them the arrowy pines, which came down to the water's edge, rose again, black and distant, against the starlit sky. There was no moon, and in the starlight they could scarcely see each other's faces; but there was no need. The man was in love, the woman was not, and, for the moment, each was content.

In the middle of the lake Moses ceased rowing; there was scarcely a sound, except the swish of the ripples against the

sides of the canoe, an indistinct, far-away murmur of the pines, and, now and then, the distant howl of some bandit coyote, with its answer and their weird echoes.

"Have I been silent long enough?" he asked at length.

"Yes, you may talk to me all the way back—if you can find any subject slight enough for my woman's intellect."

"That is the most withering, the most unkind thing you ever said to me. Have I ever shown your sex even an *implied* discourtesy, or misvaluation, in your presence? Or are you a physiognomist? and do you read woman-bater in the lines of my unhappy face?"

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Potts, I never troubled myself to study your face, and I am certainly no physiognomist. I rather like to hear you talk, I think, when I understand you. Hadn't we better go home?"

Moses turned the awkward boat toward the opposite shore, and pulled for a while silently. Then he said slowly, and the words came out one by one, as if tugged at by a strong band, "I know I may be spoiling everything by what I am about to say, but—"

"Then don't say it, Mr. Potts. Everything is such a big affair to spoil. You may never mend it again."

She spoke lightly, but there was a world of suppressed meaning in her tones. Almost any other man would have been warned in time, but he went on, slowly, as if she had not spoken:

"But I can not help myself. I have known you just three weeks—and I love you."

"I am very, very sorry, Mr. Potts, for your sake—for my own sake. I don't like to give pain—you know that, I trust. Yet I can not but think you needlessly cruel to both of us in bringing me here to tell me this folly."

For a brief moment he pulled on, still silent; then he said, swiftly, yet almost cheerfully, "Can you row, Miss Macaire, while I roll a cigarette?"

"I think I can," she said, nervously. She changed seats, took the oars, and pulled, somewhat awkwardly, with her gloved hands, while he slowly filled and rolled the bit of white paper, somewhat abstractedly, it seemed; then he lit his cigarette and puffed a moment in silence. In a few minutes he said, quietly:

"We are almost at the pier, Miss Macaire; shall I relieve you?"

"No, thank you," she said. "I'm beginning to like it. I am quite sure I can take the boat in by myself."

"Then you may," said Mr. Potts, rising to his feet. "Good evening, Miss Macaire!" and the next instant the waters of Coyote Lake closed for ever over Mr. Moses Potts.

RALPH SIDNEY SMITH.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

Why it was Called Hangtown.

Among the many quaint names given in early times to mining camps and towns in this State, such as Jackass Gulch, Dogtown, Poker Flat, Pinchment, etc., may be added that of "Hangtown." The last name was baptized in blood.

The news of the discovery of gold by Marshall, at Coloma, in the winter of 1848, brought hither the outlaws and vagabonds—as well as many good people—of the North Pacific Coast, from Panama to Alaska. Large numbers of the former class were at the various missions in the Territory at the time of the discovery who made haste to the gold fields. Life and property were of little value in a community a large number of whom were forced adventurers from home, deserters from whaling-ships, the navy, and bandits from many nations of the world. For many months after the discovery of gold, and until the emigrants began to arrive from across the Plains, this lawless set held sway.

During the spring and summer of 1849, after the arrival of American emigrants from the Eastern and Middle States, they deemed it advisable to correct this marauding spirit of the first comers, and make an example of the first who offended by summary punishment. Murderers and robbers were frequent along the branches of the South and Middle Forks of the American River, north of Coloma, and finally found their way to a mining camp situated on the north branch of Weber Creek, known then as "Old Dry Diggins," now Placerville.

A Frenchman who kept a trading post on Log Cabin Ravine—now Beadford Avenue—was known by the gang to have considerable gold-stuff, and was selected by the "owls," a self-styled name of one of the robber gangs. Four of these bandits, composed of one American, one Mexican, and two Frenchmen, made a descent upon the trading post, and robbed it while the owner lay in bed in the building, with his eyes partly closed, not daring to make a defense, the robbers swearing at the same time that any movement on his part would result in his instant death. The robbers were marked men from that moment.

The robbed Frenchman soon gave the alarm, and vigilantes started in pursuit of the robbers, who were captured, brought to trial, condemned, and executed—except one of the Frenchmen who escaped from those who had the prisoners in charge. The conviction and execution of the three were hastened by the arrival during the trial of persons from the north side of the river, who identified the prisoners as parties who had been suspected of theft and murder in that vicinity. Sentence having been passed, the execution was next in order. A white oak tree of gigantic size, standing on the south side of the creek, directly opposite to where the Cary House now stands (the stump of the tree, more than six feet in diameter, now being covered by the floor of the building of George G. Blanchard, on the northeast corner of Main and Coloma Streets), was selected as the place of execution. As the sun sank in the West, on the 25th day of September, 1849,* the three culprits paid with their lives the penalty for their misdeeds. Their bodies were allowed to hang until the following morning, when they were taken down and buried on the north side of the creek, on the site where the *Mountain Democrat* office now stands. From the day of the execution the name of "Old Dry Diggins" was dropped, and that of Hangtown substituted. The first Legislature gave it the legal name of Placerville, yet many of the old miners speak of it only as Hangtown.

E. N. STROUT.

* There is some dispute as to the exact time the execution took place; some think it was in the spring. My informant was J. C. Johnson, who was the first Treasurer of El Dorado County, afterward a member of the Legislature. Johnson was killed by Indians in Arizona about two years ago. W. T. Sayward, capitalist, who had an office some two years ago at 420 California Street, might give the correct date, as he was in 1849 Deputy Pretect of "Old Dry Diggins."

"NATIVES OF KENTUCKY."

Last winter, while in Aurora, the recently resuscitated Nevada mining camp, I would frequently take long walks over the mountains to free myself from type fumes—for the country paper's "our sanctum" and "our composing rooms" are separated only in the editor's mind. On one of these walks I came across the old town burying-ground, and a deserted, unkept-looking affair it was. Brushing the snow from the face of one head-board, standing considerably apart from any others, I made out this inscription:

"NATIVES OF KENTUCKY."

Although the painted letters were much worn, I could see that they were the only ones the board had ever borne. The oddness of the inscription, the entire lack of descriptive history or moral suggestions found on the regulation head-board, excited my curiosity. I determined to learn something concerning the occupants of this doubly-inhabited grave.

That night I visited at his cabin Old Joe, as he was called, a pensioned Wells-Fargo messenger, who had often before served me as a directory and guide-book of early Aurora.

"Know anything about those 'Natives of Kentucky?'" Well, I should remark that I do," said Joe in answer to my question. "You have come to the right party for that story, sure enough. You keep plenty of wood on the fire and plenty of toddy hot, and I'll give you the whole business, straight."

It was in the fall of '61, or '62, that I first met one of those Kentucky chaps. I was driving stage from here to the Half-way Station on the Carson road, and return. One night, as I took the stage at the Station, I noticed a slight little fellow who had been riding inside make a sickly-looking chap on the driver's seat change places with him, saying he could stand the ride outside easily. It was a good thing the change was made, for I think the sick man would have frozen to death riding outside that night. The little fellow had lots of blankets and rode outside with me pretty comfortably. He hadn't much to say until we neared Aurora in the morning, when he asked me a good many questions about the town. He seemed quite broke up like, when I told him the town was fearfully crowded; that the only chance for a night's sleep was to spread a blanket on a bar-room floor, and that men were paying two and three dollars even for that privilege. At that time Aurora was filling up with a rough lot of customers, and I used to feel uneasy about leaving my cabin alone so much; for you see I was here only three times a week and then only in the day time. Thinking of this, and having put up Dummy—which is the only name I ever knew for the chap who rode outside with me that night—to be a square man and no beat, I told him he could have one of the bunks in my cabin until he found something better. Dummy was so glad at my offer, and thanked me so decently, that before we pulled up at the stage office here we had it arranged that he should cabin with me as long as he stayed in town.

Well, things went along for a while after that nice and quiet-like. At first Dummy asked a good many questions of the stage agent and postmaster about a certain party that neither of them knew anything about. Then he bought the right to work a little claim over on Last Chance hill, and, with a couple of miners he hired, began running a tunnel for his ledge. The men about town called him Dummy, because he had so little to say to any of them. He only went down town when he wanted tools or powder, and would go back to his work without saying much. The mornings I was in town he would wait at the cabin to eat breakfast with me, and tell me how the tunnel was getting on before going to work. One morning, after Dummy had been here about three months, the stage agent said to me as I was unloading:

"Joe, there is a chance for a nice row between your pard and the Doctor. They are both running for the same ledge, and their tunnels are sure to meet, and soon, too, like the sharp points where three roads cross. If they strike anything the best man will hold it, that's all."

What the agent said moved me considerably. The man he had called the "Doctor" was a bad customer to quarrel with. He was a man well liked by the miners for the regular professional way he tended any of them hurt by accidents, and for the way he spent money. He gambled big and at times drank hard. It was whispered about that he traveled under a different name in each camp, but no one seemed to know much about him.

When I got home that morning I told Dummy what the agent had said. He did not seem to think much of it though; said he was working his own ground, and if he struck anything proposed to hold it. He agreed to pack one of my pistols after the matter was settled, and after breakfast went out to work. I followed him soon to see how the ground lay. I met the Doctor at the mouth of his tunnel.

"Hello, Joe!" said he, "going to give up staging and go to mining?"

"Too dangerous," said I. "How are you getting on with your tunnel?"

"Getting pretty close to that other party. We can hear their blast, d—n 'em."

"The other party is my pard, Dummy, and he is a good shot."

"The hell you say! Well, tell him to heel himself. Good morning."

I saw that a fight was certain, but, of course, could do nothing to prevent it, so trusted to luck to end it all right.

A few mornings after that, when I reached my cabin, I found one of Dummy's miners there, all out of breath, just in from the tunnel. Dummy had been shot, and had sent for me. As I ran out to the tunnel with him the man told me that early that morning a big blast they had fired had joined the two tunnels and uncovered a rich ledge at the same time. Dummy had been sent for, and nearly reached the opening when shots were exchanged, and Dummy hurt. When I reached the tunnel I found poor Dummy lying white and still on some miner's clothes. When he heard my voice he opened his eyes, and, motioning me near him, said:

"Joe, carry me home; I'm hit hard, but I must tell you something before—oh, quick, Joe!"

One of the men and myself carried him in my overcoat to the cabin. When we had laid him in his bunk he told me to send the man to inquire how the Doctor was, for he was shot, too. When the man was gone, Dummy said:

"Joe, get some snow and put it here, on this wound; it is burning me."

I got some snow, and, uncovering the wound in the breast, discovered what I had never before suspected—Dummy was a woman.

"There, Joe, you see—no, don't go for a doctor or a woman. I can't live; you must listen. Remember everything I say, for if I don't see him again before I die, you must tell him—the Doctor—what I tell you. In my home, Joe, in Kentucky, this man and I were brought up together. When I was but a girl he went North to college. When he returned after four years he found his little play-fellow grown to be a woman, whom he loved, and who loved him, Joe. We were engaged, and for a while were, oh, so happy in our home in Kentucky, Joe, and it was beautiful there, and—oh, yes, I must tell you so that he may know. There was a meeting between my father and him. What passed between them I did not know until a year afterward, but I never saw him again until—O my God!—until to-day. One year after Walter—the Doctor—left, when my father thought my broken heart had healed, I learned from him that Walter had gone from our house thinking my love only a pretense, for in the heat of their discussion—they were both proud and hasty—my father had said that his daughter had no desire or intention of marrying an educated beggar. The thought that these were my words to him through my father sent Walter away. Feigning indifference, I learned from my father that he had heard of Walter's leaving New York for California."

"I determined to follow him, to undo the wrong father had done, to prove my love to him. Secretly I left my home. On arriving in San Francisco I assumed this disguise to better continue my search. For two years I have wandered from camp to camp, mining in some, for I needed money to follow any clue I might find. Sometimes I thought myself near him; sometimes—as but yesterday—utterly lost. This morning, as I walked toward the opening of the two tunnels, I saw a lantern light, and knew the trespassers were on the ground before me. I called out for them to leave; the answer was a shot—this shot, Joe. As I fell I fired toward the spot where I had seen the pistol flash, and then I heard a voice—his voice—exclaim, 'I am shot!' I could not believe my senses, until, as he cried out, they raised a lantern to his face, and then I saw that it was Walter—my Walter—and I had shot him!"

Just then the man returned from the Doctor's cabin, and reported him badly hit, not likely to live more than an hour or so. When the poor girl heard this she said to me: "Joe, go to him and say it was Nora, of Kentucky, whom you shot and who shot you; quick, Joe, for I am dying."

I ran as I never ran before, and as I gasped Nora's message to the doctor, he jumped from the bed where he was lying, and, after glaring at me for a moment like a madman, he staggered toward the door and fell, but was caught by one of the miners who had helped carry him to his cabin from the tunnel.

As soon as he could speak he said, quietly enough: "Boys, do me one more favor, the greatest you have ever done; get me to Joe's cabin before I die." The poor fellow was very weak, and it was plain to see he couldn't last long, but we carried him to my cabin all right. I opened the door first, and saw poor Dummy—Nora—lying on her bunk, with her eyes strained toward the door like she was looking for something she wanted more than life.

As the men came to the door bearing the Doctor up between them a look came into her eyes that seemed to drive out all the suffering in them. She sprang from her bunk, and the Doctor broke from the men and held the girl close in his arms. We only heard the words, "Nora!" "Walter!" as we quietly left the cabin. It was a scene rough fellows like us were not fit to look at. When we returned we found them lying on the floor locked in each other's arms—dead. And we buried them as we found them.

E. W. TOWNSEND.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

There is but one kind of man that can by any possibility become a successful candidate of the Republican party for Governor. In making this nomination the history of the party must be considered. It must be remembered that the Republican party, since the nomination of Gorham, has been divided into two parts of very nearly equal strength as regards numbers. It must not be forgotten that these discordant elements have not been reconciled, and that they are only sleeping upon their arms, ready to be aroused to fighting antagonism when either shall challenge the other to combat. This present contest will be settled on the 7th day of May by a rejection of the Constitution, and by such an overwhelming majority that the Kearney people will possibly cut but a small figure in the State election. The Kearney party will play but a small part in the gubernatorial contest, and will, at best, be but a disturbing element to the Democracy. It is quite possible that the contest will be a square, downright, old-fashioned, straight fight between two candidates, Republican and Democratic. In such an event, and indeed in any event, the Republican candidate must be one, who, if he does not reconcile the two contending factions, must make it possible for each to fight under his banner. He must not be a Sargent or Booth man, he must not be short-haired or Dolly Varden. He must not be the unreasonable enemy, nor yet the instrument, of corporations. He must not be the creature of any interest or the tool of any clique. He must not be the candidate of any faction, and his nomination must not signify the humiliation of any part of the Republican organization. In a word, he must be of sufficient intelligence, character and party standing to make his candidacy acceptable to all the party. He must have such standing and qualifications as will guarantee that in the event of his election he will be Governor. This is the portrait of several gentlemen whom we have now in view, any one of whom would honor the candidacy, and in event of success honor the office; any one of whom we shall most gladly do valiant service for. Any one who does not come up to this standard of independence, intelligence, and qualification we shall oppose with zeal and earnestness.

An English magazine epicure insists that American oysters are much inferior to the little coppery English variety. He is like the ducky who went catfishing, and, happening to catch a fine trout, threw it back into the water, saying, "When I come catfishing I want catfish."

A anonymous article—A baby before it's christened.

THE MASTERPIECE OF BROTHER FELIX.

Two monks were in a cell at close of day—
A cell that, too, the artist's craft betrayed.
Dying upon a bed the younger lay,
The older one beside him knelt and prayed.

The older spoke: "Your end is very near;
You can not live to see another day;
So banish thought of earth, my brother dear,
And with me join while I the last prayers say."

"Nay, Francis," said the other, "speak not so;
I can not die my life-work incomplete.
Were that but finished I would willing go—
Then death would be a messenger most sweet."

Then Francis spoke: "The world counts the success,
But God will judge by what you have essayed;
And though you fail, He will not deem the less
The efforts and the struggles you have made."

"The painter's earthly triumph is but brief—
A passion-flower is fame that soon decays;
There is a poison in the laurel leaf,
While green the wreath of heaven keeps always."

And Felix answered, "Brother Francis, so
You dream I hanker after earthly fame.
I sought for it one time—'twas long ago,
But now a holier, better meed I claim;

"And if grim Death were standing by the gate,
A messenger who brought the final call,
I tell you, brother, that he still should wait
Till I had done yon picture on the wall."

"Nay, more—were I beside the golden throne,
I would bend down at the Almighty's feet
And beg with tears: 'My life-work is not done—
Let me return until it be complete.'

"Of praying, therefore, speak not now to me—
Or, if you pray, pray I may still live on
Until my painting all completed be,
That I may die content, my life-work done."

"God give you grace, my brother," Francis said,
"Your heart submissive to His will to keep."
And then he turned away and silent prayed,
But soon, o'ercome with watching, fell asleep.

Then from his bed to rise up Felix tried,
But with the effort, faint and weak, fell back;
Then, clasping hands imploringly, he cried:
"O God of heaven, one little hour I lack

"To work again upon my masterpiece,
Till I the face divine have painted there;
I care not then how soon my life may cease.
Kind God, one hour unto thy servant spare!

"But death creeps fast; too weak is now my hand
To picture true the thought that fills my brain.
Send down an angel from the spirit-land
That I may not have dreamed such dream in vain!"

The cell door opened as he ceased to speak;
A young man entered—tall he was and fair,
The glow of youth was mantled on his cheek,
His eyes were blue, and golden was his hair.

"Why come you?" Felix questioned, "and your name?"
The youth made answer: "I am Angelo,
Who, hearing of the Brother Felix's fame,
Have come that I his wondrous art might know."

Then Felix spoke: "I am the man you seek;
But I am dying, and have not the power
To teach you aught. My heart and hand are weak,
But you may aid me in this final hour."

"Take yonder painting—set it on the stand
Here at my bedside, full within my view—
Palette and pencils all are here at hand;
Then paint, good youth, as I desire you to."

"Tis all complete except the Saviour's face,
And that upon the canvas faintly lined,
But still so clear that you may plainly trace
The features fair and God-like. You will find

"The face is somewhat of a Jewish cast—
I sketched it from a beggar in the street.
Ah, little dreamed I then, a few weeks past,
Another hand my painting would complete!"

Then spoke the youth: "A spirit sure has brought
Me to your cell, to be, as 'twere, a hand
Acting responsive to your every thought—
Your faintest wish shall be as a command."

"Speak, and I paint!" The dying Felix spoke
A few words now and then—no need of much;
The canvas into life and beauty woke
Beneath the magic of the artist's touch.

The youth at last his pencil laid aside,
And spoke: "O master mine, your work is done;
Can I assist you more?" The monk replied,
"Go on your way and leave me here alone."

The youth departed, and then Felix prayed:
"I thank thee, God, and death is now most sweet.
Since Thou its shaft a little while hast stayed
Until my masterpiece is all complete."

Francis was woke up by the matin bell;
He rose, and lo! the light of early day
Upon the painting of the Saviour fell
That on the easel all completed lay.

In silence Francis by the painting stood;
The features gleamed as with a love divine,
From hands and feet transferréd gushed forth the blood,
'Twas perfect and complete in every line.

"In truth," then Francis spoke, "no mortal hand
Has limned the rapturous beauty of that face.
Heaven surely heard his supplication, and
An angel must have visited the place."

To Felix turning: "Yes, the laurel crown
Is yours, for you have reached art's proudest goal."
Then, bursting into tears, he knelt him down,
"May God have mercy on the passing soul!"

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

W.

"Georgie," said a devoted young mother of
ance to her very juvenile son, "you can't
cookie till you ask for it properly?" "Pie-
sake, amen," said little innocence, with immo-
hands.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

Last Monday's performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie* by the Handel and Haydn Society--the first of a series of four Oratorio evenings that are promised for this year--was, taken as a whole, quite even and satisfactory, and may be regarded as very creditable to Mr. Toepke, the new conductor. The choruses were sung with greater precision than we are accustomed to from this society--they are all comparatively easy in this respect--and the accompaniment was remarkably steady considering the picked-up nature of the orchestra and small number of rehearsals had. That the music was gone through in a humdrum monotone of *mezzo-forte* goes almost without saying; the one thing that our Handel and Haydn people *can not* do is to sing a chorus--be it never so easy--in the least as it should be sung. I do not believe that the oldest inhabitant can cite a single instance of a carefully prepared or well sustained *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, or a real *piano* or *forte*, in any of their public performances; they sing through the score in a dry, pointless sort of way, and are apparently quite content to get to the end all together and without a break. Of course, even such singing is better than none, since it furnishes an opportunity at least to hear the works; and when, as in this instance, the selection falls upon one that is not too difficult for them, even this is enjoyable. But with a little intelligent work it might all be so much better! The solo voices in *Athalie* (announced as an oratorio, but really nothing of the sort, but music written to accompany a tragedy), were eminently unsatisfactory. Mrs. Tippet, who has the adequate musical intelligence for the part, has not sufficient voice; Miss Rightmire may have the voice, but as she showed neither training nor intelligence what voice she has went for nothing; and Mrs. Pierce, whose voice sounded pleasantly enough, is evidently not quite in her element in music of this style. In the *Domine* from Verdi's *Requiem* a (glorious quartet, in which, however, the *finale* was taken at a tempo that left it well nigh unrecognizable) this weakness was even more striking than in the *Athalie*. Here the music is so obviously written for large voices, and a rendering of it *en miniature* is so palpably no rendering of it at all, that the choice must be regarded as little short of an absurdity. The fact that Mr. Borneman has great volume and sonority of tone only weakened the effect, since it destroyed the evenness and nice balance that might have resulted with a lighter basso. Why Mr. Toepke preferred in *Athalie* to substitute the nuisance of a pianoforte for the harp, when we have two good resident harpists, or why the long pause was made between the melo-dramatic music of No. 3 and the following chorus, No. 4 (the score says *allegro*), are conundrums; both of these blemishes were unnecessary and unmusical-like, and the more noticeable from the fact that in certain other matters--as, for instance, in accompanying the declamation--he displayed excellent judgment. His *Battle Hymn* might more properly be styled a "A reminiscence of the Pilgrim's Chorus in Tannhauser;" the Wagnerian "melody without end" here becomes monotonous without limit, and, indeed, I wonder that so excellent a musician as Mr. Toepke should not have had better discretion than to place so trivial an effort in direct contrast to such a powerful composition as the quartet of Verdi that immediately preceded or the Mendelssohn music that followed it.

The Schmidt Quintet made "a good end" at their Recital on last Tuesday evening; the audience was large and evidently thoroughly *en rapport* with the artists, who were all at their best. The quartets--three movements from one in F by Rubenstein, the *Aria* of Bach, and Mendelssohn's graceful and piquant *Canzonetta* in G minor--were beautifully played and seemed to make an unwanted impression, the *Adagio* of Rubenstein and *Aria* of Bach especially. Mr. Jacob Müller sang--The *Monk*, of Meyerbeer, songs of Mendelssohn and Goltzman, and, as *encore*, The *Wanderer* of Schubert--in a thoroughly artistic manner, and with admirable control of his beautiful voice. It is a long time since we have heard such singing in this city, and probably will be before we hear it again, for, now that these concerts are over, there are not apt to be many programmes that will put an artist like Mr. Müller on his mettle and arouse him to put forth his best efforts. Passing by a rather trivial *Fantaisie* by Vieuxtemps, well enough played by Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr. (with a pretty bit of *sourde* effect by Sarasate as an *encore*), and a somewhat prolix and dry *Concertstück* for 'cello, in which Mr. Ernest displayed his usual evenness of execution and finish of style, we come to Mr. Espinosa, whose portion of the programme consisted of Chopin's *Polonaise* in E flat and the first movement of Hummel's B minor *Concerto*. Mr. Espinosa has considerable execution and an exceedingly pretty, light touch, and with proper opportunities for more study--above all, when he attains somewhat more of repose--will undoubtedly become a very fine pianist. But for the present, I am inclined to think his selections somewhat over-ambitious, and fancy that he would be heard to greater advantage in compositions of a lighter style than any he has hitherto placed on his programmes. At the *Matinée* of a week ago he gave a really delightful rendering of Liszt's *Rossignol*, and his playing on Tuesday (as an *encore*) of Chopin's *Berceuse* was in many respects charming; but in the larger works he makes the impression of being over-weighted; gets flurried, hurried, unsteady in tempo (quite a different matter from a *celibate rubato*), and sometimes decidedly muddled in his passages. Much of this may safely be laid to the account of youth and a superabundance of the "fiery glow in boyish veins," and will probably clear itself in due course of time. But the fact remains that difficult *Concertos* are not to be well played with fingers alone; they require nerve, as well; and exacting compositions like the *Polonaise* of Chopin or the *Lucia* of Liszt are only enjoyable when, besides the mere dexterity necessary for the performance of the passages, one knows how to phrase them properly, and has the coolness, or routine, to do it. Besides which, my dear Mr. Espinosa, one should never play tricks with compositions of Chopin, and your lopping off a big slice of the *Andante pianato* which precedes the *Polonaise* was the more noticeable inasmuch as the bit you dropped under the piano is neither long nor difficult, and is very beautiful. *Adieu*, you have a delicate, pearly touch, lots of technique, and a future before you, and I believe everybody will be glad to see you again, especially if you will play lighter things.

Young Leopold Lichtenberg, who will be remembered by those who heard him on his last visit to this city as a genial and promising violinist, has scored a fine success at Brussels, where he has lately played, as well as at Antwerp, where he performed Vieuxtemps' fifth *Concerto* (a very difficult work) at a grand orchestral concert.

I observe that the Boston society *Euterpe*--for the performance of chamber music--has established the rule of permitting no person to enter the concert room during the performance of a number. This, which is the custom almost throughout Germany, is precisely as it should be. The late comers who tramp up the aisles (generally preceded by a stupid and noisy usher) and *fuss* themselves into their places in the midst of a performance are an abomination to everybody; they disturb--frequently completely upset--the performers and distract the attention of the audience. I do not think I have ever been present at a concert in this city the first number of which was not rendered entirely unenjoyable through the bad taste of those who, coming late, had not the good manners to refrain from disturbing those others who were in their places at the commencement.

The early departures are also a source of great annoyance; the crowd--mob--who are afraid of a crush or anxious to catch a car, and who consequently invariably accompany the final number with the rustle of gathering up dresses and cloaks, putting on overcoats, picking up canes and umbrellas, and tramping to the door with the most superbly selfish disregard of everybody and everything save only their own comfort. The clatter of this kind that marred the final number of *Athalie* on last Monday evening was simply disgusting, and would have fully warranted Mr. Toepke in following the example of Theodore Thomas, who, on similar provocation, abruptly suspended the performance, to resume it, as he stated, when the "nuisances" had left the room.

The cloud that lowered upon the operatic firmament of last Wednesday morning was dissipated ere setting of the sun (it wasn't out that day, but the figure is none the worse for that, nor am I going to spoil it on account of a trifle of fog), by the receipt of a telegram from the irrepressible Max to the effect that the important negotiations that for the past fifteen days have taxed to their utmost the diplomatic ingenuity of at least half a score of opera sharps are at last so far concluded that the preliminaries to a preliminary treaty (which is preliminary to a final and all-embracing, every-detail stipulating-and-everything-finally-concluding treaty), have received the signatures of the high contracting parties, and--Marie Roze is coming! So we are to have a genuine dramatic singer, a real flesh and blood Carmen (she is said to have considerable of the flesh, at least) after all; three *prime donne*--a dramatic and a florid soprano, and a contralto. Charles Adams, the tenor, is also of the company, and Conly and Lazzarini, besides those whose names I gave last week. The *Music Trade Review* states that Roze is to have \$1,000 per week for her season here, at which rate--if it is the rate--our opera is like to be a pretty expensive affair. Whether it will be worth it? *Nous verrons*.

I heard little Mitchell Banner play the violin at his concert of last Thursday night, and I think it will go hard with that boy, but he will some day become a very fine violinist. A more pronounced and decided talent I never beheld, nor of all the precocious youngsters who have crossed my path have I ever heard one who had at once such a sympathetic and full tone combined with extreme accuracy of intonation. The boy plays delightfully. That he should have some faults is but natural; that he has so few is remarkable, since the nature of the pieces selected for him leaves it beyond question that he is under injudicious training. That a child of nine years--this seems to be about his age--should be set to play the *Legende* of Wieniauski, or the *Carnival* of Paganini--on a violin almost too large for him at that--is ridiculous. And yet the little fellow went at them so bravely, and played them so well in time, and with such evident faithfulness to the style in which he had been taught to do them, that it was quite wonderful. To talk of sentiment--what is called *feeling*--or expression in the playing of a child is absurd; it is shown how to do this thing, and imitates through intuition. But the quality of tone, the true fiddle tone, is a thing that can not be entirely taught; one has that naturally or never at all. Little Banner has this tone-quality in his fingers, and whether the fates be propitious and bring him the right opportunities for study or not, he will be a violinist. But he should undoubtedly have a chance; a twenty-dollar piece each out of a hundred pockets that would never miss it would probably open for this boy a career that would be a source of pride and gratification to the friends who aided him.

At this concert was also heard some singing by Miss Ellen Coursen. I have heard this young lady sing at various times. I have also heard her play on the violin. I think she might wisely "hang up the fiddle and the bow," since she sings much better than she plays. But I think, also, that she might wisely discontinue her vocal performances as well, since--and sad as it is it is true--she has got no voice to sing with. Miss Coursen seems to be a very brave and industrious young lady, not without a certain evident aim at something that, if she had anything in her with which to express it, might be quite artistic and nice. But, in all seriousness, the something with which to express it seems, so far at least, to be entirely and totally lacking. When I have heard her play the violin she has played very much out of tune and without any style. When I have heard her sing I heard nothing but ambition and a noise. What voice she has is not beautiful. What she does with it is mostly ungraceful; never musical. Yet she seems to be in earnest with it all--sometimes even almost to succeed in expressing herself. And in these occasional moments of almost success--it is of her singing that I am speaking--there is recognizable in her efforts a certain quality--dramatic rather than vocal--that helps me to understand why she is hopeful, and that seems to well nigh justify her ambition. If Miss Coursen had a voice I believe she would do great things with it. But--although she will probably never believe this--Miss Coursen has got no voice. S. E.

THE TYPICAL OAKLANDER.

A grave, sad-looking gentleman was observed a few days ago on Broadway intently studying the faces of the passers by. He was well, but not ostentatiously, dressed, and carried a note-book, in which from time to time he made certain entries. I approached him, and observed, with a sort of timid politeness, which I have found very serviceable on certain occasions, "Pardon me, sir, but you appear to be a stranger here, and at a loss; can I assist you in any way?" The stranger looked at me mildly over the rim of his spectacles. "Perhaps you can," he said, in a low and perfectly well bred voice, "I am in search of the typical Oaklander. It is extremely perplexing to find such a variety of race in this city, and very difficult, I assure you, to determine upon the predominant type." At that moment a young gentleman clad in a perfectly developed ulster passed by. His face was pleasing; his nose, a trifle ahead, in its ripe fruition, of the other features. The stranger made a memorandum in his book, regarded Mr. S. with much earnestness, and then, sighing deeply, said: "He is not the typical Oaklander. His hair is too short, and he is destitute of a lunch basket." A tall gentleman, with a charming blonde leaning on his arm, crossed the street. "Nor he," said the stranger; "yet," added he musingly, "he comes close to it, but in the legs and whiskers there is a fatal flaw." The genial Mr. C. bustled by, hurrying after a lady who, by her appearance of haste, seemed anxious to catch the 10:30 train. "C." said the stranger, "smacks strongly of the soil, and his pleasant manner makes up for his lack of comeliness; but still he is not the typical Oaklander. I have," he continued with much earnestness, "been seeking for a well marked type of the natives of this village for several months. Once I saw a long, red-haired man, a blue cape over his arm, spectacles on his nose, a lunch basket in his hand, and a clump of violets stuffed in his button-hole. But, alas! before I could interview him he was gone. Mr. B., who always sails in the wake of the wealthy Mr. H.--laughs when he laughs and weeps when he weeps--is not far off the specimen I so ardently desire to obtain; but there are defects in him which spoil him as a scientific subject. The females of the species are abundant; the classification of the males is difficult. I have, however, made arrangements with the honorable fraternity of Oakland hotel clerks to give me, in narrative form, the result of their observations among the Oaklander proper and the casual Oaklander. In that way only I may arrive at the typical Oaklander and make him a niche in the corridors of time unstirred by the dust of ages." With this eloquent remark my strange friend strode rapidly off in the direction of the Grand Central. I shall try to hear from him the narratives of the hotel clerks, and I shall anxiously await the result of his investigations. ENTRE NOUS.

Archery Notes.

A fair number of ladies looked on at the practice matches of the Bow Club and Merry Foresters on Saturday afternoon. They were shot on the range of the latter club at Adams' Point, and after the final arrow had been drawn from the target the archers sat down to lunch under the trees in true Robin Hood fashion. Though the shooting showed in the case of some archers marked improvement, there is still plenty of hard work ahead of all before the target's face shall bristle with shafts like quills upon the fretful porcupine. In the Bow Club practice Mr. Bush came out ahead, with the following good scores: 190 at 30 yards, 141 at 40 yards, 112 at 50 yards. From the fact that Mr. Bush when practicing shoots principally at 60 yards some people imagine that he has designs on the golden arrow, and there is no doubt that his chances in that direction are good. Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, member of last season's team, did some good shooting this week. The Merry Foresters have been strengthened by two new members, both of whom are trained bowmen. Mr. O'Connell intends that the Foresters shall make a good showing if there is any virtue in hard work at the targets. The Pacific Archery Club team this season will consist of Messrs. Darneal, Maxwell, Kinney, Ward, and Pettigrew. Mr. Kinney is considered the crack shot of the club and is probably the best long-range shooter on the coast, making splendid scores at from 60 to 100 yards. His chances for winning the gold arrow are good. Mr. Kinney is at present in the country, but without doubt his bow and extremely long arrows are with him. Mr. Maxwell began late last season, but developed quickly into a good archer, and is now one of the best shots of the team. Messrs. Darneal, Ward, and Pettigrew can always be depended on for good scores, and taking into consideration the fact that they are working hard with the object of capturing the club medal, I feel justified in the prediction that if they do not win it their scores will be much greater than archers at present anticipate. In last year's match with the Bow Club they were beaten at the 30-yard range by only a few points, notwithstanding the excellent shooting of Bush, whose score was a surprise to himself and everybody else. I know that several ladies of the Pacific Archery Club have made good scores and are practicing regularly. Miss L. B. is said to be a capital shot, but has not yet enrolled herself in any of the clubs. Mr. Peatfield, Mr. Ghiardelli, and Mr. Eyre, of the Merry Foresters, did some good long-range shooting last week, using heavy bows. The young ladies of Mills Seminary are working hard and taking great interest in archery. Mrs. Mills is enthusiastically fond of the sport, and launches her shafts at the target like a veritable Diana, showing the girls an excellent example in the management of the bow. QUIVER.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.--Sunday, April 6, 1879.

Sorrel Soup.
Fried Oysters. Kola Shau.
Brains Fried with Sherry Wine, Parsley, and Shallots, served in Paper Cases.
Green Peas. Mushrooms.
Roast Beef, New Potatoes cooked in the gravy.
Indian Salad, French Dressing, Cheese.
Cream Meringue. Macaroons.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Bananas, Pears, and Oranges in sections.
TO COOK BRAINS WITH SHERRY WINE AND SHALLOTS--After blanching the brains, put them into a frying-pan in which you have nicely browned some butter, and fried a few pieces of shallot very finely minced; stir until nearly cooked. Then add some minced parsley and a wine-glass of sherry wine, plenty of black pepper, and some salt. Have some small paper cases ready, drop a large spoonful of the mixture in each, and squeeze some lemon juice over the top. Serve very hot. Cheese is the first plate of dessert to be eaten.
"A dinner without cheese is like a handsome lady with but one eye."--Brillat-Savarin.

PRATTLE.

A has a horse; B has nothing, but is honest and industrious. B buys A's horse and gives his promissory note for one hundred dollars. The horse previously taxed as property in A's hands, is now taxed as property in B's hands, and A is taxed—just as much as he was before—on B's note, which is property also. That is to say, the new Constitution holds that by a mere stroke of his pen, B, who has nothing, and can give himself nothing, can instantaneously create as much property for others, as others may happen to think that he will some day be able to acquire. Truly the performance of the man who causes two trees to grow where but one grew before, is of so little comparative benefit that he might be justly censured for a sin of omission.

Let us suppose that B had given, not a written but an oral promise. Ought not A to be taxed on that? If not *why* not? Because an oral promise is not an evidence of debt? not a "credit"? But how if there were witnesses? Oral promises *are* credits, however; nay even implied promises are. You have to pay—the courts will make you pay—your tradesman's account whether you have ever passed your word or not.

Now a "credit," be it promissory note, mortgage, certificate of deposit, or what you will, is not only not property, but is proof that the holder has parted with property that he once had. His paper credits, which merely certify that in consideration of certain advantages (interest, freedom from cares of management, etc.) he has surrendered his property to another, have no function but that of enabling him at some future time, not to resume his own, for it is no longer his, but to acquire its equivalent from the present owner. The more a man has of these things, which the new Constitution proposes to tax as property, the poorer he is—not necessarily poorer than a man with none, but poorer than himself was before he got them. It is only by surrendering them that he can become again as wealthy as he was.

Is he then to escape taxation, living at his ease on his interest, while the man who pays it bears the expense of government for both? Let us see if under the present system the latter does anything of the kind. X wants a thousand dollars of Z, for which he can afford to pay, say sixty dollars a year. But if the State Government is going to exact from him ten dollars he can afford to give Z but fifty, with which that person must be content or X will either get the money from another or not take it at all. It is clear, therefore, that the lender really pays the tax, the borrower, being unaffected directly; what he pays to the State he would otherwise have to pay to the lender. Indirectly he is affected thus: taxation of the principal, by reducing the interest, reduces also the volume of borrowable money by driving a part of it into more profitable investment, and the scarcity so created tends to restore the rate of interest, the cause thus counteracting its own effect—as the slackening in the speed of a steam-engine is the agent that increases its velocity.

This is not the whole problem; there are factors omitted; but if enough has not been said to make it clear that under the system of *not* taxing credits the money lenders help to pay the taxes I must, with all deference, and in default of the Sibylline Books and the Delphic Oracle, refer the reader to that eminent authority in finance and political economy, Colonel J. P. Jackson, of the *Evening Post*, whose peculiar position—in the political interest of his employer favorable to all that the Workingmen attempt, in his material interest hostile to all that they accomplish—enables him to speak with the two-fold authority of a divided mind, the parted responsibility of a double tongue.

Reverting to the matter of the horse, we find that quadruped in the possession of B, a note for one hundred dollars in the hands of A. Relying on B's payment of the note, A purchases a hundred dollars' worth of flour from C, giving *his* note. C knows that A is good for the amount, and gives his own note for a hundred dollars for a barrel of whisky to D, who then feels rich enough to purchase a thousand cigars, at ten dollars a hundred, from E, satisfying him with a note. At the end of a month D's hospitable friends have burned all that gentleman's cigars; C, in one protracted, solitary revel, has gone through his barrel of whisky like a rat through a water-pipe; A's family and retainers have consumed his flour like a flame in flax; and B's charger, broken by the weight of the financial superstructure reared upon his patient person, lies deadwound on the plain, with daisies at his head and at his feet. But he has left a legacy of taxable "solvent credits" that does honor to his memory better than a monument of brass—

"Nothing beside remains round that colossal wreck!"

Working for a dead horse is proverbially disheartening, and it is some years before B has put by enough money to discharge his debt to A, of whom the multitudinous and omnivorous brood has kept him from paying C, whose habit of being supinely drunk has made the expensively befriended D whistle in vain for the wherewithal to pay E. But finally B hands a hundred dollars to A, who hands it to C, who hands it to D, who hands it to E; and four hundred dollars' worth of taxable property, on which the government of this State had been living, like St. Simon Stylites on his capital, vanishes into thin air; for the notes go to the kitchen stove, and Mr. Kearney's Convention made no provision for taxing the ashes.

Charles de Young takes a pig in payment for his paper—like for like. Being a Jew, Mr. de Young has conscientious scruples against eating pork, so he sells his pig to a butcher, taking his note. The butcher, finding the animal more than usually intelligent, thinks it would be wrong to hide the light of its political sagacity under a bushel of salt, and sells it alive to Clitus Barbour to represent that statesman at the sand-lot. Clitus gives his note for the pig. Becoming jealous of its rivalry he sells it to Governor Kearney (taking his note), whose parlor it graces for a season, but being detected in an indiscretion with Mr. Wellock, is divorced from the Arch-agitator's bed and board, and bought by General Vol-

ney Howard—who gives his note. General Howard wants this pig to write letters to the *Bulletin* favoring the new Constitution; but as it scorns to prostitute its intellect that way, its less scrupulous owner parts with it to the congregation of Metropolitan Temple, whose pulpit it now fills, they giving their note and a benediction. I don't know any pig in town that has experienced so many vicissitudes of fortune.

The foregoing pig is now represented by five promissory notes, and a benediction not taxed. None of these notes bear interest, nor are they of any benefit to their holders except as they may enable them, at a stated time, to get something of the same value as something previously renounced. The various notes make a trail of papers like that left by the "hare" in the boys' game of "hare and hounds." Now comes the assessor under the new Constitution, and, in obedience to a righteous provision taxing property used for religious purposes, assesses that porker in the bosom of the church. Then he strikes the paper trail extending out through secular spaces into the infernal regions of the *Chronicle* office, and having assessed the grunter where it is he again assesses it where it was last, and again where it was the time before, and so on, through the whole series, until that not very valuable fitch of bacon, which has "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain" of "solvent credits," has been the innocent cause of six payments into the State treasury. Beyond Mr. de Young the assessor does not trouble himself to go, for on the ranch of the granger who is so intelligent as to exchange pigs for *Chronicles* the pachyderm's trail consists of tracks in the mud, and these General Howard's Convention neglected to declare property.

Than sin more wicked, more than madness mad,
Curse to the good and blessing to the bad,
A crime amusing and a heinous joke,
Both tears and laughter fitted to provoke,
This Constitution, nevertheless, excites
The feelings only to engage in fights:
E'er Sorrow, taking note of all the sin,
Can signal to the filling eyes "Begin,"
She's pushed by Joy ungenially from the throne
Which yet th' usurper can not make his own;
For when the face with sunshine he's o'erspread
Shame clouds it with a rising storm of red.
If thus distracted when we mark and read,
Pray God from the digesting we be freed!
What body politic with mortal maw
Can stomach the provisions of this Law.

Up in Nevada City, the other evening, they held a "mum social" for the benefit of a church, anyone who ventured to speak during a certain hour being fined ten cents a word. There was but one person present who had nothing assessed against him; he had not only held his tongue, but had treated every remark addressed to him with contemptuous inattention, expressed by a snapping and flirting of his fingers, as if he were flinging cold water on the ardor of those who accosted him. He was unanimously voted a mean fellow, and the resolution to that effect read and handed to him, signed by all present. He immediately wrote on the back of it: "I am not stingy; I am pretty liberal for a deaf mute. Didn't you hear me speaking the sign language?"

A chaque saint sa chandelle—in the endeavor to mention everybody by name, the *Call* has hit upon the happy expedient of printing the *San Francisco Directory* as a serial in its Sunday edition, thirty columns at a time. The proprietor of that progressive journal says that henceforth the preference of the reading public for the multiplication table shall be without excuse.

A cow country journal says that circumstances have brought Jesus Christ prominently before the public, but from the tone of the editor's remarks I infer that he does not predict a lasting celebrity. It is at least gratifying to note the considerable degree of interest attaching to a name that has not been mentioned in connection with the Presidency.

A Nebraska "cattle king" and ten of his cabinet are under impeachment by a Grand Jury of his State for burning a couple of commoners at the stake. The proceedings will be watched with interest by both the friends and the enemies of monarchical institutions in this country. Indeed, it is asserted in the dispatches that his majesty's father and brother—royal cattle dukes, probably—are on the way from Texas "with 1,000 horses." These animals, it is feared, are a corruption fund intended to unsettle the foundations of the republican Ship of State, and exalt the stronghold of the regal prerogative (I write in the usual political metaphor), a kind of "British gold," that modern political equivalent of Judas Iscariot's thirty pieces of silver. The outcome of this crisis no man can foresee; but we may at least hope that the day is distant when public opinion in this country will sanction, in a king of whatever commodity, the incivility of burning his untitled neighbors at the stake.

It was a pleasing thing on Wednesday last to see the representatives of half a dozen rival newspapers burying their estrangements in the grave of Chester Hull. The poor fellow died in harness, and there is none left to take it up and wear it as worthily as he. He delved in the drudgery of a daily newspaper, wore out his life at a reporter's desk, and then wrapping the mantle of his poverty about him, died without leaving his wife and children a dollar. It is a melancholy comment upon the times that such should be the reward of literary talent and industry. Besides holding a modest estimate of his own abilities he was a hearty admirer of worth in his associates, two qualities which many of his co-laborers might adopt to advantage. The little procession of Bohemians passed hundreds of homes that had been cheered and brightened by his pen, and the inmates asked what it was all about. The best tribute which could be paid the man was the tears of his professional associates mingling upon the coffin lid with the scent of summer flowers. His wit called forth laughter and his pathos tears, but he is now in the land where tears cease to flow and the sound of laughter is hushed forever.

"A few more medical schools, and there will be no business left for resurrection day."

CORRESPONDENCE AND COMMENT.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—In the last number of your very excellent paper you inform its readers that I am one of three clergymen "who are endeavoring to resist public opinion in the interest of the Chinese invasion." Of course in this you intended to give true information; but failing to do so, the respectability of your paper imposes upon me the necessity of correcting you. Assuming that the public opinion of California favors restriction of Chinese immigration, I am able to say that I am quite in accord with it; and that I have never, either in private or in public, said anything to the contrary. And assuming that public opinion is opposed to any personal abuse of the Chinese, or of any one for a difference of opinion on this question, I am equally in accord with it on that.

Not that there is any merit in being in accord with the majority of the people among whom one may happen to live, for merit more frequently belongs to the minority. But, whether right or wrong, every honest man objects to being misrepresented. You also inform your readers that I "seem anxious for the distinction of a quarrel with a certain gentleman whom you compare to the Duke of Wellington." To which I have only to say: If one preëminently superior to the duke should propose to "wipe out the Chinese in blood," and not merely the Chinese, but all here, or in the East, who would presume to protest against it, thus assailing the United States flag, and all the liberty, law, and order for which it floats, every lover of that flag, however humble, would have the "distinction of a quarrel" with him.

In your admirable editorial of the same number you say "The American banner above the world is our motto," and to that I have a most hearty amen. And so long as you will continue to write in the prevailing spirit of that article, though I do not favor any one's "having his head punched" for speaking his mind, I can forgive the mistakes you have made and all you may yet make about me.

Yours, for free speech and no blood,
2622 Bush Street, March 31, 1879. B. F. BOWLES.

WATSONVILLE, March 31, 1879.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Edward Martin, news dealer in Watsonville—also, late delegate to the Con. Con.—says that the demand for ARGONAUTS at his stand is increasing. He also has the good sense to add: "We are becoming enlightened." I suppose that when Gabriel receives the great final order: "Toot," he will stand in Egypt, or in some place of long forgotten antiquity æons older than Egypt, in the midst of the primal graveyard, and, while he is wiping the mouthpiece of his trumpet with the ball of his thumb, preparatory to the great awakening, you can try to imagine him muttering to himself: "This is a d—d poor place to start a revival." I should say the same of Santa Cruz County, but Martin says as aforesaid. Our people of the Pajaro are just now engaged in helping to "bust" the Constitution, as you see by the following:

PUBLIC MEETING.—There will be a meeting at the Rink in Watsonville on Friday evening, April 4, 1879. The object of this meeting is to show that the proposed new Constitution is not fit to be made by the people of California; that it is too complex and prolix to be taken in by the average human intellect; that it is bunglesome as a whole, and dangerous by sections. All persons are invited to this meeting, and those in favor of the object for which it is called are expected to participate in its action. J. W. GALLY, Chairman Committee.

N. B.—This meeting has no connection with San Francisco, but is purely local.

Observe the postscript: "No connection with the little meeting house around the corner"—no connection with the cheap John next door. Watsonville goes it alone, paddles its own canoe. It don't want the new Constitution. It won't have it. It likes the old one. It proposes to let well enough alone. It does not want a divorce. Like the well-to-do old fellow who married a young wife, he found her too radical. New brides and new Constitutions are very trying. Old men are conservative. I am an
OLD MAN OF WATSONVILLE.

In reply to the numerous signed request to have my article in last week's ARGONAUT against the adoption of the proposed new Constitution printed in pamphlet form for general distribution, I can only say that I give my consent upon the condition that another article on a different, and, as I think, more important branch of the same subject shall first be completed, so as to be embodied in the same pamphlet. Respectfully,
H. N. CLEMENT.

The following leading editorials from our two leading daily journals intelligently illustrate the causes that lead to the present political agitation, and that so disturb the business of the community. The causes that have brought about the present discontent may be summed up in two words: "Small advertisements."

There is at the present time a just appreciation of the advantages to be derived from the insertion of small advertisements in the *Call*, so as to keep one's trade before the public.—*Monday's Call*.

The *Chronicle* is not in the habit of calling attention to its small advertisements. Its well-filled columns emphasize the fact that it is the people's paper.—*Wednesday's Chronicle*.

In order to profit from the depression, persons must take measures to be posted as to where bargains can be had, hence our small advertisements are carefully scanned.—*Wednesday's Call*.

The following is the way Waite tells it: When the ferry-boats came into collision, the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*, was thrown into a state of the wildest confusion. He piled the life-preservers upon himself till nothing was visible but his hat and boots. The ladies were in a panic. One fair creature appealed to know if the danger was imminent. "No, madam; you see the boat is not sinking." "Then, Mr. Waite, why does this gentleman so pile himself over with cork?" "Oh, well, you see he is a clergyman and he writes for the *Bulletin*; hence, it is natural that he should fear to meet his God."

"Don't wave your ears at me, you flabby-hearted, green-livered plug," exclaimed a school-house orator at a debate. The chairman decided that the speaker was out of order, and that the gentleman from Elder Blossom should indulge in the time-honored custom of "holding his own" against his opponent, providing they did not interfere.

THE WINDINGS OF THE LITTLE WHEEL.*

Translated for the Argonaut from the Japanese by T. E. Hallifax.

[A story of the struggles of true love, and the eventual reward of true devotion and merit, from the Japanese of Choyonoharu-michi, A. D. 1807, and founded on the story of Oguri Hanguwan and Terute Hime, of Kamakura, during the latter part of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries.]

During the rule of the Ashikaga Prince Yoshinori, the Governor of Kamakura, Mochiujii, died, leaving his widow, Katsuma no Maye, and his son, Ken wo Maru, then only eleven years of age; and the *karo* (a daimio's minister) Yokuyama became guardian of the young Prince. Some years after, on the night of the fifteenth of the eighth month, the festival of *Tsuki-machi* (a convivial celebration in honor of the full moon) was observed with all the usual merry-making, and it was suggested by the attendants of Katsuma that she send for Terute, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Tōne Maguroku, to perform the *Ina-yo-no-maye*, a dance founded on that by which Ama-no-ussome no mikoto enticed Ten-sho-ko-dai jin-gu from the cave, and which Terute was reputed to dance to perfection; indeed, her admirers said even as well as Shidzuka Gozen, the mistress of Yoshitsune, and a celebrated danseuse of ancient days. Great preparations were made for the feast, and in the apartments silver candlesticks were placed, golden screens spread around, and all the great people of the palace invited.

Hanguwan, the son of Oguri Sayemon, a handsome lad, reputed as clever at these dances, was also summoned to assist Terute to amuse the assembled company.

During the entertainment Terute had opportunity to observe Hanguwan, and the latter saw the lovely girl for the first time that evening. They were thus mutually attracted by that, to them, yet unknown but powerful charm of love at first sight. Afterward the lady Katsuma, being delighted with the performance of the young people, handed to them her own beautifully lacquered *sakadzuki* (wine cup), and ordered it to be frequently filled and passed round among the guests. The excitement of the unusually gorgeous feast, and the wine cup, out of which they had each successively sipped, had a most exhilarating effect on them both, and Terute, retiring to the *yengawa* (balcony), whereon the pure moon shone, rested herself and cooled her throbbing brow, quaffing deep draughts of delight at the lovely scene. Beneath her was a cluster of the blossoming hagi (lespedeza), on which the moon shed her soft rays, and unconsciously a few poetic words escaped her; when to her surprise she was answered in appropriate verse by Hanguwan, who had stolen to her side unperceived, and was lost in rapture as he gazed on her lovely features in the clear, pale light. Finally, yet with a tremor of delight in her sweet, musical voice, she said to him: "See, Hanguwan Sama, how clear the pure moon shines! Is it not a beautiful, moon-lit, cloudless scene?" "Truly so," answered Hanguwan, "the moon shines, also does the hagi blossom; but clouds cross the moon, and rude winds and pitiless rain destroy the bloom; take care, I beg you."

Yokuyama, the acting Governor, had a son named Saburo, who was smitten by the charms of Terute, and to whom he had often written; but she, instead of answering his love-letters, had avoided him. He had watched his opportunity, and hoped that now he might address her, she being a guest in the palace. Hiding himself in the garden, he watched long and patiently, but when he saw her gazing at the moon-light scene he approached closer, but only to discover that Hanguwan was already at her side. Jealous rage took complete possession of him, and he retreated from the vicinity vowing vengeance on his rival and on the innocent girl.

Not long after this Hanguwan went to the shrine of the Tsuruga oka Hachiman, and ere he arrived near home it had become dark. He therefore lighted his lantern before entering the dusk forest through which his road lay. Before he had proceeded far he was surprised by a man—whose face was concealed—dashing the lantern from his hand, and then attacking him. Hanguwan demanded who it was that thus assaulted him in this unprovoked manner, and he was answered that it was Saburo, the son of Yokuyama, who had thus waylaid him to take revenge for being an obstacle in the way of his love. Said Saburo, in continuation, "As you stand between me and Terute, I am determined to slay you, and if she then rejects my love I will be revenged on her as well." Hanguwan defended himself bravely, till presently he perceived a light approaching. The bearer proved to be the father of Terute—old Maguroku—who, seeing the fight, and only recognizing Hanguwan, drew his sword to assist his young friend. Before he could inform the old man of the cause of the affray, Saburo attacked Maguroku, and, before Hanguwan could interfere, in consequence of the darkness, Saburo had mortally wounded Maguroku. This so enraged Hanguwan that he made a fierce onslaught on the more powerful Saburo, who at length, finding Hanguwan his superior in prowess, fled into the water and escaped death at his adversary's hands. Hanguwan leaped after him, but, the night being very dark and the sky overcast with clouds, he could neither see Saburo nor track his path of escape; so he was compelled to abandon the pursuit and return to his home to send assistance to Maguroku. He then went to Terute and her mother Sayoginu, and related what had occurred, "and," said he, "the old man met his death helping me; and when I failed to avenge his death on the spot by killing Saburo, the craven took to flight, and I bethought me of putting an end to my own life, but had I done so perhaps men would say that I was the murderer of my loved one's father; and I at once decided to come here and tell you what has happened, and then die as a man of honor should." While he was saying this the two women, mother and daughter, could not restrain their grief, and Terute said, "I am the cause of all this; my unwillingness to listen to Saburo's love tale is the reason of his conduct. If you, Hanguwan, die, then I shall join you in the other existence, and die with you as becomes a maiden." The mother here interferred, and said to Hanguwan, "It is not fit that you should die thus, nor should my daughter forget that her father's death yet remains un-avenged. Let us honor his remains by burial, although the ceremony must needs be in secret, and then it becomes our duty to avenge him. Let Hanguwan join with us in effecting this," and Hanguwan agreed with what the women said.

Yokuyama and her daughter Terute now petitioned the

officers to allow them to revenge themselves on Saburo for the murder of Maguroku; and at the same time Hanguwan had, with his father's consent, also applied to be allowed to assist them, Maguroku having been slain while assisting him. The officials met in council, but Yokuyama, the father of Saburo, refused to allow Hanguwan to join the women in their plan of revenge, and ordered him to be dismissed from the palace and his income confiscated, as he had failed to conquer Saburo, and behaved badly with Terute. The women, he said, might do as they liked, but they could not claim their pension unless they were successful in taking their revenge on Saburo. Thus Hanguwan and the beautiful Terute were disgraced by this unjust father, to the great grief of Sayoginu the widowed mother.

Hanguwan, now an outlaw, bade farewell to his father, and joined Terute and her mother, and they all started off to track Saburo, find him, and be revenged.

All search for the assassin proved fruitless, he had so cleverly concealed himself, and the three took themselves to the hamlet of Ashiya, where Hanguwan put up a hut in which they lived for some time; and hearing that Saburo had gone to Suruga, Hanguwan disguised himself as a *komoso*, a person of the military class, who, having been guilty of some political offense, takes refuge in a temple and lives by begging. When he goes out begging he dresses in white, wears a basket over his head and face, and plays on a flute. Hanguwan, disguised thus, started off in search of his enemy, leaving the two women in the hut at Ashiya, sure of their safety now that Saburo was far away. A few days after Hanguwan had departed the women heard rumors of a man having appeared in the neighborhood, who, from the description, they concluded to be Saburo, and becoming much alarmed they closed up the hut; but shortly after nightfall a disturbance in the vicinity aroused them, and presently a mob of armed ruffians, among whom Terute recognized Saburo, broke into their humble dwelling. Sayoginu seized her husband's sword, and Terute soon seized another, which Hanguwan had left for their better protection during his absence, and they both made for Saburo, who advanced boastfully to meet them, and as he parried their feeble thrusts maliciously complimented them on their valor. He declared his errand to be to carry off Terute; that he had designedly circulated the report of his absence in order to draw Hanguwan away so that he might the more easily carry off his prize. While the five or six of his villainous companions surrounded the grief-stricken mother, Saburo caught the slender form of Terute in his arms and made off with her, unmindful of her piteous cries to save her poor mother from the ruffians. In the meantime the mother had been mortally wounded in her endeavors to reach Saburo and rescue her daughter from the arms of the murderer of her husband.

A fresh actor now appeared on the scene, being no less a person than Hanguwan, who had heard of the trick of Saburo and had hastened back to protect his loved one and her mother, whose imminent danger he with just reason feared. His appearance was the signal for the hirings of Saburo to take to flight as soon as they saw that their employer had made off with his prize, and Hanguwan soon learned what new misfortunes had happened during his absence. He immediately started in pursuit, but being overtaken by a storm which made the night intensely dark, he was compelled to relinquish the chase and return to the dying woman's assistance. The falling drops of rain had momentarily revived her, but ere Hanguwan had returned life was extinct.

Meantime, Saburo had run down to the beach, and, jumping with his burden into a boat ready manned with strong scullers that he had previously placed there, he put to sea. Then, turning to Terute, he addressed her, and recounting the ardor of his passion for her, told her that it alone was the cause of his violence. Had she not rejected his advances in the first instance, and shown a preference for the doll-faced Hanguwan, all might have been well, and her father and mother still alive. "Now you are in my power, and I may do with you as I wish," Terute, gaining courage from the very desperation of her position, feigned to believe his love tale, and was successful in deceiving Saburo into releasing his hold of her; then suddenly she drew a keen-edged *kuwai-ken* (dagger) from her girdle, and stabbed him severely and repeatedly before he could guard himself against her furious attack. Saburo, now really enraged, caught her by the hair, and threatening to kill her by the most cruel slow tortures, commenced to cut at her, but her clothes (lined with cotton wool) protected her, until suddenly a storm which had been threatening now burst with all its fury, and the sea became violently agitated. A weird figure skimmed the water, a strange light appeared on the top of the wave, and the boat was upset. Terute was rendered senseless, and was only conscious of some supernatural support that prevented her from sinking amidst the battling waves. Presently she became aware of the vicinity of some floating object, and in a feeble voice cried for aid, when she found herself drawn into a fisherman's boat which she afterward learned, was seeking shelter from the storm. They soon landed, and, lighting a big fire, the fishermen speedily dried her clothing, and gave her some refreshment, and revived her. She then related to her deliverers the story of her abduction, and the struggle in the boat, at which they were greatly incensed.

Saburo alone, of his companions, was able to reach the shore, but in a feeble condition, having been cut severely by Terute, and previously by her mother, and was weak from loss of blood. A piece of floating timber from the boat which he had seized, alone saved him from the same fate as that of the boatmen.

Terute, when she recovered from the shock of the dreadful tragic scenes in which she had been one of the chief actors, became persuaded that the spirit of her mother had alone saved her, and being thus rescued to fulfill her destiny and avenge her father before she should die, she became more determined than ever to hunt down, and, if possible, destroy the wicked cause of so much misery.

Yokuyama Kengio, Saburo's father, had endeavored by wily schemes to usurp the authority of his lord's heir, temporarily intrusted to him, and had, with his son's help, gathered round him a band of lawless and reckless reprobates, prepared to carry out any villainy he might plot. He sent for the sorcerer, Rai-go-ajari, who made a straw effigy and stuck it with innumerable needles, and left instructions for it to be buried under the sleeping palace of the young prince. Kengio found opportunity to do this, and the young

lord fell ill, and, to the great wonder of his mother and the attendants, doctors, physio, charms, and prayers were all equally unsuccessful in staying the disorders of mind and body of the bewitched child. One night, when the watchers, and even the anxious mother, had dozed off to sleep, wearied out, a great noise and crashing aroused them. The startled child, in a great freight, cried to them to drive away the horrible goblins that were tormenting him; but as they saw nothing, they concluded it was merely the disturbed dream of a sick child, and endeavored to pacify him, and finally succeeded in getting him to sleep once more. The frequent repetition of the strange sights and sounds in the sick-room came to the knowledge of Oguri Sayemon, the father of Hanguwan; and the old man, and faithful officer, suspecting foul play, determined to watch for himself in the chamber of the sick child of his deceased lord. The latest manifestations had been a spirit duplicate of the child, and the attendants could not distinguish the real from the false one. On the night on which old Oguri watched, he was startled by the appearance of the double, and hearing the spirit and the bewitched child wrangling, he caught one of them, when the other, with a fiendish, weird laugh, disappeared in a cloud of black fetid smoke and flame. Yokuyama hearing of this, reprimanded Sayemon for intruding into the private apartments, and for outrage on the young lord, and he condemned the old man to commit *seppuku* (or *hara-kiri*, suicide by cutting open the abdomen), and arrangements were at once made for the carrying out of the sentence. All being ready, Oguri ripped his abdomen across with his dagger, and a swordsman, or executioner, stationed behind, struck off his head, which was placed in a box and sent to Yokuyama. Sayemon's spirit took flight to the room in which his young master lay, and held communication with him, promising protection. The wife of Sayemon, the mother of our hero, was witness of this last tragedy, and heard the last words of her good-man. The child, to the great chagrin of Yokuyama, rapidly recovered, and no art of witchcraft, or poison, could hereafter take effect on the young prince. Sayemon's protecting spirit ever hovered near as a guardian angel.

Karaori, the widow of Sayemon, with a faithful follower, Ikeno Shoji, visited daily the tomb of her husband; but on the forty-ninth day she committed suicide, bequeathing to Shoji the duty of finding her son, if still alive, and charging Hanguwan to be revenged on Yokuyama for the double murder of his parents, and on Saburo for the murder of Maguroku.

We leave Ikeno prosecuting his search, and return to Hanguwan, who has been diligently seeking Terute and Saburo, hoping that, if alive, the former was not in the scoundrel's power. Saburo being known to have friends in Owari, Hanguwan searched throughout the Bishiu (Owari) country, and made the acquaintance of one Utayemon, a man of culture, living on a small farm in Matsukase. They were both fond of the *shaku-hachi* (a kind of flute), and Hanguwan put up at Utayemon's house from time to time, throwing aside the overdress and basket hat of the *komoso* which he had adopted as a disguise. Utayemon had been many years a widower, but he had a lovely daughter named Usuyuki, who was both clever and accomplished. Being necessarily much in each other's society during his periodical visits, the young lady, unused to the world outside of her secluded home, and never having been brought much in contact with young men, conceived an affection for Hanguwan, much to his sorrow, and ere long hinted to him the state of her heart; but he, in honor to his lost Terute, explained that he was in difficulties which made it impossible for him to love her.

We will leave Hanguwan with his host and his daughter seated on the verandah, enjoying their musical trio and the mild evening twilight scene, and go in search of our other characters. Shoji had traveled some days, when, on the road beyond Suruga, he saw an exceedingly beautiful girl begging by the road side; and on approaching closer he discovered, to his astonishment, that the poor creature was no other than the long missing Terute, his young mistress; and her surprise and delight were great when she recognized her father's faithful servant. But Shoji's joy was somewhat damped on perceiving unmistakable signs of her intellect being greatly disordered from the frightful scenes in which she had been a participator. He managed to gather her story, and then related to her the tragic death of her lover's parents. After resting a couple of days, to recruit her strength, they resumed their journey together, till one evening they heard the sound of music and pleasant voices. Hoping to receive a welcome and a shelter for the night they approached, and what was their surprise and joy when they recognized Hanguwan.

Terute's delight, though great, was alloyed by jealousy when she observed the lovely companion of the pleasures of her long missing lover. Nor was Usuyuki at all pleased to find so lovely a woman on such intimate terms with her dear Hanguwan. Before the parties had time to recover from their mutual surprise a disturbance took place which interrupted the meeting and likewise the jealous glances of the rival beauties.

Saburo had returned to Kamakura, and, believing Terute to have perished, he induced his father to assist him in obtaining possession of Hanguwan, dead or alive; thus getting rid of a serious obstacle to the father's ambitious aims, and revenging himself for the successful rivalry with Terute. Kengio sent several officers and a number of armed men in search of Hanguwan, of whom they found traces at Matsukase, and having stated their errand to the village chief, induced him to accompany them in their search, and the whole were now approaching Utayemon's house. Forcing an entrance, they loudly demanded Hanguwan; but the host denied the existence of such a person on his premises; whereupon Washikuro, the leader of the party, ordered his men to surround the house, light lanterns, and seize any one attempting to escape, while others searched the house. Utayemon, at this threat, was much distressed, and at a loss how to act, but the critical circumstances calling for instant action, he deliberated but a moment, and, addressing the leader, promised to produce the head of his visitor, of whose name he obstinately professed to be ignorant, and craved a short delay, which was unwillingly granted. After the lapse of a few minutes Utayemon reappeared with the head, and presented it to the officer, who examined it slightly, and then putting it into a receptacle which had been prepared, departed with his men. Shoji and Terute had been horrified listeners to all this, having hidden in a recess; and after the departure of the men they both attacked Utayemon for what

they considered his base treachery to his guest; Terute, as she flourished her weapon, saying, "Take that for my lord's sake!" Shoji echoing by saying, "Take that for my young master's!" Utayemon, stunned by the sudden and fierce onslaught, snatched up one of the musical instruments to defend himself, praying for a word or two of speech, when, to the astonishment of both Terute and Shoji, Hanguwan sprang into the room, wondering at the strange scene.

Utayemon, mortally wounded, gasped out his story, to the effect that he was originally an under officer of Hanguwan's father, and recognizing his former master's son, had defended him in gratitude for former protection and kindnesses received, when he, Utayemon, had in a drunken affray killed a man. In return he had taken his daughter's head and given it to the officers as Hanguwan's, and displayed to the horrified trio the beautiful tresses of Usuyuki; further stating that the girl had gladly consented to die for Hanguwan's sake, and revealed to her father her hopeless and rejected love. Terute, upon hearing this, was stricken with grief, and taking the poor girl's corpse in her arms, vowed eternal gratitude and daily prayers, and promised to renounce Hanguwan in the next world in favor of Usuyuki as a reward which she deserved to receive were she now alive. Utayemon further explained that Saburo was the child of his sister, who was the mistress of Yokuyama in former times; hence his inability to help Hanguwan, and the manner in which the track to the house was followed up by Yokuyama's men. Usuyuki's *koto* (harp) was heard to moan as the wind passed over its cords, calling to the dying man's mind his dead child's song and with one deep groan his spirit passed away. Shoji then drew from his bosom the mourning tablets of the deceased father and mother of Hanguwan, and informed him of all that had happened, concluding that he was now an orphan, with a legacy of double revenge on Saburo and his wicked father. Terute related to him her adventures, and how she had been saved by her mother. Thus were the lovers reunited in this intensely tragic manner.

Saburo, now believing Hanguwan dead, came forth from his concealment, and gave his father all the assistance in his power with a view to the usurpation of the control of Kamakura; and, being well supplied with money, he visited all the gay resorts. One day, at Oitsu, he was astonished to see Terute and Hanguwan, with their faithful follower Shoji. It was with difficulty that he restrained the impulse to at once take them unawares and assassinate them; but reflection taught him caution, and he set a watch on them.

Terute, Hanguwan, and Shoji saw Saburo and hastened away from the vicinity; for Hanguwan's great exposure to hardship and privation had reduced him to the condition of a cripple and almost of leprosy. The faithful Terute had a platform mounted on four wheels made for him, and dragged him along, while Shoji amused the villagers by antics, and thus gathered a few coins to buy their food.

Terute wished to take Hanguwan to the hot sulphur baths at Kumano Gogen, as hitherto doctors, prayers, and penance had failed. Owing to their extreme poverty and the weak condition of Hanguwan, they were completely at the mercy of the wicked Saburo; but at last, after innumerable hardships, they arrived at the shrine of Kumano Gogen, where Terute, for several days in succession stood, at frequent intervals, under the waterfall, as a penance to propitiate the Kami (deity) in favor of her lover. But all was in vain; Hanguwan apparently would never again recover the use of his legs.

Returning to their abode one day, they were set upon by a party of ruffians, but Shoji attacking them they took to flight, drawing him after them. As soon as Shoji had disappeared in pursuit of the villains, Saburo suddenly appeared before our hero and heroine, and, taking advantage of Hanguwan's helpless state, bound Terute to a tree, and then, after deriding and insulting them, threatened to torture him. Hanguwan then, with a wail of despair, called on the gods and on the spirits of his parents to give him strength, and with a superhuman effort drew from his bamboo crutch his never-failing blade, as keen as a razor, and sprang to his feet—no longer a cripple, but a vigorous man, with all his former strength restored. His first act was to seize Saburo, the next to cut Terute's bonds. Terute, on finding herself free, drew her dirk and stabbed the cowardly Saburo to the heart, at the same time offering a prayer to her murdered parents.

Meantime Saburo's followers had been dispatched or dispersed; and Shoji returned to find his master miraculously recovered, and the head of Saburo, which had been struck off, placed upon Hanguwan's truck; while the headless trunk had been thrown into the gutter.

Having no further object in remaining in the neighborhood, the now happy trio returned joyfully to Kamakura. Their first act on their arrival was to carry the head of Saburo to their parents' tombs, over which Hanguwan and Terute pledged eternal love and fidelity. The next day, as Terute was without any relations or other friends with whom she could find refuge, Hanguwan made her his wife and took her to his house.

Shortly after his return to Kamakura, Hanguwan compelled Yokuyama to admit his claims, and after receiving the pension due to him, he set about exposing Yokuyama, and restoring the young prince to his rightful authority.

The successful carrying out of all his projects, and the downfall and death of Yokuyama are told in the sequel—a story of the government of the times, into which love does not enter; suffice it to say, that Oguri Hanguwan and Terute Hime lived happily to a good old age, and had a numerous family to whom they frequently recounted their former terrible adventures, and the plots and conspiracies of Kamakura and his wicked son Saburo. The faithful Shoji remained with them, teaching his master's sons as they grew strong enough, the use of the terrible two-handed sword.

[NOTE.—This story is the basis of numerous tales and dramatic pieces. Woman's devotion is here strongly portrayed in the persons of Terute and Usuyuki. From the translator's personal knowledge and observation, a Japanese woman when she loves truly will make any sacrifice, even to her life, for the object of her affection; as witness the numerous suicides of young people who, from some real or fancied obstacle to their union, tie themselves together, and plunge into the dark water. With regard to Utayemon's sacrificing his daughter to save the son of his old master, this picture is not overdrawn, for if a Japanese has received any favors or services at the hands of any one, he considers it his duty to make any personal sacrifice, even to that of life, if necessary, in order to requite such favors. In the above story some reference is made to supernatural agency, as for instance the bewitching of the young prince, and the miraculous escape of Terute when the boat upset; but though no Japanese novel or romance is complete unless it has the supernatural largely mixed up with it, still the natives of Nippon are not the only people who delight in reading of spectres, demons, and transformations; for have we not our *Corsican Brothers*, our favorite Christmas ghost stories, and old legends and traditions telling of banshees, goblins, mysterious warnings, etc., etc?—TRANSLATOR.]

ABOUT WOMEN.

The ordinary female pedestrian has no laps to spare.

Little Mlle. Grévy has an immense mass of hair, black as a crow's wing.

Just because she snores a refined man will not refer to his wife as "a regular snorer."

She was not a beautiful girl. She had a nose on her that you had to steer for and then tack.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to a dressmaker.

The Empress of Austria is called "the Imperial Diana" by the Irish people, with whom she goes fox-hunting.

We read with entire pleasure that "a number of women were present, last week, at a collar and elbow wrestling match, in Boston."

Queen Victoria, it is rumored, has a strong wish to see Canada, and the Prince of Wales is encouraging her to visit both that country and the United States.

"Have you the song, 'Saccharine Futurity?'" asked a girl of the music clerk. "We have," he answered, as with a pleasant smile he rolled up a copy of "The Sweet By and By."

According to the New York *Herald*, Mrs. Hayes told a lady who threatened to attend a Presidential reception in a low-necked dress that a shawl would be thrown over her shoulders.

A Western girl broke the engagement because the fellow was so bandy-legged that she couldn't sit in his lap. She acted too hastily. She should have remembered that a friend in-need is a friend indeed.

Of course no woman ever did such a thing, but supposing now for the sake of argument, as it were, that a woman was to go to church for the purpose of showing off her new sacque, would it be sac-religious, so to speak?

A certain Washington citizen, if we may trust the *Capital*, called on a friend last week and asked him for the loan of a dollar. "My wife has left me," he said, "and I wish to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

She leaned her fair, blonde head fondly upon his shoulder, and, after she had felt in his pocket to see if he had a new silk handkerchief, she whispered: "Will you love me always?" "Yes, always." "What, always?" "Well, almost always."

When a Hartford woman patted her friend's seven-year-old youngster on the head, and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up into her face and replied: "Well, I guess you can. I don't believe God's lost the pattern of me."

I've a letter from your ma,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane,
She is coming here to stay,
And she never'll go away,
And the devil will be to pay,
Mary Jane, Mary Jane.

"Amanda, put the large Bible in a prominent place on the centre-table, and place two or three hymn-books 'round on the sofas; I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful Christian family, and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why you can just gravitate about and get somebody else to pay for another advertisement."

The following scene took place the other day in a Paris restaurant, on the occasion of a wedding dinner: An awkward waiter, in attempting to place on the table the soup tureen filled with fat chicken broth, spilled its contents on a lady's white satin dress. The lady screamed and was seized with hysterics. The waiter stooped and shouted in her ear: "Don't despair, madame, there's plenty of broth yet left in the kitchen. I am going for it now."

It is said that a lady chiropodist in Brighton, England, has placed above her door the legend:

"Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn."

In this country, where the vernacular is elastic, we are accustomed to say:

"Hell hath no fury like a woman corned."

Mlle de B., of the Faubourg, has a very bad tooth. Nothing can be done for it. The dentist looks over his list and sends for Mlle C., in the Quartière, who has a fine set of teeth. Mlle C. trips in. The chief pulls the bad tooth of Mlle de B., an assistant the good one of Mlle C. The bad tooth is thrown out of the window, the good one is inserted in its place. Poor girls are beginning to count their marriage portions after this fashion: "I will bring to my husband a *dot* of thirty-two teeth. They are worth thirty francs each, to be called for as wanted."

Mrs. Haweis, the English writer on dress, recently gave a children's fancy ball, at which a daughter of Walter Crane, the artist, appeared as Alcestis, in green and white, with mot-toes from the *Flower and the Leaf* written on the long "tip-pets" of her sleeves, and daisies around her pretty head-dress, and was most captivating. Mrs. Haweis's own children represented Aurelius and Dorigen, in Chaucer's *Franklin's Tale*, their costumes being charming in themselves and absolutely true to mediæval authority, even to the very seams of the hood and "liripe."

On the day preceding the marriage of Patrick, son of Victoria, to the little German girl related to William of Prussia, the boys in the streets of Windsor were singing:

"Three cheers, then, for the happy bride,
His loving little wife;
Now she's come to England may she
Be happy all her life!
For the duke will try and comfort her
With every little joy;
Let's hope before twelve months are past
They'll have a little boy."

If this was the best wedding ode Tennyson was capable of he ought to resign his post of royal poet to some eligible writer—say the renowned singer of Michigan.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Deserted Mill.

It stands in the lonely Winterthal,
At the base of Iisberg hill;
It stands as though it fain would fall—
The dark, deserted mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling to decay.

So through the daylight's lingering hours,
It mourns in weary rest;
But soon as the sunset's gorgeous bowers
Begin to fade in the west,
The long-dead millers leave their lairs,
And open its creaking doors,
And their feet glide up and down its stair,
And over its dusty floors.

And the miller's men, they too awake,
And the night's weird work begins;
The wheels turn round, the hoppers shake,
The flour falls into the bins.
The mill bell tolls again and again,
And the cry is, "Grist here, ho!"
And the dead old millers and their men
Move busily to and fro.

And ever as night wears more and more
New groups throng into the mill,
And the clangor, deafening enough before,
Grows louder and wilder still.
Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor;
The wheels redouble their din;
The hoppers clatter, and the engines roar,
And the flour o'erflows the bin.

But with the morning's pearly sheen,
This ghastly hubbub wanes,
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window panes.
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power:
"Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground;
Come hither and take your flour!"

Thereon strange, hazy lights appear
A-fitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while;
But a moment more, and you gaze and hark,
And wonder and wait in vain,
For suddenly all again is dark
And all is hushed again.

—Translated from A. Schnesler.

Widder Green's Last Words.

"I'm goin' to die!" says the Widder Green.
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene.
It ain't no place for me to stay
In such a world as 'tis to-day.
Such works and ways is too much for me;
Nobody can't let nobody be.
The girls is flounced from top to toe,
An' that's the hull o' what they know.
The men is mad on bonds an' stocks,
Swearin', an' shootin', and pickin' locks.
I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself
Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.
There ain't a cretur but knows to-day
I never was a lunatic in any way,
But since crazy folks all go free
I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up me.
There's another matter that's pesky hard:
I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin
But what the paper'll have it in.
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner on Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,
Or 'Our worthy friend, Miss Green, has gone
Down to Barkhamsted to see her son.'
Great Jerusalem! I can't I stir
Without a-raisin some feller's fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more than if this was the Judgment Day.
And as for meetin', I want to swear
Whenever I put my head in there;
Why, even 'Old Hundred's' spiled and done
Like everything else under the sun.
It used to be so solemn and slow—
Praise to the Lord from men below;
Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,
High diddle diddle, there and here!
No more respect to the Lord above,
No more'n ef he was hand and glove
With all the creturs he ever made,
And all the jigs that ever was played.
Preachin', too—but here I'm dumb;
But I tell you what! I'd like it some
Ef good old Parson Nathan Strong,
Out o' his grave would come along,
An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire—
Judgment and justice is my desire.
'Tain't all love and sickish sweet
That makes this world or t'other complete.
But la! I'm old, I'd better be dead.
When the world's a-turnin' over my head,
Sperit's talkin' like tarnal fools,
Bible's kicked out o' destrict schools,
Crazy creturs a-murderin' round—
Honest folks better be under ground.
So fare ye well! This airthly scene
Won't no more be pestered by Widder Green."

—Anonymous.

The Declaration.

'Twas late and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange leaves, and sweet verberna came
Through the unshuttered window on the air,
And the rich pictures with their dark old tints
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel,
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stoyed
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worships. I knelt,
And with the fervor of a lip unused
To the cold breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again
Resounded her, that silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently, and
Her forehead from its resting-place
Earnestly on me. She had been

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

The great wave of hard times that has swept over the world has spent its force in Europe and in our Eastern States. We, here upon this distant shore, have felt its influence. The causes which produce these periodical pressures we do not understand, and have never had intelligently explained. In California, other and local causes have united to bring about a financial and business depression such as we have not before experienced. The presence here of too many Chinese, the tendency of our people to stock gambling, the unnatural drift of population to our one commercial centre, the fact that avenues of immigration are not open to competition, and the other and perhaps controlling fact that we are isolated from the great busy commercial world and separated from our own populous Eastern territory by a broad and unpeopled desert, make our condition a serious one when the wave of prosperity is reflux. Then, again, we have been spoiled by our good luck. California is the petted child of fortune. It was born in the lap of wealth. Not wealth for which other generations had toiled and suffered, not wealth inherited with the axioms and admonitions of prudence, but the lucky, copious shower of gold; wealth, not hidden under bowlders requiring strength to move, nor in the deep mines to be hunted with drill and blast, but scattered in the soil; placer gold dust, to be picked up in nugget, washed out in pan and rocker; not here a spec and there a minute particle, to be treasured in a quill or homeopathic vial, but gatherable by everybody—great buckskin bags full of gold. It was splendid while it lasted. We toiled and spent, gambled and frolicked, drank and dined. We laughed at poverty and shook our fists at misfortune. We were poor to-day, rich to-morrow, and generous always. Our climate has contributed to the formation of a character peculiar to ourselves. There were no realities of life for the early Californian. A house was not indispensable. No winter's cold required him to save a summer's harvest, nor provide for a day when to work was impossible; and so we drifted along, spending as we went—jovial, light-hearted, improvident, and gay. But time brought its wrinkles to our faces, its gray hairs to our heads. Old age made us conservative; families gathered around us, and Californians, like other people, found themselves compelled to face the realities of life.

We invited the Chinaman, and when he came we welcomed him. He brought habits of industry, thrift, and economy. We admired these qualities, the more because we did not possess them, and we are now driven to explain the seeming paradox that it is because he possesses these virtues that he is dangerous to us. And yet this is true. He is making our poor people poorer, because, without family, with instincts of economy, the growth of heredity, he can earn more and spend less than our own working people. This able-bodied adult heathen is driving our toilers to the wall, and while he takes the place of the working class he does not compose an order upon which we can build with safety the superstructure of a higher civilization, or safely rest the fabric of a republican and constitutional form of government. This skeleton casts its shadow across the path of our prosperity, and while the substance works ill to our present, the shadow threatens our future. In this coming conflict of civilizations many will go away to avoid it, and many refuse to come to meet it. To our propensity for gambling, which is the natural growth of the conditions of our immigration and early Californian life, to the Chinese question with all its menacing complications, we have added a political condition that is in itself deplorable. The solemn truth is that all our best people are so intent upon gaining money, and so busy in keeping what they have acquired, that they have neither the time nor the inclination to devote themselves to public affairs, and this has left political control to the scramble of meaner minds. The result is epitomized by the single expression "Thieves in office!" Not thieves in the sense that officials will, as a rule, expose themselves to the

guilt of robbing the treasury, but thieves because they do not personally perform their official duties; because they are indifferent, neglectful, extravagant, and careless—Supervisors who are usually dishonest and always extravagant; a Board of Education, usually a shaky lot and always ignorant; a School Department, extravagant, absurd, and to the last degree misrepresenting the original idea of education for the poor; a Street Department entitled to be designated as the "Highway Robbery" department; carelessness, indifference, profligacy on every side; crimes, for which suicide and the State prison are but partial compensation. The result of all these—fraud, jobbery, and misgovernment—is exorbitant taxation. Exorbitant taxation tends to induce everybody to hide away all they can from the tax-gatherer. All personal property plays "hide and seek" with the assessor, and only real estate, because it cannot hide, is compelled to bear the burdens of government.

Organized discontent first appears among the poor. They are the first to feel the burden; and of the poor, it is the unthrift, idle, and criminal that first feel the pressure of poverty, and first cry out against it. This discontent among the foreign-born, beer-drinking, idle ones, organizes itself into a party of violence and disorder; an ignorant and audacious Irishman is found to place itself at the head of it; an alien and ignorant Englishman is named second in command of this ragged regiment; a short and dirty lawyer from Nova Scotia is next, and we need not particularize further than to say that Germany, France, Italy, Ireland, Scandinavia, every foreign European land, furnishes its quota of ignorance, discontent, and disorder to swell the mob of malcontents who began by threats of torch and hemp, and ended by consolidating into a political party for legalized misrule. This band of agitators, composed for the most part of uneducated foreign paupers, have undertaken to give an organic law to the State. A few American demagogues, mostly men of desperate political fortunes, have struck hands with this element of misrule. A few journals, owned mostly by men who do not, and by virtue of birth, education, and natural instincts can not, understand or appreciate the necessity of obedience to the law, have given the party immediate support; while another part of the press, servile, selfish, and cowardly, has not dared to do otherwise than to give to the movement an implied recognition. And thus we have had intelligence, property, good government, and social order placed upon the defensive in San Francisco. We are to-day as American citizens standing at bay with our backs to the wall, our property threatened, our families imperiled by the menace of a foreign organization, whose avowed purpose is to compel a division of property. Fortunately for us, there are very few American-born citizens in this disorder-threatening mass, and we are still more fortunate that almost without exception foreign citizens who have any sense of gratitude, or any property to lose, or any social or business position, are with us, and upon the American and the decent side.

The issue as it comes to us is, shall the new Constitution be adopted, or shall we adhere to the old one, under which we have so long prospered? Shall we undertake to uproot and overthrow the entire business, financial, and social fabric in order that we may correct certain evils? Shall we burn the dwelling in order to kill the rats that infest it? Shall we as Americans lie down upon our backs, and allow this vile, servile horde of foreigners to overrun and destroy us? Shall the business community—the merchants, the real property owners, the capitalists, the bankers—allow itself to be intimidated by the discontented classes?—by disappointed and embittered demagogues?—or by a vile, cowardly, and treacherous press? So far as our personal views may have any weight, we say this conflict may as well come to-day as later. It may as well come to California as any other part of the Republic; to San Francisco as to any other part of the State. So far as we are personally concerned, we would offer no compromises and make no concessions. We would neither ask nor give quarter. Let it be war à la Ponce—war by the ballot or the bayonet, just as the drift of circumstances may determine. Indeed, this is not a matter of choice to us who are native-born, or for our allies who are foreign-born. It is all very well to talk about leaving the country. It is easy to assert that men of wealth will go away. They can not get away. They are anchored here by ties of investment, property, and accumulations that can not be removed. The mechanic can not take up his homestead, nor can Mr. Flood take up his Nevada Block. Foreign capital may be driven away, a foreign bank may withdraw itself, a foreign insurance company may close its business, a home bank may retire its capital. Men may refuse to invest, to renew loans, to engage in new enterprises, to build ships, to construct railroads. Depreciated values may destroy savings banks. All this may occur. Rich men may become poor, and poor men may starve. But we do not believe that California has any such future in store for it. It has too much intelligence to fear it; it has too much of moral courage and personal valor to allow this uprising of the slums to either intimidate or destroy property. This storm will blow over, and we shall be surprised to see how small a following this foreign agitator has who has so disturbed our dreams.

The Constitution will be defeated. It must be defeated. It is agrarian, communistic. It means revolution. It is the outgrowth of chaotic events, and a contemporary wisely says: If it was as perfect, as defensible as the Decalogue, even then, when the influence of its adoption is considered—unsettling every vested right, menacing every enterprise, throwing doubt and uncertainty into the scale against every contemplated improvement, filling the entire land with feverish mistrust—even then all its excellencies, only to be verified by twenty years of judicial exposition, count for nothing; they are less than the "fine dust of the balance." Improvements of a solid character do not rise up by magic in a new State. Both capital and labor are distrustful; the charter of rights—the fundamental law—must be first settled by the highest courts; and when settled—when capital and labor each knows its belongings—even then confidence comes in by slow approaches, and years elapse before the perishable, temporary "experiments" harden into enduring, costly granite. Over all this road, darkly feeling her uncertain way, California has traveled. Thirty years has not been too long a time for able jurists to define mutual rights under the Monterey Constitution. Not a man in all the State will live to see such a settlement of the new instrument, if it is adopted by the people. Even now an undefined dread of calamity pervades every class of society, every avenue of business. Our merchants stand idly at their doors, our artisans and laborers linger at their homes or wander aimlessly about the streets. Every muscle of wonted activity is paralyzed. All this, for the sake of the argument, may be admitted as baseless as the fiction of a dream—but the hard fact is patent; and the fact, harder to contemplate, is also patent, that it must continue until the highest courts tell us just where our individual rights under the new Constitution begin, and just where the right of others under it may end. Should the people decide that the millions of capital, certain to be lost by this unrest—sweeping away, as it will do, much of the accumulated savings of the frugal, and precipitating undeserved disaster to merchants and manufacturers—is too dear a price to expend upon a conundrum, then we may fairly look for an elastic up-springing of our commercial and industrial activities, not later than the moment when this incubus rises from us on the 7th of next May. We do not forget the growing necessities of the State demand some changes in the fundamental law. Not one of these but can be inaugurated by the next Legislature, in a few well-considered amendments, and that, too, without danger of any disturbing shock to any legitimate interest or pursuit.

The Kearney movement is only formidable in San Francisco. Its habitat is in the immediate vicinity of the lowest dead-falls, the gin mills, the meaner corner grogeries, the water front. His American-born followers are composed largely of the bleary-eyed and drunken, who wear Bardolphian noses, sleep in bay-bunks, under the wharves, in lumber piles, feed on the charity of restaurants, pick up decaying fruit and melons from the markets, purloin vegetables, and steal onions and potatoes from rent sacks. They beg money at nights for lodgings which they spend in gin; they drink the dregs of beer barrels from kegs controlled from saloons. Most of his followers in San Francisco are foreigners. At his great Thanksgiving parade there was not a hundred native born, and at his Sunday sand-lot meetings scarce an intelligent face can be seen other than those drawn there from curiosity. His great following is Irish, and the lowest and the meanest of that nationality—that part that has broken loose from the teachings of the church and the influence of the priesthood. Kearney, in order to ingratiate himself with this renegade class, was compelled to denounce the Catholic Church and Catholic clergy. We know of no good Catholic or respectable Irishman who is a Kearney man. His next strength of following comes from the low Germans—in our judgment the very worst and most dangerous of all the foreign immigrants that have cursed our country; a class possessing less virtues, less patriotism, and having more vices, more sensualism, more ignorance, and more brutal instincts than any other, and less liable to be reached by public sentiment than any other because they only listen to speeches in German of German demagogues, read German papers, think in German, and drink German beer. An ignorant, brutal, low-lived German class is the most disturbing of all our foreign elements, as the intelligent German class is the most healthful and desirable. The Latin races—French, Italian, and Spanish—present the two extremes of civilization. Our best and worst people are from these countries. The worst and most ignorant are in this political movement. There are very few, if any, of the colored population who acknowledge Kearney for leader. We do not know of any. Some of our darkies have fallen down into the Democratic party, but we have never heard of one so utterly lost to self-respect as to acknowledge himself a member of the Kearney mob. In the country we do not fear that this movement will gain headway. Now for thirty years our Legislature has found its safety in the rural districts. San Francisco has been rescued from its own thieves a score of times by the intelligence, firmness, and integrity of the country members, and notwithstanding all that the *Call* and *Chronicle* have written about monster mass meetings and

bucolic enthusiasm, we trust the sense and intelligence of the class that owns and tills the soil. The American farmer is the best citizen that we have. Republican government, law, order, and social organization, if preserved at all in America, will owe it to the hard sense and thorough integrity of the native and foreign-born American farmer. The village loafer and the tramp will go for Kearney, but not the man of cultivated acres and growing crops, and rising family. The idea that this class can be caught with the chaff of reduced taxation—a scheme resting on the promise of a constitutional law so imperfect and absurd as the one proposed—we do not believe.

The Kearney party, the Kearney demagogues, and the Kearney press, having stolen the name of "workingmen" for their organization, have, by studied misrepresentations and lies, claimed to embrace the great bulk of the labor element. This is emphatically untrue, and while the movement, in the earnestness of its promises, the vigor of its organization, and the hope that in this direction lay the correction of many abuses, brought many honest men to it from the industrial ranks, they have now nearly in a body withdrawn. The mechanics and artisans of San Francisco are a highly intelligent and honest body of men. They own homesteads; they have families; and no class is more interested than they in preserving the values of property, and in so administering the government that it shall give protection to business, encouragement to enterprise, and safety to all money, whether foreign or domestic. This class is, more than any other, interested to avoid money depressions, and has more to lose from a money panic. It is our judgment that, time being allowed for a careful consideration, the great mass of honest working men will find it to be to their interest to vote with employers against the adoption of the Constitution. The Kearney press—notably the *Chronicle* and the *Call*—are endeavoring to draw a line between the rich and the poor. Now, there is no such line to be drawn in this community. There is no line of demarcation between the class of labor and the class of leisure. We have no leisure class. We are all workers. We have no poor class in the sense that the term is used in other countries. We have poor men who hope to become rich, we have workers who hope to come to a period of leisure. Our rich people were all of them once poor; some of our poorest were once rich, and hope to become so again. Our richest people have no guarantee that their children will not be poor, while the chance of the child of the poorest man to become rich is more than equal to that of the wealthy born. We have no laws entailing property, no laws of primogeniture. Every opportunity of life and all the honors of station and emoluments of office are open to the ambition of the lowliest born. The man or the newspaper who encourages class distinction is either a knave or a fool, and, whether fool or knave, is an enemy to the class with which he or it affects to sympathize. An organic law that makes an attack upon property, makes its acquisition more difficult, or its tenure more insecure, is piling a dead weight upon the working man. It takes away the incentive for exertion, and leaves him to drag along in the rut of hopeless toil and poverty all his days, and condemns his children to an ambitionless life. Laws that make millionaires possible, that present great prizes in the struggle of life, laws that encourage business ventures, are the very ones under which there is opportunity for poor boys to come to the top. Hence we say that the movement, the party, the demagogue, the press, the organization, or the public sentiment, that seeks to array one class against another—the poor against the rich, the unfortunate against the prosperous—in this free republic and country of equal opportunity is criminal, and dishonest, and damnable. The poor man who is deceived by it, or the working man that regards his interest as identified with it, is a fool—simply a fool, and nothing less.

The *Chronicle*, of Saturday last, takes a position of bold defiance toward those sneaks (merchants) who withdrew advertising patronage from its columns, and declares it will "remember and punish them as enemies long after this fight is ended and forgotten." It declares that money is being raised to defeat the adoption of the Constitution, and this the *Chronicle* interprets to mean "corruption, bribery, and intimidation of voters," and says these parties are being watched and will be prosecuted to the extent of the law, without mercy and without regard to the reputation or wealth of the offender. It writes as follows: "Whoever, by any method, sneak or otherwise, attempts to interfere with our business, or to punish or bulldoze or intimidate us because we exercise this right decently and argumentatively, is our declared enemy, and shall be held and marked and treated as such until we shall have made him suffer as much damage as he inflicts, and with interest compounded. It has never been a habit with the *Chronicle* to be kicked without kicking back and struck without striking back. Blow for blow it shall be to the very end, and the devil take the hindmost. There will be days and months and years for the *Chronicle* long after this fight is ended and forgotten, and we shall think less of it than we now do if it does not prove equal to the duty of punishing such enemies more than they can now punish it."

This is bold language and smacks of arrogance. It challenges the wealth and business of this community to a combat that it can not well and with self-respect decline. It says to the commercial, business, and banking interests of San Francisco, I will elevate by all the arts and influence of my journal a wild and disorderly rabble to political power; I will encourage a mob of violent men to menace your property and the lives of your families; I will, with all the influence of my paper, support the men that build bonfires under the eaves of the dwellings of our rich men and that threaten with hemp our prominent citizens by name; I will by every means promote the adoption of a Constitution in opposition to the unanimous wishes of all men who have property to preserve; I will array the poor against the rich; I will inflame the passions of the desperate till society is driven to arm itself, and patrol the streets in self-defense, and while I do this thing I will demand the advertising patronage of the class whose interest I assault; I will claim the business of the men whom I hold up day after day to public contempt; I will charge Messrs. Williams & Blanchard with being dishonest agents, encouraging a drunken commander to destroy a ship, and they shall pay me to advertise the line; I will assault the Bonanza firm from day to day; I will name Mr. Flood as a thief, and I will drag the name of Mr. Mackay into unpleasant prominence; I will declare their whole business a fraud and a crime, and they shall advertise with me their mines; I will assault the railroad men by name; I will write concerning the illness of Governor Stanford in a manner that shall pain his friends, but the Corporation shall give me a column of advertisements; I will denounce railroads, steam lines, banks, mines, merchants; I will war against corporations and land owners; I will abuse Mr. Haggin and Mr. Carr; I will assail the credit of savings banks; I will destroy business confidence, and in the pursuit of my rivalry with another journal, I will hound on a vile, ignorant, passionate mob of unthinking criminals to follow the leadership of an adventurous alien, till I shall have destroyed business, paralyzed trade, made all enterprises halt, made real values to shrink, intimidated foreign capital, and then, if this outraged and insulted community, this injured class of merchants and business men, these frightened heads of families, these creditors under foreclosure of mortgages, these property owners under shrinking of values—if they shall dare withdraw their business: "I will remember and punish them long after this fight is ended and forgotten." Merciful God! what a terrible threat. Now, the ARGONAUT is but a weekly journal. It will reap no benefit from this victory or defeat of the *Chronicle*. But such an arrogant and disgracefully insulting attitude toward the commercial and business classes was never taken by a journal that deserved or expected to live upon the patronage of business men. The *Chronicle* must think this a community of cowards if it supposes it will lie down under such an insulting challenge.

The *Chronicle* writes like an ass when it assumes that the relation between a journal and the community in which it is printed is other than a business one. No man, or class, or guild, or corporation is under any obligation to the *Chronicle*. If they do not like it or its views they have a right not to employ it. If they think its course is destructive to the welfare of the community, they have a right to destroy it by withdrawing from its support. For the *Chronicle* to assume any other relation is to play the bully, the blackguard, and attempt the rôle of a tyrant. If any one interrupts Mr. Kearney "we break their heads," says the god of the sand-lot, and the *Chronicle* is his Mahomet and his prophet. Well, lock was admonished that he was disloyal to the order of Workingmen if he did not approve the Constitution. No member of a Workingman's club is allowed to entertain an opinion adverse to the new law. "You lie!" shouts a Workingman to the Reverend Mr. Hemphill while reading his Sabbath-day's sermon. Clitus, the short, threatens to wade knee deep in blood if the workingmen are discharged from employment for their opinions. The whole atmosphere of the sand-lot breathes menace, threats, and violence. Messrs. Beerstretcher, Reynolds, and McCue openly advise the withdrawal of business from the *Call* to give it to the *Chronicle*; yet, if the business men, because they regard the *Chronicle* as a dangerous and incendiary paper—inimical and unfriendly to property and business—withdraw their advertisements, they are to be punished. Although this is not our fight, we enjoy it. We quote from the *Chronicle* of Saturday, and reprint the motto: "Blow for blow to the very end, and the devil take the hindmost." In this fight between the merchants of San Francisco and the *Chronicle* we are interested to see which shall be the first to take water.

At this writing a labor strike is going on at the top of Nob Hill, where contractor Onderdonk is grading lots for the erection of two palatial residences, one for James C. Flood and one for James Fair. Messrs. Flood and Fair have nothing to do with the business, as they have engaged their lots to be graded under contract at so much per cubic yard. The rock is being used to build a sea-wall for the Harbor Commissioners, the contractor of which is also Mr. Onderdonk.

So this dispute is beyond the Bonanza kings' control. The laborers now get \$1.50 per day. They demand \$2. They ought to have it; by this we mean to say that we wish they may get it. The winter has passed. Ten hours of summer work with pick and shovel is worth \$2. The men on this work are sober, decent, quiet, and orderly. We went to see them; talked with them. They chaffed us a little about the ARGONAUT, but admitted that we had as good a right to abuse Kearney as Kearney to abuse us. They are all for the new Constitution, but they were generous enough to say we had a right to vote against it. Most of the crowd were Irishmen; most of them have families. Now, it strikes us that if these striking laborers would select some level head from among their own number to meet employers and settle these labor differences there would be more satisfaction obtained and less of hardship—in the invariable loss of employment—to be endured. The employer can afford to be idle, the laborer can not. There is another idea suggested by this strike and the demand for higher wages that all of those people who so boldly proclaim their allegiance to the scrub of the sand-lot would do well to bear in mind. When, a year or more ago, Denis Kearney, the agitator, stood up in a buggy in front of the Mayor's office and demanded work for a thousand men at one dollar a day, he did more to degrade and destroy labor than the hardest times or the wildest strike, for he fixed a price from which it has been difficult to creep up to the present pittance. Since then everything has been figured from the basis of one dollar per day; since then capital has been driven to its hiding places; since then labor has been scarce; and if these striking toilers are at all anxious to fix the responsibility, they will find it on Sunday at the sand-lot. Our sympathy is with labor when it is orderly and law-abiding, and not unreasonable in its demands. Everybody is interested in the development and prosecution of this work. The whole commercial and business community want the sea-wall completed. We want Messrs. Flood and Fair to spend a million each in a magnificent residence. Labor will get the money, and we will have the pleasure of looking through the iron pickets at beautiful grounds, and over the fence at two handsome houses. This thing can be compromised by the expenditure of a little money and a little sense. We are willing to do half the work by supplying all the sense.

The Republican County Committee is legitimately constituted; is composed for the most part of disinterested and honorable men. It has the confidence of the rank and file of honest Republicans and will be supported by them. The liberal test proposed is right. The formation of clubs is untimely and premature. The movement evidences by its trail that the serpent is wiggling. Americus Clubs and Isaiah Rynders organizations are not to be tolerated this time. Let the County Committee attend to the affairs of the party, dealing with this Green-Solomon-Tom Sawyer business as though it was a conspiracy, as we believe it to be. There will be music in the air when we expose it, and we will expose it.

A young gentleman propounded to me this question: "My mother has a farm in Colusa County, assessed upon a valuation of \$70,000. She has a mortgage upon it to a bank for \$20,000. Will she be relieved from any part of her taxes if the new Constitution is adopted?" I replied: "Your mother's mortgage provides that she shall pay all taxes levied upon or concerning the land, and the rate of interest is predicated upon that fact. The terms of the existing mortgage can not be disturbed by any *ex post facto* law. When she comes to renew her mortgage the bank will calculate the tax it must pay and add the amount to interest; and as the tax levy for, say, five years in advance is an unknown quantity, the bank will place the interest high enough to cover all possibilities of large taxation."

Some curious stories are told of the European money-lenders. Those in California are no better and no worse. One in Bruxelles was always prepared to discount a good note if the borrower would purchase his cat. The price of the cat was just the difference between the legal rate of interest and the rate demanded. It was seldom the purchaser ever took away any thing more than a bill of sale of "one Maltese cat named Tom," and if he did insist upon carrying off his chattel, Tom always made his way back to the money-lender ready to do similar service for his master on the following day. If the farmers of this State expect the money-lenders to pay taxes on their mortgages, they will have to pay increased interest, and pay for Kearney in addition.

Elsewhere in our journal will be found the card of Michael Hawkins, of the firm of Daly & Hawkins, in which he asks of the public an indulgent consideration of their position till from the ample assets the firm shall have time to realize sufficient to pay their debts. This is but a reasonable demand. A long acquaintance with Mr. Hawkins justifies us in the belief that he will emerge from his financial embarrassments honorably. So long a business career, upon which this is no stain of dishonorable conduct, should not be to carry gentlemen through a more serious financial crisis than we believe theirs to be.

"LES PRESENTATIONS."

How a Young Lady in France Makes her Choice of a Husband.

[Adapted from the French of Louis Leroy.]

Mme. de Cardillac (inspecting her daughter).—Yes, that will do. Perhaps it is a little high in the neck, but it has to be to night.

Emmeline (laughing).—Why, ma; why any higher in the neck to-night than any other night?

Mme. de C.—Because, Emmie, to-night Mme. de Luc intends presenting a young gentleman in whom she is deeply interested, M. de Grandclos.

Emmeline.—And it is on his account that I am put into this strait-jacket?

Mme. de C.—Yes, dear; you see, the young man is an orphan, and since he was eight has been at school and college, and not being used to society he might be scandalized.

Emmeline (significantly).—Then he is a —?

Mme. de C.—Yes, and one of the most serious of suitors, too.

Emmeline.—Good-looking?

Mme. de C.—I haven't seen him myself, but Mme. de Luc assures me that he is quite acceptable for a young man.

Emmeline (laughing).—But it remains to be seen whether he is quite acceptable for a young woman.

Mme. de C.—Be reserved, my love, and do not give him any encouragement except as he declares himself.

Emmeline.—Don't worry, mother; if he doesn't suit me I won't give him any encouragement at all.

Mme. de C. (shaking her finger at her).—You will do precisely what your father and I wish you to do, miss.

Emmeline (kissing her).—Yes, ma—unless he is quite too awfully ugly.

Mme. de C.—The guests are beginning to arrive; let us go to the drawing-room.

II.

(At the most auspicious moment of the soirée, enter, unannounced, a young man.)

Young Man (bowing respectfully to Mme. de Cardillac).—I had anticipated the honor of a presentation to-night by Mme. de Luc, but, unfortunately, she is indisposed, and hence I have ventured to introduce myself. My name is—

Mme. de C.—I know, I know. And so we shall not see Mme. de Luc to-night?

Young Man.—I fear not, unless she should be much better than when I left her, twenty minutes ago.

Mme. de C.—So sorry. You dance?

Young Man (smiling).—On all occasions.

Mme. de C. (pointing to her daughter).—There is my daughter; ask her to dance this quadrille with you.

Young Man (approaching Emmeline).—Excuse me, mademoiselle, but your mother was so good as to permit me—

Emmeline (with superb indifference).—With pleasure. (Aside) He is quite good-looking, this M. de Grandclos!

Young Man (aside).—By Jove, she's a beauty! (Aloud) Shall we take our places?

Emmeline.—If you please. (They dance, and afterward retire to the card-room, where Emmeline turns over the pages of an album, chatting the while with her partner.)

What do you think of this picture?

Young Man.—Very charming, indeed.

Emmeline.—Oh, you're only making fun of me. Charming? That scraggy little school-girl in the convent-school uniform!

Young Man.—The head is splendid—anyone could see it was you.

Emmeline (laughing).—Then you recognize me in it? Still, you do not really mean what you say?

Young Man.—On the contrary, I do not really say half what I mean.

Emmeline (with suspicious innocence).—Why don't you?

Young Man.—Because—because—

Emmeline.—If it is anything uncomplimentary don't be afraid to say it.

Young Man.—Oh, mademoiselle, could you for an instant believe—

Emmeline.—I do like people that are frank.

Young Man (in a low tone).—If frankness alone could qualify me to aspire to the happiness of being reckoned among your friends, how gladly would I—

Emmeline (seeming not to hear him, and blushing).—How do you like this one?

Young Man (dazzled).—It is you, and in the most exquisite ball dress—

Emmeline.—Don't you think it becomes me better than this one I am wearing to-night?

Young Man.—Yes—no—that is, I daren't undertake—

Emmeline.—And yet you say you are frank!

Young Man.—No matter what the picture, the original is a thousand times more precious.

Emmeline.—Even where it is a cabinet photo?

Young Man.—Why mock me? Are not this pure complexion, those braids of dead gold hair, those ruby lips—?

(Aside) I'm going it, decidedly.

III.

Emmeline (as a waltz strikes up).—Isn't that just lovely? Doesn't it set your feet going? (Sighs.)

Young Man.—Will you do me the gigantic pleasure of dancing it with me?

Emmeline.—I would dearly like to, but ma won't let me dance. (Sighs again.)

Mme. de C. (appearing at the door).—What, Emmie, not waltzing?

Emmeline (jumping up with alacrity).—Yes, ma, this gentleman had just asked me to. (Aside) You know you were going to! Oh, jolly, ma hasn't any objections. (They waltz.)

Young Man (before relinquishing his partner).—Mademoiselle!

Emmeline.—Sir?

Young Man.—Do not listen to what I am going to say!

Emmeline.—Why?

Young Man.—Because the audacity of my declaration might offend you.

Emmeline (trembling).—What declaration?

Young Man.—I love you, darling; I love you!

Emmeline (with a little scream, and putting her hand to her heart).—Ah!

Young Man.—You are angry with me—
Emmeline (whispering).—Angry? Ah, no, because—because, you see —! Oh, there's ma! (Quits his arm and embraces her mother with effusion.)

Mme. de C.—Well, how do you like him?
Emmeline.—Oh, ma, he's just too nice, and I love him, and he loves me.

Footman (loudly).—Mme. la Baronne de Luc! M. de Grandclos! (Tableau.)

IV.

Emmeline (first to emerge from the stupefaction in which she has been gazing on her mother).—Oh, ma, but that young man with her is hideous.

Mme. de C.—But the other one—the one you waltzed with—who is he? Where did he come from?

Young Man (saluting Mme. de Luc).—You will forgive me, Madame, for having ventured to present myself, but your headache being so bad—

Mme. de Luc.—You did quite right, my dear Count.

Emmeline (aside).—A Count!

Mme. de C. (whispering to the Baroness).—What is the Count's name?

Mme. de Luc (astonished).—What, don't you know it? M. de Longpont; a young man, very rich and of an excellent family. Now let me present M. de Grandclos.

M. de Grandclos (bowing).—Madame!

Mme. de C. (bowing).—Sir! (Aside to the Baroness.) But why on earth did you present these two gentlemen the same day?

Mme. de Luc.—I didn't. I pretended I had a headache so as to get the Count out of the way and not have him come at all.

Mme. de C.—Well, my dear, you've done it! See there. M. de Grandclos (to Emmeline).—Will you oblige me by giving me this waltz?

Emmeline (burning her ships behind her).—Thanks, but I can't; ma has engaged me to M. de Longpont—for life! (Tableau.)

The Latest Parisian Bonhous.

L'Evénement thus traces the history of the French Cabinet Minister of the period in a solo and chorus:

"I saw a fine building called a department."

"So did we."

"I went up the staircase."

"So did we."

"I entered a private office."

"So did we."

"And took possession of it."

"So did we."

"There I saw a big portfolio."

"So did we."

"I put it under my arm."

"So did we."

"I was called 'The Honorable the Minister of —'."

"So were we."

"I signed decrees."

"So did we."

"Lot of 'm—stacks."

"So did we."

"And was fired out and down the front steps with a velocity which made my head swim."

"So were we." (Chorus—"He was a minister, for he himself has said it.")

A nephew (in Normandy, of course) assists at the reading of his uncle's will.

"And to the servant who shall close my eyes I will and bequeath," reads the notary.

"Does it say 'who shall close my eyes?'" asks the heir-at-law.

"It does."

"Then the bequest is void. The old cuss only had one eye."

Worthy Magistrate.—What! a man can be cruel enough to maltreat his lawful wedded wife, and even to hurl her a plate at the head?

Prisoner.—But, your Honor, do you know my wife?

Worthy Magistrate.—I have not that honor.

Prisoner.—Then just you go slow.

Mlle R. is of a naïveté few common.

Some one to her was recounting yesterday that he came from the Court of Assizes, where they had condemned to ten years of travels forced a woman who had suffocated her unique child.

"What a chance all the same," said Mlle R., "that I did not have a mother like that!"

In the new ballet at the Folies Bergère, *Les Vins de France*, some of the danseuses appear clad in vine leaves.

"I hope the piece 'I'll run till autumn,'" says the graceless X.

"Why?"

"Because then leaves have their time to fall."

"That's a mighty nice cane you have."

"I should think it was. You gave it to me, don't you recollect?"

"Yes, and I'm almost sorry I didn't keep it for myself."

"Well, tell you what I'll do; I'll sell it back. What did you pay for it?"

"Eight francs, but then I got it at a bargain."

"Well, seeing it's you, I'll let you have it for fifteen."

M. Robert Mitchell, the Bonapartist Deputy, called at the *Elysée* recently, and saluting M. Grévy, remarked:

"I am very happy to be able to offer you my congratulations on your accession to the Presidency."

With a smile M. Grévy replied:

"And I am very happy to be able to accept them."

A prisoner who firmly expected that he would get his deserts and be sent up for life, is astonished to hear the jury fix his term of imprisonment at two years.

"Two years only!" he exclaims in delight; "ah, then, gentlemen of the jury, may heaven do likewise unto you a thousand-fold!"

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

There was a man wick had a ole cat wick he liked mity wel, but my mother she likes Franky, thats the baby, and cookies is nuts to me and Billy. The man he was a gredy gut, cos he was always a stuff hisself with vittles, like he was sick, and one day wile he was to town some fellers thay went in his house and coked up a dinner, and wen he cum home there thay was a settin round the table waitin for him, cos it was a sprise party. So the man he sat down, and thay et, and et, and et, partickler him, and wen he got juck full as a tix he sed: "It was mity thotfle for you fellers to git sech a nice rabbit for jest only me, when you dont likem, yes, indeed, I never et a fatter one."

Then the other fellers thay ol got their hats, ready for to run, and then thay sed: "It was yure ole cat, you mizzable gluton, and mebbey it wil be a lesson to you."

The man he was jest hopen mad, and he sed: "You dirty galoots, I wudent took ten dollars for that cat, cos she has supplide my table with kittens for five yeers, but the feller wick lives on his capitle wil be a beggar, and hav to eat butchers meat long as he lives."

The cat wick he had fore we got Mose was yeller, and didnt hav no ears, and not any tail, too, cos they was cut of for to make it go a way from were it lived, for it was so ugly, so it come to our house. One day my mother she sed wudent my father drownd it, cos she new were she cude git a nicer lukin one. So my father he put it in a bag, and a brick in the bag too, and threw it in a pond, and went to his office, my father did. But the cat busted the bag string, and wen my father he cum home it was lyin under the stofe, but cum out to look at him. So thay looked at one a other for a long wile, and bime by my father he sed to my mother: "Wel, you are a mighty poor hand to go a shoppin for cats. Thisn is a gum dasted site uglier than the other!"

Wen you lay cats down for to muggle em in the belly thay only jest bite your fingers a little tiny bit, and then you say: "Look here, Uncle Ned, at this joker makin beleve to be sabbadge," but jest then it ups with its hine feets and rips the skin of off the back of yure hand, and wocks a way like it had forgot you, and sets down and looks at you, much as to say: "Bub, do you kno eny boddly bout here wick wude give a pore, hard werkin cat a bite of bred?"

But wen you fire the famly bible yure uncle Ned he says the bred of life aint the kind that cats and sinners likes.

And now for a little story. Mister Gipple he says one time a ring tail racoon got after one of his little chickens, and a ole hen, wick was the chickens mother, she got after the ring tail racoon. The coons tail it stuck out strate be hind, and the hens hed it stuck out strate be fore, and thay went so fast that the rings flu off of the coons tail and was strung onto that ole hens neck like thay was beads.

Jest as Mister Gipple got done a tellin me a bout it, Mister Pitchel, that the preecher, he cum in, and he sed: "Thats rite, brother, thats rite, you hav ben in so many countrys that you are wel qualifide to instruct the yung by relatin incidents of travel, and it is better that our little friend shude listen to the confensation of truffe and pious persens than to read story papers, wick is mostly wicked lies. I ony herd the last werds of wot you was tellin. Wot was it wick was strung onto the hens neck?"

Mister Gipple he got mity red, like he was hot, and he sed he gessed mebbey the pigs was in his garden, and if his whifes close line was broke it wude hav to be fixed rite a way, and it was a bout time for his little girl to fall in the walg in, and he must go home to once. So Mister Gipple he went, but wen my sisters yung man is here it is leven oh colock Sundy nite.

One day the yung man was to our house to dinner, and Missis Dobby, wick has got the red hed, she was, too, and she has got false teeth. My sisters yung man he had sum green wax and he made it up like a olive, and wen no boddly was lukin he put it in the plate with the rest, cos Missis Dobby likes em, and he thot we wude hav sum fun with her teeths if he cude git her to take the rite one. But she took a veel one, and passt em to my mother, and she got the whax one, and hern dont cum out, and the whax wudent cum out neether, and sech a circous peformance wasent never saw, but not any ephelent. Wen it was ol over, Uncle Ned he seen wot was up and he sed to my sister: "Missy, them imitation olives wick the wicked grocers sel is pizen, and it was mity thotfle of yure yung man to run for his stummick pump, but Ime a frade fore he cums back the pashent wil be ded of ole age."

There was a feller wick wanted to marry a ole mans dotter, and she wanted to marry him, so he went to ast her father mite he hav her for his whife. The ole man he sed: "I dont never see you doin any thing, wot is yure bisnis?"

The feller he spoke up fore he thot and sed he was a dockter. Then the ole man he sed a other time: "Wel, thats a mity onable pefession, but you dont pear to hav much practis."

The feller he sed: "No, I aint got no custom yet, thats a fack, but thats cos I haint had a chance for to sho my strong pintis. Ime a speshlist, and I only treat fokes wick has got my peticular disease, no use me wastin my time on eny thing else."

The ole man he sed wot was his speshalty. The feller he scratcht his hed a wile, and then he sed: "Ole age."

Wen Mister Jonnice, wick has got the wuden leg, come home from Santy Cruze he tole ole Gaffer Peters that wile he was down there 3 Ingens had dide of senility. Gaffer he shuke his hed wise, and sed: "I ges thay brot it on thei selfs a drinkin wisky, tho its a mity mean, onhelthy climt down there, eny how."

My father he says that a dockter was sent for for to cure a woman, and he cudent quite make out wot was up with her. So he sed had she any fever, and she sed no. Then he sed of course not, be kanew that, cos wen fokes was took like her the chils kep off the fever, but she sed she didnt have no chils, and the dockter he sed that was on a count of her bein jest the right age not to have em, how old was she? The woman she sed none of his bizoes, find out. Then the dockter he got mad, and he sed: "Very wel, jest as you pleas. Ide like to know wots the matter with you fore I begin, but I got plenty time, so Ile jest rap you in flans, and tie a peece of led unto the stummick of yure belly, and give you soothn surp for a week or too, and if that duzent pull you throo I gess its old age."

T. W. SHERMAN—REMINISCENCES.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The late Major-General Thomas W. Sherman, of the regular army, who died at Newport, Rhode Island, the 16th instant, was a West Point graduate of the class of 1835. He was my First Lieutenant of Company D, Third Regiment of Artillery, and served with me about two years from the month of September, 1832, till about the middle of 1844. My Second Lieutenant during the same period was George H. Thomas, who died at San Francisco March 28, 1870, while in command of the Division of the Pacific. These two officers were men of rare merit, and both devoted their talents and shortened their lives in the public service. Sherman injured his health while in Florida, and afterward lost a leg in the war of the Rebellion. Thomas exhausted his vital powers by an uninterrupted devotion to duty in all climates, but continued his work till the hour of his death.

It is seldom that two men have differed more widely in disposition than the two of whom I am speaking, and yet the harmony which for high two years subsisted between them and me was never for a moment interrupted. Sherman was a New England man of a marked type, and he seemed inclined in his youth to a certain degree of morbid sullenness. He made known his sentiments on all occasions, and appeared to shun, rather than to court, popularity. He was assigned to my company in orders before I had ever seen him, and, in the interval before he joined, the officers around me undertook to forestall his character. They told me that in Florida he had been put in Coventry, and that no officer would associate with him except on duty. All spoke in his disparagement except Thomas, who said nothing.

At length the postman came in one day while the mess were at dinner, at the New Orleans Barracks, and reported to me that Lieutenant Sherman was at the gate. Being caterer, and carving, I dropped the knife, and sprang up, saying: "Gentlemen, I am going with outstretched arms to clasp my First Lieutenant." I almost ran to the gate, and, seizing him by both hands, said: "Mr. Sherman, if the whole army list had been open to me for choice I should have selected you the first for my subaltern." I brought him immediately to the mess table, placed him next me, cut off the best morsels to load his plate, and so eager was I to ask him questions and to assure him of the joy I felt at making his acquaintance and having him with me, that the others had scarcely an opportunity to put in a word. His instructions were simply to report to me in person at New Orleans, and afterward to join me at Charleston, for which place I and my company were then under orders.

Arriving at Fort Moultrie in advance of Sherman, I found all the officers there alike unfriendly to my new assistant. Parson Field (so we dubbed the tall, straight-haired lieutenant of that name who was swept into the sea and drowned from the deck of the steamer *San Francisco* in 1853) said to me: "Captain, you've got a hard nut to crack now." Captain Myers, a South Carolinian, who was afterward high in rank in the Confederate service, asked me if I was going to take Sherman into the mess. "Of course I am," said I. "Well," said he, "you'll not keep him long, for the devil himself couldn't live him."

Time rolled on. Sherman reported for duty. I was very cordial, and showed my confidence in him by often asking his advice. George Thomas received him kindly, and as soon as Sherman discovered that his commanding officer and associate lieutenant could not be influenced against him by vague reports, his sullenness seemed to melt away. Under a cold and often repellent exterior I discovered a veritable treasure, a man of heart, of sterling sense and integrity, and one whom no allurement could turn away from his duty. Sherman joined the mess, which was at that time quite numerous, and ordinarily very jocular and noisy. For a few days his presence produced a dead calm. Judd intermitted his disquisitions; Bragg was silent, and his eye showed a more ardent glow than usual; W. T. Sherman, the present General of the Army, who was then as bright as the burning bush, ceased talking; George H. Thomas told none of his humorous stories; Parson Field looked anxious; Churchill and Ayers, the two beaux of the mess, related none of their adventures, and I stopped quoting from Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which I was then reading. About that time Parson Field bought a marsh pony, and paid for him the price first demanded by the jockey. The parson was very tall and lank, and his quadruped very low; and the silhouette of the two when seen galloping on the beach was, beyond all power of description, ludicrous. We jeered the parson, and the hilarity of the mess was restored. T. W. Sherman took a sensible part in all our discussions, and it was soon discovered that he was not only a man of good judgment, but that he was also companionable. He and Parson Field grew fast friends, and were often seen walking arm in arm; add, the strangest of all, Myers, the South Carolinian par excellence, who lived outside the Fort, established a table of his own, and invited Sherman to mess with him. He accepted the invitation, and during many months the Puritan and the Huguenot fed together in harmony.

Toward the end of May, 1844, I was detached from Fort Moultrie to return there no more. I often met T. W. Sherman afterward, but never heard again of his being unpopular. What it was that had first brought him into disfavor I could never learn precisely. I inferred, however, that he had, while serving in Florida, done, or left undone, said, or omitted to say, something to bring his courage into doubt, notwithstanding he was, without question, one of the bravest men in the regiment. The blasts of sectional hate had already commenced to rage, and with a few southern men it was only necessary to say of a New England officer that he had gone into the battle and come out alive to stamp him a coward. Thomas W. Sherman was of that stubborn mould that never quails under detraction, and he would never seek to evade its effects by concession or explanations. He devoted all his talent with unflinching constancy to the service of his country, and when the toils of war had consumed his strength he gave his maimed body to the grave.

The mess of Fort Moultrie in 1843-4 was composed wholly of officers of the Third Regiment of Artillery, and it resembled a garden in which there were many young trees covered all over with blossoms. I was the oldest of all, and highest in rank, being a captain, and consequently called old. Of the eleven members, Wm. T. Sherman afterward became General and Commander in Chief of our army; Braxton Bragg, Lieutenant-General of the Confederate service; myself, Thos. W. Sherman, George H. Thomas, and John F. Reynolds, became major-generals; Henry B. Judd rose to lieutenant-colonel; Geo. W. Ayers was killed in the assault on Molino del Rey, Mexico; and Wm. H. Churchill died at Point Isabel, Texas, in consequence of disease con-

tracted in the Mexican war. Horace B. Field was drowned at sea; and William Austine, although he rose to be a colonel by brevet, suffered much from ill health. Of all that company which thirty years ago was so full of health and hope, Wm. T. Sherman, myself, Henry B. Judd, and William Austine only remain alive. The ruthless sickle of death has clipped in all the others. E. D. KEYES.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 27, 1879.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco. THOMAS O'SULLIVAN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS. Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JOHN LICENS, in signature and acknowledgment JOHN LINUS, defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court, adjudging that a certain debt executed by defendant to plaintiff, on March 4th, 1868, be reformed and amended in the description of certain real property particularly described in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

JOHN J. COFFEY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco. MARY A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 65, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on WEDNESDAY, the seventh day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.

Office—Room 65, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twelfth (12th) day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 61) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 65, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eighth (8th) day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office—Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at 432 Montgomery Street, Room 3, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MAGDALENE M. MAY,

Dated at San Francisco, March 10th, 1879.

PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Administratrix.

G. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....E. M. HACKETT.

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INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 5, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I was struck as I walked up street the other night with the immense comprehensiveness of our pleasure tastes. The bill-posters on the walls flashed out the news in brilliantly illuminated letters, and with appropriate illustrations, that a tan-colored princess, with tights to match, awaited an audience at the Bush Street Theatre. Annie Louise Cary's strong, resolute face looked out from the lithographs in the shop windows to let us know that in a short fortnight we are to have that blossom of civilization, grand Italian opera. Rose Eytinge was having a little cessation of hostilities, and resting after her last round in *Led Astray*. We were en route for the California, with its cozy, comfortable interior, its Eastern and Western reputation, and its Buffalo Bill. He had selected the *Knight of the Plains* as the title of the play, but, as you may have noticed, whatever the play may be he is always Buffalo Bill—this literally, for the bills read in this way every time: "Buffalo Bill, Hon. W. F. Cody." I like to look at this superb Antinous of the plains, with his harmless vanity and his theatric instinct. He is the incarnation of the boys' ideal of a hero of the dime novel. What would not Frank Mayo give for this genuine frontier accent which hangs upon the lips of Buffalo Bill, and will not away. You can follow his observation of men and manners with every trick of the stage drawing-room which he assumes. You can know just how he was first stage-struck by the roll of his r's. You can tell the sort of men he likes by his cultivation of imperturbable sang-froid. It is odd to watch how transparently the consciousness of the man shows through it all. When he shakes his head like a young bison, you feel that he is conscious of his Absalom locks; when he sits on his horse and strains his eye to look over the prairie, you can realize that every detail of the costume, every pose of the figure, has been studied. In an actor this is well and right. In Buffalo Bill perhaps this is well and right, too, but you have an odd feeling that, being as he is a genuine child of the prairies, this homeliness, this playing up to a curtain, this pattering to a shouting, screaming, whistling gallery, make him an apostate of nature. But the gallery likes it, the people like it, and I know Buffalo Bill likes it. He is a big, handsome, strong young fellow, and he has many accomplishments. He can snap a whip in such a way that every one jumps and thinks an Alcatraz cannon has gone off. He handles a bowie-knife like a Corsican. A heavy revolver is simply a gleaming toy in his hands, and he swings a rifle around as if it were a ribbon. How the boys' eyes gleam and shine from the gallery; how their young hearts swell and long for Injuns and highwaymen, and the punishment of villains; how, in fact, they all yearn to be Buffalo Bills. And what a wonderfully bad actor he is, to be sure. You should see him play the English swell. It is not half so funny as a Cockney trying to play "Asa Trenchard," perhaps, but it is quite as far out of the way. However, the character was introduced, as I take it, by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham, who, I must premise, dear Madge, is the author of this wonderful play, to give the hero a chance for his usual speech, for it is his custom to close each scene with the formidable but superfluous announcement that he is Buffalo Bill. If he can first yank off a disguising wig or hat, the effect is all the more electric. The simple statement that he was Buffalo Bill brought the house down no less than four times in one evening. The boys cheered to the echo. They whistled, and screamed, and shouted with mad delight. It was so awfully funny that all the Indians and stage-drivers, and dandies, and all the queer and impossible parties who congregate on stage prairies should not have suspected it, when we, the deep, the far-seeing audience, penetrated the scrutable mystery at a glance every time. Ah, Madge, you should see the California Company now. Every created thing has its uses, and if

"great Cæsar's clay
Shall stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

less valuable pottery may easily be utilized. You should see Miss Lottie Cobb in her great stagecoach scene. It has the pathos of the *Two Orphans* and the tragedy of *Lucretia Borgia*. Miss De Forrest is announced in the bills as "Wild Nellie, a frontier heroine and a dangerous woman." I am bound to say that, in a boy's suit of blue the De Forrest looked really well, and quite as dangerous as the text called for. In fact, everyone had such an exceedingly warlike appearance that it was quite terrifying. In glancing over the bill I find that the author has made them all out to be either villains or knaves, excepting Buffalo Bill and his sweetheart. And the troubles and difficulties which accumulate around them, in consequence, apparently, of their virtue and high moral character, are something bewildering in number as they are extraordinary in variety. We had looked on many a play and player on the boards of the California Theatre—on McCullough in *Virginia* and *Coriolanus*, on Booth in *Hamlet* and *Richard II.*, on Barrett in *Rosendale* and the *Man of Airlie*, on Adelaide Neilson in *Fuliet* and *Imogene*, on Janaschek in *Medea* or *Lady Deadlock*, on Modjeska in *Adrienne* and *Camille*, on Mrs. Waller in the *Duchesse of Malfi*, on Mrs. Bowers in *Elizabeth* or *Myra*, on the Lingards in the *Two Orphans*, on Dion Boucicault in *Kerry* and *The Shaughraun*, on Montague in

Diplomacy and *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*, on Lydia Thompson in *Sinbad* and *Ixion*, on John Owens, and Raymond, and Southern, and Florence, and many, many more, but we all came to the conclusion that we had never met with such a wealth of incident in any one of these plays as in *The Knight of the Plains*, nor any actor who so thoroughly played *con amore* as Buffalo Bill.

It is with considerable effort that one pulls one's shattered feelings together after such an experience and goes to the Bush Street Theatre to see a mild little fairy story like *Urlina*, the African Princess. I did not find that *Urlina* was any nicer for being an African than if she had been a British blonde. To say truth, people have been blacking themselves up so these years past that it very rarely occurs to the observer that the Hyers combination is composed of the genuine article, and yet it looked odd enough to see these two girls' dark race-stained faces rising out of the spangles and colors of the accepted burlesque costume, but with no rouge on their cheeks, no black on their eyes, no blonde on their heads. They are an earnest pair, but really dead earnest is not exactly the spirit in which to approach burlesque, and one wearies of waiting vainly for something to laugh at. They sing fairly, but one does not dance at all, and the other only a step or two, and neither step particularly involved. The little soprano is the most serious young person I ever saw on the stage. I should think that the soprano and tenor occupied their leisure hours with the "anatomy of melancholy," for the tenor played the king's jester and almost moved us all to tears by the deep depression of his spirits. Lyle and Kersands lifted the audience temporarily out of the slough of mournfulness into which it had been permitted to fall, but even Kersands outwitted himself by undertaking more than he could do. He is the only negro I ever saw who could play the comic negro, but he wrecks himself on the Protean reef as others have done before him.

In point of fact *Urlina* is not interesting in itself nor is it beautifully interpreted. Burlesque is something essentially foreign to the negro character as it is to the negro art. It is, in fact, exclusively proper to the Englishman. The spirit of it eludes the American actress, as the spirit of French opera bouffe eludes her. An English actress, and sometimes an actress of English training, can play a burlesque with positive refinement. The American seems to seize only its grosser elements. As an offset the American woman can interpret Sardou and Feuillet and d'Ennery & Co. as no Englishwoman can. She is emotional, vivid, which the Englishwoman is not. She scornfully rejects the trammels of art when it will not serve her purpose, which the Englishwoman will never do, if she have any art. The Englishwomen are finer comedienness than the Americans, because comedy is most artificial. As for tragedienness we have none in either of the English-speaking countries to compare with the great foreigners, Ristori, Janaschek, and Bernhardt. England has a Neilson and America a Mary Anderson; but Neilson's tragedy is baby tragedy, and Mary Anderson is a diamond in its charcoal state. Had she been born and bred in England, she would be a greater actress than she is to-day, for they do not accept genius run riot across the pond as we do. She would still be in training. Think of Clara Morris, if she had the soft liquid cultivated English accent with all her genius and emotion. But such a combination could never be. Like the stone in the hands of the lapidary, what she gained in one way she would be sure to lose in another. Think what Mary Anderson would be with that old Englishman to coach her, who has all the traditions of the last hundred years at his finger-ends. Yet we are doing pretty well in America. They grow in New York that their theatres are flooded with the overspill of the English stage; but Rose Coghlan and Ada Cavendish are the only English ladies of any note in America to-day. Fanny Davenport, Sara Jewett, Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, Rose Wood, Maud Granger, Rose Osborne, and a dozen others of lesser fame are all Americans. But, Madge, where have I drifted to, and what has all this got to do with the Hyers sisters? I think they must have gone over into English ground, and that I followed them. At all events their burlesque is very bad, and very badly played. The characteristics of any race are interesting, and *Out of Bondage* was infinitely preferable to *Urlina*.

On dit that the peppery Rose Eytinge has had another little unpleasantness. Why does not some one write an Amazonian drama for her, and let her fight it out? If all superfluous temper could be worked off in this wise managers and leading men might have comparatively smooth sailing during an Eytinge season. What a pity that she will give herself such a reputation when she plays "Armande Chandoco" beautifully enough to melt a heart of stone, and closes her engagement with flying colors after all.

We are to have the opera at Baldwin's—the only place for pretty toilets, and where one can so easily hear and see everything. I fancy it will be a gayer season than we have had, coming, as it does, just upon the close of Lent, when pious people will be so glad to burst through the religious restrictions of six long weeks. They will put an extra penny or two on their Easter bonnets, to make them serve both purposes. What a crush there will be to see Marie Roze, who is beautiful, but fat. But then who ever saw a lean *prima donna* that amounted to anything. How oddly impressarios settle up their differences. Not many weeks ago it was war to the knife between Strakosch and Mapleson, and to-day Mapleson flies eastward on the wings of the wind, while his bird-throated wife comes West under convoy of Max Strakosch. Marie Roze sings first in *La Favorita*, although the season opens with *Lucia di Lammermoor*. We are to have *Carmen*, too, but without Minnie Hauk. Litta, however, is said to be very nice. That's a safe, easy term to use in speaking about anything, from a *prima donna* up, or down, as the case may be. There is any number of signors advertised, one of them called Pantaleoni. Queer name, isn't it? I see Conly returns with the troupe, but he and Annie Louise Cary will be the only familiar faces. They are, in fact, almost the only members of the old troupe that people care to see again. Yours as ever, BETSY B.

A keen man of business sends his son—a chip of the old block—on a trip round Europe, charging him to note his impressions of the different cities he visits.

From Madrid the young man writes:

"The river, the Manzanarès, is always dry. No money in the milk biz."

NASBY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

Petroleum V. Nasby writes from Confedrit X Roads to the Toledo Blade: A delegate uv the Anti-Chinese Assosiasun uv San Francisco hez been with uz, and hez departid. He organized us into an Anti-Chinese Assosiasun, wich we did all the more redily ez the arguments he urged agin permittin the Chinese to settle among uz wuz so exceedingly similar to them we alluz urged agin lettin the nigger hev any rites. The Corners hailed em ez its natural meat and drink, and we accepted em to-wunst, without question. The representative uv the Anti-Chinese Society uv San Francisco wuz a Amerikin citizen named O'Shaughnessy. He wuz a flood talker, and a statesman uv the first water. We called a meetin to receive him and hear his vews, wich wuz wat he wanted. Mr. O'Shaughnessy commenst by sayin that he kum to us ez an Amerikin citizen and an advocate uv the Amerikin idee. When he left Ireland a year ago, and landid in Noo York he to-wunst assumed the highest dooty uv an Amerikin by votin the day after he landid, for wich he wuz rewardid by bein put on the police force uv that city. He hed a repetashen ez a speech maker, and an assosiasun of Amerikins in San Francisco, hedid by that troo Amerikin, Dinnis Karney, sent for him, to assist them in resistin the encroachments uv the heathen Chinese, wich wuz overwhelmin the servant girls uv the Pacific coast, by doin washin cheaper and better than they did it. He to-wunst obeyed the call. It wuz his dooty. And beside the pay for speeking wuz better than servin ez a policeman, and the work wuz much easier. Mr. O'Shaughnessy wuz opposed to the Chinese for several reasons—

1. They wuz heathen, and bleeved in a god wich he didn't. So terrible wuz Mr. O'Shaughnessy's emoshun when dwellin on the heathen aspek uv the question that he made the sign uv the cross more than twenty times. He wood never consent that heathen shoold rool Ameriky. Ameriky belonged to the pope uv Rome, and not to Joss, wich he wuz informed wuz the title uv the Chinese god.
2. They never votid. Wat kind uv a citizen is it that comes to this kentry, and never organizes clubs, and assoms the rool thereof? Ther had never bin a instance uv a Chioaman askin for a place ez skool commishner, or to be put onto the police force. No Chinaman had ever bin a alderman, nor hed ever asked for it.
3. They wuz a sly, underminin people. They took work wherever they cood git it, and went about doin it with a regularity and pashense that wuz disgustin. They never hed the manlinis to strike for higher wages, and never sed a word about eight-hour laws. He hed know em to his brief experience, to work twelve and fifteen hours and never say a word.
4. They knowd nothin about the dignity uv labor. He never saw one uv em in a bar-room, complain uv bloated aristocrats, and never see em at his meetins where he wuz denouncin the encroachments uv capital agin labor. They hev no sensibilities.
5. They wuz of no yoose to the bar-rooms uv San Francisco. The money they earn they spend in cloze and things uv that nacher, or board it. There is 65,000 of em in San Francisco alone, and they take the place uv 65,000 Amerikins from Ballyough, wich wood spend at least fifty cents a day each for the native Amerikin beverage, whisky, addin that much to the revenoos uv the colighted noo bar-keepers wich sent him East.
6. Ez they don't vote, and never take no part in Ward politix, our liberties is endangered by hevvin em here. Sich a mass uv heathenism is a blotch onto Amerikin civilizashen, and can't be endoored.

We immedjitly adopted a series uv resoloosheens, indorsin Mr. O'Shaughnessy and his mishin, and took him over to Bascom's, where he imbibed the raw likker uv the seckshun till he sunk back into the virchus sleep that a great Amerikin organizer only knows. He left the next mornin feelin that he had done a proper work in preventin the Heathen Chinees from obtainin a foothold onto this continent. I ant eggsackly shoort, tho, that we did a good thing in this matter. I see great possibilities in these Chinese. Suppose that we, the Dimocrisy, shoold champion their cause, and get 'em into our harnis! Suppose that we cood yoose 'em to take part in politix, and cood git 'em all to be Dimocrats! Suppose that that we cood yoose 'em ez we hev the Irish, and cood make 'em do our biddin' ez faithfully! Suppose that we shoood give 'em the minor offises ez we alluz hev the Irish, and make 'em the backbone uv our organization! Suppose that we add to the O'Briens the Ah Sins, and build up a party on that basis! I see a lite! I see all over the kentry a Chinese party, with Joss at the hed uv it, insted uv the Pope, with unlimited chances of expanshun. I see the little brown man going to the poles, and holdin small places and controlling ward organizations, and bein considered. Every low element in the country gravitates naterally to the Dimocratic party, and why not the Chioese?

The Chinaman don't deserve no considerashun, for he is an idiot. Ef he had only knowd how much we wantid him he wood not be in the shape he is to-day. Ef he hed, in the beginnin, refoosed to work, and got nateralised, and organized hisself into ward committees, and made hisself felt into politix, Mr. Blane would not hev bin opposin him. Mr. Blane wood hev bin biddin for his vote, and wood hev had him in custom bousis and on the police force, and wood hev insistid onto his bein policeman and school commishner, and wood hev made ez much uv him ez the average Irishman. But the poor cuss paid no attention to governin the kentry, but simply went to work and attendid to it mightly close, and consequently aint uv much account. It aint too late, however. The Chinaman kin hev a chance yet. We, the Dimocrisy, want him, ef he will be reasonable.

On the whole, I don't agree with Mr. Blane. I am uv the opinyun that the Chinese shoold be allowed to come and stay—that is, ef they kin be indoosed to take a part in politix and act with us. Ef Wan Lee shoold organize the Chinese in Califory in the interest uv the Dimocrisy, and shoood vote the Dimocratic ticket, we cood organize ez big a steel ez Tweed did in New York with the Irish, and I cood wunst more know wat wine tastid like, instid uv of the raw whiskey I am compelled to drink here. On them condishuns I am willin they shel come and stay. But ef they continyoo ez they hev done, to grovel and work and take no part with us, then I shel jine Mr. Blane and insist that they shel be compelled to leave. The spectacle uv a furnier which don't control no ward eleckshuns is disgustin to the Dimocratic mind. Ef they do as the Irish do, all right—ef not, they must go. I won't consent to no competishun with the backbone uv the Dimocracy. PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

For or against the Chinese, ez the case may be.

A sign before a Boston grocery reads as follows: "Wooden pails, 6 cents each. Notice—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them from did."

Now that the picnic season is commencing we commend all the various societies to consider where they will go for a day's pleasure. Not, we should hope, to the sandy parks of Oakland. A summer day beneath their dusty oaks is not our idea of a picnic in God's groves, nor are they in our judgment fit places except for drinking lager. The North Pacific Coast Railroad offers an excursion to what we regard as the most picturesque and romantic part of the State. The county of Marin is a rural paradise, and there are in it all along this railroad a thousand beautiful places for family and society excursions—sea and bay views, mountain glens and running streams, groves and grassy hillsides, mountain peaks and charming valleys. The man who takes his family to a larger beer garden, and calls it a day in the country, is practicing a miserable cheat. The lover who plays it on his girl ought to lose her.

There is as much style in a photograph as in a dress or a suit of clothes, and as much dependent upon the artist of the camera as upon the artistic dressmaker or the stylish draper. Styles of pictures also, like those of dress, change, and in seeking for the new-fashioned counterpart of yourselves it is always the best policy to go to a photographer who keeps close up to his business and who is even a step beyond the progress of his art. Such an artist and photographer we recognize in Mr. T. H. Boyd, whose Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street, has a world-wide reputation, and where those desirous of a pretty, stylish, and durable picture will be sure to be satisfactorily accommodated.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

"AMONG THE MORMONS."

THE SPICIEST BOOK OF THE
Season. Marrying seven wives in two months. By RING JEPSON. 30 cents, post paid.
S. F. NEWS COMPANY.

A CARD.

THE FIRM OF DALY & HAWKINS
having been compelled to suspend payment, have made an assignment of all their property, real and personal, for the benefit of all their creditors. This was, in the judgment of the firm, the only honest and manly way to extricate themselves from what they hope will prove but a temporary embarrassment. This card is to assure my creditors and friends that our property is ample to liquidate all demands against us, and to pay in full every dollar we owe. An honorable business career of seventeen years justifies me in demanding the confidence of both friends and creditors in this statement, and asking their indulgence while we are faithfully endeavoring to arrange our business affairs.
MICHAEL HAWKINS,
Of the firm Daly & Hawkins.

TABER, HARKER & CO.,
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BERLIN COLOGNE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 21, 1879.—I have this day appointed Messrs. Hutchinson & Mann, 322 and 324 California Street and 302 Sansome Street, General Agents of the above named Company.

F. HENNINGS, Special Attorney
for Berlin Cologne Fire Ins. Co. of Berlin.

We invite attention to the above notice of our appointment as General Agents of the Berlin Cologne Fire Insurance Company of Berlin, Germany, and solicit a continuance of the liberal patronage heretofore extended to this popular Company.

HUTCHINSON & MANN,

322 and 324 California Street, and 302 Sansome Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 2, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on Saturday, April 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

GRAND ITALIAN OPERA.

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH has the honor to announce that a short season of Italian Opera will open under his management

ON MONDAY EVENING.....APRIL 14TH.

The Operas to be produced will include II Trovatore, Aida, Rigoletto, Martha, Mignon, Lucia, Sonnambula, Faust, Don Giovanni, Favorita, Ballo in Maschera, Huguenots, and George Bizet's new Opera,

CARMEN,

Which has met with great and brilliant success in London and all Eastern cities.

The season will open with Donizetti's Opera, in three acts,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

NOTICE.—A subscription list for the season of TWENTY-FOUR NIGHTS will be opened on Monday morning, April 7th, at 9 o'clock, at Sherman & Hyde's Music Store, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets.

Full particulars in future advertisements.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER,
F. LISTER.....ACTING MANAGER,
CHAS. H. GOODWIN.....TREASURER.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF "A SCRAP OF PAPER."

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, April 5, and every evening until further notice, will be acted the last great success in London, now running at Wallack's Theatre, New York, to crowded houses, a

SCRAP OF PAPER.

Friday, April 11, first appearance of the

HON. THOMAS FITCH,

As Cardinal Richelieu.

Sunday, April 13, Benefit of Mr. C. B. BISHOP.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS,
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

WILL BE CLOSED

During the week commencing April 7th, 1879, for redecoration, renovation, and general improvements.

Grand Reopening Easter Monday, April 14, with the eminent author and actor, Mr.

DION BOUCICAULT,

As CONN, in his great Irish play, the

SHAUGHRAUN,

Produced with new romantic scenery by Voegtlin, novel mechanical effects by Stackhouse and Assistants, realistic properties by Greenlock and Assistants, and a brilliant cast of characters. The improvements to the theatre will be as follows: Frescoing by Morretti and Trezzini; drapery and upholstery by F. S. Chadbourne & Co.; painting and gilding by J. S. Swan; joiner work by Rorer and Aldrich; lobby pavement by the Diamond Cement Faving Co.; and new drop curtain by Wm Voegtlin.

Seats may be secured at the box office on and after April 7.

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

Commencing Monday evening, April 7, 1879, last week of

THE HYERS SISTERS

Combination, who will appear in their successful and beautiful Oriental Extravaganza,

URLINA,

THE AFRICAN PRINCESS, presented with Beautiful Scenery, Entirely New Music, Startling Situations, and Gorgeous Costumes.

MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Bush Street, between Montgomery and Kearny.

M. B. LEAVITT.....MANAGER.

MATINEE TO-DAY AT 2 P. M.

This (Saturday) evening, April 5th, another new programme. First time of the great sensational sketch,

WILD DUCKS.

First appearance of REYNOLDS AND COGILL.
The racy sketch,

THE FEMALE BATHERS.

Reconstructed version of the CAN-CAN, introducing the Blondes' Trial in Court.

Monday, April 7th, LAST WEEK OF

MME. RENTZ MINSTRELS

—AND—

MABEL SANTLEY'S BEAUTIES.

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THE ARTISTS'

FIRST ANNUAL BALL

WILL BE GIVEN AT THEIR ROOMS,

NO. 430 PINE STREET,

ON THE EVENING OF

Tuesday, April 29, 1879.

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ROOMS OF THE REPUBLICAN
STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
San Francisco, March 6, 1879.

The next Republican State Convention for the nomination of a full State Ticket, and for such other business as may properly come before it, will be held in the City of Sacramento, on TUESDAY, June 17th, 1879, in the Assembly Chamber of the State Capitol, at 3 o'clock P. M. The apportionment of the delegates is as follows:

Alameda.....19	Plumas.....4
Alpine.....1	Sacramento.....21
Amador.....7	San Benito.....3
Butte.....10	San Bernardino.....4
Calaveras.....6	San Diego.....6
Colusa.....4	San Francisco.....75
Contra Costa.....8	San Joaquin.....15
Del Norte.....1	San Luis Obispo.....5
El Dorado.....9	San Mateo.....6
Fresno.....2	Santa Barbara.....6
Humboldt.....8	Santa Clara.....15
Inyo.....3	Santa Cruz.....8
Kern.....3	Shasta.....4
Lake.....2	Sierra.....6
Lassen.....2	Siskiyou.....4
Los Angeles.....15	Solano.....13
Marin.....4	Sonoma.....10
Mariposa.....3	Stanislaus.....8
Mendocino.....4	Sutter.....4
Merced.....4	Tehama.....4
Modoc.....2	Trinity.....3
Mono.....1	Tulare.....5
Monterey.....8	Tuolumne.....5
Napa.....6	Ventura.....4
Nevada.....14	Yolo.....7
Placer.....11	Yuba.....8

Making the Convention to consist of 406 members.

County Committees are requested to make provision in their respective counties for the election of delegates in accordance with such apportionment, holding primary elections for the choice of such delegates; and the State Central Committee recommends that the delegates chosen to the State Convention be empowered to act as delegates to the Congressional Conventions of their respective districts.

The State Central Committee recommends the following text:

"At the election to be held in September next, I will vote the Republican ticket."

By order of the Committee.

ALEX. G. ABELL, Chairman.

M. D. BORUCK, Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing on Sunday, April 6th, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted.
Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the Geysers. **2 P.** Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korb's, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. [Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.
8.00 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA
Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations.
Fares for round trip: Donahue, \$1.00; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50. **2 P.** Connections made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korb's, Guerneville, the Russian River and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2.50; Forestville, Korb's, and Guerneville, \$3.75. [Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.]

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TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET

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THE GREAT UNLOADED.

He called himself the Reverend James Johnstone, M.A. There are some grounds for believing that his Christian name was James; on the other hand, there are the strongest grounds for doubting whether his surname was Johnstone. It matters not; he lives in my memory as "The Great Unloaded."

My eldest brother, Tom, has a property in Scotland called Bogmore, not of great extent, but with very good mixed shooting. Personally, he never cared much for shooting, and when he took actively to politics a few years ago, he practically handed over the charge of the game to his younger brothers. I usually appeared at Bogmore in the end of July or beginning of August, and remained until the middle of October. But in 187— I spent the whole of August on the Continent, and the first fortnight in September with a friend in England, and so did not reach Bogmore Castle until the 17th or 18th of September.

I arrived in time for a late dinner. On entering the drawing-room I found that its sole occupant was standing at one of the windows. The evening was dark, and I could only see that he was tall and bulky. He turned toward me, and I bowed, and said something about just arriving in time for dinner.

"Mr. Francis Douglas, I feel sure by the voice," said the unknown. "How like your good brother's it is!" and he wrung me warmly by the hand.

Further conversation was prevented by the arrival of the rest of the party, and in a few minutes we were in the dining-room. "Mr. Johnstone," said my brother, and the unknown waved a hand over his glasses, muttered some words inaudibly, and we all sat down.

It was plain from the outset that dinner was a serious thing with Mr. Johnstone. He adjusted his napkin as a man who has a long cold drive before him adjusts his rug, and at once possessing himself of the nearest *menu*, read it diligently from beginning to end. After a minute's anxious reflection he raised his head, and then for the first time I had an opportunity of examining his face. It was massive and well shaped, and of a uniform red, with the exception of the brow. The eyebrows were shaggy, and the eyes, so far as visible (for he wore enormous spectacles), were large and brown. He was clean shaven; the lower part of the face was broad and somewhat sensual, but when he smiled his expression was very winning. He appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age. He conversed little during dinner, but ate incessantly, but with great discrimination.

Dinner over, on the motion of Mr. Johnstone, instead of joining the ladies we adjourned to the billiard-room, where I was formally introduced to him. In the course of conversation I mentioned that I had been at Trinity College, Cambridge.

"Why, you're a Cambridge man, Johnstone, are you not?" said Tom.

"Ah! those Trinity swells know nothing of poor little Corpus, I suppose."

I was forced to admit that I did not know a single man in Corpus, whereupon he began to enlarge upon his university exploits. By his own account he must have been in the university eleven, and one of the best racket and tennis players of his day. He spoke by name of several dons, whom I knew, and asked if they still kept up their tennis. That he could play billiards I was left in no doubt, as, during our conversation, he gave me thirty in one hundred, and beat me easily.

"Do you shoot, Mr. Johnstone?" I inquired, to exhaust the list of his accomplishments.

"Ah! there," he said, laying down his cue, "you boys have the pull of the old man. I love it, but I can't do it. Never can get my gun off in time; and if I could, there's usually nothing in it. I'm a heavy man, and slow at my fences; I draw my cartridges and forget to replace them. But, Douglas, I must be off, or Linton and John will be dragging the Tay for me." And with these words he took his leave.

"And now, Tom," I said, "who is your friend?"

Tom thereupon made a somewhat disjointed statement to the following effect: He first met Mr. Johnstone in the beginning of August at a *table d'hôte* luncheon in the hotel of S—, a neighboring village which is rapidly being converted into a fashionable summer resort. Mr. Johnstone, in the course of conversation, explained that he was in holy orders, with a living in the south of England (the name of which was never revealed), and that, following high academic example, he had come into the wilds for the purpose of coaching or grinding one young gentleman (who sat next him) for his matriculation at Cambridge in the following October. He told Tom that this young fellow's name was George Linton, and that he had a considerable fortune, and was extremely well connected, so highly and irregularly, indeed, that he (Mr. Johnstone) dared not whisper the quarter. Mr. Johnstone further stated that he was in search of suitable lodgings, but could find none in the overcrowded village. Now it so happened that at this time there was standing empty a cottage belonging to Tom called "The Nest." It had until recently been always occupied by a watcher; but its last occupant having watched the game more on his own account than that of his master, was in respect thereof dismissed, and Tom, who was very dilatory, had not filled up his place. Before the end of luncheon "The Nest" was let for an indefinite number of weeks to Mr. Johnstone and his "beloved charge," as he was pleased to call him. How the watcher's place was filled the sequel will show.

On cross-examination Tom admitted that he had seen a good deal of his tenants since the beginning of their lease; that he had given young Linton (who did not care for shooting) unlimited permission to fish for both salmon and trout; and that, in addition to frequently asking Johnstone to shoot, he had given him leave to roam at large, with or without his gun (his "toy," he called it—it was as large as a howitzer), over the moor adjoining "The Nest." At this statement I, as head-keeper in vacation, gave a whistle of dismay.

"You need not be alarmed," said Tom; "he can't hit a haystack. As he said himself when he asked leave, 'My toy is company to me, and can't hurt a living thing.' Poor old Johnstone! you would have laughed if you had seen him to-day, with his gun at half-cock and unloaded, hanging a bird till it went leisurely out of sight. But you can

judge for yourself to-morrow; I asked him to come and go out with you."

And come he did, and again and yet again; and proved himself to be first-rate company, but the worst of shots. He perpetually drew his cartridges, and forgot to replace them. It was this ridiculous habit which earned for him the title of "The Great Unloaded."

To Tom he had become indispensable. He was a good talker, and, when it suited him, a better listener. He allowed Tom to hold forth to him for hours upon his hobby for the time—politics, agriculture, the relations of capital and labor, or whatever it might be—and just spoke enough to show that he was listening intelligently. These conversations were utter destruction to shooting, as not a bird within earshot would sit; but then neither Tom nor his tenant cared much for shooting.

While the return of October brings in pheasant-shooting, it sends undergraduates (and their coaches) back to their labors; so, to accommodate Mr. Johnstone, Tom good-naturedly agreed to shoot his best coverts in the second week of October. The autumn shooting at Bogmore is of a most enjoyable kind. The bags are not enormous, but there is a chance of getting all kinds of game, including blackgame, woodcock (which breed there), and occasionally roe.

On the 10th of October "The Great Unloaded" arrived punctually, accompanied by his man John (surname unknown), his "toy," and a sack of cartridges, loaded, it may be here mentioned, with sawdust-powder. This same sawdust powder, which was at that time on its probation, Mr. Johnstone preferred to the powder of commerce, because (as he explained) it caused less concussion and less smoke, and also (as he did not explain, but as I now believe) because it made less noise. The beat before lunch was one of the best in the day's work; and special pains were taken to post the best guns in the best places, and, of necessity, the bad shots in the worst. Mr. Johnstone, accordingly, was relegated to a spot of great natural beauty, which was usually unprofaned by a shot. He was not told this, so he went to his post blithely. To punish us for thus grossly deceiving a good man, no sooner were the beaters well off, than it was seen that, contrary to their usual custom, the inhabitants of the wood; both furred and feathered, were, with one accord, flocking to the "Great Unloaded's" corner. It was necessary to reinforce him at once.

"Run, Frank," shouted Tom; "run on to the gate and head them! they are breaking away in scores. Poor old Johnstone is being mobbed."

As I rapidly approached the scene of the reverend gentleman's labors, I heard the incessant report of the sawdust-cartridges; and, on coming within twenty or twenty-five yards of the spot, a remarkable sight met my view. The "Great Unloaded" was transfixed; he was spectated and unloaded no longer; as he would have said himself, "Spectacles was out, cartridges was in!" He stood with his back toward me, at one side of a ride, with his great eyes, unobscured by glasses, raking the covert opposite. The ground around was strewn with game. Just as I arrived a cock-pheasant came rocketing over his head; he took it as it came, dropped it neatly at his feet, and reloaded in an instant. I was about to compliment him on his success, when, to my astonishment, his man John, who had picked up the bird, proceeded to put it into an enormous inside pocket in his coat. His master at once objected to this, but not on the ground I should have expected and hoped. "Not him, John—not him; how often must I remind you; he's as tough as old boots! No, no; give Mr. Douglas his dues. Oh, the florid taste of the uneducated and unrefined! Ha! my young and artless maiden, my white-fleshed darling!"—and, oh, shame! down came a young hen-pheasant—"this is sad; here to-day, in the pot to-morrow. Pouch her, John; she's worth ten of her worthy old sire."

And so he ran on, speaking partly to himself and partly to John, and killing everything that showed itself with rapidity and accuracy. No protracted aim, no empty harrels here. After killing a pheasant and an old blackcock right and left, he exclaimed:

"James! James!" (this is my authority for believing his name to be James) "this is imprudent, but I must let out to-day. Nothing more in your line, thank you. *Monsieur le vieux Alphonse* may proceed to the bosom of his family."

The last remark was addressed to an old hare which had hobbled on to the ride, and sat up listening. At this point a cry of "woodcock" arose. If Mr. Johnstone was excited before, he was electrified now. He waited with admirable patience while the graceful bird wound its way through the tops of the young trees; but, as it darted across the ride, he dropped it tenderly on the turf. The sawdust seemed scarcely to whisper, as it slew the delicate morsel. John stepped forward to pick it up.

"John! John! leave that bird alone; lay not your sacrilegious hand upon it!"

He then advanced, picked it up, stroked its feathers admiringly, and (oh, wonder!) carefully deposited it in one of his pockets, apostrophizing it thus, as he did so: "You feathered joy, you condensed pleasure of the table, so succulent yet so portable, so young yet so thoughtful, flying from the rash ignorance of youth to the experienced palate of age!"

I stood speechless with astonishment; by degrees my bewilderment yielded to indignation, and that again, as I took in the true meaning of the scene, to a feeling of intense amusement. Neither Johnstone nor John had observed me—they were too much occupied—so I cautiously withdrew and returned to my old post. The beat was soon over, and lunch appeared, and with it Mr. Johnstone, spectated once more, and radiant from exertion and triumph. He had slain the roe; the news did not much surprise me.

"A game-bag for Mr. Johnstone," cried Tom; and Johnstone lowered himself on to it with a restful sigh, taking care, I observed not to sit down on the pockets which contained his spoil.

"Well, how did the 'toy' work to-day, your Reverence? There were not many pauses in its discourse," said Tom.

"I blush," said Mr. Johnstone, "from the novelty of the situation; a few thoughtless birds and beasts have positively come against my gun and hurt themselves."

"Did you see any woodcock?"

"You make me blush again, Douglas, but from another cause; I admit with shame that I not only saw but fired at four."

This was indeed playing with fire; but I think that, not-

withstanding his reckless effrontery, I should have spared him, had he not gratuitously attacked me at random upon a sore subject.

"By the way, Master Frank" (how familiar he had become), "were you the inhuman creature who shot off an old cock's tail? He wobbled past me, and he looked so miserable without his rudder, that I put him out of pain!"

Now I had had a snap-shot at a cock-pheasant, and I had shot off his tail; but I hoped to escape exposure, and this was too much for my temper.

"It's a pity you killed him," I said; "he's not worth picking up—he's as tough as old boots."

At the moment I used these suggestive words Mr. Johnstone's mouth was full of something good. He looked reflectively at me, and swallowed his morsel very deliberately before he replied.

"Well, that is the strangest reason for not shooting a bird I ever heard; how far does your prejudice extend, Frank?"

"I draw the line at woodcock."

"At woodcock, you young sybarite! Why, I don't believe you know what trail is."

"As I was saying, Mr. Johnstone, I draw the line at woodcock. They are such feathered joys, so succulent yet so portable—"

Mr. Johnstone here dropped his plate and started to his feet. What had happened? Mr. Johnstone had, he said, been sitting unawares on an ant's nest. He shook himself, flicked himself, and mopped himself all over; and then, shifting his game-bag nearer Tom, plunged into a political discussion which lasted until lunch was over. His were "fast colors," and as he could not blush, so was he incapable of turning white or green. He showed no further signs of agitation or discomfiture.

No sooner had I allowed the unmistakable word "succulent" to escape me than I repented; I had (as I still have) a sneaking liking for "The Great Unloaded," and from that moment I determined to screen him if I could. Nothing worth recording occurred during the afternoon; and as the last beat finished near "The Nest," we bade Mr. Johnstone good night there. A long good night, as I have not seen him since.

I was not much surprised when, next morning, Tom received a note from "The Nest" to the following effect:

MY DEAR DOUGLAS:—By the time this reaches you I shall be in Edinburgh on my way south. That disobliging ass, Vickers, has telegraphed to say that he can not take my duty next Sunday. So "*ceci est arma togæ*," down with the gun, on with the surplice. My affections remain with you and your birds and bunnies. With many thanks for a most enjoyable summer from my beloved charge and myself, I remain yours faithfully,
JAMES JOHNSTONE.

P. S.—Remember me kindly to Frank.

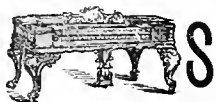
I frequently found myself during and since that day trying to form a dispassionate estimate of this great man's character. I firmly rejected the idea that he had acted from any criminal motive. Indeed it would not have been easy to frame a charge against him. He was neither trespasser nor poacher; he had Tom's express permission to walk over his ground and shoot his game if he could. And as to his appropriation of the game when shot—why, from a legal point of view, the birds were, strictly speaking, his by right of capture, not Tom's. Turning, then, with relief from the at first sight criminal aspect of the case, what remained? I could not disguise from myself that there was a pretty perceptible dash of moral obliquity in the conduct of "The Great Unloaded." He had beyond doubt pretended that he could not shoot, while he could shoot like a Walsingham. What was the motive for this duplicity? At one time I was afraid I should have to answer this question in a way very discredit-able to my reverend friend. In the course of a cautious investigation which I instituted, I ascertained from the station-master at S—that packages labeled "perishable" were frequently dispatched southward by Mr. Johnstone during his tenancy of "The Nest." Mr. Johnstone had been good enough to explain that these mysterious consignments were Scotch delicacies for the consumption of his aged mother. There was no further evidence of their contents; and of this at least I felt sure, that if they did contain game, no "leathered joys" found their way into the London market, or into the mouth of the dowager, Mrs. Johnstone.

And this leads me to the only conclusion for which there seems to be some solid foundation—namely, that even if profit formed a factor in Mr. Johnstone's little game, his leading motive was to provide constant material for the pleasures of the table in which his soul delighted. And was he to be severely condemned for this? Suppose, reader, that you shot a woodcock unobserved; what would you do? Tell about it, no doubt, and to every one you saw. Moved thereto by honesty unadorned? Has not vanity a little to do with it? To test the matter, say, did you ever shoot one, and allow it to be supposed for one moment that any one else shot it? Probably not. It comes, then to this—which is the meaner vice, vanity or greed? But perhaps I am rather a partial advocate; or perhaps, after all, the fault lay in the woodcock being so portable.

In the course of my investigation I made a few inquiries in other quarters concerning "The Great Unloaded's" mode of life during his tenancy of "The Nest;" but little transpired that did not redound to his credit. His rent and his tradesmen's bill were paid in full through a local solicitor. It may be mentioned parenthetically that while his grocer's bill for sauces and condiments was considerable and constant, his butcher's bill was small and intermittent, especially from and after the 12th of August. I tried to draw his late cook, a remarkably shrewd old Scotchwoman; but her deafness when I trenches on delicate ground was that of the nether millstone. I honor her for her loyalty, and I only trust that she was not under the spell of a more tender passion. She and her master had been thrown much together, as he spent a large portion of each day in the kitchen; and to see much of Mr. Johnstone was to love him. Fortunately love and admiration of a worthy object bring their reward with them. So great was Mr. Johnstone's fame as a good liver, that Kitty M'Isaac has ever since commanded her own price as a cook.

But was he the Reverend James Johnstone, M.A., of Corpus College, Cambridge? Surely this admitted of easy ascertainment. Well, I have not examined the books of Corpus or the clergy list, and I cannot tell. But if that name is to be found therein, I think I can safely say to its lawful owner, *non de te fabula narratur*.—Blackwood's.

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ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF CALIFORNIA.

As I had much to do with originating and urging for many years the calling of a Constitutional Convention; and as I was not permitted by the people, nor by the delegates they sent, to be a member of it, nor consulted in any manner as to any provision it contains; and as I feel deeply the disappointment at being obliged to oppose the new Constitution, which is the final outcome of all the efforts that have been made by the people for so many years in behalf of a better constitution of government, I deem it not inappropriate, and I hope my fellow-Californians will not deem it invidious under all the circumstances, to venture to address to all of them some of the many reasons why I find it impossible to approve of the new Constitution—for the production of which I could be, in some unfair way, and I am sometimes most inconsiderately and unreasonably, held to some accountability.

W. J. SHAW.

The people of the United States do not order Constitutional Conventions, nor elect delegates to them, nor adopt Constitutions, for the purpose of performing acts of legislation of any kind. Their Constitutions are the frames of their governments, under which the people themselves, not the framers of their Constitutions, must and will reserve the right to pass such laws as they please without any dictation, pro or con, concerning any private matters or any affairs of merely local or private interest—such as the regulation of private corporations, of mechanics' liens, of students' books in schools, or the repairing of streets, or specifically fixing the wages of public employes, etc., etc.—of which kind of pure legislation this new Constitution is filled to a degree never before seen or heard of in the United States. We depart from all experience and from every principle of prudence; we depart from every example of our forefathers; we depart from every valuable opinion of every jurist possessing a competent knowledge of the proper office of a Constitution of free government, when we attempt to make the very frames of our government the vehicles for settling disputed questions of mere legislative policy.

When we shall pervert the solemn act of swearing men to support the Constitution into swearing them to support some incised act of mere legislation that may be justly abhorrent to them, and having nothing to do with the question of supporting the Constitution itself; or when we pervert our Constitutions into instruments wherein any man or any set of men can fix some mere statutory provision to gain some advantage, or some imaginary advantage, just or unjust, by any one portion against any other portion of our fellow-countrymen, we will soon plant and sprout the seeds of anarchy.

If this be true, it is important that all should see plainly the ready and correct distinction between what is the Constitution, or organic law, and mere legislation. All acts which are for the organization of the frame of government—such as fixing the names, tenures, duties, and liabilities, and limiting the powers of public office—properly form the Constitution, or organic act. All laws regulating the business transactions of any private natural persons, or the business transactions of any private artificial persons called corporations, are legislative, and are most properly left to the necessary and appropriate duties of a Legislature expressly created under our plan of government for that purpose only. In principle, it would be as erroneous for our Legislatures to undertake to make new Constitutions, as for constitutional conventions to engage in doing what they may create a Legislature to do, to better advantage. If our State government were supplied with a supreme Legislature like the Parliament of England, then the Legislature would pass all constitutional laws as well as all the statute laws. But we have a totally different system, and we test all our laws by seeing if the power is given in our Constitution to pass them. And for this very reason upon which our plan depends, the pernicious habit or trick has been resorted to, in recent times, of placing purely legislative matter in the Constitution; for the reason that when found in the Constitution itself, no court can decide it to be contrary to the Constitution, no matter what it may be.

If it so happen, as it certainly often does happen, that the Legislature is wholly unreliable, and will not follow out the public will respecting any corporations, or any other matter or thing whatever, that only proves, that the Legislature is not properly organized.

Unquestionably, any attempts made in any Constitution for a free and equal government—to create, encourage, or permit, unfair discriminations between the rights, privileges, or burdens of the common citizenship of men of the same race, and same authority under the government, and same obligations to stand by it and defend it in case of necessity, and to the full extent of all their property and their lives—would be a proceeding as much to be reprobated as deplored by all right-minded American citizens, whatever may be their conditions in life. Owing to recent and still continued, and heated and expensive, and widespread efforts to create dissatisfaction at their lot in life among the most sober, industrious, faithful, and deserving of all the citizenship of our country, it may be well to consider for a moment how well founded or ill founded, how reasonable or unreasonable, all such mere efforts as these really are, or plainly appear to be.

Certainly there are seemingly the greatest diversities and differences in the situations and conditions of all the men and women of our State, in all its cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods throughout its entire extent, and without any exception anywhere. The uninformed imagine that these differences are attributable in some degree to the govern-

ment of the country, or that the government could in some manner prevent their continuance if it would earnestly set about it. Nothing, almost, could be more unfortunate, or productive of more unavailing discontent, than to teach or indulge such merely foolish and unsatisfying notions. Government has really no more power to prevent such great diversities of position amongst us, than it would have to prevent like diversities among the animals of the woods or the fishes of the sea. Government neither does nor can make them nor unmake them. In all the human governments that have ever existed—from the simplest to the most interfering, from the worst to the very best—there have always remained under them the same like diversities in the employments, conditions, and situations among all men under them, just such as we see here in our own State to-day, and as have always continued in every human state upon the whole face of the earth. No teaching, no philosophy, no doctrines of positivism, no pleasing brotherhoods of communistic government, no religion, no irreligion, no plans, nor theories, nor practices of any government that now exists, or has existed, or can exist, ever has been able, or ever can be able, to do away with these universally diverse and endless divisions in the human beings of the State. For some must plant and some must reap; some must buy, some must sell; some must horde, some must squander; some must do the low work, some must do the high work; some must obey, some must direct; and all the endless rounds of differences in all the different sorts and conditions of men, now, and here, and in all past times, and everywhere, are not things to be changed by government, nor things any true thinker, no matter how high or low his own condition, could desire to have changed, even if it were in his power to change them. Because it is certain that any great forced changes in this respect would necessarily result in making everything much worse for everybody, and nothing really or permanently any better for anybody. Because such differences are natural and indispensable to the life, and continuance, and advancement of States. And the greater the diversity in our proper conditions and employments, the greater appears to be the advancement our States have made. Probably no Pope nor philosopher has uttered a truer word than the present Pope when he said, of such differences as are referred to: "They are the acts of God; they exist among the very angels in heaven, and as universally as among men on the earth." It is not a thing of will, it is an affair of nature. It is not a thing of choice, it is an affair of God; or, as the Asiatic would express it, an affair of fate. Whether I have been brought into the world a man or a woman has not depended on my will, but on God's, or more understandingly speaking, on Nature's laws. And the condition of life into which I am forced into the world no more depends on my will, and I can not be rationally blamed nor praised for it, be it good or bad, high or low, than I can be praised or blamed for the sex which was given to me. All that God, or nature, or justice, or reason, can or does ask of me, and all my State or neighborhood has any right to ask of me, or expect of me, is, that I faithfully do my duty to my country, and seek to find contentment wherever and however it shall please God, or the will of the State, or the will of fate, to place me.

It is, or plainly appears to be, one of Nature's own wise laws that differences, in both mental and physical strength, and in the associations, wishes, preferences, and employments of all men and women, must exist in order that the State itself can exist. If our hod-carrier becomes something else, somebody else must be at hand to take his place at the hod, for there must be hod-carriers just as necessarily as there must be governors. It is true, our education in the past and at the present is most disgraceful to all of us, and to its most gross shortcomings are perhaps attributable, one way and another, nine-tenths of all our unhappiness and discontent, and false notions of the State and its proper government. When "Abe Lincoln" was energetically engaged in splitting rails to the best of his ability, he was fulfilling his whole duty to the State just as honorably and just as completely as when His Excellency Abraham Lincoln was performing the duties of Chief Magistrate to the nation. The only difference consisted in the extent, not the fact of his usefulness. But if he had not in the meantime qualified himself to be a Chief Magistrate, but had been made a Chief Magistrate when he did not know how to do any other work well except to split rails, then the change in his position would have been a curse to himself and to the nation, no matter how honest and patriotic or enthused he might have been. Just as every false change from a low to a high position—occasioned by no fitness, but by vanity, ignorance, selfishness, or connivance of unthoughtful friends—continually brings unthought of and often most serious losses, and not too rarely even wide spread calamities and civil war itself upon the people. In any case, when ignorance of that which ought to be done is put forth, or thrusts itself forth, to advise what should be done, it seems too plain to admit of any doubt that the people have great reason to apprehend danger, and to recall afresh the lessons of experience: "For the leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed." Which lesson is appropriate for every year, and for every party, existing now or heretofore existing in our midst and in our nation for now fully thirty years last past. "Look to your leaders, O ye people."

Our Governments, State and local, do, and always have enabled certain kinds of citizens to control them for purely

selfish purposes, and through purely selfish and other dishonest means; and because there is nothing in our constitutional plan save office-holders. And when you see office-holders, you see all there is in our present plan of government. And when you touch our office-holders, you touch every fibre of power that is vested under the entire provisions of our Constitution. This new Constitution does not create an official less, nor add anywhere to the people one finger's weight of power more, either over the officers, or the policy, or management of the government. Why did our new so-called Workingman's party, or some claiming leadership over it, determine by resolution that every man who votes against the new Constitution shall be deemed their enemy? Is it because the new Constitution is certain to produce any better, cheaper, or safer plan of government for them, or for anybody than the present Constitution affords? They do not say so, nor pretend so, I suppose, because they who can read can see for themselves that this new Constitution actually continues over them and over all of us, the very same expensive, heedless, corrupting, bungling, and mere office-holders' State government which we have already. Let us reflect with candor, and examine with careful attention, and see for ourselves how lamentably or how successfully it has met the intelligent expectations of the people; and respecting some vitally important matters that have been provided for, and that have not been provided for in this new Constitution; and which have not been already discussed or pointed out by others, and which affect every one of us alike, and whether, poor like me, or rich, like Croesus. And let us adopt something of the Socratic mode in making our inquiries.

This address makes no allusion to scores of valid objections to the new Constitution, because fully presented by others. The judicial system is worse than we have already, which costs at least double what it should, but not at all in the direction in which it has been unintelligently reduced. And the profusion of sheerly speculative and champertous lawsuits, one of the most infamous public abuses in the State, is not prohibited. Its provisions respecting the very first and highest duty of all government, public and private—that is, education—are, like two-thirds of the entire instrument, filled with childish provisions which would have been utterly needless had proper provision been made for the creation of a proper Legislature. By a proper Legislature, I mean one less troublesome and expensive than the present, and at the very least incapable of ever being one-twentieth part as bad as Constitutional Conventions can be. The provisions respecting revenue and taxation prove a majority of the Convention did not possess the ordinary intelligence of our times on that subject.

The present Constitution needlessly prevents a proper system of taxation being provided by the Legislature; this new Constitution needlessly contains one that would disgrace the worst Legislature that ever assembled in California or elsewhere.

Local government is more directly important to every neighborhood in the State than even the State government itself; and this, also, fell into incompetent hands. There seems to have been some correct ideas of its importance, and of the proper principle of local independence that should control it, but none at all as to the proper way of accomplishing it. The plan pretends to be under the control of the people, but is very careful to provide that they shall not control it, and, as usual, that scheming and hired office-holders may. As to their contracting debts, it appears plain to me that they should be treated as the assisting minor children of the State government, always naturally inclined to extravagance so long as they have a credit that enables them to contract debts at all. Therefore I would deny them that privilege absolutely, and in the proper way have the State itself ready to promptly enable them to do so if required to meet some misfortune not under their own control. In fact, I would have State and local government a harmonious, simple, and honest people's system—not a mere office-holders' useless jumble.

Carlyle with rude candor said, most of the people of England are fools. Perhaps all ought to admit that a majority of all of us in every country under the sun are acting like fools respecting two things, and perhaps the most important two things under human control—namely, religion and public government. If you and I wished to promote some new system of pure theology, would we select persons ignorant of the subject to prepare our articles of faith and our church constitution? Or if we desired to prepare a new Constitution for the better government of a vast State like California, would we not be acting as though we were fools to select some foreigners or other persons ignorant of the subject of our State government, to prepare our State Constitution for us? If we actually did so, could we reasonably deny that as to that matter we had acted like persons not governed by intelligence nor common sense? Do we go to tailors' shops to get our horses shod; or to blacksmiths' shops to get ourselves shod; or to shoemakers' shops to get steam-engines made? If we do not so behave respecting our small affairs, would we evince any more intelligence by so thoughtlessly behaving respecting our most momentous affairs? How many members did we select to construct the machinery of a successful constitution of public government, for a vast State like California; who had the trouble to acquire any actual knowledge of the subject, or who had ever attentively studied

for even the period of one whole year? A period ten times too short for any man to acquire a really competent knowledge of it. Were there fifty? forty? twenty? Were there as many out of the 152 as would at last have sufficed to have saved Sodom and Gomorrah? And even if that many; how many of them had previously performed the thankless labor of making a long and loving and careful examination, into the nature and operations of all, or even of one-half of the most important defects in our present Constitution; and ascertained, with certainty, just where and how, and how far to apply all the many, and important, and long most seriously needed remedies?

How many of all those members could then or now correctly answer even the very first question about State government; which (as Aristotle said over two thousand years ago) must first be correctly answered, before any attempt to frame a proper State government can be intelligently commenced, namely, *What is the State?*

How many of those members realized, the true condition of California, and had ascertained, of a certainty, that in the fullest sense of the word no constitution at all had ever, at any time, been devised for California; but that she has been heedlessly left to wear the mere constitutional swaddling clothes, in which, plain, honest, simple-minded farmer Iowa was born thirty-five years ago; and from which, even that State, bearing no resemblance whatever to this, was relieved twenty-two years ago; and which never was at any time any more fit or capable to plant a proper government for great California than for great France?

How many of those members realized, that this State of California is larger in area, and larger in possible productive power, than all Switzerland, all Denmark, all the Netherlands, all Belgium, all Ireland, all Wales, all Scotland, and all England, all combined into one, and having altogether a population of 47,000,000 of people?

How many of those members realized, that the most distant of all the "Northern States" is not further away from the "Southern States" on the other side of this continent, than the most Northern portions are distant from the most Southern portions of this single State; and that the "North" and the "South," in all the States of our Eastern Union, no more differ from each other in soil, scenery, climate, or the modes and means necessary for supplying the comforts and necessities of life, than do the most Northern from the most Southern counties of California; and that, from its very nature and magnitude, it is indispensably necessary it should have a government of its own, to successfully meet all its own varied necessities, and to enormously and speedily increase the homogeneity of its entire population; unless, with even more than vandal indifference, we would have it known within five more decades, that this magnificent State had lost all its greatness and been divided into pieces?

How many of those members realized, that it is no more possible to govern great California with any such Constitution as we now have, or which they have decided to continue against it, than it would be to govern all the States of our entire Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Georgia, under the same pusillanimous Constitution as they now re-offer to us unimproved?

How many of those members realized, that our public governments over California, State and National, are not as harmless as would be a mere personal robber or torturer, when they, or either of them, hold out inducements or encouragements, or even permit without warning, newly arriving farmers to attempt to maintain their families, or themselves, by their labor in cultivating lands which require irrigation, to produce any crop one-quarter or one-half the time, and which the government has neither first supplied nor caused to be first supplied with the necessary means of irrigation?

How many of those members realized, that irrigation is practicable in this climate and State; that by a proper (and if proper, a State-wide, never burdensome, and enormously profitable) system of irrigation and forest culture, the sustentation power of this State, can be raised to forty-five millions of people within two or three centuries; whilst without that its sustentation power can not probably, and with permanent safety, be raised to above ten or twelve millions, and possibly not one-half that number in seven centuries; and that it is not impossible, if government does not enter wisely into the performance of this duty, that even a population of two or three millions, distributed as now throughout the State, will be likely to bring home to the citizenship that may then live, a periodical knowledge of widespread impoverishments, sufferings, and even famines, produced by drought?

How many of those members realized, that there are probably over twenty millions of acres of land in this State which, if not irrigated, are now and forever agriculturally worth nothing at all, and which could be supplied with abundant irrigation, if this State government were under a proper constitutional organization and necessary guarantees, affording the safe opportunity for a permanent management; but which it is an absurdity, and a practical impossibility to ever attempt under any such system of government as we now have, and is proposed to be made only worse, for any such purpose, under this new Constitution? And that, if this be so, this State could, under a proper public government, earn for its people, by its people, a direct increase of property by this means alone, and in addition to what could be otherwise earned, not any less than *two thousand millions of dollars* within a single century? That irrigation alone supports today at least two hundred and fifty millions of people, where fifty millions of them, if unassisted by others, could not live six months without it? That irrigation culture, when perfectly understood, is the most picturesque and beautiful, and the most reliable and profitable land culture in the world? That irrigation culture began around the Paradise named in our Bible; that it is as old as farming, and familiar to all great States, except ours, inhabiting the world touched by the broad expanses of our Pacific Ocean? That the reliable estimates just named should alone be sufficient to indicate its enormous profitability? That it enables three crops to be raised on the same land every eighteen months, and for a thousand years in ceaseless succession? That probably the estimated acreage of worthless arable land, unless irrigated, has been stated much under the true quantity when we remember that our State contains 120,000,000 of acres? That if a proper plan of irrigation were carried out it would be literally like creating a new world for us from the face of the waters" of our ocean?

Yes, I hear your laughter. I hear you screaming back to me, "What do we care what happens a hundred years from now?" If you have any prudence, if you have any patriotism, if you have any fitness to understand such subjects, you do care. A hundred years is but the longest length of one man's life. It is but a small space of time for a State. Vital statistics prove that of all who are born here to-day, one thousand out of every ten thousand will be alive seventy-nine years from now; and ten of them will be alive one hundred years from now; and one of those ten may be *your own child*. It is also by no means to be forgotten, that in ten years after the system is properly inaugurated its beneficial effects would begin to be felt throughout the State. And from then, if properly undertaken, its slow and steady progress would bring continual increase of prosperity for centuries.

How many of those members realized, that all private attempts at irrigation for so vast a State as this are as trifling, and as merely interfering with the proper undertaking of so widespread a necessity, as would have been private enterprise in Holland to keep out the ocean from the Netherlands? And that the undertaking to keep out the ocean from the Netherlands was never wiser, nor more necessary, nor more profitable, nor more glorious for Holland; than is the necessity, the profit, and the glory awaiting the proper constitution of government, and united action of the people of this State, with the benign concessions of the United States, to bring in upon its millions of parching acres, along its millions of tree-bordered channels, from its millions of forest reservoirs, the waters of our Pacific Ocean, heaven lifted, and descending purified along our vast chains of California mountains: And thus make California truly the paradise, the sanitarium, the granary, and the glory of the whole world?

How many of those members realized, the bitterness, the viciousness, the folly of trying to benefit the most meritorious portion of our fellow-citizens by aiming their constitutional straw, and clubs, and stones at the rich; as if that were the way to do favors for the poor and hard-working? Aiming their new Constitution to hurt some classes of our own citizenship, and probably intending to benefit the others, who most need and best deserve the favors of the State; nevertheless, it would, if adopted, and as they would have known had they understood their business, operate (from the very nature of society) as such attempts must operate, that is to the mere injury of every citizen. Because, it is as certain in social as in natural science, that whatever injures, disturbs, or impairs any parts of the same body, injures, disturbs, or impairs the whole of it. Stones thrown at the tallest heads to be seen in the ripe grain-field, at best, but hurt or destroy a part of the crop of the field, without in the slightest degree benefiting even one single spear within all its boundaries. And he is ignorant of the teachings of nature, of humanity, of States, and of every principle of social science, who does not see and know of a certainty, that what is said of a field of ripened grain is equally true respecting the living and moving fields of men and women, constituting the same citizenship of the same commonwealth.

How many of those members realized, that in proportion to the representation of the supreme Legislatures of countries, just in that proportion is the supreme difference to be ascertained between their different kinds of governments? By examining the representation of the people in the applied law-making force of States, certainly can be arrived at as to whether the government is despotic, democratic, republican, or oligarchic.

How many of those members realized, that the present Constitution of this State and the new one they have prepared for it, on exactly the same plan as the present one, establish and would continue over us a pure oligarchy—nothing else whatever but a pure oligarchy of office-holders, and even more absolutely a pure oligarchy than is the oligarchy of England? That through our ignorance, not our superiority, either in the knowledge or practice of government, our people are still deprived of anything equaling or approximating, in practical steadiness and importance, even the English constitutional right; that compels their supreme Legislature to stop, and to stop as frequently as occasion requires, and go before the electors of the people and ask their advice, and obey them, not itself, respecting any proposition, as to the adoption of any law, any new provision in the Constitution, or any question of public policy, respecting which the administrators of the government shall at any time differ from the majority of the direct representatives of the people in the Legislature?

How many of those members realized, that the Constitution they offered us does not anywhere add one finger's weight to the power of the people under the government it creates; but it actually takes away from the hands of the people, where it now reposes, a vast range of power, and does not even distribute it among the existing oligarchy, but creates a new one, of only three men? It is an astounding attempt to create a political trimorphism crystallizing the railroads, the Legislature, and the people into an Imperial Triad, to be composed of somebody's three office-seekers, and to illustrate before us the mystic action of the armorial device of the Isle of Man, having three legs to stand on, but needing only to be sure of two at a time. The people possess few legislative rights so important as this. It involves the proper control of the entire transportation business of so vast a State as California, and all the transportation business of every other company in this State, as well as the railroad companies. They can not afford to voluntarily and totally surrender such vast legislative power as this, for the sake of reposing it in such a tripod experiment as this new Constitution compels them to do. If the whole people of this State can not govern their corporations except by surrendering absolutely and entirely all their own control over them, merely to vest it in three fellows to be picked up by politicians, then they had better cease at once trying to govern anything or anybody. If the people have heretofore failed to do it, and if one hundred and twenty of their own chosen representatives in the Legislature have failed to do it, what kind of common sense would they evince by agreeing to the ridiculous proposition that three men can do it.

There can be no proposition plainer, or that ought to be plainer to every elector of common sense and common observation, than that the people of this State have failed in this particular, and in many other particulars respecting legislation, because their vast legislative power is *already vested in too few hands*; and that there is nothing more important

to them and to the proper government of this State than that the people should take the whole government of it, and of every part and portion of it, more fully into their own hands. Already under the existing Constitution the people are almost without any governing powers at all in their own hands, and if they adopt this new Constitution they will have greatly less. Already any one can see, who will look, that our entire government everywhere in the State, in every county in the State, in every city, town, and village in the State, from the Oregon to the Mexican lines, is everywhere reposed in nothing at all but some office-holders. *The people are nothing in this new Constitution.* They appear nowhere. They are treated with mere contempt as to all management of their public government, and by the very constitution of government which they themselves are to create and permit to exist. They have already recklessly placed all their power, and intrusted their entire authority, and actually reposed the whole performance of all their own government duties, in mere hired office-holders. And this new Constitution goes further in taking power out of the people instead of placing more in them, and goes further to show contempt for the people and more confidence in mere hired office-holders, than even the present Constitution; and goes further in that utterly false, utterly unprincipled, utterly needless, and completely perilous and corrupting direction of taking power away from the people, and away from their own representatives, than has ever before been seen or attempted in all American political history. If our political history in this State has proved anything at all during the last thirty years, it has proved (admitting all honorable exceptions) that as a rule office-holders can not be trusted. Yet look here at this new Constitution; examine and read it for yourselves; take no newspaper partisan's, nor talking partisan's opinion about it; see for yourselves what it actually proposes, and proposes, too, in spite of all actual human experience. To me it seems incredible that such a proposition has actually been made to the people of an American State. It seems incredible that it has emanated from Sacramento instead of Stockton. But incredible as it must appear to every California elector, who can remember anything or see anything respecting office-holders left to do whatever they please—in short, incredible as it must appear to every intelligent human being in the whole world outside of Turkey and Russia—this new Constitution actually proposes to us Californians, to us American citizens, that two office-holders shall be absolutely empowered, and without any appeal, or any power anywhere to change, modify, or at all interfere with their will, to fix the only wages which can be lawfully demanded or received for the transaction of the largest, most extended, and actually the most important of any one kind of accommodation business existing in the whole State. It is not confined to railroads. It includes every kind of transportation business, whether of passengers or freight, and whether in boats, or sloops, or ships, or steamers, or any other kind of vessels, and whether on railroads, wagon roads, or in any way, and whether anywhere upon the waters or anywhere upon the lands of all this vast State of California, which kind of business shall be carried on by any company.

The absurd provision even trenches on the natural right of private individuals to make such lawful bargains with each other about transportation as they may please. It prohibits any "individual" agreeing to carry any passenger or property at greater charges for any one mile than for any two miles. If any "individual" in this State should carry any thing or anybody at a less charge for any one mile than he would make for going "in the same direction" any more than one mile, he would violate the Constitution, which he always should—and, perchance, he may have taken an oath that he would—support. Read the second sentence of Section 21 of this Article 12.

And please now read with me, and just as the courts will be obliged to read it if you adopt this new Constitution, the pith and marrow, and tiger's claws sticking out under the heap of mealy verbiage, in Section 22 of that same Article 12. All the words here in quotation marks are the exact words of this Article, and the meaning here given, with brevity, is the legal meaning of that long section, so far as its greatest materiality to us is involved. There are to be three commissioners, "and the act of a majority of said commissioners shall be deemed the act of" all three of them. "Said commissioners shall have the power" and are required "to establish rates of charges for the transportation of passengers" or "freight by" any "railroad or other transportation companies," or company; which "rates of charges" shall be only "such charges as they," the two office-holders, "shall make." "And they"—the two men—"shall have the power" to "enforce their decisions," as to such rates of charges as "they shall make," "through the medium of the courts." And "any railroad or transportation company, which shall fail or refuse to conform to such rates" as said two men "may make," "shall be fined not exceeding twenty thousand dollars for each" and every time they do not "conform to such rates." And "every officer, agent, or employé of any such corporation or company," "who shall in any manner" disregard "such rates" "shall be fined not exceeding five thousand dollars, or be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding one year." And in case such commissioners receive bribes from every railroad corporation and from every "other transportation company" in this State, or in case they should willfully fix "such rates" so high as to ruin every business man dependent on transportation companies or prevent every poor man traveling on them; or so low that no railroad or other transportation company could possibly do business without being ruined; or in case such commissioners should perform acts of official infamy transcending any infamous official acts ever perpetrated in this State or any other State or country, *none of them could be touched for it by any court of justice, nor be lawfully interfered with by any grand jury, or tried by any petit jury or court in this State or any court of any other State or Government.* They are not only "empowered" to do exactly as they please about so vastly important a matter, but they are also clearly and unquestionably placed above all liability to punishment of any kind whatsoever for any of their official acts. And not only this, but they are also almost placed actually beyond all power of removal. The Legislature is only to be assembled once in two years, and then for only sixty days; and all this new Constitution will permit the people, or the courts, or the Legislature to do with these absolutely sovereign Triumvirs, if they be once insensately fastened on the people of this State, is simply to re-

move them from office when the Legislature meets, provided "two-thirds" of "all the members elected to each house" shall agree to it, and not otherwise. Any lawyer will tell you that when the Constitution itself prescribes exactly what shall be done with officials in a case like this, it makes void all other provisions of law as to their official liabilities.

Unquestionably this provision contains the most infamous proposition against the people that has ever before been made, in such a form as this, to any American State. Any person who thinks or imagines that any objection I raise against it is owing to any interest or any friendship I have in any railroad or other transportation company, or for any man or any set of men connected with any of them, is grossly mistaken. I have no interest in any company whatever of any kind. And I am under no obligation whatever, political or social, to any man or set of men connected with any railroad company whatever, and whether in this State or any other State. I speak of the matter only as a citizen and an American. I do confess the shame, if it has come already to be a shame, that I love my country sincerely; and hate still as I have always hated in the past, all kinds of such monstrous attempts as this, to fool, to mislead, to rob the people; and under specious pretexts, falsely pretending or claiming that they are the people's own measures, and that they are gotten up in their interests and for their benefit. It seems to me too plain to be fairly doubted for one moment, that the very cat under this meatub must be the carefully concealed monster railroad itself. For it is plain that it is a creation to be made for the very purpose of being controlled and kept alive, by the very means and the too easy means of bribery, in some form or other. And as the people never do nor can accomplish things by bribery; and as others can, and, it is said, frequently do accomplish their ends by bribery, why should any of us be so silly as to imagine, no matter how loudly the utterly fooled or willfully vicious are screaming in favor of it, that it has been contrived for no other purpose whatever by its carefully concealed concoctors, but to effectually accomplish what it will effectually accomplish, if carried out, the placing of the power of the State over railroad fares exactly where the railroad wants it to be; that is, completely beyond the reach of the people, so long as such a new Constitution as this could be kept in existence. For the credit of the members of the Convention, it is certainly not to be credited that a majority of them, and I certainly do not believe that many of them, even if any of them, actually know themselves what serious, what alarming departures their new Constitution really contains; and how completely such provisions as this strike in the face all our prudence and our knowledge of human nature and experience, and every principle on which a Constitution of popular government depends.

But we can not even stop here with some of the specifications not before made against this new Constitution; and our charge, accompanied with the Constitution itself as the proof, that it is not a Constitution in the interests of the people, but is opposed to the people, except as to some of its mere legislative enactments. Instead of providing for us, as it was easy to have provided, a cheaper, a safer, and better Legislature, with a proper or even half-way proper representation of the people in it, they actually propose to continue over us exactly the same old legislative contrivance, against which our people have been continually, and almost unanimously and bitterly, complaining for now nearly thirty years. They have actually dared to present to us for our approval exactly the very same old legislative mill, that on occasion is said to be reasonably expected to do custom work for hire.

The only absolute difference in the power it can exercise is, that the legislative affair is not to be required to run longer than sixty days; and that is a grave mistake. Because, if we must continue to have such a Legislature and do not know how to contrive at least a hundred times safer and cheaper one, then it would, perhaps, have been better to have provided in this new Constitution that the affair we now have should never be allowed to run at all oftener than once in sixty years, nor than for a longer period than sixty hours, instead of the sixty days to which it is now scarcely more ridiculously limited. Candor requires the admission, however, that the new Constitution has provided against the destructive movements of this old legislative machinery—some spokes, and shoes, and stays; and here and there some of iron, some of basswood, some of good wood, and most of them of mere straw and putty, considering other provisions on the same subjects in the same Constitution. And some of them would make the machine less useful than it is now. And from the long and solemn list displayed of words, words, words, and still more words, for three and thirty portentous paragraphs; many a verdant mind will, no doubt, be led to imagine that a good State Legislature could be made out of a plentiful use of forcible words, to be held up before politicians for a bow of the head and an uplifted hand; and that in that brilliant way the necessity might be avoided of really requiring hardly anybody in either House. Aside from this very cheap attempt to improve the worthless plan of a Legislature by the use of words of restraint only, not so much as a single change is proposed in our legislative machine, either in its organization, or in securing a decently large representation of the people to attend within it. In short, if there was any one defect in our present Constitution greater than all others, and for which more than any others the Constitutional Convention was so earnestly urged for so many years by its warmest advocates, it was, without at all increasing the expense, to thoroughly reorganize and enormously increase the representation of the people; in the plan for exercising their inalienable right, to have their own laws passed according to their own consent and their own will, and not according to the mere will or wishes of any two men, or any sixty-two men, or any company or corporation, or any man or set of men.

But what does this new Constitution propose for increasing the power or representation of the people in their Legislature? Absolutely, it prohibits any increase or improvement at all. Read section six of article four. Forty Senatorial and eighty Assembly districts, and one member for each. Exactly as it is already in the present Constitutional limitation, and exactly as it has continued to be for years past. It should be apparent to the common sense of every man that nothing whatever is, or can be, so important to a free people, or an honest people, or a people who desire to insure honesty in respect to the administration of popular govern-

ment, as a full and fair number of representatives in their legislature—such a representation, in fact, as would completely put it out, and keep it out, of the heads of every man that it could possibly be hired, either to perform or to prevent any legislation. And in a vast State, like this, to completely ignore the question of inhabited territory, and pay no attention at all to any populations anywhere unless there are enough in numbers to constitute one of some small number of districts (as is most injuriously and foolishly done in Texas), is wholly inexcusable.

The basis of representation afforded by our present Constitution permits only one Assemblyman to every two thousand three hundred and sixty-two square miles of our State territory, and one Senator for every five thousand seven hundred and twenty-four square miles of our State territory. For our present population, if but a million, it permits every twelve thousand five hundred citizens to have one man for an Assemblyman, and every twenty-five thousand citizens to have one Senator. A State containing 188,981 square miles is thus to be forever confined, according to the present and this new Constitution, to eighty Assemblymen and forty Senators, and not another one is to be tolerated in either house though we should gain a population of five million or ten million. The constitutional monarchies of Europe, which do not pretend to be the friends of the people, are more their friends than our ignorant or designing Convention was. John Adams, "the Aristocrat," and the only man in our history to whom was given the opportunity to draft an entire State constitution to suit his own opinions, so framed the Constitution of Massachusetts that it soon had five hundred representatives of the people in its Assembly, one branch of its Legislature. In his opinion the representation of the people in their Legislature, not mere words in the Constitution, seemed to mean something. He seems to have supposed that a fair representation of the people in their Legislature was one of the things they had been fighting for in the Revolution, and which the people ought to have. Under John Adams' Constitution Massachusetts had five hundred representatives in its Assembly alone, and when it was twenty-four times smaller than California is, and had less population than California now has. And Massachusetts never was better governed than it was then, and never will be again. New Hampshire, another State where we hear nothing of habitual legislative corruption or scheming outrages, constitutionally guarantees to every town in the State having one hundred and fifty voters one Assemblyman, and an additional one for every three hundred more voters it may ever contain. It takes more Legislators to pass any law, or to elect a United States Senator, in Rhode Island than it does in California, and Rhode Island has one-quarter of our population and one hundred and forty-five times less territory than this State has. The British imperial monarchy has 650 members in its Assembly, and 503 members in its Senate. The Imperial German Legislature has 59 royalists in its Senate, and 379 members in its Assembly, all elected by universal suffrage. The aristocratic republican government of France has 300 members in its Senate and 532 members in its Assembly, all elected by universal suffrage.

If it be wise, as only pretenders among us assert, to trust power to a few men, "so as to hold them to a more close and direct responsibility," why is it that all actual experience, and all the uncorrupted Legislatures in America, or elsewhere, as a rule, are composed of great numbers? What need is there that we should so persist in not only disobeying but in actually defying all the past government experiments of the world; and even the very maxims of wisdom, based on knowledge of what human nature really is, and approved by the actual experience of all ages, and expressed in books we venerate and disobey? "In the multitude of counselors there is safety," but "Where no such counselors are, the people fall."

It is said, if we will adopt this new Constitution, most unfortunately so much worse than the present one, that we can almost immediately amend it. In the name of common sense, why should we adopt it so as to amend it? If we are only to have the same old Trojan horse filled with hired officeholders that has so continually threatened our destruction for a whole age, without ever at any time having afforded us anything approximating actual protection and good government, why should we now bring in this new horse only stuffed still fuller of mere legislative straw and hired office-holders? Many of you very naturally suppose it is entitled to be adopted because it has so many really good laws in it. My countrymen, when we take action respecting the propriety of adopting a new Constitution of government, we must not suffer ourselves to be occupied about the good statutory laws that be in it; but about the Constitution itself, and the officers it creates; the powers it confers upon them, and wherein it properly increases the constitutional rights and powers of ourselves, the People.

It is greatly to be desired, for the good of all of us now and for years to come, that this new Constitution should be defeated, and, if possible, by an overwhelming vote, so that no such affair will be re-offered to us; and I assure you of this after having devoted the requisite time to have some knowledge of the subject of constitutional laws and governments. It is the first effort that has ever been made by organized California to obtain a proper plan of constitutional free government, but it should by no means be the last. If you electors but will it, the Legislature next winter could, prepare and submit to you a State Constitution in every way better, cheaper, safer, more efficient, and with less officeholders and more of the people in it. And to do so properly it would only be necessary for previously popular action on the subject to indicate clearly and satisfy the Legislature beyond all question of doubt, that it is or would be the general will of the people to have the Legislature adopt that course; for the Legislature only could do so with the reasonable excuse that it was your will that it should be done.

Mr. Albert Rhodes has attained the honor, not only of the publication of a story written by him in French in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, but also a republication of it in *Figaro*, with an editorial compliment to the effect that in *Figaro's* opinion he is one of the better American writers, that he handles the French language with grace, and has portrayed for French eyes in a very original way the character of *la jeune fille Américaine*.

OUR OWN POETS.

The Flower Soul.

Sometimes amid the ups and downs,
The hours of mirth and grieving,
An odd, quaint fancy comes to me,
Right pleasant, if deceiving.

It is that every flower that dots
The garden and the meadow
Bears, locked within, some woman's soul
In fragrant, dreamful shadow.

This rose is Alice—red and rich,
Voluptuous, overbearing,
Which one would hesitate to pluck,
So hardly worth the wearing.

Though soft its petals, sweet its breath,
And fair its full completeness,
An hour would see its beauty fade,
And vanish all its sweetness.

This orange lily, tall and bold,
Is Julia. At the soiree
She's one to dance with and admire,
And flirt with—not to marry.

Von heliotrope is odorous,
But tiresome. Somehow, Mabel,
I think it held that soul of thine,
If aught lies in my fable.

This morning-glory, sweetheart Anne;
No perfume crowns that beauty.
Like you it lends the garden grace,
But as a thing of duty.

Ah, little May, this primrose brings,
Just peeping o'er my shoulder,
Thy dimpled face, so young, and yet
With something so much older—

Some lines of an experience
Caught when a primrose growing
On banks, where o'er you morn and eve
One Zephyr loved was blowing;

And when the winter chilled his breath,
Some fairy queen's insistence
Gave you this curious trace to mark
The old time flower existence.

Some women wear about them still
This flower, like fragrance cherished;
In some, alas! this essence sweet
With stem and petal perished.

But still behind there lingering lies
A faint trace of the story,
When sun and dew toward heaven brought
Their purity and glory.

OAKLAND, April, 1879.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

At the Top.

We have climbed by the cañon to the top
Of our very highest hill;
And away far down is the little town,
And the city farther still.

We trace through that cañon the winding path
Which, following, led us here,
And the rough, steep place that we dared to face
Seems less than a cause for fear.

We found in that cañon the brightest flowers;
We picked and have them still;
But the poison oak and the staff that broke
Are far away down the hill.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

A.

A Passion Picture.

Your little mouth glows like a rose most rare,
And ringing melody the words it saith;
Your eyes outshine those Queen Elizabeth
Hated because they were than hers more fair;
The purple darkness of your lustrous hair,
Its subtle fragrance, rich as lily's breath,
Whose royal sweetness swoons the bee to death,
Clings round your brow and makes an aureole there.
In perfumed damask flushes your round cheek,
Where dimples flutter like kiss-luring charms,
And dainty lips reward the spirit's fire.

This is he one great empire that I seek,
The fond enthrallment of your clasping arms,
And love that thrills me with its great desire.

NEW LONDON, CONN., March, 1879.

THOS. S. COLLIER.

Society's Belle.

The earth, when winsome May has crowned
Its hills and dales with wreaths of flowers,
That spring to life from wakened ground,
Transforming this cold world of ours
To something fair to see;
The highly tinted thought that gleams
Through Fancy's magic, golden halls,
Filling man's soul with heavenly dreams,
And lifting him beyond its walls,
Are not more fair than she.

The honey hidden in the rose,
The pearl beneath the ocean's wave,
The tinkling, trickling stream that flows
From some deep hidden mountain cave
Toward the distant sea,
The tears that angels weep in heaven
When sin-crowned man, forgetting God,
Yields up that which to him was given,
And, cursing, sinks beneath the sod,
Are not more pure than she.

The patient martyr's iron band,
The slab 'bove life's most cherished dream,
The glittering steel in maddened hand
That, falling, leaves a cruel gleam
And sets the spirit free,
The crystal ice in frozen zone,
The cruel wind in wintry night
That fiercely howls o'er sculptured stone
Where slumber loved ones still and white,
Are not more cold than she.

SAN QUENTIN, March, 1879.

HOWARD R. JOHNSON.

To M. B.

I know thee not—I never heard thy voice;
Yet could I choose a friend from all mankind,
Thy spirit high should be my spirit's choice,
Thy heart should guide my heart, thy mind my mind.

I know not if I e'er shall list thy tones,
Or trembling thrill beneath thy thrilling tone,
Thy song, thy fame, is all my heart hath known,
And knowing these alone, it knows thee.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

THE TYPICAL OAKLANDER.

Meeting my strange acquaintance on Broadway a few days ago, I saluted him, and ventured to inquire if his pursuit of the typical Oaklander had been crowned with success. He bowed gravely, and handed me a roll of manuscript. "I have pored over these for many hours," he said. "Would you, who appear to take an interest in this subject, which is one of such importance to the scientific world, read this, and give me, when next we meet (naming a time and place), your opinion of its merits?" The first paper read as follows, and at the opening reminded me of Wilkie Collins, being written in that peculiar style in which some of his novels are introduced:

Narrative of Jonas Emerald, clerk of — Hotel, April 6, 1879.—I am in my twenty-second year, and two months ago to-day commenced the wearing of paste diamonds. I have been at the Palace Hotel, and have taken notes; that is, I have modeled my conduct, manner of speech—stern or otherwise, as the case may demand—on the stout gentleman who stands behind the ledger in that noble institution. I have carefully borne with me the recollection of that deportment, and consequently expect to succeed in the noble profession of my choice. Some days ago a strange gentleman came to our place and demanded a room. As he was completely destitute of jewelry, and had no scent on his pocket handkerchief, I intimated that the money in advance would be required. This I announced with much hauteur. He took a handful of gold and silver from his pocket and paid me. After the fashion of my illustrious model, I immediately changed my tactics and became humble and descriptive of the charms of the climate on this side of the bay. He looked very hard at my diamonds. I feared he was in the jewelry business, and blushed. He handed me two-and-a-half, and said, in a mournful tone: "I want your assistance." I thought he might be in love, and smiled a knowing smile (also after my illustrious model), but he gazed at me in blank disappointment. "I am a member of the Academy of Sciences," he said; "and as you are brought in daily contact with the natives of this village, the result of your observations in a condensed form would be of value to me. I want to find the typical Oaklander." My first impulse was to summon the bell boy, for I thought he was crazy, but he waved his hand (there was a ring on it) and continued: "Jot down your ideas, my good lad (what cheek! A lad, indeed!), and I'll pay you well for them." Getting paid for ideas being something entirely new to me, I did not know just what to say, but managed to gasp out, "All right!" and then he was gone. Now, I suppose he means by the typical Oaklander (I have hunted out "typical" in the boss's Webster) some fellow that has got all the vices and virtues of this place. I'm blessed if he ain't a rum one, and if all the Academy of Sciences are like him, I don't want to belong to that crowd, you hear me. But as it is a question of coin, I suppose I'll have to go ahead. A young man came here the other day, took a room, and left word at the desk that his baggage should be called for at the express office. He didn't have any baggage, but he had the nicest whiskers that ever bloomed on the face of mortal. He wasn't a day here before he knew all the ladies in the hotel, and the way he'd abuse the beef-steaks and chops, and talk of the cooking at the Paris Exposition, made him, I tell you, no end of a swell. I was going to make out his bill one day when he handed me as fine a cigar as was ever smoked, and I didn't have the heart to do it. He's here yet, and don't do anything but smoke cigars, play billiards, and talk to all the pretty women about Paris and Saratoga. He's a typical one, I tell you, be is. But (confound the job that scientific fellow has given me) what's he typical of? That's what I can't get hold of. When Oaklanders go to Paris and Saratoga, they generally keep them there for their "cultyaw," for I've heard travelers say that there's enough of that sort of thing here to double discount Boston. Well, that's one typical fellow anyhow, and if my friend don't like him, he can pass on to the next. Here he gets me again. Why didn't he say how he wanted his typical, married or single? There's lots of married ones here that stay, and, you bet you, I have the studying of them, if working out their accounts and sending 'em piles of bills is study. I know the old staggers, the tough ones so to speak, and Lord! they are tough. Why, one fellow will grab up the stock list in the morning and fetch a groan that you can hear clear down in the pantry, and I know he don't own a share of stock. Then he comes up to me, and hits his breast a thump, and says, "Emerald, me boy, Flood, Fair, and Mackey are trying to ruin me; but I'll get even with them yet, I will, if I have to blow the Nevada Bank as high as Haman's kite. Just let that little bill go over till next week, will you?" Well, now, if he ain't a "typical," I've got none in this house. I guess he'll do as well for my friend as any I can pick out. Now, there's another one, a she "typical," and a stunning one she is, I bet you. She is a widow, she says, and I believe her. (Here occurs a great blot in the manuscript, which I conjectured was the result of Mr. Emerald being suddenly interrupted in his literary work. I shall endeavor to decipher the rest of those interesting observations for next week.)

ENTRE NOUS.

We do not believe there can be found beneath the blackest browed so ugly a mug, with so mean a nose, that its owner would desire to bite it off in order to spite the face that it does not adorn. Yet we heard a German at Duncan's Mills charge one of his fellow workmen with doing that same thing. He said: "I have not read dot Constitution. I work in the Tyro Mill. I makes lumber. I am a poor man, but I don't makes my money out of poor men. Rich men in San Francisco builds fine houses dot buys lumber, dot makes the mills go, dot makes the railroad go, dot makes business go, dot makes wages go, dot makes money go. Ven money goes I get some, ven no money goes I got none. You go for Kearney. You bite your nose off to sbite your face. Ain't it?"

Margaret and Arthur, Duke and Duchess of Connaught, have cost England a pretty penny. It is reported that the price of fitting up anew the royal yacht Osborne for their trip is about \$100,000. And trade is bad, and work is on the verge of starvation. Some virtue in a republic.

ARCHERY NOTES.

"There is no royal road to archery." This remark fell from the lips of a very pretty young lady at the Merry Foresters' range, on last Saturday, after she had missed the target three times in succession. She had been paying too much attention to one bow to the exclusion of the other (perhaps the spelling should be different, but you can catch the joke all the same). Ladies can't expect to shoot well unless they practice constantly, and when they do practice, they turn out just as good and perhaps better shots than gentlemen. Miss H. understands this thoroughly, and is becoming very expert, being able to hit two onions at sixty yards now, whereas one was the extent of our skill some weeks ago. The practice matches last Saturday showed steady improvement, particularly in the case of the Merry Foresters, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Eyre, and Mr. O'Connell making good scores at the fifty-yard range. Mr. James Ireland, an experienced archer, has joined the Foresters, and will be a valuable addition to the team at the tournament. The Bow Club are systematic workers. Mr. A. Havens is doing better every match, and Richard Bush, "than whom a steadier archer never drew string," is getting over his spasmodic phenomenal scores, and settling down to a steady average. Mr. George H. Hutchins, who for many months sneered at the long bow, pronounced it a weapon fit only for women and children, and altogether useless when the hide of a panther or a grizzly bear came in question, is now converted to the bending wood, and has indeed become a perfect enthusiast. Mr. Hutchins is fond of roving archery, and shooting the other evening at a squirrel which browsed on a portion of his domain, very nearly terminated the existence of a valuable bantam cock, a breed for which Mr. Hutchins is justly celebrated. Miss Ida A. made as good a score at the thirty-yard range as has come under my notice since the opening of the season, marking twenty-one in nine consecutive arrows, that is each shot scoring seven. Mr. Frank Havens made his best score at thirty yards last Saturday, and Mr. Ghiradelli, who, though he has not had much practice, has good aptitude for the sport, marked a goodly row of fives and sevens, with a few golds wedged in at forty yards at the Merry Foresters' range. The Pacific Archery Club is not idle. Mr. Darneal, Mr. Maxwell, and indeed all the members—ladies and gentlemen—never omit their Saturday practice. As the final arrangements for the tournament are now under discussion by the Executive Committee, those clubs throughout the State, and individual archers, who have not yet corresponded with the Secretary, Mr. Dan. O'Connell, are requested to address him at Oakland, so that an estimate of the number of clubs and archers competing may be obtained. Every one who can pull a bow should come in, for there yet remains two months in which to practice, and great things may be achieved in archery in two months. A party from Virginia City tried their skill at the Oakland targets last week. Mr. D. E. McCarthy, of the Virginia Chronicle, who is used to stretching things, pulls a good bow, and made a very fair score for one so long and so much out of practice. Mrs. McC. and Mrs. W., of Virginia, took their first lessons, and left California with the firm resolve of starting an archery club in Virginia without delay. QUIVER.

The Artists' First Annual Ball.

On Tuesday evening, the 29th of this month, we are promised the Artists' First Annual Ball, under the management of the San Francisco Art Association. We presume from the announcement that this is to be the initial entertainment of a series, to be given one each year. It is customary in the Atlantic cities to have one grand annual assembly, known as the society ball of the season—such, for instance, as the charity ball of New York—managed by well known ladies and gentlemen, and bringing together, as a sweet Vassar graduate would say, "just the nicest people in town." A double purpose is served by these pleasant gatherings—they furnish an evening's enjoyment, and contribute substantially to some worthy object. Heretofore San Francisco, although a city much given to gayety, has never boasted any single entertainment which could be looked forward to, and remembered, as the most elegant and enjoyable affair of the fashionable season. The artists' ball, as we understand it, is intended to fill this "aching void." The Association rooms, with the addition of those of the Bohemian Club—the use of which has been so kindly tendered—are admirably suited for this purpose. To the large collection of paintings and statuary, with which they are at present adorned, will be added such appropriate decorations as the combined artistic taste of Messrs. Garabaldi, Voegtlin, Tavernier, Williams, and Straus may suggest, and the saloons, when ready for the guests, will doubtless present a most fairy-like and enchanting appearance. The invitation tickets are being engraved from a drawing by one of the artist members, and will be ready for delivery on Monday, the 21st inst. In the meantime, those who intend going should leave their names as soon as possible with Martin, the assistant secretary, at the rooms of the Association, 430 Pine Street. The number of invitations will, under no circumstances, exceed five hundred, and already about half that number have been subscribed for. Supper, which is included in the cost of the ticket, will be furnished by the Maison Dorée—*verbum sap.* But it is hardly necessary to go into particulars. The names of the gentlemen comprising the various committees are a sufficient guarantee that every detail will be fully and properly looked after, and the ball in all respects a grand success. The object—to aid in building up and advancing the Association—is one we can heartily recommend. Our School and Gallery of Art now fill an honored niche among the noble institutions of the city, and it is the wish of their managers to make them second to none in the United States. All who have visited the School of Design, or attended its annual exhibitions, will bear witness to the interest shown and progress made by the pupils, and realize the good which must result from such culture. In addition to the artists' spring and fall receptions, it is designed to make the rooms a place of resort at all times for those who love the beautiful in art and feel disposed to encourage native talent. In conclusion, we have only to say that the artists' ball will undoubtedly be the handsomest entertainment ever given in San Francisco, and no one with any society pretensions or artistic appreciation can afford to stay away.

MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

[After the death of Caesar, was formed the second Triumvirate, of which Mark Antony was the greatest. Having firmly established his power, he hastened to display its pomp. Passing over to Greece, and making some stay in Athens, he thence proceeded to Asia, journeying from kingdom to kingdom, attended by conquered monarchs and giving away crowns and states with lavish hand. To exhibit now his glory, and render more brilliant still his triumph, he summoned Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, to appear before his tribunal at Tarsus, to answer the charge of conspiracy against Rome; that she who had held Caesar captive in her chains, might bow to his power. In all the splendor of her beauty, most gorgeously displayed, the Semiramis of Egypt approached. Scorning the very appearance of homage the haughty Eastern syren came with the sole intention of captivating Antony. He, fascinated by her charms, forgot his ambition and became her willing slave.]

The arms of the proud Roman had triumphed over all. His eagle flew, victorious, o'er vanquished tower and wall; The chiefs of the Athenians, the sovereigns of the East, Honored his haughty progress, his stately train increased. While tribute here he levied, a crown he there bestowed, What wonder that this Consul with pride of conquest glowed? What wonder, then, forgetting that I, whose proud blood came From Cheops and Cephrenes, of Ptolemy's great name— That I, upon whose bosom Love lay with pinions furl'd, Had but to raise my eyelids to subjugate the world! What wonder, then, forgetting that I, of Pharaoh's line, Unconquered monarch, reigned by right yet more divine— By right of woman's beauty, than crown far higher power! Forgetting this, he summoned, and set apart an hour When I to him should answer at Tarsus, on the plea Of treason 'gainst the city—'gainst Rome, conspiracy. O Isis and Osiris! I heaped your altars high; I fed the black bull Apis, laughing at triumph nigh. And swore, by sacred Nilus, by Typhon, and each god, To measure with the Consul my smile against his sword, To make him feel that Egypt was queen in more than name, And Cleopatra's sceptre more potent than his fame. For, as in arms of Venus the fiery Mars lies still, So knew I that this Roman would bow him to my will. In galley bravely gilded, with sails of Tyrian dye, And oars of silver sweeping to sound of melody, Reclined I on rich cushions, spangled with stars of gold, Whose gleam my eyes' dark splendor outshone a thousand fold, While rose and sank my bosom, e'en as the swelling tide, In languid, soft pulsation; loose tresses, ebon-dyed, Fell heavy o'er the pillows, as drapery o'er me fell, And veiled the curves voluptuous, which Caesar loved so well; Rare fragrance of burnt incense, with breath of cassia blend, Perfumed the airs that fanned me, with passion eloquent. More fair than Trojan Helen, I, Egypt's Empress, came In all Astarte's glory, the Roman's pride to tame. The head of the Triumvir, he, proudest of the three, Gazed on me but one moment—then bowed he down to me. Like as the soons on Atlas down to the heated plain, Beneath the rays of Phœbus, in torrents rush amain, So, melted by my beauty—the radiance of my smile— He poured his soul before me, Enchantress of the Nile! And, as that Nile upriseth and floods the thirsty field, So did I, Ethiop's sovereign, love to the Roman yield. The blood of all the Pharaohs leaped through my veins like fire When to my conquered captor I granted his desire. As doth the amorous sunbeam the dewy flower-cup sip, Within his arms he held me, and feasted on my lip; Draining Love's sweet elixir, I sank in his embrace; Theo, with moist lips half-parted, I gazed upon his face! Lips breaking into laughter, blood-red with passion's fire, Now, curved with scornful triumph—now, warm with strong desire; Laughing that Roma's proudest lay captive in my arms, Reveling in the lover won by my woman's charms, Exulting that though Caesar above his queen loved fame, This more impetuous soldier my kiss alone could tame; So, lighting flames far brighter than e'er on altar shone, Till he, the world's great Tribune, knew but my will alone. No stern, ice-blooded Caesar, no calculating lord Weighing 'gainst Cleopatra his honor and his sword— But Antony, a hero, for whom my crown and throne Were doubly worth the losing so that his love were won! Like very gods we feasted, the sparkling wine outpoured; Still sacrificed to Bacchus, as Eros we adored. Wrapped in his warm embraces, while Sirius lit the dome, What cared I then for Egypt, or what cared he for Rome? He held—Rome's haughtiest Consul—this, every boon above, By my rich kiss made royal, immortal by my love. My fragrant breath inhaling, which e'er inflamed anew, The frenzied blood sent molten his throbbing pulses through. Half maddened by the rapture, his touch's magic charm, I clasped, and kissed, and held him, to fire, delight, and calm. So lay we, steeped in pleasure, till dawn had veiled the stars, I yielding love like Venus to him, my Roman Mars, Until the war-note's summons did 'mid soft music rare, While breath of lotus-blossom grew faint on odorous air; Till he, who came to conquer, lay conquered by my side— Gave up for Cleopatra, the world, his fame, his bride. Of all my glorious triumphs, this shall their lustre dim: He, Latium's conquering Consul—I, conqueror of him!

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

NOTE.—A few evenings since, as a party of ladies and gentlemen sat discussing the somewhat tropical Cleopatra verses of Story, Olive Harper, and Mary Bayard Clark, one of the gentlemen banteringly said to an icicle of a young poetess present: "Now, if you could write—as you certainly can not—such verses as these, you would make an impression." The icicle thought she could write such verses. A wager was made to the contrary, and the lines above resulted. This bit of history concerning the production will make its reading the more interesting.

On Sunday last we visited Duncan's Mills, taking our trip from San Rafael, returning by Sausalito. We believe there is no more picturesque railroad ride in the world than this. Along the margins of San Francisco and Tomales Bays; through beautiful wooded glens with sparkling streams; through highly cultivated farming lands; through a dense primal forest, with foliage almost tropical; a soil fruitful beyond anything; climate agreeable, lands cheap, markets convenient, game and fish abundant—and all within three hours ride of a great commercial city. As we went whirling through this most attractive country, almost unoccupied—not one-fifth of its acreage having ever been vexed with the plow, and any portion of which can be purchased at a low price; splendid lumber forests, saw mills abounding for cheap houses houses and fences—we could not realize the fact that at that moment hundreds of broad-shouldered, well-muscled, stalwart foreign laborers were crowding around an elevated pig pen in San Francisco to hear an ignorant, beetle-browed Irishman, or a low, blasphemous plug-ugly German, curse God and America that their lives had not fallen in pleasant places. There is not a man of health and youth, with temperate, industrious, and economical habits, who has brains, that may not go out into the interior of this State, and who, dying at reasonable age, may not leave to his children the heritage of a good education and a landed estate, which in their native lands would rank them with the influential and the governing class.

If you do what you should not you must bear what you would not.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The repertoire announced for the first week of the opera is as follows: On Monday night, *Lucia*, with Litta (who has made her most marked success in this part) as the heroine, Pantaleoni and Lazarini; Wednesday, *La Favorita*, for which only Madame Roze is announced, but which will probably introduce Mr. Adams, who, it seems to me, has at least as much claim to mention as the *prima donna*, since he has more reputation, and is, from all accounts, an artist of equal, if not higher, rank; on Friday, *Il Trovatore*, with Cary as "Azucena," and, presumably, Roze, Lazarini, and Pantaleoni, and on Saturday evening, *Mertha*. This opera, besides Litta and Cary, will probably bring Mr. Westberg, the *tenore di grazia*, who is reported to have a very pure and beautiful voice, and excellent style. The prospects for a respectable chorus and orchestra have been seriously impaired by the announcement that the *Passion* is to be revived at the Grand Opera House; the forces that will be required for this *rechauffé* will undoubtedly be missed at the opera. It seems a little singular, indeed, that a manager who is perfectly familiar with the available material should undertake to carry on at the same time two performances, either of which, to be at all satisfactory, requires a chorus and orchestra that can only with difficulty be collected in this city. The result will probably be the usual one of opera with fairly good principals, scrub orchestra, scrub chorus, insufficient rehearsal, shaky ensembles, and liberal cuts. To be sure, we are pretty well accustomed to this sort of thing; but in this instance it seems as though it were to be needlessly dealt out to us, and at a pretty high figure at that.

The concert to be given in aid of the Musical Fund Society at Woodward's Gardens, on Monday next, promises to be an affair on a grand scale. A military band of two hundred performers, conducted by Messrs. Herold and Wetterman, will be assisted by a large male chorus; the programme is selected in a most catholic spirit, and ranges from Beethoven (*Egmont* overture) and Meyerbeer (selection from *Roberto and Fackeltanz*) to Zikoff and Stubbe, whoever they may be. The grand feature of the concert is announced as a musical representation of "The Battle of Sedan," by the grand orchestra, chorus, drum corps, a company of fusiliers, a monster drum, and more than monster born, cannon, etc.

I can not conceive a more pitiable object than a writer who, undertaking to criticise matters of art, finds himself so hopelessly ignorant of his subject that he is compelled to eke out his allotted space with mere drivel and personal gossip about artists—who, not being suffered to sit at the art-table as the peer of those who surround it, is forced to be content with a place underneath, where he can pick up the crumbs that fall, to carry into the columns of his *Daily Bread* in proof that in some sort, at least, he has "been there." Every art community, in every time, has been annoyed with pests of this species—*vide* Goethe; but in every such community they have eventually come to be estimated at their true worth.

That which is best in art is not always to be bought in open market, even as nature does not always disclose her choicest beauties to the first comer. The passage from the ear to the soul is often hopelessly narrow.

If, as Grant White says, there is nothing in music beyond what is appreciable by the most feeble or uncultured intellect—his own, *par example*—and no altitude of musical thought that may not be attained at a bound—a single hearing—by the untaught youth of musically-receptive quality, how are we to account for our Bachs and Beethovens, who, starting from the standpoint at which Mr. White finds the musical intellect already at its perfect fruition, spent their entire lives in the study, not only of their art, but of the works of those composers who had preceded them? One smiles to think of Mr. White taking in—"completely," as he says—as a youth of sixteen, the fifth Symphony of that Beethoven who was still occupied at the close of his life in "studying" (his own word) the oratorios of Handel.

Of musical annoyances besides the late arrivals and early departures, of whom I spoke last week, the chatters are one of the most dreadful pests of the concert room. These consist partly of enthusiasts who can not contain themselves, and gush into audible delight or irrepressible criticism, and partly of stupidities who, not caring about the music, are profoundly indifferent as to whether any one else hears it or not, and who *must* gabble or die. If they only *would* die—before coming to the concerts! It is at the better concerts that one suffers most from this class of nuisance: the gushers affect the good music, and can never await the end of a movement in order to point out the beauties of it to the sympathizing neighbor, and the better the music the worse the infliction to the majority—that after all goes mostly either because it is the proper thing or because somebody else goes—and the greater the need for a little conversation to help them through it. A bundle of Rigolot's Cinapisms in the hands of a set of discriminating ushers, to be incontinently applied on the appearance of the first symptoms, would be a positive blessing at most concerts, and would at the same time have the charm of novelty.

One of our young San Francisco musicians, Noah Brandt, who has been for the past four or five years studying at Leipzig, with Röntgen and Richter, seems to be making considerable headway, especially in composition, and has lately sent home a number of songs that are full of bright promise. One of these is to be published shortly by Mr. Gray, with the title-page illustrated by an original drawing by Mr. Toby Rosenthal.

There has been no way yet devised by any civilized nation by which a money-lender could be compelled to lessen his rates of interest for the use of money, and take upon himself any of the burdens of the borrower. Money can hide and land can not. England has her money laws, but if Lord Beaconsfield was a borrower he could not go into the money market and bring away a pound sterling for which he did not pay the rate fixed by the lender. His note might read six per cent. per annum, but he would be compelled to purchase something he did not want, and pay for it a value it did not possess.

AFTERMATH.

These Bank Commissioners are making hasty trips about the country certifying to the solvency of the banks. The Commissioners are honorable men, but the Commission is at once a farce and a sin. Everybody knows, who knows anything about it, that to ascertain the condition of a bank is an extremely difficult and tedious matter. In the larger institutions, like the leading ones in this city, it would be necessary to make a secret "descent" upon the bank, seal up its vault, capture and guard its books, stop its business, and consume several weeks in the examination of its affairs by a corps of experts. Nothing of the kind is done, or can be done; the whole business of examination is got through in a few hours, the Commissioners, knowing precisely as much as they did before, tell the public exactly what the directors had previously told it, the bank gets a "first-rate character," and is thereafter enabled to more securely and effectively complete whatever frauds it may happen to have in hand. A "Commission" of this kind is the "natural" and "obvious" "check" upon incorporated companies. It has the double merit of being the first thought of the reformer, and the first love of the thing to be reformed.

We are not concerned to deny that "irregularities" may be so awkwardly practiced that the Commission may by chance light upon their traces; the manager who is harmless as a serpent is not always wise as a dove; but we assert without hesitation or misgiving that the man who is morally competent and intellectually worthy to undertake a swindle of respectable magnitude has nothing to fear and much to hope for from this impotent device of the self-educated legislator—a Bank Commission. Whenever in his tackings and doublings to escape detection the bank mismanager comes to a soft place where his tracks would be visible he mounts the Commission and is carried across to firm ground as securely as the Saviour on the shoulders of St. Christopher. The difference is that the Commission thinks itself the Saviour and its rider the saint.

The State Supreme Court decided that under the present Constitution ex-Governor John G. Downey was not entitled to a *bonus* (in addition to interest) for loaning money of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, Los Angeles, of which he was president. And now the present Constitution is not good enough for ex-Governor John G. Downey.

The present Constitution is not good enough for Gen. Volney E. Howard. Of what bank, pray, was *he* the president?

Dun war-clouds staining all the blue
Affect the far horizon—
Chile, Bolivia, Peru,
Fight, and their hands in blood imbue;
The south wind brings their cries on.

"O sea-bird of the southern sea,
Tell me, with scream or gobble,
Whom do these heroes fight to free?"
Gravely the bird replies to me:
"For my discharge they squabble."

The Government having appropriated money for a harbor of refuge on the Oregon coast, every citizen of that commonwealth whose land runs down to the sea has taken a spade and gone to work making a suitable location. The shore line of Oregon has now some five hundred thousand indentations, and resembles a panorama of an apple pie pretty well sampled. Pending the decision, the engineers who are to make it are having a tolerably lively time of it, and think it rather hard that they should have to hunt a harbor of refuge for others having none for themselves, with the mountain counties yet to hear from.

"Two children of William McCallan, of Berry Creek, Butte county, were lost while out hunting a cow on Wednesday last. They were afterward found, but the younger had died of exhaustion."—*Exchange*.

Ye that without an inner sense,
Alert, attentive, and intense,
Have scanned these words with careless mien,
Nor heard the sound of sobs between—
Ye that without a pang have read,
Nor felt upon your hearts the tread
Of little feet that strove to gain
Familiar ground in vain, in vain!—
Pray thus: "O Father, thanks ad praise
For loveless nights and dreary days.
Thy bounty's great, exaction mild—
I thank thee for my neighbor's child."

It is pretty clear what is going to be made by the Republican party a "leading issue" in the next Presidential campaign. It may be stated thus: "Shall the negro be driven from his hearthstone?" All of a sudden, as by a preconcerted arrangement with some central authority, he has begun to leave "de folks on de ole plantation" and "cross de mountain" into Kansas in multitudes that darken the earth. The crowds behind push on the crowds before, and still successive ranks of shining faces appear above the southern horizon to gild the hopes of the Republican editor. For as yet the movement is visible to no eye but that of the journalist; this interminable host is too sacred a mystery for any but the priesthood of the party, who minister "behind the veil." Mississippi has not seen it leave, nor Kansas arrive, but to the New York *Tribune* and *Times* the "Exodus" is a very rousing reality indeed, and the crocodile tears that these estimable journals shed for the wrongs of the exiled blacks may be regarded as the first big drops of the political storm that shall anon drown the Democrats out of their holes.

That the negro tears himself away from the scene of his early struggles and final triumph rather than not be in a position to vote for General Grant is a proposition not yet definitely formulated and enounced; it is reserved for a later stage of the "campaign." Enough for the present to say, as one journal elegantly does, that "they are fleeing from political ostracism." That is the body-color of the picture; the outline can be drawn, and the harrowing details painted in with more sombre pigments, hereafter; when the completed canvas will show a bedraggled and blood-hounded black (with

an emaciated female of his species and a pickaninny bearing an inconsistently beetling stomach) clasping the knees of the protecting Ulysses in an orgasm of gratitude, while the Goddess of Liberty, fearfully and wonderfully bestarred-and-striped, scowls defiance at a pursuing band of slouch-hatted bulldozers, balked of their prey and brandishing the impotent revolver and the baffled bowie. We should not be surprised if Mr. Nast were to foreshadow something of this kind in the next *Harper*.

On the other hand, it is increasingly apparent that the Democrats are going to enter this fight without a suitable "slogan." They have not a decent grievance themselves, and were never known to adopt the grievances of others. Moreover, they have "captured the capital," where they have not only their own way but their own way of having it. True, they can, and probably will, revive the cry of "Fraud," but that cock won't fight; we shall cheerfully admit that the man with whom we have done, and who did not meet our wishes, was illegally elected. Hayes is a grape-stone spit out; we stole the grape, if they will have it so.

"Shall there be Federal supervision of elections?" "Will freemen endure the presence of soldiers at the polls?" These are spirited and stirring *conundra*, and would serve a campaign purpose admirably, but with blind and improvident precipitancy the Democrats have them already in process of solution by another method than the defeat of a Republican nominee for the Presidency—the subjection, that is to say, of the actual incumbent. The Democracy is exhausting its ammunition before joining battle—like the savage who uttered his war-whoop until he was too weak to fight.

Altogether, the Presidential canvass that is already begun bids fair to be rather uninteresting. We fatigue already of the sempiternal nigger, and feel for his grievances (Kansas included) only that smallest unit of solicitude, a continental damn's worth. The Democrats may eat him if they like; he has ceased to vote the Republican ticket where he is, and we can elect our man without him. If parties again divide on the nigger we shall have nothing to do with either their antipathy or their infatuation, for we can excel them in both, and shall straddle the blind of Democratic prejudice by persecuting our Chinese, and go one better than Republican liberality by befriending ourselves.

Chronicle Charles Warren Stoddard
"Supped full of horrors" and foddered
On leprosy, then
Down his throat thrust his pen,
And the vial of plague was unsoldered.

An officer of the detective police testified, the other day, that Spiritualists gave the force a great deal of unnecessary trouble by volunteering information; and it is only after their "clews" have been proved worthless that they confess the information came from the "over the river." We wonder if it has occurred to the head of the department to kill these miscreants. The suggestion is made with a diffidence which we hope is characteristic; it is not impossible that a sufficiently good effect could be produced by maiming them. Harsh measures should be avoided if admonition will serve.

Oakland proposes to fine and imprison persons who visit opium dens, and Brown, who neither lives in Oakland nor smokes opium, avers that if the ordinance is passed he will leave his lodgings and go to Mexico. He will there meet Smith, who, in the event of the new Constitution being adopted, and all property imperiled, will also go to Mexico if he can borrow money enough to get there. It's a bad outlook for the future of free institutions when the Browns and Smiths begin to sacrifice at the shrine of Principle—the former breaking up the lodging-houses for altar-fuel and the latter raiding their neighbor's pastures for victims.

We warn the gluttons and *gourmets*, who in their devotion to the great Belly-God neglect their political duties to the State, that when the new Constitution has shut up the markets and restaurants they will not find its provisions very good eating.

The man whose name was not mentioned in the "society" columns of last Tuesday's *Call* is hunting for the editor with a gun. He says the omission is without excuse; he is a man and brother, and was in town. We are sorry to suggest an explanation that may prevent the effusion of blood, but—hasn't he recently had his hair cut, or something?

A caviling contemporary complains of "the law's delay," resulting from the postponements of trials for convenience of counsel. A lawyer commonly has charge of a good many cases, and he can not be in two courts at once. If he can have but one client at a time we must have more lawyers. Is our contemporary prepared to face that alternative?

By the way, we observe that those persons complain most of the law's delay whom the law has most frequently overtaken.

"The asses throughout the State are expected to kick against the new Constitution."—*San Diego Union*.

What monstrous fallacy is here—
Truth topsy-turvy on its ear!
This fundamental law of things
Itself is purely asinine;
The world, good friend, will not be tricked,
For asses kick not, but are kicked.

Mr. Ernest Rénan has been elected a member of the French Academy. They have rewarded him because he wrote the life of Jesus. Ah, what would they not have done for him if he could have taken it?

"O Pred!" exclaimed a pretty woman to her husband the other day, after a fit of coughing during which she rattled from her mouth to the sidewalk—"I'm my teec!" "Well," said her brute of unrepentant husband in again." Now, obviously, she couldn't.

AN ARTISTIC INFATUATION.

"Mademoiselle Velours" was the name Fanny Stanton gave to a certain young lady, the first time he saw her sitting in a corner of Mrs. Rob Roy's parlor.

When I say "the first time," I must explain that she came to Mrs. Rob's *musicales*, etc., very often, and always sat in the same place, which came after a while to have the meaning of a throne.

And when I say *Fanny Stanton*, I don't want you to be so stupid as to mistake the sex of the name, for Francis Stanton, Esq., had only caught that pretty sobriquet from his comrades, because of a ladylike gentleness which they rather revered after all.

Fanny had just returned from Europe, which he had been "doing" in company with some energetic Californian families, among them two or three young girls of the "Daisy Miller" type. He had picked up a score of little affectations that called forth a good deal of "chaff" from his young stay-at-home friends. He was an amateur artist, a fickle dilettant who raved more than ever over the technique of his would-be profession. He had an amateurish studio, where he played at painting, and had little dabs of landscape and portraiture stuck round in favorable lights. But beyond and above his airy art devotion he took a keen pleasure in picking to pieces new people, not after the orthodox gossip-method, but in a dreamy analytic fashion, which was as well known as his other weaknesses, for he was in turn dissected by half a dozen or so *faisant* acquaintance. He had been immensely bored since he came home, and found nothing to please him, so he went to Mrs. Rob's because he was at liberty to growl there as much as he pleased. But he forgot his grievances when he saw Mademoiselle Velours.

"No, thank you, I don't care for an introduction just yet," he said, lazily, when his dovelike little hostess noticed his interest, and thought to promote it.

She looked at him an instant, and then laughed softly. "Very well; just as you like. Come to me when you are ready."

Mrs. Rob's was one of the houses which you find only once or twice in a lifetime. People seemed to leave their malformations outside her door as devout Mussulmans do their shoes, and though nobody made conversation, there was always plenty of it. Everybody did as he pleased, and was not made to pay a mental tax, so there was always any amount of nice people doing the nicest possible things for the benefit of the non-accomplished, and, master marvel of all, they were appreciated.

You will not find Mrs. Rob's name in the *Elite Directory*; indeed, it is doubtful whether she knows there are such "helps to society." So, while a jolly little girl with a fresh young voice sang some breezy ballads, Mr. Stanton put himself into a convenient chair and watched Mademoiselle Velours. He wondered if she would purr if he stroked her. He thought she had not moved since he first caught sight of her, except to lift the heavy lids of those purple black eyes. Her hair was the same shade, and the sultry brunette skin was just touched with an underglow of red in her cheeks and lips. She had on a velvet dress of the tint of a falling leaf; a gold brown—how else can I describe it? And if she were rather *over* dressed for so small a party, nobody but a surly critic would have dared to say so. Her careless attitude, her tropic beauty, her complete repose in the midst of the gay sparkle about her, touched the young man with the same swift pleasure one feels in drawing his finger-tips over the silky fur of some beautiful animal; it is a fascinating magnetism, a purely physical delight.

After a while Mr. Stanton remembered his duty to the world at large, and went around making himself agreeable, as he very well knew how, but by and by he came back to his first position.

Two or three young men had approached his lazy beauty, and were evidently urging some request, but she only turned her head slowly and said something to one of them, which Stanton could not hear, but which seemed very decisive, for the discomfited cavaliers moved away soon after with an aggrieved expression on their faces.

Fanny did not seek his introduction that night, but he made his appearance at Mrs. Rob's very promptly the next Thursday. He did his society *salam* to his hostess mechanically, and with a curious flutter of impatience made his way into the next room. There he drew a long breath of satisfaction. Mademoiselle was there.

An hour later Mrs. Rob heard a soft voice behind her murmur: "If you please, I am ready."

She laughed. "So soon," she said, without looking round, "you are impatient." But she presently excused herself to the gentleman with whom she was talking and laid her hand lightly on the young man's arm. She was rather astonished at his grave silence, for she was accustomed to his rhapsodies over every new whimsey, and enjoyed them immensely, but now she made no comments, only presented him gracefully to "Miss Sunderland."

The young lady changed her position a trifle, and her head drooped like a flower; it would have been high treason to call the movement a bow.

"Mr. Stanton is an artist, Judith," Mrs. Rob said, with a comical expression, "and if he stares at you you need not be either complimented or vexed, for he is only studying you from a professional point of view."

Stanton dropped into a low chair as she moved away, and glancing up to see what effect her speech has produced, looked straight into Miss Sunderland's dark eyes.

"That was very kind of our hostess," he said gently, "but she did not know I had been staring at you for an hour already. That is a sin for which I must get absolution myself."

She looked at him with a strange expression. "I will give you absolution," she said at length, in the low, rich voice Stanton had been waiting for. He had a theory about voices, which he clung to bravely, in spite of its frequent upsetting, and it made him quite happy to find it firm in this instance. "Thank you," he murmured; "you make me brave, you make me audacious. Some day I shall be wanting something more than absolution."

She smiled a curious, shadowy smile, but it encouraged him. He knew he was not following the regulation routine of conversation, but a womanly instinct, and the crepuscular interest in the girl's face lured him on.

He was going to be specially audacious this instant, and tell

you something about myself. Mrs. Rob Roy did me wrong when she called me an artist. I am only a dauber. But then I have so many fancies that if they were shaped visibly I should be immortal. Isn't that better than being an artist?—or is it being one? And sometimes I find a reality which is so much fairer than my fancies that I forget which is earth and which cloudland. If we could only keep our fingers from tingling with that desire for reproduction there would be no more studios, my fair realities would remain the wonders of the world, and I should not be asking you to let me put you on canvas."

Miss Sunderland had followed him intelligently enough at any rate, and at this impulsive climax she smiled again—the same intangible, untranslatable smile.

"I always wanted a picture of myself," she said slowly.

"But if it should turn out to be a travesty. I am brave, but not brave enough to promise anything akin to perfection."

"I am not afraid," she murmured, looking at him sleepily from under her long lashes.

To a vain man there might have seemed a tinge of coquetry in her manner, but our friend Fanny had a certain humility which was proportioned to the glory of the idol he happened to be worshipping. His conceit took a different turn from that of most men, and spread itself out into numberless little mannerisms, rather agreeable than otherwise.

"I don't believe you ever have seen Mrs. Rob's pet picture," and as she looked uncomprehending, "may I show it to you? And if you do not like it, why—I will turn my back on it for ever."

Miss Sunderland rose slowly, and, ignoring Stanton's proffered arm, walked at his side with a careless grace which was another satisfaction to this fastidious young gentleman.

As they moved away, a lady rose from a seat near by and followed them. A pale, correct-looking woman, with black hair and eyes. She was severely simple and precise in her dress—so much so as to seem almost old-fashioned; and she had the close-set lips and the anxious face-lines which are the mask of care.

"I think we must go home now, Judith," she said, touching the girl.

"I am not going home," said Miss Sunderland, in a tone which was not indifferent, not careless, not defiant, and yet perhaps was all three; and the two voices startled Stanton as the likeness between the women had startled him. They were the same and they were not the same, but one jarred against the other; he could not quite tell which was out of tune. "I will come back presently," his companion added, and they passed on, only to encounter Mrs. Rob in the doorway.

"I am going to show Miss Sunderland your fetch in the gray room," said Stanton, by way of explanation. "She has never seen it."

"No. I was afraid she would admire it too much," said Mrs. Rob, drily, and looking not over-pleased; then she glided swiftly away to look after a belated guest, leaving Stanton to wonder what she meant.

Their "presently" covered so much time that he thought it necessary, when they returned, to ask for an introduction to Miss Sunderland's anxious guardian—who was, of course, her mother—and to apologize for having detained the young lady so long. Mrs. Sunderland looked at him earnestly, or, as Stanton expressed it, "looked into him," and was apparently satisfied, for she thawed out a little, talked to him some time, and finally permitted him to put them into their carriage.

Some unpleasant business and some unfulfilled engagements caused two weeks to pass before he presented himself again in Mrs. Rob's parlor. When he came in he glanced eagerly round, even while he chatted to that clear-eyed little woman; and, by way of revenge, she let him wander about for some time before giving him the final douche. She came upon him in a corner, a trifle cross, and more than a trifle bored.

"How did Miss Sunderland like my picture?" she asked, sitting down beside him. "She is not here, so you can express yourself freely."

His countenance fell.

"Poor boy, had you been hoping? You must not be too greedy; is it not enough that you are known as the Pygmalion who has wakened our magnificent statue? I'm sure I'm quite proud of you."

"She has promised to sit to me," said Stanton, dreamily.

"When?"

"There was no time arranged."

"Now, I wonder," said Mrs. Rob, meditatively, "what touch of nature there is to make a kinship between you and Judith Sunderland. She is like no girl I ever met. She has had dozens of offers in spite of her indifference and rudeness, and she—"

"Pardon me," said Stanton, artfully; "I am sure that your judgment of her is perfect. Let me see how nearly I can come to perfection. We will exchange opinions when I have had a closer acquaintance with the young lady."

"Which is a polite way of telling me to hold my tongue. You don't want your artistic study tampered with? Well, so be it. But am I not good-natured to submit to this?"

"You are the cleverest woman, the most delightful friend, the most—"

Here Mrs. Rob laid her pretty fan softly across his lips; and, lest somebody may think her a flirt or indiscreet, let me tell you there was a Mr. Rob Roy who would have indorsed the suppressed eulogy and applauded the author of it, if he had overheard his speech; and Stanton's was the purest homage that could be offered to a woman. He bade his hostess good night soon after this conversation, and she did not see him again for several days.

One night at the theatre, when she was making the tour of the house with her opera-glass—to avoid weak tear-shedding over Clara Morris—a hand pushed back the curtain of a proscenium box opposite, and Stanton's serious profile appeared above Miss Sunderland's Parisian bonnet. Mrs. Rob would have whistled had she been a man; as it was, she only gave her husband's arm a little pinch and said: "Look there!"

"Well, that's nothing to do high tragedy about. I hope this sort of thing isn't catching. You shan't come any more if it is. I must say they make a rum pair. Miss Judith will lead poor Fanny a fine chase," and Rob Roy chuckled.

His wife looked at him compassionately: "That's all you know about it."

"Well, that's enough to know, isn't it?" But she only shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

Stanton came round after a while to speak to them.

"You are pursuing your studies with a good deal of vigor," said Mrs. Rob.

"Miss Sunderland came yesterday for her first sitting," he answered, with a kind of subdued triumph.

"Truly, I shall believe in you hereafter," she laughed, looking at him admiringly.

"My dear fellow," interrupted Rob Roy, "do you know what you are doing?"

Stanton shook his head. "I don't want to know. I enjoy being deluded."

Rob Roy stared. "Well, you're frank at any rate. I just wanted to warn you, but if you like it, why it's all right;" but he continued to stare at this amiable lunatic for some time.

"Come down in two or three days, and tell me how I am doing," said Stanton when he went away. "I can't do Miss Sunderland justice, of course, but I have the right feeling about it, I am sure."

As the door closed on him, Rob Roy touched his forehead significantly. "Nonsense," said his wife; and just then the drop curtain ran up, and they surrendered themselves to the delights of the emotional drama.

Stanton was too prim to be a painter; the disorder of his studio was always an affected—an arranged disorder, a concession to the traditions of his trade. If he had followed his own inclinations, his painting would have been merely a decorative day-dream, but there was a lurking talent in him somewhere which make him a fair artist in spite of himself, and his big bump of approbation led him into some hard work, "just to please his friends."

Mrs. Rob was so curious that she could not wait long to make her visit. She found Mrs. Sunderland sitting in a noble, old Gothic chair, with a severe-looking book in her hand, and an expression of extremely tried patience on her face. She looked like one of Cotton Mather's congregation dropped into the city of hoodlums.

On a pile of cushions near by, her hands clasped above her head carelessly, Judith lay, or rather reclined, her eyes closed, her whole attitude expressive of luxurious rest. In her rather fantastic Turkish dress, with a circlet of tiny, gold coins crossing her low forehead and gleaming among the masses of her dusky, loosened hair, the wide, white sleeves falling away from her gold-fettered arms, she made so startling a picture that even Mrs. Rob caught her breath.

Stanton was sitting opposite, painting away as eagerly as if his life depended on it. He looked up and nodded as Mrs. Rob came in; Mrs. Sunderland slowly opened his eyes, and her mother closed her book and folded her white, lace-hung hands at mathematical angles. The intruder went over and sat down beside her. "Isn't this very tiresome for you?" she asked.

Mrs. Sunderland shut her thin lips a trifle closer. "Judith is very peculiar," she said with a sidelong glance at her questioner; "I have to humor her whims. I suppose this young man is perfectly harmless."

"Oh, quite so," and Mrs. Rob's eyes twinkled.

"I don't know a more innocent amusement for your daughter than this," she said cheerfully. "What effect Judith may have on Mr. Stanton is another matter, I presume."

Mrs. Sunderland bowed gravely. "I think," said she, "young gentlemen never suffer much from such associations. Their *amour propre* saves them from pain even if they become interested. Everybody admires Judith, but Mr. Stanton's admiration seems purely artistic."

Mr. Stanton, in the meantime, had left his work, and with his head thrown back, was contemplating his subject, apparently oblivious of everything else.

Mrs. Rob was obliged to confess that Mrs. Sunderland was right. No man in love ever looked at a woman like that, but then Mr. Stanton was not exactly like other men.

She went over and stood behind him. He started and smiled: "You see I have only made a beginning. I did not know it would be so difficult. It is easy enough to get her features, but there is an expression, a—something that baffles me completely."

"Was that dress her own caprice?" He nodded.

"I thought so; she is very beautiful," said his friend sincerely.

"Oh, yes, she is the realization of all the superlatives in the language," he exclaimed impatiently, "but I can't paint her."

"You will have to try, now that you've begun."

Stanton frowned. "She's very patient, I assure you, but I have a conscience."

"Well, I won't disturb the seance," said Mrs. Rob, who was rather bored; but she loitered around the room and tried to rouse Judith into something like animation, noticing, meanwhile, how deferential, how devoted Stanton was to the elder woman.

"I wish Rob could have gone with me," she said to herself as she walked down the street at last. "It is like a chapter out of a novel." And that evening she talked her patient husband into desperation on the topic uppermost in her mind. "Judith is magnificent," she said, "but she hasn't any soul. She treats her mother with the same abominable indifference she gives to every one else. She is as lustreless as a black pearl. I think Mr. Stanton looks at the daughter and talks to the mother. He told me she was remarkably intelligent. You see it takes the whole family to amuse him. You can't quite imagine, Rob, what a queer trio they make." And Rob laughed and said yes, he could just imagine it.

Mrs. Rob's "queer trio" came to her regularly every Thursday evening. Miss Sunderland always sat in the same corner, and Stanton monopolized her. She treated him with a sort of gentle toleration, and though she was as "lustreless" as ever, seemed to take a certain pleasure in having him near her. Mrs. Rob Roy always asked about the picture, and was always told that it was going on slowly. Once she inquired if Stanton was ready to compare character-notes, but he slipped away from the subject adroitly. "Which shows," said Mrs. Rob to her conjugal confidant, "that he is more interested than I supposed." By and by she noticed that her protégé was getting haggard and pale. "Fanny can't be dissatisfied," she thought; "I wonder what is the matter with him." He no longer dropped in to see her at odd hours, or came to a friendly dinner with them. But one dismal, foggy

day, when she had barred the door to "company," he walked in without warning. She knew the Sunderlands were out of town, and somehow felt a thunder-storm in the air, but she only said, carelessly, "This is a novelty. Where have you been for the last week or so?"

"In the inferno," said Stanton, gloomily.

For a wonder Mrs. Rob did not laugh. I think she was a little frightened. "Tell me all about it," she murmured in her silkiest tones, which nobody ever tried to resist.

"There isn't anything to tell except that I've been a fool. I don't think I quite understand it myself. Do you believe in witchcraft?" and then, without waiting for an answer, he threw himself on the lounge and buried his face in his hands. Mrs. Rob waited patiently. By and by he sat up again. "What is the matter with Miss Sunderland?" he asked, abruptly.

"Well, she is very odd, but I don't know that there's anything special the matter with her," and Mrs. Rob opened her gray eyes very wide.

Stanton rubbed his hand over his own eyes wearily. "I can't shut her out," he muttered. "At first she rested me. It was perfect content just to look at her, and she was good enough not to drive me away. But after I began that cursed picture I seemed to lose my identity; I could not think of any thing else. I was wretched when I was away from her. If I shut my eyes I saw her as she looked the day you came into the studio. Do I love her? I swear to you I don't know. I only understand that I can't eat, or drink, or sleep till I see her again. You see what this infatuation has done for me. You can laugh as much as you like," but Mrs. Rob did not look as if she had the slightest desire to laugh. "Two days ago she got up abruptly before I had been painting half an hour, and said she was going home. When I remonstrated, she said, coldly: 'I am tired of the whole thing. I am tired of you.' That was all. You know how she would say it. Her mother seemed very much annoyed, very much disturbed. She begged me not to say any thing to Judith, and they went away. Wait," as Mrs. Rob tried to speak; "you would have thought that was *conge* enough for a modest man like me. I am modest, am I not? Well, it wasn't. I went to the house last night. The servants have been so used to my coming and going that one of them showed me directly into the room where Miss Sunderland sat, alone. I never had seen her alone before. She was dressed just as she had sat for her picture; she was in the same attitude. Well, she looked at me as if I had been a complete stranger.

"What do you want?" she said, softly.

"I don't know what I said. I think I must have acted like a madman; but she never moved, she never spoke until I stopped my raving. Then she lifted her head and looked at me eagerly. 'Do I make you suffer?' she said. Then I burst out again with my idiocy. She laughed a low, musical laugh—I had never heard her laugh before. It made her a thousand times more beautiful, but it made me angry; it gave me a little dignity at last. I turned away and went to the door, but she called me back. 'Come near,' she said; 'come nearer.' She looked at me steadily a long time. At last she murmured: 'I am glad I have made you suffer. I am glad you came to-day. I did not think you had it in you to suffer so,' and she laughed again. I turned away bewildered and dizzy. 'Good-bye, good-bye,' she called, and as I closed the door a sort of chanting echo of the words followed me—'good-bye, good-bye.' How could a man bear such insults? This time I did not look back, but I met Mrs. Sunderland on the stairs. What she saw in my face I don't know, but she pushed me aside and sprang past me like an arrow. I heard her go into the room I had just left and shut the door. Then I came away.

"That's a nice story to tell, isn't it?" continued Stanton, running his fingers through his fair hair, and rolling his head from side to side as if it pained him. "You would think I'd hate her now, but I don't. I don't hate her, I don't love her, but I want to see her again—I *must* see her again, and you must help me."

Mrs. Rob turned very pale. "It would do you no good. You must conquer this feeling some time," she said stoutly. Stanton got up and stood looking at her with an unpleasant smile.

"Do you think I *haven't* tried to conquer it? Do you think I enjoy this sort of thing?"

"I think it's of no use to reason with you now," said his mentor.

"Of course it isn't," he answered recklessly, "no more than it's of use to ask a man to steer for land when he falls overboard some dark night at sea. I don't want to be reasoned with. I want to see Miss Sunderland just once," he added coaxingly; "just *once*."

Mrs. Rob's heart yearned over her favorite. He looked so wretched. She deliberated, and was lost.

"I will try to manage it," she said at last, hesitatingly, "but I—"

"You are an angel!" he interrupted, and kissing her hand once, twice, thrice, was gone.

But before this much-abused woman had an opportunity to fulfill her promise she had a call from Mrs. Sunderland. It lasted two hours, and Mrs. Rob never told anybody but her husband all that passed between them.

The next morning the Sunderlands left on the overland train for New York.

When Stanton came in that evening Mrs. Rob met him with a guilty air, which he immediately detected.

"I could not help it," she began.

"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly, "I saw her after all."

"When?"

"This morning when she went away," and then he sat staring at the wall a long time. Finally he broke out with: "Mrs. Sunderland said you had something to tell me."

His hostess' face flushed hotly. "She is very cruel, and you are foolish. It will do you no good to know."

"Go on," he said sharply.

"You must not blame Mrs. Sunderland," she stammered, offering defense, woman-like, before any accusation had been made; she felt very unhappy about the whole affair."

"Mrs. Sunderland is very kind," with sarcastic politeness. "I don't know why it should be supposed that I intend blaming anybody. You were about to say—"

"Oh, dear, you must let me tell it in my own way," exclaimed Mrs. Rob piteously.

"Well, in God's name, *tell* it in your own way," and he shut his eyes and threw his head back in the most exasperating fashion.

Mrs. Rob was indignant, but she remembered how sorely he had been tried, and began her story as stiffly as if she had been a witness in court.

"I've known the Sunderlands a year or two, but I never was very intimate with them; they had no *very* close friends. I always thought Judith very eccentric, but her mother told me they came of an eccentric family, and then her marvelous beauty and the homage she received from everybody were enough to account for that insolent indifference of hers. Any woman will be spoiled by such treatment. You know how even her mother indulged her whims. At one time it was Judith's pleasure to shut herself up and see no one; then for a while, she went everywhere. People raved about her when she first came out, and she chose to be very gracious, totally unlike the Miss Sunderland you knew. Finally, just before you came home, she relapsed into that indifference, and poor Mrs. Sunderland was so delighted when you roused her into something like interest that she did not think of the consequences. She implored me to tell you how highly she esteemed you." Here Mrs. Rob hesitated, and Stanton made a gesture of impatience and opened his eyes, which disconcerted her more than ever.

"They are going East to consult some eminent physician," she said, looking down and fumbling with her work, then abruptly—"can't you understand? Their family eccentricity means nothing less than hereditary insanity and Judith is—"

"I don't believe it!" shouted Stanton, jumping up.

Mrs. Rob was silent.

"And you don't believe it, either," he added.

"I don't know what to believe," she said, rather nervously; "her own mother ought to know what ails her."

"Is that all?"

"She loved you," said Mrs. Rob gently.

A dark-red flush rose to Stanton's face. "You have no right to tell me that now," but she went on:

"Mrs. Sunderland thought she was doing it for the best. She told Judith something—I don't know what—that you had been only pretending; that—well, *that* was enough."

Stanton groaned. "Judith Sunderland is no more mad than I am," Mrs. Rob pursed up her lips and looked very queer.

"You think we are birds of a feather, don't you?" he said with a harsh laugh.

She shook her head. "No, I was thinking of—something else," she said slowly.

"Well, it's no matter. I'm going away where I can think it all out by myself. Some day I hope to show you that I appreciate your patience and goodness," and then he went out into the night, and stumbled around the streets helplessly until morning.

In spite of his excited denial he *did* believe Mrs. Sunderland, and suddenly a good many things became clear which had always puzzled him. He was no longer haunted by Judith Sunderland's face, but the cessation of the unnatural excitement that had nourished him for weeks left a dull pain in its stead. It was as if he had come to a dead wall. He was no longer restless but lethargic. He tried to paint, but his fingers had lost their trick of touch. Mrs. Rob Roy was very good to him, very tender with him, and nobody but themselves ever knew why the *romanza*—which had been much commented upon in certain circles—did not end in a wedding march.

Stanton turned his picture to the wall, but one day I think it will see the light again; and if at some future art exhibition, sandwiched in between "A Sunset in the Foothills" and a monotonous "Fruit Piece," you should notice "The Oda-lisque," you can say that you know its history. Q. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

Serious Reflections on the Taxation Subject.

If A loans B one hundred barrels of flour, and B gives a due-bill promising to deliver to A one hundred barrels of flour on demand, is A taxed for the due-bill as a solvent debt? If so, it is a correct principle that A, who loans \$100 in money and takes his note, should be also taxed for the note, as well as B for the money. If A happens to owe Horace Davis for the flour, he can deduct amount from value of his due-bill; but if he owes it for Eastern flour, he is obliged to pay the tax. This is not equal taxation. If A does not owe anything on his \$100 in money he has got to stand the tax on the note. As a swell capitalist, serves him right; no business to have the money. If A owns the flour free from debt, he has got to stand the tax on the due-bill as a solvent debt. This is simply double taxation, and is all fair enough if it is agreed, except that in the case of a poor fellow who deals in goods not produced in this State—he has got to stand more than his share. There is one thing I don't understand: how professional gentlemen can be made to pay their share of the running expenses (their stock in trade being invisible) without an income tax. A physician may realize \$10,000 a year, and spend it all and not be taxed, while a merchant under the same arrangement has to come down on whatever he has in the shape of goods. A tax on brains should be levied and gauged according to the results. How will you reach the stock sharp? Say, take a mine in Grass Valley worth \$500; tax it for \$300. Now, one hundred people are interested in that mine, and have paid their money to help it along. Each one of these one hundred men own \$1,000 worth of the stock, and it sells in the market for \$14.50 per share. The question is, would you tax it again for \$1,000, the amount the one hundred people paid, or the market value; and in either case would it be fair? Isn't it wading into deep water to tax anything beyond actual property? What is property? Gold, silver, bank bills—when they represent money not in the State—merchandise, houses, lands, sheep, and cattle—everything tangible and substantial. What good to go outside of this? Tax them once; isn't that enough? and saves a heap of bother. It isn't the unfortunate individuals who own the money or property which we wish to spite, but to raise the necessary money to meet current expenses, from property, whether owned by Tom, Dick, or Harry. The poor devil who has nothing pays nothing; if he should be so unfortunate as to get hold of anything, or have credit enough to borrow, it is right he should pay. If he don't want to pay, let him remain poor and escape the difficulty. J. S. G.

LITTLE JOHNNY ON THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

Ole Gaffer Peters he was to our house and he sed to Uncle Ned, ole Gaffer did: "Edard, them fellers wich made the new Constitution is mity smart men, yes in deed, jest like George Washon and Danuel Webster."

Uncle Ned he sed: "Yes, Gaffer, I dont think ether of the men you mention is to-day one bit smarnern them."

Then Gaffer he begun for to laugh, and he sed: "I never seen sech a igned feller like you be for to not kno they ben dead a long time."

But Uncle Ned he sed: "There's jest were you are mistook, cos Genel Washon is comander of the 2 Brigade of Milishia, and Danl Webster is Presdent of the Workmen."

Wen Uncle Ned he had sed that, Bildad, thats the new dog, he blank his eyes like the lite hurt em, and Mose wich is the cat opened hisn real wide, like oxes eyes, much as to say: "Wot a wopper?" But Gaffer he ony jest sed he bet them book riters and paper fellers wudent fool him agin in a hurry, and went off a shaken his hed. But next day he cum back and ast Uncle Ned was Geul Washon and Danl Webster aginst the new Constitution. Uncle Ned, he jump up and cracked his heels zgether like he was shot ded and sed: "Agin it, Gaffer, agin it? Wy, dum bust it all, dident thay fite ole King Gorge til the British Lion was jest sick and cudent thro it up? And dident thay draw up the Decoration of Injependence, and sing Yanky Doodle til thay was black in their faces? And wasent they took prisners at—at San Rafel; and dident Congres write a letter to King Gorge sayn if he didnt let em out there wude be trubble?"

Gaffer he sed: "Yes, yes, Edard, I kanew that, evry boddly kanows it wich has ben edecated at the deestrick schule. But wots it got to do with the new Constutution?"

Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and scarched his hed, and bime by he sed: "Yure sure you understude me, are you, Gaffer?" Gaffer he sed he did, and then after a other wile, and more scaratchin of his hed, Uncle Ned he sed: "Johnny, aint it curous he cant see the pint, aint it xtrounery how that *Caronicle* has drowd the wull over his 2 eyes?"

Then Bildad, thats the new dog, wich was lyn onto the *Sundy Caronicle*, he got up and slank away sideways, and Mose, wich is the cat, made a back and blew his tail up like a bloom, but Gaffer he ony sed he cudent see wot the wor of injependence had got to do with the new Constutution.

Jest then my father he cum in, and he sed, my father he did: "Its got this to do with it, thats wot. The man wich means to vote for it is unfit for to be a gest in this abode of perenel and pliticle virchue, and has got to cleer out mity lifely fore I sick my dog onto him. The feller thats in favor of taxin me out of house an home may call his self mity lucky if he gets out of it alife his ownself, cos Ide tackle him if he was a hundred years old jest evry bit as quick as I wude if he wasent only but one!"

Then ole Gaffer he sed he gest it was gittin on tord milkin time, and mabby Missis Doppy, wich is his dotter and has got the red head, you never seen sech a redn, had cum over to see him, and he had to git a patch sode onto the seat of his trousers fore the nite air cum on. Wen Gaffer was gon, and Bildad, thats the new dog, and Mose, wich is the cat, had got back from follern him, my father, wich had been laughin like he was a circus, he busted out, ol to once, and sed: "You may laugh, Edard, you may laugh til you make yurself sick a bed, but I tel you it aint no laughn matter. By onable industry and selfe denile, by the swet of my brow, by the practis of fair deeln by tween man and man, and by sech assistance as I have had from keepn up yure margins on mining stox, I have ben able for to git to gather this house and home as a pervision for my ole age, and for my whife an childern. Now dont tel me—dont you do it, Edard—that a lot of fellers wich has drank their up in wiskey, and plade it out in pitch 7 up, and fuled it a way on the poor, and wasted it on their brothers ded shure pints in stox, can send a lot of uther fellers jest like em to Sackramento for to rob me of this and divide it among theifselfs, and I must call it a pliticle question! Dont tel me, Edard, of onnest diffences of opinon a bout wether I shal be taxed out of all this, and a lot of slimy scaly wags taxed into it, jest cos there is 2 of them to any one of me. I tel you polittics has got nothin for to do with it, and the dad gommeed theef wich votes for the Constutution aint no better than a Demmycrat, and Ile lick him accordin'!"

Wen my father was a sayn it he got so xcited that he stamped a round the room like he was horses, and Bildad, thats the new dog, and Mose, wich is the cat, thay had for to keep a dodgin and a runin under things for to git a way, and wen he got dun he shuke his fist in Uncle Neds face, which started for to leave the room, but Bildad fassend onto his leg to once, and Uncle Ned he fassend onto Bildads neck, and then it was wich cude hold out the longest and make the most noise a bout it. Then my father he come to, and wen he see wot was up he tuke that new dog by the tail and flang him rite thru the windo into the hedge, and sed: "There must be harmny inside the party," and kicked Mose reel cruil, which hollered wild!

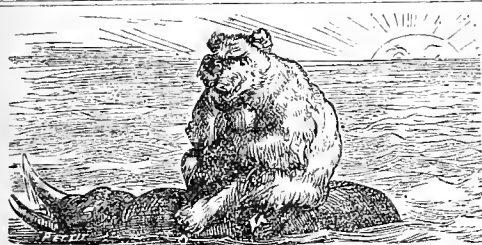
Then Uncle Ned he rubd his leg a wile, and then he loked at my father reel sollem out of his eyes, and bime by he sed: "Owin to the unfortunate state of yure pliticle under standin this mornin, and the divided counsels to wich it give rize, I spose I got to have hiderphoby, so I gess Ile jest make a clean brest of it fore I me past tockin. Ive ben a figgerin up our stock accounts, and, Henry, my dear feller, you are busted better nor a bilier, yes, my brother, you are gone innern than a fish werm."

Then my father, wich was wite like a sheet, he sed he wud bedam. And after a wile he sed Jerusalem. And then he spoke up a other time and sed hoppity Moses. Bime by he got up and woked a cross the flore 2 or three times, and then he sed: "By the jumpin jeeswax, the new Constutution wil put a end to this stock gamlin, and the contwisted robbers wich has got the pore meus munny wil have to disgorge like a eruption of horses and saddles from a Arizona buzzerd. Yes, in deed, ittle make the thing troppickle for em, and I me in for it like an ole maid for free love, you bet you."

Uncle Ned he ast him wude he reely vote for it, and he sed: "Do you spose I me sech a gum dasted gowk as to want to keep the Constutution that has busted me up? Ide vote for the new one if I had to hammer my ticket out of a cake of nitro glissereen, and the feller wich is bettern a dam Demmycrat!"

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1879.

As one of the editors of this paper, I am in daily receipt of personal and anonymous communications, some couched in the language of approval, some breathing the cowardly menace of threats and insult, and some like the extract herewith printed, indicating a doubt lest I have changed my relations to the working poor. I quote from the letter, omitting many flattering allusions, agreeable to receive in one respect, but not perhaps interesting to the general reader:

"In all your earlier career in California you were esteemed as the champion of the working class. You were looked upon as the workman's friend. Once—and well do I remember the occasion—in eloquent language you expressed your sympathy for that class, and loudly proclaimed yourself as identified with it. You were among the first to champion the rights of the oppressed slave. You fought manfully with that early band of eloquent Republicans in the cause of freedom, when it required both physical and moral courage to oppose the extension of slavery. You were among the first to pronounce against the policy of Chinese immigration. You were sent as ambassador to Washington. You gave your time, your services, and your talents before the Congressional Committee. On your return from Europe you were called a Communist, and yours is the only American journal in which I ever read a defense of the acts of the Paris Commune. Now, none so bold as yourself in opposition to the Kearney movement, no journal so audacious as yours in denouncing it. You stamp upon it as if it were a criminal conspiracy against the law, and not a reform within it. Have you become alienated from the working class? Have you lost your sympathy for the working poor? Is it generous in you to revive prejudices against the foreigners because this movement is largely under the control of adopted citizens? Have not all foreigners the same rights to agitate for reforms as I who you know am a native born?"

I have quoted enough to show the not unfriendly animus of the writer, and to indicate the tenor of its purport. It comes from an honest man whom I have long and favorably known. It demands a frank reply. I would not write my autobiography, nor would I omit the admission that I came from the loins of a Western farmer. Born upon not a large farm, I was one of those boys who did chores at morning and evening to earn the privilege of school—school, not in the summer, for the harvest-field demanded toilers; a fall and winter term was compensation for the spring plowing and summer harvest; a school where rudimentary branches of an English education was acquired, and in which the fiddle was not heard, nor was German and French taught; a school in which the wrestling match, the game at ball and bat, and kite, and marbles were our calisthenics. A later course in higher mathematics, in languages, and classics was not at the expense of a tax-ridden community, nor from the coffers of the State. So much is necessary to explain that I have no shame of birth nor pride of pedigree. Mine was the experience of the boys of the period. There were no rich men in my country. Our village had no millionaires. There was not a fortune of half a hundred thousand in all the country round. There were no servants in our family. My mother had "helps" in the kitchen, and my father had "hired men" upon his farm. There were no "class" distinctions in those days. We were all upon a common level. We had no rich nor poor, no social rank that came from family or coin. We all worked, and by the sweat of our daily labor we earned our daily bread. We had few, very few, foreigners in the rural districts when I was a boy. We were Americans born. I recall the first active foreign immigration. I remember the famine in Ireland. My father helped load the first ship of Genesee wheat for the starving Irish, and every kernel of it came back a full-grown Irish American politician. I remember the German inundation. I have seen the incursion as it poured in upon us, and I have never till now begun to feel how unfortunate it was that in the enjoyment of the unbounded plenty of a continent we could not have been more patient of development. Thus was I born to be in sympathy with labor; but it was labor, and not idleness, that demanded my sympathy. I was educated to be in harmony with working men; but they were working men, and not idle, vicious tramps. It was to American freemen that I gave my feelings, and not to insolent foreign agitators. I sympathized with the African slave because I thought he was wronged and injured—because he was not to be freed from enforced labor by the hand of a legalized crime.

I sympathized with the Commune in Paris because it was composed of honest and oppressed laborers; because it was tyrannized over by a profligate and corrupt dynasty; because the men who made Paris, and made France, could not vote, nor bear arms, nor make laws, nor earn money sufficient for their daily bread, and because they did not steal when they had power, did not murder when they held bayonets and cannon, did not plunder, and divide, and rob, and steal, when for five weeks they held that great, rich emporium of wealth and fashion in their grasp. I sympathized with them in their wrongs, I admired them for their moderation, and I wept with them when, seized by the ruthless military arm, they were fusilladed like dogs, and sent in exile to a distant penal settlement. I opposed the influx of Chinese because I saw in them an element that would interfere with our white laborers. I recognized that as workers they would work injury to our workers, and because I loved my white family better than this alien race, I was selfish enough to desire it to remain where God placed it, and to prevent it from coming to our coast. I was the friend of the African because he was in America as a captive of war; had been for generations; had rights equal to our own; and while I would protect all negroes in America, I would prevent any more Africans from coming if I could. I am the friend of the Chinese now here under the protection of an international treaty, and by virtue of an invitation of our laws; but I will have no more Asiatics come to our coast if I can prevent it. I would fight for the negro if oppressed or wronged. I would fight for the Chinese if oppressed or wronged. The black and the black-and-tan have the same right to be in the country as any foreign race that has found shelter under our flag. I resent, as the very height of foreign insolence and audacity, this Irish-Dutch-French-Italian-Scandinavian cry, that the "Chinese must go." The Irish, English, or German agitator that gives voice to it is an insolent and impudent varlet, and as cowardly as he is insolent. I was indignant when this ignorant mob of unwashed immigrants undertook by violence to dictate to us American citizens the treatment we should accord to the Chinese. I was mortified for my country when this festering pimple of the sand-lot burst into a running sore, and on a day set apart for thanksgiving to God for his abundant blessings overrun our streets with male and female tramps, following an ignorant Irish agitator upon a sorry dray horse, and he surrounded with a vile-breathed mob of foreign scum, to overawe and intimidate respectability. I was more surprised, more indignant, and more appalled when our own demagogues, our own and foreign politicians, our own and foreign criminals, idlers, tramps, prison birds, and their dupes, crystallized into a political party; and I was profoundly mortified when this gang of foul-mouthed agitators, and their dupes, could poll thirteen thousand votes in this first commercial city of the Pacific, and send its cooks, hair-dressers, corset-makers, spittoon cleaners, police court pettifoggers, and political demagogues, to make for us an organic law. Under the influence of a convention thus composed, I have seen the trade of our city paralyzed, commercial prosperity arrested, enterprises brought to a standstill, real estate values depreciated, money creeping to its hiding-places, confidence gone, credit destroyed, and every man who has anything to lose looking into his neighbor's face and asking him under his breath, "Where is this thing to end?" Is this fight of the ballot to end the conflict of agrarianism, or is it to be supplemented by the struggle with bayonets? Is American liberty lost, and the experiment of republican government a failure because of this incursion of foreigners to our shores, and by reason of the fact that they enjoy the elective privilege? Is this generous hospitality of ours to destroy our government, and are we to be overwhelmed in our own house because we have invited to it the oppressed and homeless of other lands? Is the prophecy of Macaulay and the forebodings of our early Fathers to be realized? And must we acknowledge that a democracy like ours must in the end look to a change that demands a standing army and a military leader to protect property, and save life from the assaults of the idle and the criminal? I am opposing this class. I do not believe in their necessities. I do not accept it as true that they are suffering from want of labor. I declare that it is my opinion that their opportunities are as good as mine were, and that if they are provident, industrious, and willing to labor there is no country in the world like ours for them, no place like this western coast of America. From the waters of Alaska to the Gulf of California, there is a broad empire of fertile soil for their occupation. There are unlimited primal forests for the ax, like that which my father swung, to clear his then western acres for the farm upon which I was born. There are inexhaustible quarries, mines of precious metals, coast and inland fisheries—wealth awaiting labor everywhere. Oregon is an empire in and of itself—grazing lands there for innumerable herds. Our western Sierra offers its broad belt of fruit lands to the toiler who will take them. Arizona is the treasure-box of the continent with its virgin mines of unexplored and illimitable wealth. These men are not poorer than I was when, on foot and on mule back, I tramped a continent in search of a place to work. They are not better than I was when, with pick and rocker, I lived beneath a tent of boughs during two rainy winters working in gulch and

cañon for gold. They are a beer-drinking, whisky-soaking, good-for-nothing, idle set, who delight to hang about gin-mills and corner groceries, to plot in politics some mode for stealing the accumulations of my early toil. I have no sympathy with men who will not work, and women who, as domestic servants, bring insolence and idleness into our homes. I have nothing but contempt for the threats of this vicious mob and indifference for all its pangs arising from voluntary idleness. I distrust its promises of reform, and I repudiate the idea that any change is intended that does not rob me and enrich them. I demand no other reforms than come from intelligent legislation. I fear the gift of this Trojan horse. I believe there is anarchy, violence, and armed misrule in its belly. I distrust this new Constitution made in this atmosphere of vicious discontent, and I do not believe that harmonious, consistent, just, and equal laws can come from ignorant foreigners or from uneducated and vicious Americans. I believe it demands some law learning to make laws. I believe in men who by thrifty industry have accumulated property, and I have no compliments for a class that, having enjoyed the same opportunity that I have, now endeavor to create sympathy for their poverty in order to make laws that will steal the earnings of my labors. I resent the attempt of this band of foreign miscreants, who meet in beer saloons and sand-lots to devise some mode of stealing. They are not laborers; they are idlers. They are destroying labor; they are injuring the working class; and I never struck a more honest blow in defense of workingmen and working women than in warning the real workingman against the sham agitator. And now, let me be most distinctly understood, that I have not lost my sympathy for the working poor. The men and women, foreign or native-born, who, by birth, misfortune, lack of education, or lack of opportunity, are compelled to labor for maintenance of themselves or of families dependent upon them, have my most earnest good wishes, and, if honest, I honor them. The man who goes out with dinner in his tin pail to labor for ten hours, six days in a week, and on Saturday night—avoiding the snare of the gin mill and the temptation of the corner grocery—brings his twelve dollars home to his wife to expend for rent, food, and for clothes and education for his children, I honor as I honor the best achievements of the highest culture and the keenest intellect. I would furnish that class with constant labor if I had to be taxed to the last dollar of my accumulations and till I was compelled to go out and work beside them. I would aid to educate their children in the rudiments of my English tongue. I would provide for them in sickness; I would furnish them with free books; I would give them cheap and innocent amusements; I would protect them from Chinese immigration; I would guard them against the tyranny of wealth and the insolence of power; I would regard them as my equals, my friends, my brothers; I would do them justice in every relation of life. But, because I sympathize with the honest poor who toil, I will not submit to the insolence of the criminal and ignorant poor who do not toil. The ignorant and vicious idler and beer-guzzler from Germany, or the low-browed, whisky-drinking Irishman, or the demagogue American, shall not dictate to me my politics, or instruct me in questions of political economy, or prevent me from a perfect freedom of writing or speaking. They shall not make laws for me if I can prevent it; they shall not intimidate me; they shall not divide my property among them if I can successfully defend it with my life. I will endeavor to enjoy all the privileges of an American citizen until I am defeated either in battle or at the ballot-box. This Constitution means the triumph of Kearneyism, and Kearneyism means the destruction of everything that is dear to Americans. The character of this conflict is indicated by the character of the opposing forces. For the adoption of this Constitution, we have Kearney and the sand-lot; every native-born American tramp and loafer in the State; every idle, vicious foreigner that is stranded on our coast; every criminal; every political demagogue; every desperate Catiline in politics; every agrarian and communist, that defines agrarianism and communism to be the opportunity of the vicious, idle, and desperate poor who have nothing to steal from those who have something. On the other side of this controversy we find arrayed the honest intelligence of the State; the accumulations of honest toil; commercial, manufacturing, and mechanical industries; the men who are willing to labor, who want no office; the farmer who tills the soil he owns. The cry that millionaires and corporations and monopolists favor the old Constitution and are opposed to a change of organic law, should cut no figure in this controversy. The same law that affords the best protection to large accumulations is the best one to encourage small savings. There is no legal method of robbing the very rich that does not justify stealing from the well to do. The man of forty acres is justified in demanding the same law to protect him as the man of larger domain. The same tax imposed upon square leagues as upon quarter sections would equalize the burdens of government. Let the assessor place equal value upon small farms as upon large estates, and the land reformation is accomplished. This Constitution can not be honest and intelligent work, because it was not done by honest and intelligent men; and as for me, I would not vote for it because it is the work of demagogues and foreign agitators;

because it is intended to be a blow at the accumulations of industry; because it is agrarian, and its avowed purpose is to take from those who have something and give it to those who have nothing. I would suspect the Decalogue if written by such hands. I would not love God at the bidding of the irreverent and sacrilegious teachings of the sand-lot. Freud, the corset-maker, should not be authority for me against worshiping images. I would be loth to work six days at the admonition of a tramp that I might rest on the seventh to hear Wellock sermonize. The injunctions, "Thou shalt not kill" coming from Judge Terry, "Thou shalt not commit adultery" coming from Clitus Barbour, "Thou shalt not steal" coming from Dr. O'Donnell, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" coming from Denis Kearney, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass" coming from Larkin of El Dorado, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" coming from Volney Howard, and "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you" coming from men who conspire to overthrow law and authority in order to put property in a condition where they may steal it, would carry no weight with me. The force of these laws was not only in their truth, but in the hand of the living God that penciled these commandments upon the enduring rock. A Constitution can not be perfectly written by the hand of ignorance under the inspiration of hate. I spit upon the vile knave and demagogue that endeavors to array the poor against the rich. It is more cowardly and more contemptible in this State than elsewhere in the whole of God's earth. Here we were all poor men. In all the circle of my acquaintance I have no friend who inherited a fortune. We all came from the common level. We inherited poverty, a common education, and the opportunity of carving out our own fortunes in a free republic. We simply inherited the opportunity of work. Those who had brains and sense worked and succeeded, and are now the objects of hatred and jealousy because they have economized. Every poor man and every honest mother who has a boy to rear ought to stone to death the orator or editor who would excite this mean and groveling passion of narrow and contemptible class jealousy. There are no poor in California except the criminal, the unfortunate, the idle, the profligate, and those who have experienced sickness and misfortune. P.

It will be remembered that when the labor agitation first began it had the incentive of hard times. There had been a dry winter, a not prosperous summer, and a large number of improvident persons for the first time in their lives felt the pressure of real poverty. Enterprising gentlemen raised a working fund. Generous ladies gave meals publicly, and charity privately. This exigency was seized upon by certain designing men as an opportunity to push themselves into prominence, and to circulate the hat for their personal maintenance. Among them arose some men of desperate counsels, who would destroy and burn and hang. Some had the evil disposition, but lacked the nerve. Some of these men were earnest in their sympathy for the poor, and honest in their efforts to work reform. The two most prominent in the work of organization were H. L. Knight and Denis Kearney. Kearney was the tongue and cheek of the movement; Knight was the brains. Kearney was hot, impetuous, and, like all utterly ignorant and unprincipled persons, rash and designing. Knight was cool, self-poised, and had plans of operation; for Knight was educated, and, though a foreigner—all these people are foreigners—had the judgment to know that in the end Americans were too brave to submit to the insolent acts of a foreign mob. He contemplated reforms through the ballot box; Kearney through sticks, and stones, and fagots, and hemp. Curious, too—Knight, who counseled moderation, is a brave man; while Kearney, who blustered, is an arrant poltroon and a coward. When he was first in prison he whined and bellowed for mercy; he drooled at the mouth in abject personal terror; he begged and promised, and wrote a card of humiliation. When Rule walloped him at Santa Ana he ran, with pistol in hand, tail between his legs, jumped fences, and, when overtaken, lay down like a cur and received his beating. Of course two such men could not get on together. Knight despised Kearney for his ignorance, his cowardice, his cheeky Irish insolence, and for his selfishness. Kearney feared and hated Knight. The unthinking and idle followed Kearney; Kearney could talk. The sensible and decent followed Knight, for Knight could counsel. Kearney went East, made an ass of himself, disgusted the workingmen of Massachusetts, came home, and, strangely enough, our sand-lotters were not all of them disgusted with the drayman. Those who could not read still believed in him, and he had a following. And, stranger still, in his country tour he impressed some American farmers that this new Constitution—that comes from the confusion of a riot and the counsels of a mob—would reduce taxation; that the unprincipled slum of the town, having failed to destroy government by force, could destroy the organic law and give the State a better one. Kearney, having made his southern tour, filling the air with his blasphemous and ribald denunciations of everybody and everything, is now being followed by Knight, who has formulated his points in answer to Kearney, and in opposition to the new Constitution, in so complete and modest a way that we print it and give to him the benefit of our cir-

ulation. With such sentiments the wealthy, the intelligent, the industrious and provident classes have little to find fault. Between these classes and the honest working poor there is the kindest sympathy. Individuals in these classes are continuously changing places. Those who are poor to-day are rich to-morrow; the rich of to-day are poor to-morrow. The workingman of this generation gives from among his boys the millionaires of the next. It is from the working class that science, commerce, learning, and wealth recruits itself. We commend the perusal of the annexed formula as worthy of consideration for its truth, force, and moderation:

"I demand a policy that will restrain the rich, and keep the poor from poverty, ignorance, degradation, and crime. This is to be accomplished kindly, calmly, loyally, with due regard to the rights of all.

"The National Union is the greatest blessing, to be upheld and obeyed with utter devotion. The Federal Government has a thousand smiles for every frown.

"The people with ballots in their hands have no need of violence. Their will is law.

"The new Constitution is not a step in progress. It is not as good as the old. As it stands, it would need more amendments to make it what we want than the old.

"It is a poor, miserable patchwork of declamation, argument, statute law, and constitution, neither logical, scientific, nor compact.

"It contradicts itself. It violates the Constitution of the United States.

"Its system of taxation is monstrous, doubling and trebling taxes, multiplying officers and expenses, and altogether silly and unpractical. It would lay an embargo on loans and credits, and lock the wheels of commerce.

"It does nothing to benefit the poor, not even exempting \$100 from taxation, when it will not pay the cost of assessing and collecting.

"It does nothing to discourage land monopoly. Its railway policy is uncertain, and most likely to be mischievous. It will not make one Chinaman go. It will cost millions of dollars to put it in operation and determine its meaning. It is not worth the cost or the trouble.

"The opinion of Denis Kearney upon it is not worth a cent. He is ignorant of law, and even of the meaning of words. He is an empty brawler, who accuses without evidence, slanders without knowledge, and threatens what he has no intent or courage to carry out. He is not a reformer, but a fraud, who has destroyed the party of the workingmen, disgraced their cause, and driven good and sensible men from their ranks. He and Wellock want the new Constitution, because it will paralyze business, depreciate property, impoverish the people, and give more force to the vile harangues, disorderly meetings, destruction of property, and shedding of blood.

"The Constitution must be defeated. The demagogue must be remanded to private life.

"The workingmen must be calm, firm, law-abiding, and win by wise votes what they never can by riot and insurrection. When the party had law and order it won elections. Since the misrule of Kearney it has lost them.

"The unjust, the false, the brutal, the tyrannical, the overbearing, the man who will not be investigated, can not be a reformer. Those who support him and suppress free speech can not be reformers.

"A triumph for Kearney would mean the dictation of ignorance, more calamitous to the State than plague, famine, or earthquake.

"The workingmen will triumph when they are ruled by reason, free speech, equality, and fraternity."

If Mr. ex-Senator Cole said to the *Chronicle* reporter that he favored the new Constitution because it "protects the poor from the rich," he said a foolish thing. The poor need no more protection from the rich than do the rich from the poor. An organic law should lay down certain governing principles applicable to all—especially favoring none, and discriminating against no class. All the *Chronicle's* stilted and sophomoric nonsense about the arrogance of Louis XIV., the days of Simon de Montfort and his Magna Charta, the mediæval kings of England, the oppressive barons, the feudal wrongs, comparing the free workingmen in this great sparsely populated empire, where land costs nothing, and where laws are made by all to equally apply to all, with that period of fearful destitution that generations of wrongs had brought to France, and preceded the revolution of 1789, is unadulterated bosh. Here is a State, every white male inhabitant of which is an elector, clothed with sovereign power. The complaining class to-day is the class that makes the law. It is the sand-lot that votes at primaries and at general elections, that votes early and often, that organizes clubs, that sends delegates to nominating conventions, and that sends its own class to the Legislature. It is the rich men and the business men who neglect their political duties, and shirk the responsibilities of party management. We are suffering because this ignorant sand-lot mob have too much political power, because they exercise it ignorantly, and now the same mob rise up and demand a new organic law to correct the laws they themselves have made, and to cure the evils they themselves have produced; and they say let us overturn now the whole government, let us turn everything topsy-turvy, and make a Constitution that shall better protect the poor. We can stand these things from a low, ignorant foreigner whose beer and gin may be increased in event of political chaos, but we are justly indignant when ex-Senator Cole and ex-Governor Downey give utterance to such nonsense. We distrust their sincerity; we suspect them of demagogism; we question their integrity.

We are often asked, "Is the ARGONAUT prosperous? Is it a success?" We answer: Yes, the ARGONAUT is a permanent institution. It can not be money-making, like a commercial journal; it can not be newsy and sensational. It may become a paper of influence, of opinions, of literature. It can be dignified and respectable, and with the talent of this coast it can be made a very acceptable and influential journal. This is where our ambition tends. To make a paper in the interest of good government and social order; one that will uphold the rights of property, and will maintain the authority that rightfully belongs to the intelligent and property-owning class; that will favor neither the arrogance of wealth nor the abuse of political power, nor pander or submit to the insolence of the empty-headed mob; ac-

cording every privilege under the law to the respectable, and intelligent, and well-disposed citizens of foreign birth, who are content to enjoy equal rights, accumulate property, and participate in our political affairs, yet discouraging the political prominence of all ignorant men of foreign birth, or, indeed, ignorant men of American birth, who make politics a profession, who look to office as a means of livelihood, and who undertake to implant upon the stock of our tree of liberty the grafts of their imported discontent. Against demagogism, socialism, agrarianism, nihilism, misrule, social disorder, and all that kind of agitation growing out of crime, idleness, dissipation, and politics, we shall war with all the earnestness of conviction. While the ARGONAUT will not become in any sense a party journal, it will reserve to itself the privilege of becoming an active worker with or for any party, or any wing of a party, that is fighting in the open and for the right. It will advocate no religion, and it will avoid offense toward any who hold conscientious religious convictions. It will seek not to offend good taste or cater in its stories, its wit, or its advertisements to the vile. If a journal of this description can live in California, the ARGONAUT will make the honest effort to do so. If it can not, it will pay all its debts and decently die. It will live honorably, and act bravely while it does exist. Now, if its friends can aid it to circulate, can give it advertisements to fill the few pages we set aside for this purpose, we shall be grateful. We shall never bore any one for support. We shall blackmail no one if we are not sustained. We feel that we are entitled to sell our small advertising space to those men and institutions of large business and large wealth as a legitimate means of supporting our paper. We are making a fight for the higher and better interests of the community. We feel that we are entitled to place our journal upon the reading table of every family of culture in this State. For many purposes the ARGONAUT is a good advertising medium. Any business or article of merchandise that finds encouragement or purchasers among families can profitably make the ARGONAUT its medium of announcement. We print this issue 12,000 papers; we are steadily and surely advancing our subscription list in this city and in the States of the Pacific. We have as yet made but small endeavors with the East, but in May, by an arrangement with the American News Company, we shall send 5,000 copies to New York and Chicago for Eastern distribution. We have now building in New York a press that will give us better mechanical work than anything this coast has ever before seen. Our readers will excuse this first reference to ourselves. We do not often offend in this regard, and would not have done so now, if we did not think the many inquiries propounded to us are from those who sincerely wish that the ARGONAUT may have a prosperous and permanent career, and if we did not think it was proper for us now, after two years of endeavor, to remind our friends that not even a weekly journal can extend its circulation and business and influence on mere compliments.

The *Morning Call* type and presses are assessed upon a valuation of \$13,000; the *Bulletin* type and presses, \$7,000; the *Chronicle* type and presses, \$9,000. The above are the official figures of last year's assessment. The real value of this journalistic property is not less than \$1,000,000. The earnings and profits of these three concerns pay an interest upon that amount. There is no reason why they should not pay upon the larger figures instead of upon the paltry sum of \$39,000. When these or any other journals contend that railroad, water, gas, and other corporate properties should pay taxes upon the value of their franchises—as, indeed, they ought to do—let it be borne in mind that these newspapers are themselves shirking their just share of the public burden, and are avoiding their just proportion of the public tax. In answer to this suggestion, these journals will say they ought not to be taxed upon their earnings any more than the lawyer or physician. The reply to this is that professional earnings depend upon personal talent and individual exertions, and as the consolidated talent of the gentlemen owning these three properties would not secure their names a place on the Assessor's books, they would escape taxation altogether. If we were the Assessor of San Francisco, we would assess newspapers upon a valuation that would make their proprietors less boastful of their value.

If the article in the *Alta* on Wednesday, entitled "A Losing Fight," in which it charges those opposing the adoption of the new Constitution with want of ability, lack of honest purpose, and, by implication, dishonest appropriation of funds, and predicts defeat, does not mean "backsheesh," then what the devil does it mean? If the *Alta* is not the oldest, and latest, and most debauched specimen of the journalistic horse-leech that, like the cherubim and seraphim, does continuously cry "give, give," then we are a hebdomadal.

Is it not time that our Federal officials should bestir themselves to work up a reception of General Grant. He will be in San Francisco some time during the summer. The politicians of Philadelphia and New York are alive to the necessity of inaugurating the Presidential campaign, and are organizing an overland tramp to San Francisco of and butter brigades that can beg, borrow, or enough to make the transcontinental trip.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

With the first rays of spring the deaf and dumb beggars reappear, and silently write petitions on their slates, which they present to the charitable and credulous.

"It's curious," said some one to Aurélien Scholl, "but you never see those deaf mutes out in the winter. How do they pass their time in the cold season?"

"Oh, in talking."

X, assaulted by his tailor.

"I really can not understand why you do not pay me my little bill. You had a good salary, and it has been raised."

"Yes."

"And you promised me faithfully that you would pay me out of the amount you saved from your extra allowance."

"Precisely."

"Then you have lied to me, for you haven't paid me the first red centime."

"Not at all—I haven't saved anything from my extra allowance. When I do I'll pay you."

When, just ten years ago, Hector Berloiz came back from St. Petersburg, suffering severely from his disease, he went to Nelaton.

The great physician examined him and asked: "Are you anything of a philosopher?"

"Yes," said the patient.

"Then you had better get all the consolation out of your philosophy you can—you will never recover."

The Count of B. perceives himself that a box of cigars which he has tapped all recently is to the half empty.

Addressing himself then to his domestic, with good humor:

"It is truly not reasonable, my brave Baptist—we smoke too much!"

At court:

Eminent Counsel.—Yes, gentlemen of the jury, you will—oh, I know you will restore my persecuted client to the arms of his wife and little ones, who—

The Court.—Your client is a bachelor.

E. C. (with reproach).—Your Honor would even deprive my unhappy client of the pure joys of home and the family. (Weeps.)

Lawyer X. is ugly as—uglier than—in fine, there is no finding any adequate simile.

A case in which he is engaged is called in court, and another lawyer rises and says:

"Brother X. is unable to appear in this case to-day, and has asked me to apply for a postponement."

"Sick, eh?" says the judge.

"No; gone to get married."

"Married—oh, come now, what is my learned brother giving the Court? Well, postponement granted for one week. Married, eh? Well, I'll be—but—call the next case."

Two hackmen run into each other at night, and one, whose horse is killed, cites the other before the tribunal.

"When you had run into the complainant's horse and knocked it down and run over it," says the Court, sternly, "why didn't you stop to see if any damage had been done?"

"Oh," replies the caddy, "I didn't know it was a horse I'd hurt—I thought it was only a man."

A Bohemian, who is over head and ears in debt, sees no way out of it but to marry, and accordingly betakes himself to a matrimonial agency and asks if they have any wives in stock with from 20,000 to 100,000 francs.

"I have just your article," says the agent. "Pretty—pretty amiable."

"That'll do—never mind the age."

"All right," says the agent; "be so good as to hand me over fifty francs—the fee is payable in advance—and then we will arrange for a first interview."

"Fifty francs!" exclaims the Bohemian, with a frightful sneer; "fifty Erebus! Blister your stupid soul, sir; do you think that if I had fifty francs I'd be ass enough to go and get married?"

The unhappy man who had been run over was carried into the police station, where the surgeon examined him and said: "It's a mercy the wheels passed over him as rapidly as they did, for if the carriage had been going slowly there would have been no hope of his recovery—none whatever."

"Precisely," cries the radiant hackman, desirous of backing up this favorable opinion as strongly as possible; "when I saw the gentleman crossing the street a little in front of me, instead of pulling up the horse I just gave him a clip with the whip and yelled 'Get up there!' and that's how I saved the gentleman's life."

When Pius IX. was Pope, Fanny Elssler visited Rome, danced, and set the public crazy. In forty-eight hours the gilded youth, her admirers, had subscribed 12,000 francs and bought a splendid crown to be presented to her as a testimonial.

When the time came for presenting the danseuse with it, one of the subscribers, an excellent young noble, obtained an audience of the Pope and asked if there would be anything wrong in the presentation—if the Pope had any objections.

"I have neither objection to make nor advice to offer," said His Holiness, "but it does seem to me that you might have pitched upon a more appropriate gift. In my simplicity as a priest, I have always thought that crowns were made for heads, and not for legs."

The crown was duly given to the danseuse, who meanwhile had heard of the Pope's saying, and promptly sent the value of the gift in money to the parish priests for their poor.

Pius IX. heard of this in his turn, and when next he met one of the subscribers to the testimonial, said to him:

"You were quite right in giving that woman that crown—has just proved that there is more sense in her legs than in your heads."

PRATTLE.

From the death of Mr. Chester Hull by apoplexy to that of Mr. Sam Davis, of Virginia City, by hanging, the transition is natural and easy. When Mr. Davis was brought out upon the scaffold to suffer the extreme penalty of the law for the many hoaxes he had wrought upon the reading public, and the Sheriff was about to mount a step-ladder and pin together the tips of the criminal's ears in order to adjust the fatal noose, "Wait a bit, pardner," said Sam, "I want to try that drop before standing on it with a rope round my neck. I've known such things to give way." So Mr. Davis stepped cautiously upon the drop, and the Sheriff, perceiving it to be a fine opportunity to test the thing in *his* way, drew the bolt and Sam "tumbled to it" nicely. Satisfied with the rehearsal, he reappeared upon the stage, limping awkwardly. "Hurt you much?" carelessly inquired the Sheriff, putting the rope where it would do the most good. "I'm a cripple for life, you devil's-domestic!" said Sam. "I am very obediently your humble servant," was the officer's valediction, as he again sprung the trap—"and don't you forget it!" Samuel fell through, the multitude cried out: "Pull down your vest," a solemn Cornishman sententiously remarked: "She's drappit summit," and the thing commonly known as Mr. Davis's soul stood (with its hat on) in the presence of its maker.

One loves to linger on every detail of a death like that, and it is with a satisfaction as deep and serene as the reflection of the dome of a Virginia City restaurant in a plate of soup—a satisfaction so perfect as to resemble a sinful pleasure—that I record the fact that in Mr. Davis's last moments he had a chance at the consolations of religion: his father, a Carson clergyman, was with him on the scaffold. "Samuel," said the good man, choking with emotion, "would to God I could die for thee!" The erring son was deeply touched. "Would to God you could," he murmured. "But no," continued the pious father, pointing upward, "it can not be; your only hope lies *there*." Sam cast his considering orbs aloft, then shook his head despondently, remarking: "That kind of knot doesn't give"—presently adding, mechanically, from force of habit—"a damn." "Betcher life!" assented the Sheriff. When his hands were being corded behind his back he was informed that the Governor had definitely refused to commute his sentence. "I think we shall elect a Democrat next time," said Sam.

On the night preceding the execution the doomed man was visited in his cell by Mr. Dan de Quille, who felt the deepest dejection, but attempted to lead Mr. Davis's thoughts away out of the shadow of the gibbet by asking him where it would be most agreeable to him to be buried. Without a word Davis took out his reporter's note-book and pencil, and began writing. In less than half an hour he had produced the following striking and, may it please the *Post*, original lines:

"Whether beneath the gallows high,
Or in the miller's dam,
The noblest place for Sam to lie
Is where he lied for Sam."

Since this touching quatrain was published in the *Enterprise* every newspaper proprietor on the coast has written, making a tender of his office for the repose of the great humorist's remains.

The Germans will not permit the importation of Russian caviare, for fear of the plague. This is absurd; caviare is too toothsome a comestible to be excluded needlessly from any Christian country. It would be sufficient if each keg of caviare crossing the frontier should meet a keg of sauer-kraut. If the plague had infected the caviare, the sauer-kraut would tackle the plague.

I dare say few readers will assent to my opinion of caviare as toothsome. Those who have eaten it only here certainly will not, for a more noxious and offensive black paste than is called caviare in San Francisco I never did see. But caviare that is caviare is ravishing; each gray-mottled globule hath uberty of gustible virtues, as the opal is impregnated with fire. Caviare is not a viscous abominableness to be guttled of hoodlums in beer-cellars, but a dainty fare to be reverently manducated as a sacramental rite—a nurture wherefrom are evolved the sanest of bodily bloom, the delicate wisenesses of judgment, and a circumspect morality that escheweth all evitable vice. When caviare shall have taken the place of pious precept, and Stilton cheese shall have supplanted religious example, we shall become as the sons of gods; and the young lions of Science may scabbard their nails and still the thunder in their hairy throats, for their natural enemies, the parsons, will have gone fishing for sterlet in the Caspian.

Now that I have mentioned cheese I may as well confess my steadfast belief that the appetizing flavor of that made in my beloved country—which may Heaven bless and prosper: *Dominus Rempublicam fac salvam.*—consists of one part relish and three parts patriotism. One of the most amusing discussions I ever had was with some gentlemen for whose superb gastronomical taste, judgment, and erudition, when unaffected by patriotism, I have the deepest veneration. Yet the purpose of their argument was the apotheosis of American cheese—the exaltation of its horn over the horn of the European—including the Roquefort and the incomparable Stilton! Now, I ask in all seriousness—Is the love of country a virtue if it enslave the palate, sophisticate the gustatory nerves, and warp the judgment? If one love the land of the dinner of herbs better than the land of the stalled ox, that is his affair. But if he love better the herbs than the ox he is *hostis humani generis*; and shall we not kill him? For my part, I am willing to die for my country, but may I be cursed if I praise—as I shall assuredly be damned if I eat—its cookery.

As to Stilton cheese, I ought to say that, like caviare, the best is not to be had in this country. *Corpo di Baccho!* it comes over in piece-of-pie-shaped hunks plastered with tin-foil!

During the cold weather in Paris the police found a man frozen *solid*, and they thumped him until they made him *holler*.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Why is a true woman like a hinge? Give it up. Because she's something to adore.

She had an eye on the main chance, but lost her grip on the side-saddle all the same.

In the race for matrimony it isn't always the girl that covers the most laps that wins.

An exchange asks: "What is nicer to hold than a pretty woman's hand?" Answer: "A pretty woman."

The great beauty of being engaged to a girl in a boarding-house is that you don't have to carry a night-key.

This is the season of the year when the Boston girl of culture alludes to the bare ground as the nude earth.

What makes most women wild is to wait for the postman half an hour, and then see him walk by indifferently.

An Illinois girl, with a pitchfork, kills scores of gophers every day. You ought to see her gopher the gophers.

The woman who is ambitious to make the bosoms of her husband's shirts shine resplendently must have an iron will.

A woman never finds half as much satisfaction in the sermon as she does in a grease spot on the back of the woman's dress in front of her.

"Men are what women make them" is the title of a new book. If that's the case, there are women who feel as the Lord did in Genesis vi, 6.

"Jane," he said, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire we might have some heat in the room." And they had not been married long.

"I want one of those long, felt hats, papa," said a Toledo girl to her father. The indulgent father forked over the money, and her head now fills the long felt want.

A Jersey City woman was recently arrested for smashing her husband across the nose with a red and yellow worsted motto bearing the words, "God bless our home."

When a lady by accident discovers that her photographer has put her picture in his showcase, she goes home and makes a terrible time over it, but doesn't order it to be taken out.

Lady Anne Blunt, a courageous traveler, visited, with a companion, the Euphrates and the Bedouins, and she says that one day while in the desert she met a native who approached her and said, "Starboard, port, Goddam."

A young lady in Hartford, Conn., has been badly poisoned by the aniline dye in a new blue veil that she wore. If she was a homely girl she has our sympathy, but if she was handsome and wore a colored veil it served her right.

A London girl says that most of the "men" met in the ball-room, and who dance, are "creatures" who can't talk, although they are preferable to the persons who tell about their personal likes, the kinds of shoes and socks, etc., they fancy.

A lady in New York worked hard for a year to support a worthless husband, and at the end of that time discovered that he was a beautiful carver. She rented him out for dinner parties, and has thus made money and a position in society.

A year ago a band of young ladies in Buffalo pledged themselves never to associate with young men who drank intoxicating viands. Now, these young ladies say they think the perfume of cloves is far more delicate and pleasant than heliotrope.

Two sisters in Edinburgh have lived for many years in one room without speaking to each other. Neither is deaf or dumb, and no one knows the reason of their silence. They have a chalk-line on the floor, and do not encroach on each other's domains.

The day before a Turkish girl is married, she is taken to the bath by her lady friends and lumps of sugar are broken over her head as a forecast of the sweets of matrimony. A year or so afterward her husband breaks the whole sugar-bowl over her head.

Boston Transcript.—Scene—A South End horse-car. Enter an elaborately-dressed lady, diamond solitaires, eight-button kids, etc. Car crowded. At first no one moves. Soon a gentleman offers his seat. "Thank you; you are the only gentlemen here. The rest is hogs."

If there is ever a time in the life of the washerwoman when her heart is made to beat with joy, it is when she finds a diamond stud in the unwashed shirt of the young man who owes her a year's wash-bill. And the young man laughs and says to himself, "There's a ten-dollar wash-bill paid with a twenty-five-cent diamond."

Old maids who have passed safely over the line can congratulate themselves upon the scientific discovery that "most people become insane between the ages of twenty-five and thirty." Some people may imagine that old maids can find consolation in this fact—but the hardest thing to find is an old maid over thirty.

Hugging sociables are popular in rural parts of New Jersey. The prices charged are given for benevolent purposes. It costs ten cents to hug a girl between fifteen and twenty, but you have to pay twenty-five cents for a young widow, thirty-five cents for a girl between twenty and thirty, and a dollar for hugging a married woman.

A Mrs. Peter Miller, of Helena, Ark., has arrived in Louisville, and though but four feet six inches high, is asserted to weigh four hundred and three pounds. She measures three feet nine inches across the back, and is thus nearly as broad as she is long. Her age is 68. She married at 16, and then weighed but one hundred pounds.

A female book agent caused the publication in the *Sacramento Bee* of the death of George W. Bruff. Now, Bruff was not dead, and appealed to the *Bee* to restore him to life. The *Bee* found the woman, who explained that Bruff owed her and had fixed a day when he would pay if he was alive; as he did not pay she concluded he was dead, and so published him in the *Bee*. Bruff and the *Bee* people are angry; everybody else laughs.

The contradictory testimony of experts as to the existence of poison in the bodies of dead persons has puzzled many a jury. Now comes Prof. Selmi, of Bologna, with the discovery that in the decaying bodies of persons who have died a natural death he finds a substance so closely resembling well known poisons as to be readily mistaken for them. In his explanation he shows how similar these animal alkalies are to the vegetable poisons used by criminals. His tests to distinguish between them are hardly less valuable than the discovery itself, and if all that Prof. Selmi pretends to have found be true, a change in the manner of conducting a certain class of criminal trials may follow, and every dissatisfied wife can now with put styrene in her hubby's coffee.

An exchange describing the presentation scene at the last "Court Day" at the Canadian capital, says that a volume would not suffice to describe the variety of bows given. A smiling miss and an aged lady with elaborately-prepared coiffure, to atone for lack of the sprightliness of youth, each showed, by the formal and deliberate manner in which they made their obeisance, that they were a dancing-master's pupils. Gentlemen also offered scope for amusement. Many advanced and, spreading their hands, gave the Eastern salam as nearly perfect as European attire permitted, whilst others bowed their head and peered from beneath the eyebrows at the face of royalty.

A Kentucky paper lately published a card signed by Fontaine F. Bobbitt, and reading: "First Monday in April I will proceed to fire the heart of economy and precipitate the cohorts of retrenchment and reform upon the redoubts of extravagance, and if I have more than one opponent I shall on that day impale each upon a fork, and take an alternate bite, first of one and then the other, to the infinite delight of the excited audience." A Kentucky Kearney without a doubt.

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Tuesday, April 29, 1879,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF the following Ladies and Gentlemen of the San Francisco Art Association:

Hon. Wm. Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, Colonel and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Beaver, Mr. D. P. Belknap, Mr. John Benson, Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler, Mr. R. J. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bland, Mr. James T. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Brookes, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. W. J. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Coit, Mr. Seth Cook, Mr. Daniel Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Crocker, Hon. Eugene Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. L. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. James Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean, Mr. G. J. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Dewey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Eldridge, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Fault, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Capt. and Mrs. K. S. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Freeborn, Col. and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. G. G. Gariboldi, Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Glazier, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Judge and Mrs. John S. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Hall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hamilton, Mr. A. K. P. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hearst, Hon. S. Heynfeldt, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Hickox, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hill, Mr. R. Hochkoffler, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Hooper, Mr. Jabez Howes, Col. and Mrs. J. P. Jackson, Mr. Henry Jan, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittie, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kunath, Hon. and Mrs. F. P. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Low, Mr. Thomas P. Madden, Mr. Charles Mayne, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Louis McLane, Mr. and Mrs. Pietro Mezzara, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. McLennan, Geo. and Mrs. John F. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Newlands, Mr. and Mrs. E. Narjot, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Prescott, Gov. Samuel Purdy, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Requia, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Roman, Mr. J. W. Rix, Mr. Robert C. Rogers, Mr. L. S. B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sillim, Hon. W. J. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. John Skae, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Shaw, Hon. and Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mr. J. H. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Pentiss Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sillim, Col. and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Smith, Mr. S. V. Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckles, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. G. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. M. Straus, Col. and Mrs. J. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Tabbot, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Toland, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Tilden, Col. and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tippet, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Tavernier, Mr. and Mrs. V. Tojetti, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Wallace, Mr. Raphael Weil, Mr. J. C. Wilmerding, Judge and Mrs. E. D. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wandesforde, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Williams, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Veland.

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By Order, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTE, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTE, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons--if served within this country; or, if served out of this country, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days--or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk. By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.

(SEAL.) R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GOULD & CURRY SILVER MINING

Company.--Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the eleventh day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 35) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the seventh day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

ALFRED K. DUBROW, Secretary.

Office--Room 69, Nevada Block, 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

HALE & NORCROSS SILVER MIN-

ing Company.--Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia Mining District, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the twelfth (12th) day of March, 1879, an assessment (No. 61) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the sixteenth (16th) day of April, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the eighth (8th) day of May, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

JOEL F. LIGHTNER, Secretary.

Office--Room 58, Nevada Block, northwest corner Pine and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.--NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at 432 Montgomery Street, Room 3, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MAGDALENE M. MAY.

Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 10th, 1879.

PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Administratrix.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.--OFFICE OF

the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., April 2, 1879.--At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 2, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on Saturday, April 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

W. M. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE.--THE CHOLLAR MINING

Company and the Potosi Mining Company are prepared to receive their new stock. On surrender of each share of Chollar-Potosi Mining Company's stock, the holder is entitled to four (4) shares of Chollar Mining Company's stock and four (4) shares of Potosi Mining Company's stock.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, April 4th, 1879.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.--OFFICE OF

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 27, Nevada Block, San Francisco, April 27, 1879.--At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 47) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, 15th inst. Transfer books closed until 15th inst.

A. W. HAVEN, Secretary.

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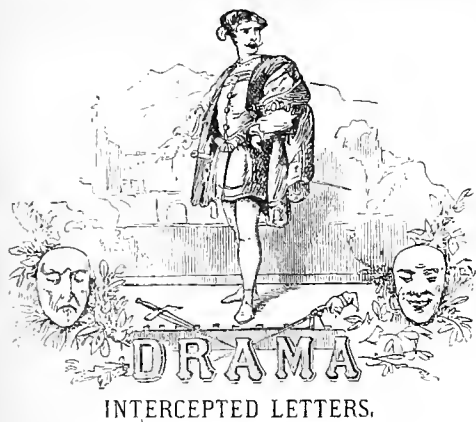
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SAN FRANCISCO, April 11, 1879.

DEAREST MADGE:—Those absurd and inapplicable lines of Edgar Allan Poe have been running in my head ever since Monday morning of this blessed week dawned:

"Thank Heaven, the crisis,
The danger is past,
And the fever called living
Is over at last."

I haven't the ghost of an idea what he meant, and I don't think he had either; but, at all events, the lines intimate that something or other which was very much of a bore is out of the way, and Holy Week in this instance is the crisis of a most rigorously observed Lent. People must be sitting at home in sackcloth and ashes, for there has literally been no one anywhere except at the milliners' openings. Unluckily for the managers, Passover time is on the heel of Lent, so that if one does stray into a theatre one meets only a bewildering lot of strange faces, which seem to belong to "the interior." It is odd that, under the circumstances, that sparkling bit of airy nothingness, *A Scrap of Paper*, has been doing really well. I wonder if it would be rank heresy to say that its success is due not half so much to Sardou himself as to—well, really I can not say to whom, Madge. Somebody was called out every night when the curtain rolled up on the *bric-a-brac* collection in the second act, but whether it was the man who owned the furniture, or the man who owned the curios, or the man who lent the stuffed birds, or the man who put them all together in one charming room, I can not say. Each and every man gets individual mention and credit on the bills in an advertising list, where their addresses are set forth in a guileless appeal to public patronage. Perhaps no stage-setting could possibly be so attractive in these days, when every one either is, or desirous to be, a collector in a small way, as this *bric-a-brac* den of "Colonel Blake's," the hero of the tale, who has been a traveler in many lands. It differs from most Californian collections of this class in that it is not so essentially Japanese. To be sure, the inevitable fan and umbrella are seen, and Japanese ladies appear on the wall in odd perspective here and there, while a giant vase holds a monstrous umbrella somewhere in the background. But besides all this there are valuable bronze monsters crawling, so to speak, on the floor. A walrus' long tusks curve down over the main doorway; a buffalo's head glowers over the main window; some crossed spears and a helmet fill a front panel; a tiny Eastlake what-not sets forth a jaunty display of porcelain rare enough at least for stage uses. There are screens and books, and stuffed animals; there is a case of butterflies, and a lot of stuffed birds; there are Chinese embroideries, and African stuffs (this last, of course, with a reservation; it would really be too much to expect a real Algerian table-cloth). Among other quaint things, I observed a singular looking pair of boots, which might come from one of the snowcountries. At all events, they depended from the wall in bold relief with all the charms of oddity. There are a dozen such trifles quite out of the ordinary. One rarely meets a real room half so attractive. There is of necessity such an awful lot of cloth and paper in our ordinary collections. Fine pottery, quaint carvings, old furniture, do not easily find their way out West, with all the *bric-a-brac* manias east of the Rocky Mountains to stop them. Yet visitors tell of one house which we all pass on Saturday afternoons—rather a queer, bungalow-looking place—where one gives warning on the outer door with a knocker two hundred years old. There is the clang of armor on that quiet hillside when the housemaid swings her dust-brush, and the clatter of swords when she rattles the modern "inside blind" against the oddly lined wall. There are strange costumes from strange lands, and queer bits of household furniture, picked up on out-of-the-way pilgrimages; in these latter there are relics of all the ages, dating, of course, from Queen Anne's time. There does not seem to have been any furniture in the English world before that time, or, if there was, no one ever mentions it. It is always safe to look back upon good Queen Anne as a furniture landmark, while the great Elizabeth must be regarded from an architectural standpoint. No one ever heard or read of an English manor house without an Elizabethan wing, did they? Speaking of collections—what a vague, useful term that is by the way—how many were familiar with Harry Edwards' tiny cottage, crammed from floor to ceiling with interesting things, quite apart even from the scientist's Paradise in the little back room overlooking the bay? One could not even touch a scrap of paper with a simple lead pencil sketch upon it but that thereby hung a tale; and the tale was of such interest, and the host was such a delightful raconteur, that rummaging among his treasures was a delight. Talking of Harry Edwards and of scraps of paper brings me back from all this collector's chatter to the theatre, to Sardou. What a fancy have these superficial philosophers for these trifles upon which "enterprises of great pith and moment" do hinge. Now and then we come across the adventures of a pin, or we follow the career of a shilling. Did not some one write a whole book, full of valuable matter, called *The Tour of My Room*? As for Sardou's identical scrap of paper, it is very small and very pink—that reads more like the description of a new item in the census list, doesn't it? Its vicissitudes are many. It is first deposited in a bust of Shakespeare, which becomes for the nonce a lover's post-office; it is taken thence by the quondam lover many years too late, and when the writer wants it back, as writers of letters frequently do; it is secured by his friend and committed to the flames, but only partially consumed; it is thrown out of window, and picked up by a naturalist to wrap a great, ugly beetle in; this curious parcel is deposited in the gun for safe-keeping, without any regard for the fact that it is a gun for the beetle should the gun commit an involuntary

explosion; the beetle is eventually fired out, and the scrap of paper taken possession of by an ardent young swain who does not keep much pocket stationery on hand; his *billet doux* finds its way to the wrong party, of course; there are countless and most ridiculous mistakes, jealousies, re-creations, and misunderstandings. In fact, there are all sorts of funny incidents, with a clear weather sky at the end, and it plays, as all well-regulated plays should, in two hours and a half. This, with an unexceptionable cast; for who so charming as Rose Wood in comedy? One can object only to a *soupeon* of hysteria in her stage laugh. As for O'Neill he is becoming versatile. Nature did not make, and art never will make, a thorough comedian of him; but he has a keen sense of the ridiculous which serves, and as the self-possessed "Col. Blake" he did not relapse half so frequently into the extravagance to which an over-grave man sometimes inclines, as he has been wont to do in comedy. Truth to tell, it is an agreeable part, and easily made interesting. Kate Corcoran is always well enough, and Willie Seymour is such a nice, neat, trim, well-dressed little lover, especially when "He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts too small," that Mrs. Farren and the non-protean Mr. Jennings just filled the group out admirably. Yet, for all that everything went off charmingly, I still think that that master-constructionist Sardou was abundantly assisted to success by the furniture man. I had intended to tell you something of Uncle Tom's "Richelieu," but my letter will be stamped, and superscribed, and in Uncle Sam's box on its way to you before he has donned the red gown of the great Cardinal. Strange what victims this stage-fever seizes for its prey when it will wreck even greybeards upon the reef of inexperience. On *dit* that the silver-tongued orator intends to discard the dull and plodding mazes of the law should it chance that he electrify the public with his "Richelieu," and embrace the stage. Under such conditions it is safe to predict that the Arizona bar and Legislature will know him again. Next week, dear Madge, is to be gala time. We are to have both the opera and Dion Boucicault, and bow people are to divide their attention remains to be seen. Max Strakosch has so arranged it that we are to have a *prima donna* at a time—Litta on Monday, Roze on Wednesday, and Cary on Friday. Litta they have very carefully abstained from saying much about. That argues well. Roze they have said too much about. That argues ill. Cary we all know, and she needs no recommendation. Some night soon, for a grand coup, Max will give us the three in one night, and he will stand in the lobby and rub his palms together with satisfaction, and roll up his eyes in ecstasy, and tell us that they are the three greatest singers the world ever saw, and we will all bow our heads, and believe him—unless we are fooled the first week. For all the reams, and reams, and reams of advertising paper, all the photographs, all the puffs, will not make a *prima donna* a favorite in these kind of times unless she can sing. Have you seen the Marie Roze pamphlets, with a picture of the pretty Roze on the first page, and a large assortment of newspaper puffs following? I observe that a few inimical to Miss Kellogg have been carefully scattered among them. Not a pretty thing for a great singer to do, is it? I hope she will sing well enough to dissipate the impression this little drop of venom will give to the most disinterested. On off nights we shall go to the California in crowds. They have been having a spring clearing up there, and they have new paint, a new drop curtain, a new leading lady, *pro tem.*, and a really new *soubrette*. For these last two Allah be praised. The first we could have done well enough without, but then really that picnic in the foreground was rather a light looking affair. It made me hungry to see those poor, painted, impossible looking people, month in and month out, dining on watermelons and grapes. For a steady diet I know of nothing less alluring. That is all past, and Vesuvius will replace it in the coming time—the design of the curtain I mean, not the diet. Those pretty colored girls, the Hyers sisters, take flight after Saturday night. I suppose opposition to the opera would hardly pay them, notwithstanding that the *Miserere* is one of their trump cards. Some very indifferent music will sometimes pass current at a pinch, but every one is on the tiptoe of expectation now for something really good. Will it be a disappointment? *Nous verrons.* Yours, BETSY B.

According to the New York *Tribune* the Lotus Club was nicely snubbed the other day by these singing women. It says: "Yesterday was Ladies' Day at the Lotus Club. The Committee of Entertainment had in view no variation from established precedents. The cards of invitation conveyed the information to the guests that the latter would 'meet the lady members of Her Majesty's Opera Company.' This seemed to hold out the prospect of hearing Madame Etelka Gerster, Miss Minnie Hauk, and Madame Marie Rozesing. Two o'clock was the hour named, and long before three the parlors were crowded with ladies and artists and gentlemen of leisure. Even the steps of the broad stairway was made to serve as seats. Three o'clock came, but no 'ladies of Her Majesty's Opera Company.' Soon after a message was received from Madame Marie Roze, saying she regretted being unable to come at the hour named, but would be present at four o'clock. This hour flew by rather more leisurely than usual at a Lotus reception, Dr. A. E. Macdonald stated to the company, on behalf of his committee, that they had received assurances from the members of the Opera Company which fully justified them in making the announcement in the invitations. His hearers smiled good-naturedly and absolved the club. But Dr. Macdonald will probably want to hear from Colonel Mapleson, who, it is said, accepted the invitation to the reception on behalf of the ladies of his company, and with his usual tact and modesty urged that the committee make no other preparations for music, as the ladies of 'Her Majesty's Opera Company' would much prefer to have the musical field all to themselves." Clara Louise Kellogg, it will be remembered, served the Bohemian Club in the same way during the last operatic season, and served it right, for the invitation to be snubbed should never have been given.

English papers are puzzled about Miss Kellogg's future movements. The *Figaro* says, "Miss Clara Louise Kellogg will sail on the 12th of April for London, to undertake, it is said, a European opera tour, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Strakosch. It is difficult to quite understand what this means. Miss Kellogg is not engaged at either of our opera houses, and it is clearly unwise to begin an opera tour either in the English provinces, or on the continent in May."

It is remarked in New York how unfortunate to the Warde-Barrymore players *Diplomacy* upon its travels has proven. First, Mr. Montague died; then Miss Granger fell ill; next Mrs. Georgiana Drew-Barrymore was obliged to leave through illness; and now its stage manager has been killed, and one of its leading members wounded.

Competent Eastern musical critics are audacious enough to assert that Marie Roze can not sing—that is, sufficiently well to justify the title of *prima donna*.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, April 3, 1879.

The close of Lent, now rapidly approaching, promises to bring a revival of theatrical business here, and the notes of preparation are sounding loud and constant at most of our city theatres. On Easter Monday *The Banker's Daughter* will be withdrawn, after its phenomenal run of something like five months, and will be succeeded by *Lost Children*, an adaptation by Cazauran of *Les Orphelins de Notre Dame*. *Lost Children* is far from a literal transcript of the French play, and is indeed scarcely even an adaptation, containing as it does scenes and ideas interpreted from *Ruy Blas*, *Wandering Boys*, *The Foundlings*, and other pieces. It is closely written, and exceptionally powerful in situation. It is almost certain to score a success among a people who so keenly appreciated *The Two Orphans*, a play which it greatly resembles. Barton Hill has failed to secure *The Banker's Daughter* for California, and I do not think it is probable that your people will have an opportunity of seeing it this year. There appears to be a growing indisposition on the part of the Union Square authorities to do business with San Francisco managers. Whose fault that may be you may probably be better able to surmise than I am. Mr. Palmer said the other day that he was willing to sell the California right of production to the highest bidder of any of the Union Square successes, but he has sent his last company across the continent. Time will show whether that is an exhibition of pique at some theatrical sharp practice, or a fixed resolve which will be adhered to. Mr. Hill, who returns next week, has made only two unexceptionable engagements, and the terms of both are necessarily high. Mr. Wallack will be pretty sure to play a good engagement. He brings with him a repertoire of seven plays, of which *Ours*, *Rosdale*, and *Les Pattes de Mouche* will form the *pieces de resistance*. The other engagement is *Aimée*, and though she brings nothing new (you have seen *Le Petit Duc* in its English dress), she will probably have tractive power enough for her short engagement. She will also have, in all probability, the advantage of playing during the week of the Grant visit, when San Francisco will be filled with strangers by the great trans-continental excursion. An addition of fifty thousand pleasure-seekers—which is the number that is estimated will embrace the opportunity of seeing California for \$25—will give a great stimulus to business of every kind, and the theatres will take their share of profits with the rest. I saw *Aimée* in a box at the Lyceum last night. She is looking well, but grows somewhat matronly. We are none of us so young as we used to be. The occasion was the reopening of the theatre under the management of J. H. Haverly, and the attraction was the Oates party in *The Little Duke*. If this be the performance which ravished San Francisco—as I have been given to understand it did—I can only blush for the degenerate taste of the Pacific public. The acting was coarse, the score was cruelly mutilated, and the vocal powers of the entire troupe, including the *prima donna*, were overtaxed by the music. It is certainly not as well rendered as it has been at Booth's for the last two weeks by a semi-amateur company, and such was the expressed verdict of *Aimée* herself, who attended both performances, and who opens at Booth's herself next week in the same part, and, as far as she is personally concerned, will probably give us an idea of the music as Lecocq wrote it; but I am told by those who ought to know that her company is less than mediocre—quite the lightest following she has brought with her to this country. However, we shall see. Her ultimate destination, taking California *en route*, is Mexico and South America. *Widows*, a translation from the German by Stanley McKenna, was given at the Fifth Avenue last week, and proved a *fiasco*. Ellie Wilton assumed the leading female rôle. That lady has not been fortunate in her engagements of late. On the opening night she was too ill to attempt to do herself justice, and on the second night she was unable to appear, and her part was read. Perhaps, though I know there was no malingering in the case, Miss Wilton regretted this less, inasmuch as her part admitted of no elaborate toilets, in the absence of which, as we all know, half the force of her acting and all the force of her appearance are lost. The Fifth Avenue has not scored a success this season, and it is a marvel in theatrical circles how Harkins manages to keep the doors open. Its future is still involved in the mists of doubt. Alice Harrison is another ex-California member, who is here walking about and involuntarily taking her ease at her inn. Duffengaged her to play the "Little Duke," in his production of that opera at Booth's; but when Alice arrived, three days before the opening, she was ambitious to direct all subsequent rehearsals on the strength of having played the part in Boston. As an objection was raised to having all the business patiently learned in three weeks' rehearsals by a large caste and chorus upset this way at the eleventh hour, Miss Harrison gracefully stepped down and out, in compliance with a message more intelligible than polite from Mr. Duff, and she has remained out ever since. Probably she will not be so much "on the boss" in future. Her part was taken on short notice, and creditably filled by Miss Florence Ellis. After finishing the season at Booth's the party goes on the road, and I understand dates for California are under consideration, so you will probably have an opportunity of seeing the performance and judging of its merits for yourself. *Pinefore* has subsided except at two theatres—the Standard and the Broadway; and the company of the latter, recruited from Philadelphia church choirs, though amateurish in acting, are decidedly the best vocally we have had among the many that have attempted New York. They go to Boston shortly. In the country, however, the craze continues unabated. Last week there were eighty-six *Pinefore* combinations on the road, but it is impossible to keep track of them. Every day we hear an account of some wretched *Pinefore* wrecked and stranded more or less disastrously; but, all undeterred, fresh ones are fitted out to take their place. It reminds one of the perseverance of the Athenians in keeping up their navy, in spite of countless losses and reverses during the Peloponnesian war. Considering that no small percentage of the officers and crews of these *Pinefore* have to walk back to New York or Boston, without the price of a piece of soap to cleanse themselves from the savor of the over-ripe eggs to which they have been treated occasionally, the confidence with which they re-ship at the first opportunity is sublimely touching. Daziel, of *Mail* fame, essayed the venture at two city theatres, and failed at both. The proprietors of the Olympic and the Globe would now be glad to hear from him with a remittance on account for rent, and two *vengeful Pinefore* crews are thirsting for his blood or their salaries in the vicinity of Union Square. The astute Daziel, however, is safe in Toronto, whither he has—heaven knows how—induced a timid *Pinefore* company to accompany him, and of his Canadian gains or losses I have received no record. A. C. Gunther, an ex-Californian, who came on here with plays for production last spring, has a contract from Wallack for the production of a really strong society drama next season, entitled *Two Nights in Rome*. Another play of his, *Cuba*, was accepted at Union Square, and would have been produced this season but for the exceptionally low, but whether definitely or not does not appear. Clay Greene is also here, but he has done nothing in the dramatic line of late, and returns to California in May.

A LOOKER ON.

HISSING AT CONCERTS.

What is the value of approval, when disapproval is never expressed? What is the value of applause, when hisses do not exist?

In reviewing the reasons for the slow advance of music in America, we have come to the conclusion that the absence of the expression of disapproval is a more important factor in its tardiness of growth than would at first be imagined.

The hiss has only fallen into discredit on account of the excess with which it has been employed. In Italy the merest caprice on the part of an audience causes a storm of the sibilant sound that often causes a performance to end with an unanticipated degree of abruptness. Often, too, this judgment of the populace is pronounced so hastily that it has to be recalled at later representations, and changed into applause. This is what occurred with Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, and (to some extent) with Wagner's works, when performed in Italy.

But this is no more than has happened to critics of more educated character than the general public. We believe that popular judgment, even in art, is seldom so far wrong as to be timid of expression; and that that expression, to be at all valuable, must not consist solely of applause. Until recently, in Boston, the right to hiss was denied. A person who, better able perhaps to judge of the merits of a performance than the applauding (or silent) majority, ventured to express decided censure by a hiss, ran the risk of being ejected by the police. "Served him right," say a few weak-minded adherents of Boston (or other) mutual admiration societies, whose only idea of a concert is that it gives a field for a few favorite acquaintance (or pupils) to air themselves; but we scarcely think that the general public shares the opinion.

We are the last who desire to pain or insult a performer on the concert or operatic stage, but there is something in this matter which goes beyond mere respect to individual feelings. Something is due to art; and sometimes, too, the expression of decided disapproval is really a greater boon to the singer than false applause would be; just as the expression of an honest private opinion is more valuable than mild flattery.

Let us take an instance: A lady possessed of a tolerable voice for parlor use, infatuated by the cheap applause of an admiring circle of friends, decides upon adopting the concert (perchance even the operatic) stage for her profession. Other paths in life are open to her, but none seems so glittering as this. The chance of a debut is not difficult to obtain; influence and money soon achieve that. The evening arrives, and before the pretentious aria is half over, all feel that the attempt is a failure; every moment spent in pursuing this career will be lost. The friends vehemently applaud; the "outsiders" hold their peace. Flushed with the first taste of manufactured applause, with flowers and meaningless compliments, a profession is entered upon which is to be ever after a pathway of thorns. The critics of the press may, perhaps, raise a warning voice (more frequently they will join in the meaningless compliments), but she does not heed. A few hisses (blunt and uncompromising) would have told all; painfully, to be sure, but still truthfully.

The complaisance of American audiences has more victims to account for than the capricious whistles, hisses, and *baste* of France and Italy.

Music has been kept in ruts years after it might have left them, the American stage has been made a hospital for vocalists who could no longer brave the disapproval of European audiences, leaders in musical centres have foisted incompetent scholars upon the programmes, for their own benefit, and every audacity has found its way into American music, and some of these abuses are due only to the fact that all are pretty certain of gaining some applause, and absolutely sure of not being hissed.

We do not advocate harshness in any degree; but desire to record our belief that singers and musical managers are the servants of the public, and ought to receive praise and blame just as other public servants do—from the public.—*Vox Humana*.

Spring.

What a beautiful time is spring,
When the woodchuck begins to sing,
And the bumblebee and chickadee
Carry their heads around in a sling.
When the black and tickling ants
Crawl up the young man's pants,
And the straddlebug and mosquito hug
While the spiders engage in a dance;
And the bird gets drunk on dew,
And offers the robin a chew,
While the great owl blinks and the sparrow winks
At the wife of the gay cuckoo;
And the coon goes off on a spree
Along with the chipmunk and flea,
The odorous skunk gets thundering drunk
And tries to make love to the bee.

—*Old City Derrick*.

If Madame Gerster declares at 9 A.M. that she is unable to sing at the matinee, her manager persuades her to try and show herself at least to the public, which, of course, has been left entirely in the dark as to the *prima donna's* indisposition. After she has complied with her manager's wishes, and the house is sold out, Madame Gerster withdraws quietly, the gallant manager addresses the audience in well-chosen words, a few acts of another opera are substituted, and they call that in England the "new era of operatic management." How much more striking and forcible the "American" language is?

He dropped his teeth in the flowing tide,
As he feebly leaned o'er the vessel's side,
His troubles internal and mental.
"Quite a misfortune," they said to him.
But he answered coolly, with visage grim,
"Oh, merely an in-sea-dental!"

—*Boston Journal*.

Since the Spring opening at Mrs. Skidmore's Millinery Establishment, 1114 Market Street, there has been a constant crush of the fair ones to see the display of beautiful goods imported direct from London and Paris. The place is a feminine paradise. Beautiful bonnets, pretty and picturesque hats, buds and blossoms, and sprigs of heather bloom, and rolls of ribbon shimmering over every shade and tint of color imaginable. As a triumph of art, and an achievement of human ingenuity and taste this stock is well worth an examination, even by those who over give millinery a thought. To ladies who do interest themselves in such affairs the opportunity to make first purchases from such a segregation of the beautiful is something they certainly have too much sense to neglect.

A ROMANTIC BEGGAR.

While Ethelberta De Vere was sitting at the bay-window reading the latest novel, last week, a bronzed, thick-set man entered the gateway, walked up to the window, and tapped gently on the pane. He was very undomestic in appearance. He had on a coat which had faded to an original color, his shoes stayed on his feet by accident, and his hat, which was several sizes too small for him, was kept in place by means of a piece of hay rope, which was tied in a hard knot under his chin. As the lady looked up from her book he waved his hand in melo-dramatic style and said: "I just wish to have a few words with you. I am an extensive traveler; yea, verily, I have been over every square inch of this glorious country on foot. I have smoked cigarettes at the Golden Gate; I have seen the buffalo skip fandangoes on the boundless prairie; I have written my name on the sands of the majestic Mississippi. I am a peripatetic gazetteer, and I should be greatly obliged to you if you will furnish me with a pair of supernumerary moccasins, a pair that you contemplate depositing in the ash barrel shortly."

"We have none to-day," she replied, and went on reading.

"I see," he continued, "you have some rare exotics. I always had a characteristic weakness for exotics myself, and I should be happy to step in, make an examination, and give you some valuable advice. I am a skilled botanist and floriculturist, and can tell you the peculiarities of any plant under the sun, from the sweet-scented hyacinth to the night-blooming cucumber. What do you say, shall I step in and regale your sensitive soul with a verbal history of flowers?"

"You can not!" was the emphatic rejoinder.

"Well, if you won't let me say it to you, will you let me come in and sing it in Italian? I have a fine baritone voice."

"I don't want to hear it, you filthy thing!" she screamed, angrily.

"Filthy, filthy! that's always the way. When a man travels around in the cause of science and polite information, he is snubbed and rebuked in this unseemly manner. I was just hinting around at what you have now given me the opportunity of asking. That is, that you will let me go up stairs and take a bath. I'll be satisfied with cold water and common soap."

"You'll get no bath here."

"Then will you let me lie down on the sofa and take a nap—a kind of siesta, as it were?"

"No, sir."

"Will you let me bring up some coal from the cellar?"

"No, sir."

"Will you let me walk in and tune your piano?"

"It doesn't need tuning."

"Will you give me an old shirt?"

"We have no old ones."

"Well, give me a new one."

She took no notice of him, but a few minutes later he whimpered:

"Can't you give me something? I'll take anything, yes, anything. I'm not proud."

"Yes," she said, reflectively, "there is one thing you can have."

"What's that?" he inquired, breathlessly.

"Why, that ice around the edges of the flower-beds."

Then he walked off utterly disgusted and considerably crestfallen.—*New York Star*.

The ruling passion strong in death. At a funeral down town, the other day, the minister had just reached "we shall miss his cheerful presence in our midst," when the corpse sprang up and shouted, "and so will his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts." Upon investigation it was learned that the deceased had been scratched with a *Pin-afore* he died.

Those desiring a pleasing and perfect portrait of themselves will bear in mind that the old and reliable firm of Bradley & Rulofson is still in existence, and prepared to furnish its patrons with photographs that, in style and beauty of finish, can not be excelled in the United States. This is no empty assertion, but an accomplished fact. The best facilities, the best operators and finishing artists, always give the best results. If this is what is wanted by purchasers of photographs, the gallery of Bradley & Rulofson, corner of Sacramento and Montgomery, can accommodate them.

On and after Tuesday, April 15th, applications of non-members for tickets to the Artists' Ball will be received by Mr. Martin, assistant secretary, at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street. Members of the association desiring tickets should secure them prior to that date.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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BARTON & LAWLER.....MANAGERS.
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Grand Reopening Easter Monday, April 14, with the eminent author and actor, Mr.

DION BOUCAULT,

As CONN, in his great Irish play, the

SHAUGHRAUN,

Supported by Miss JEFFREYS-LEWIS (who has been specially engaged), Miss ADA GILMAN (her first appearance in California), and a brilliant cast of characters. The play produced with romantic scenery by Vogtlin, novel mechanical effects by Stockhouse and Assistants, realistic properties by Greenlock and Assistants, and a brilliant cast of characters. The improvements to the theatre are as follows: Freescoring by Morretti and Trezzini; drapery and upholstery by F. S. Chaddbourne & Co.; painting and gilding by J. S. Swan; joiner work by Romer and Alrich; jobbing by the Diamond Cement Paving Co.; and new drop curtain by Wm. Vogtlin.

Seats may now be secured at the box office.

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MR. MAX STRAKOSCH.....DIRECTOR.

Opening night, Easter Monday, April 14, 1879, Donizetti's Opera in three acts,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

First appearance of Miss MARIA LITTA as Lucia, in which she has made a profound sensation in all the Eastern cities. Sig. LAZARINI, the young and distinguished Tenor, as Edgardo. Sig. PANTALEONI, the world renowned Baritone, as Ashton. Sig. BARBERES as Arturo.

Wednesday Evening, April 16th—

LA FAVORITA.

First appearance of Mlle. MARIE ROSE.

Friday Evening, April 18th—

IL TROVATORE.

First appearance this season of ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

Saturday Evening, April 19th.....MARTHA.

Reserved Seats in Balcony, \$2 50; Reserved Seats in Orchestra and Dress Circle, \$3; Mezzanine Boxes (4 persons), \$15; Stage Boxes (6 persons), \$20.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.
CHAS. H. GOODWIN.....TREASURER.

This (Saturday) afternoon, April 12, last performance of the great success, a

SCRAP OF PAPER.

This (Saturday) evening, April 12, second appearance of the

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Sunday evening, April 13, Benefit of

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This (Saturday) and to-morrow (Sunday) evenings, at 8 o'clock, positively last two performances of

MME. RENTZ MINSTRELS

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MABEL SANTLEY'S

Burlesque Company. The greatest bill of the season. First time in this city of the sparkling burlesque,

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Or the Apple of Discord. Also, for the first time, the racy sensational extravaganza,

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CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, April 3, 1879.

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JAPANESE FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Translated for the Argonaut by T. E. Hallifax.

XIV.—HACHI KATSUGI HIME.

[A tale of a maiden whose features were concealed by a large wooden bowl.]

In the olden time there lived in an out-of-the-way place of Yamato, an old couple who had a pretty little daughter. The father died while she was yet young, leaving her and her mother in great poverty and distress.

Originally of noble family and high position, political troubles had driven them to seek a home in this retired spot; for pride prevented the father from humbling himself to his opponents, and to improve their condition they knew not how. When the maiden was only thirteen years old the mother fell sick, and, fearing she would not recover, was in great distress of mind at the thought of having to leave her lovely child alone in this rude world without protector or friend. She therefore charged the maiden to procure a large, deep wooden bowl, and bring it to her bedside. She then directed her daughter to turn it upside down and place it on her head, so as to conceal her features, and, after becoming an orphan, on no account to remove it until after she was married of her own free will to the man of her choice.

The old mother died that night, and the maiden found that she could not remove the wooden bowl from her head, and there it remained for years. As the young girl approached the period of womanhood, so did her beauty become more marked, and her perfectly formed figure attracted the notice of all the young men of the neighborhood; but she firmly repelled their advances, and the peculiar, immovable head-dress made them chary of offering her honorable marriage. Meantime she worked in the neighboring fields, and contrived to earn a precarious and scanty living; but her hereditary pride made her refuse all offers of charity of a doubtful character, until at last the rich man of the district, having observed her exemplary conduct, undertook to protect her from her persecutors. For three years she served this kind man faithfully and honestly, helping his wife, who was in delicate health, and soon was treated as one of the family.

The eldest son of the family, who had been to Kiyoto to be educated, returned to his home, wearied of the follies and pleasures of the city, and its painted and heartless "light o' loves," and noticing the real beauty and sterling worth of his mother's hand-maiden, soon learned to look upon her with a feeling of more than common regard, and determined to possess her as his wife. At first his parents endeavored to dissuade him from such a foolish act, but their opposition and unjust criticisms on the poor maiden only fanned the flame of love, and made him more than ever anxious to become her lawful protector. Her elegant figure, aristocratic bearing, and refined manners were the cause of much jealousy among the women of the neighborhood, who used all their arts to make our heroine appear at a disadvantage to the rich young heir; but his city experiences had taught him how to value the maiden at her true worth. After much opposition, his parents eventually agreed to the union, but it took some time before the young girl would consent. However, she dreamed one night that her mother visited her and gave her sanction to the marriage, promising that if the young man were faithful and kind, they should be very happy and prosperous. Accordingly the next day she made her lover happy by consenting to become his.

Great preparations were made for the wedding of the rich man's heir with the girl who wore the wooden bowl, and many were the curious and spiteful remarks made. But the faithful lover heeded them not, and set to work heartily to lay out the gardens and fish pond opposite the rooms his father had newly fitted up for the reception of the young people.

On the morning of the wedding day great efforts were made to remove the unsightly bowl, but they were all in vain, and were abandoned as they caused the maiden great pain; but in the evening, when the hymenial wine cup had been passed round, the bowl suddenly split assunder with a great noise, and disappeared, leaving a shower of precious things heaped up on the train of the dutiful and chaste maiden's robe.

They were now both happy, and continued so to a good old age, the husband never regretting his choice of a partner whose countenance he could not behold until he had actually made her his wife; nor did she ever have reason to repent her choice of a husband.

MORAL.—True worth and modesty gain their reward in the end; while they who marry for a handsome face alone usually repent bitterly when too late.

An Italian claims to have made a valuable discovery. He says he has learned how to tune up nerves, like the cords of a violin, and bring them into harmony. The nerves lose their tone, he thinks, like any musical instrument, and if they all run down alike, it is of little importance, as they will still act together. But when the general harmony is destroyed, by accident or uneven strain, the whole system is disturbed, and health suffers. This difficulty he claims power to rectify, and calls himself a "nerve-tuner."

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Easter Sunday, April 13, 1879.

Eastern Oysters.
Vegetable Soup.
Fried Brook Trout, with Sliced Lemon.
Lamb's Tongues, with Tomato Sauce.
Breaded Veal Cutlets, Green Peas.
Asparagus, Spinach.
Roman Punch.
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Jelly.
New Potatoes.
Cauliflower Salad, French dressing.
Cheese.
Strawberries. Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.
Fruit-bowl of Bananas, Pears, Apples, and Oranges in sections, Nuts and Raisins.
Wines—Sauterne, Claret, Sherry, and Champagne.
Black Coffee.

To COOK LAMB'S TONGUES WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take half a dozen fresh tongues, and boil in some salted water. When nearly cooked take them out, trim, and cut in half lengthwise. Have a frying-pan with two table-spoonfuls of melted butter; put in the tongues, with three or four sections of shallot, a bunch of parsley, and one small green pepper, all finely minced. About an hour previous to cooking take half a can of Lusk's tomatoes, stew them with a little minced onion and some salt; add two cupfuls of beef stock, and strain over the tongues; cover them, and let all cook about half an hour. They may be served with lettuce. We say Lusk's Tomatoes, as we have tried several brands, and find Lusk's Tomatoes, as well as their Pork and Beans, preferable to others.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The River.

A woman stood by the river—
At night by the brink of the river;
She was still young, and she had been fair,
But deep on her brow was the brand of care,
And rain-drops fell from her tresses bare,
Into the depths of the river.

Hold her back from the river—
Angels of grace! from the river
That writhes like a serpent beneath her eyes,
And claims to whirl her along as its prize.
Away, body and soul, for ever.

Count her not with the victims of lies and passion and gold;
Pity we have for the fallen—she is but hungry and cold.
Think of her not as a human moth, scorched in ambition's lure;
She is no heroine of a romance—only one of the poor—
Only one of the suffering poor, for whom no tears are shed,
Whose life is a sigh,

Who faint and die
For want of a morsel of bread.

Hold her back from the river—
Angels of grace! from the river;
A sound like a wail
Passed into the gale
That rippled the tide of the river.

"Cold! black! deep! in thy water's icy flow;
Cold! black! deep! in the gurgling stream below.
O thou deep rushing river,
Let me find repose in thee,
And the ills of my life would flow away
As thy waters ebb to the sea.

"There is the peace for a stricken heart,
For a life without pity or love;
Lulled to rest on the gold-bright sands
By the murmuring wave above.

"Cold! black! deep! give me at least a home;
Cold! black! deep! rock me to sleep with thy moan."

Still she stood by the river—
Close to the brink of the river—
When the city was still,
And the night was chill,
And clouds, like the wings of Spirits of Ill,
Were hiding the stars from the river.

Hold her back from the river—
Angels of grace! from the river
That writhes like a serpent beneath her eyes,
And claims to whirl her along as its prize,
Away, body and soul, for ever.

Count her not as a rebel against the Lord Most High;
She follows not the coward's creed that it is brave to die.
Oh, she would work on cheerfully for what to your dogs you give,
Grow nappy and old if hunger and cold did not make it such pain to live.

See, she kneels by the river—
Gazes on high from the river;
And the hand of the merciful Lord of all
Parted aside the night's black pall,
And the lights of the hosts of heaven fall
Bright on the glittering river.

Rivet her gaze on the river—
Angels of grace! on the river;
A sound like a soul's redeeming prayer
Falls hushed and low on the morning air,
As the tide flows back in the river.

"Cold! black! deep! if I give my soul to thee,
Cold! black! deep! for the dread eternity,
Have I the hope that with mortal life
Will cease immortal pain?
Have I no hope that of happiness lost
Some wreck may return again?

"O deep and rushing river,
I am not fit to die;
Grace on my soul comes streaming
As the light on thy waves on high.

"There is the home for the stricken heart,
By the heavenly throne above—
Ne'er to be sought at my own weak will,
But won by the Saviour's love.

"Cold! black! deep!
Flow on with thy ceaseless moan;
Cold! black! deep!
Glide on thy course—alone!" —Anonymous.

Civil War.

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot.
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vedette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my harrel's in tune."
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to hanceel first blood;
A button, or loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"O captain, I staggered, and sank on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vedette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket! 'Tis she,
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband. Hush, soldier, 'twas heaven's decree;
We must bury him there by the light of the moon.

"But, hark! The far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping round us to-night—
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!" —Anonymous.

Stop up your ear with your finger. You hear a roaring as of a miniature Niagara. Remove your finger and put in its place a wad of cotton or anything else you choose. The roaring which you hear is the sound of the circulation of the blood in the tip of your finger.

A COMMOTION IN THE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

There is intense dissatisfaction in the School Department at the proposed reduction of salaries. The male element is particularly distressed, and its latest effort was the editing of a petition to the Board of Supervisors against the reduction of the levy for the next fiscal year. Copies of the petition, with the approbation of the Board of Education, were sent to the different schools, distributed among the teachers, and they strenuously requested to canvass the city for the signatures of tax-payers. It was a noticeable feature that, while dozens of the lady teachers might be met scouring the city, not one of the agitators was visible. Having by their representations aroused alike the fears and enthusiasm of the female members of the department, they quietly shifted the responsibility of the canvassing business on the shoulders of their weaker colleagues, and spent the day in blissful indolence speculating on the probable success of the signature business. While tax-payers favor and strongly urge that measures be taken by the Board of Education to economize, and recommend an application of the pruning-knife to the exorbitant high salaries of some of the employés, they think that in our primary schools, where the salary is \$60, a sweeping reduction would be a gross injustice. Primary teachers are faithful, hard-working, painstaking women, whose salaries should be left intact so long as there are other quarters in the department where retrenchment could and should be effected. Some of the male members hold two and three positions, with a salary attached to each—no glory business there. Joseph O'Connor is principal of day school, principal of the evening schools, and a member of the Board of Examiners, \$300 the monthly compensation; Mr. Herbst, a German importation, is principal and member of the Board of Examiners, \$225; Mr. Wilson is a principal and member of the Board of Examiners, \$250; Mrs. Du Bois is a principal and member of the Board of Examiners, \$225—this lady's ability to fill either position has been strongly questioned, but then she is a "Daughter of Rebecca," and the protégé of the oldest member of the board; John Swett, for the onerous duty of supervising the Girls High School, \$333; W. T. Reid, who was induced by a former board to leave the Athens of America (Boston) and take charge of our Boys' High School, \$333, which sum may not be quite up to Athenian standard, but certainly is too much for the overseer of a cramming and copying institution. There are a number other principals on high salaries, and a host of vice-principals at \$150. It there is a position in the entire department that should be abolished it is that of vice-principal, with its \$50 extra salary for simply submitting to the opprobrious title. Another imposition our taxpaying citizens have had practiced upon them for years is the accomplishments of music, drawing, and the languages. The mass of children attending our Common Schools never enter a grammar grade, and can a greater outrage be imagined than to oblige such children to waste time and attention on drawing-room accomplishments? The School Department has no right to encourage national distinctions. If our French and German residents wish their children taught their mother tongue, let them do so, but not at the expense of the city treasury. The next quarter where retrenchment might be managed is in the general office of the Board of Education, with its superfluous sinecures. A. L. Mann, City Superintendent, is the nominal head, and this representative of the city government does literally nothing, for the entire duty devolves upon his deputy, D. Stone, and yet Mr. Mann accommodatingly pockets \$333 per month, with carriage hire, and his wife also holding a position as teacher in the department. The deputy receives \$250 salary, and he has two daughters teachers. The secretary, or rather incubus of the office, George Beanston, whose duties are of a negative character, receives \$200 of the city's money. C. A. Clinton, the voluble assistant secretary, gets \$175. George Wade, the clerk, manages to draw \$125. His duties have always been a mystery, and investigators have failed to discover anything more onerous than strutting about the office, and occasionally assisting in some heavy flirtation. The janitor gets \$125, and he has charge of the supply department; is the particular friend of President Heister, the member of "\$4,000 lot commission" fame. An errand boy revels in \$40, all messages being distributed through the mail. The office is provided with every luxury, telegraphic apparatus, telephones, district telegraph boxes, the latest phase of wanton extravagance being the supplying of the different schools with "call boxes," and the American District Telegraph Company with \$125 per month. Then, there is the purchasing of school lots for no purpose other than to expend the funds, favor a friend, and receive a "divi" of the commission money. The Department of Supplies is another vulnerable quarter. What in the name of common sense can be the object of laying in supplies (and by contract) sufficient to run the department for years, where there is a sum set apart and expended every year for that purpose, the old stock remaining on hand to tempt the cupidity of some unscrupulous janitor, as in the case of James Duffy. The janitorial, carpentering, and general jobbing departments are the political capital of the different members who appoint and control the compensations, all of which are up to the "fancy" salary standard. We think the public can not fail to see where retrenchment could be effected without detriment or crippling the Primary Department.

Yours, etc.,

R. E. M.

A young woman whose apartments are very nicely furnished undertakes to dazzle a gentleman whose acquaintance she has just made, and ringing out the bell, says to the servant: "I think I will take a drive out to the Bois. Susan, tell John to harness up the horse to the phaeton."

The faithful domestic returns in a few moments and says: "Missus, I can't find any John, or horse, or phaeton at all, at all—shall I go and get a cab?"

A sergeant of Zouaves had, at the battle of Orleans, his thigh smashed by a fragment of shell.

"Well, my poor fellow," said his captain, who visited him in the hospital, "you must find it pretty lonesome work, being laid up here."

"Oh, no, Cap., not at all," was the reply. "I suffer a good deal, and that makes the time slip by."



COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18, 1878.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.30 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At PAJARO, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. Stage connections made with this train.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

3.30 P. M. DAILY (Sundays excepted) for Gilroy and Way Stations.

4.40 P. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

The extra Sunday train to San Jose and Way Stations is discontinued for the Winter season.

EXCURSION TICKETS to San Jose and intermediate points and return sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings. Good for return until following MONDAY, inclusive.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH, Superintendent, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, Yuma, and Stanwix (85 miles east from Yuma).

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing on Sunday, April 6th, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the Geysers. Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. (Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations. Fares for round trip: Donahue, \$1.00; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50. Connections made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River and Big Trees. Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2.50; Forestville, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3.75. (Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.)

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

TICKET OFFICE, WASHINGTON STREET WHARF.

ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Supt. JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

Leave Wharf, Cor. First and Brannan Streets, at noon, for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai,

GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

March.....22 April.....16
June.....17 July.....15
August.....15 September.....16
November.....15 December.....16

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to GEO. H. RICE, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU,
January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1, September 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents,
Corner First and Brannan Streets.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ, SAN DIEGO, SAN LUIS OBISPO, and other Northern and Southern Coast Ports, leaving San Francisco about every third day.

For day and hour of sailing, see the Company's advertisement in the San Francisco daily papers.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., NEAR PINE.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH

31st, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. (Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.), Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS to SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 8.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Gila Bend (119 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa, Phoenix, Prescott, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

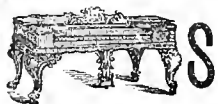
5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Fremont.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		Delaware Street.		To San Jose.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	8.00	8.10	7.00	7.30	7.00	7.30	7.00	7.30	8.00	8.30	6.10	7.30	8.00
7.00	1.00	8.00	9.00	9.10	8.00	8.30	7.30	8.00	7.30	8.00	8.30	9.00	7.00	8.30	9.00
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9.30	4.00	10.30	11.30	11.30	10.30	10.30	9.30	10.00	9.30	10.00	10.30	11.00	9.30	10.30	11.00
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.....	1.10	8.30	9.00	9.00	7.00	7.00	5.30	4.00	3.30	3.00	2.30	2.00	5.00	8.30	9.00
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FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

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Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$5
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Pants, - - - \$7
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Will sail from Spear Street wharf, for the above ports, On WEDNESDAY, April 16, at 10 A. M.

Steerage Passage.....\$2 00
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Freight.....at Lowest Rates

FREIGHT RECEIVED DAILY.

For freight or passage apply at the office on Spear Street wharf. Tickets also for sale at No. 3 New Montgomery Street, under Grand Hotel.

P. B. CORNWALL.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK, Plaintiff, vs. EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MAGUIRE, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note, payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assessments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest, taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Edward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through, or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said mortgage premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as above required, the plaintiff will take default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.]

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.

L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery Street.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of April, 1879, an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirtieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third (3d) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

UNDER THE BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

BORROWERS VS. LENDERS.

How the New Constitution Taxes Money fifteen times to the Borrower, and not once to the Lender.

It is boldly and angrily charged by the friends of the new Constitution—

First, That under the present Constitution money almost wholly escapes taxation; and,

Second, That the rich lenders of money (the bankers) have wrongfully shifted the burdens of taxation upon the poor borrowers of money (the farmers).

In order to cure these alleged evils the new Constitution proposes to tax as "property" certain intangible things called "credits," such as promissory notes and other evidences of debt; thus securing, they say—

(1). The taxation of money. (2). The taxation of the rich capitalists and lenders of money; and (3). The exemption of the poor borrowers of money from the burdens of taxation on their borrowed money. Let us honestly and candidly investigate this question:

(1). Does money escape taxation, and if so, to what extent?—How much money, if any, does annually escape taxation in California? To answer this question we must ascertain how much money there is in the State, and deduct from that sum the amount annually taxed. How much money is annually taxed in this State? About \$15,000,000. How much gold and silver coin and bullion is there in the State of California to tax? Do not be incredulous when I answer, only \$20,000,000. Do you doubt the estimate? Let us see. How much gold and silver coin and bullion is there in the entire United States? Only \$260,000,000. This is the estimate of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, and the highest one made by Dr. Linderman in 1877. Now, if California only had her *pro rata* portion of this sum she would have less than \$4,000,000; but gold and silver being one of our chief products as well as our circulating medium, we have (it has been ascertained) from four to five times as much as other States having an equal population. Eastern statisticians give us \$25,000,000. None of our best local financiers who have made careful estimates go higher than \$25,000,000, and some of them go as low as \$15,000,000. About the time of the starting of the Nevada Bank, in 1875, Mr. George C. Hickox, of the late banking house of Hickox & Spear, made an estimate of \$17,000,000. Mr. Wright, financial editor of the *Bulletin*, and Mr. Alexander Del Mar, late Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington (both recognized authority on financial statistics), estimate the amount of money in California at \$20,000,000. A tabular statement appearing in the March number of the *Coast Review* (published by Mr. J. G. Edwards, of this city) shows that on January 1, 1879, the entire amount of cash in all the banks of California was but a little over \$12,000,000. Who will say there was \$8,000,000 of money outside of the banks in this State? From all these sources, and from a careful personal examination of the bank statements made to their own stockholders, I am convinced that \$20,000,000 is a large estimate of the gold and silver coin and bullion in this State (exclusive, of course, of the \$15,000,000 of non-taxable money in the vaults of the United States Sub-Treasury of this city). The volume of money in actual circulation is always over-estimated. There is a limit to the amount of money which can find room to circulate in any community. It is a well-known fact that Mr. James Keene, the great stock speculator, left this State, taking his money with him, because the field for speculation was too small, which is simply another way of saying that there was not room enough in this State for Mr. Keene's money. Money is a commodity. Like wheat, it will be shipped wherever it will bring the best price, or exported when it can not be consumed or used at home. It is ignorantly supposed by many people that because Messrs. Flood and Fair are worth \$50,000,000 or more apiece that they have great wagon-loads of gold coin (amounting to fabulous millions) stacked up in the vaults of the Nevada Bank, whereas the truth is, that the Nevada Bank at the date of its last semi-annual statement had less than \$3,000,000 of coin on hand belonging to the Bank and all of its depositors. All the Bank Presidents and financiers of San Francisco combined could not raise \$30,000,000 within twenty-four hours to save their necks, unless they obtained help from the mint or U. S. Sub-Treasury. *This is a fact well known to all financial men.* Assuming, then, as true (as I have a right to do) that there is but \$20,000,000 of taxable money in the State (\$15,000,000 of which we know is annually taxed), it turns

out that only \$5,000,000 of money, or one-fourth of the amount of money actually in existence in this State annually escapes taxation. Now what is the entire amount of the taxable property of this State? About \$600,000,000. It will thus be seen how insignificant the deficit of \$5,000,000 of money which escapes taxation is, as compared with the entire amount of taxable property in this State—less than one per cent.; and how insignificant, too, as compared with the immense noise and fuss made about it by ignorant demagogues, who do not know what they are talking about.

(2) Do the rich money-lenders of California escape taxation under the present Constitution?—It has been gravely asserted by ex-Governor Downey, ex-Judge Terry, and ex-United States Congressman General Howard, so often that the *Daily Chronicle* is now ringing the cry in terse italic paragraphs, that from \$150,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of taxable property belonging to the Reeses, the Lunings, the Parrotts, and other rich and (ostensibly) rascally money-lenders of California annually escapes taxation, which would all be taxed if the new Constitution were adopted. Do these ancient ex-officials mean to tell the people of this State that this \$300,000,000 (ex-Governor Downey's estimate) is in money which the rich capitalists of California have loaned out at big interest, and that the poor borrowers have to pay the taxes on it? Yes, that is exactly what they mean, and in making such statements they either intentionally falsify or they are criminally ignorant, and in either event should go back to their retirement and stay there. Where did these rich money-lenders get the \$300,000,000 to lend when there is only \$20,000,000 in the whole State of California to loan?—and only \$260,000,000 of gold and silver coin and bullion in the whole United States? Even if it were true that Nicholas Luning had acquired all the money in the State, amounting as we have seen to \$20,000,000, by what system of legerdemain could he loan it out so as to be chargeable with taxes for \$300,000,000? How does money receive additional value from being loaned fifteen times, any more than from being loaned once? By what theory of "taxing property according to its value" (a favorite constitutional maxim with General Howard) can \$20,000,000 of actual money be taxed at \$300,000,000? Upon what system of honest public policy can the State exact taxes on \$20,000,000 of gold and silver coin and bullion in this State fifteen times (\$20,000,000 \times 15 = \$300,000,000) when all other property is taxed but once? "But," you say, "the bankers and money-lenders of this State have actually loaned out \$300,000,000 of money at interest, and are now holding bonds, notes, and mortgages to that amount;" and you ask, "how they could do it unless they had the money to loan?" "Easy enough," I answer. It is just as easy for the capitalist of California to lend \$300,000,000 and only have \$20,000,000 to lend, as it is for the United States Government to owe \$2,000,000,000 in gold coin and have only \$200,000,000 to pay with. There is not money enough to "go round" in either case. \$14 out of every \$15 of gold coin loaned in California must be either borrowed or bought by selling property. Whether borrowed or bought it is the same money. Let us look into the method by which these "rascally capitalists" make a small amount of money do a large amount of business:

The Bankers.—What is a banker? In one sense he is a money-merchant who buys and sells money, the same as a grocer buys and sells groceries, except that he does not buy and sell, but borrows and lends money. Like the merchant who starts in business by procuring a stock of goods, the banker procures a "capital stock," consisting of some actual cash, some bonds and other securities which can be readily turned into money, whereupon a thousand men having confidence in him deposit their money with him for safe keeping, with the understanding that they may call for it at any moment, and that whenever they do call for it he must pay it to them on demand. He no sooner gets possession of the money than he proceeds to lend a portion of it to prompt men for short periods, relying on the "probability" that these thousand depositors will not all call for their money at once, and that if some of them do call for it, other depositors will "probably" come in and deposit equal amounts with him. He also counts upon the "probability" that the men who borrow money from him will either not take it away from his bank at all, or that they will only take part of it away; or that if they do take it all away it will not stay long, and will come back soon. The absolute certainty of these "probabilities" is simply wonderful. Just as a Life

Insurance Company insures the lives of a thousand men at thirty years of age, relying upon the "probability" that they will not all die at once, but will live to an average age of sixty years—a "probability" which is constantly verified with almost mathematical certainty. Thus the banker, counting upon these or a similar kind of "probabilities," receives and lends—borrows and pays—the same identical money over and over and over again, until the volume of outstanding obligations, based upon a very insignificant amount of coin, becomes absolutely appalling. It is in this way that the same men are at once borrowers and lenders; and it is in this way that \$300,000,000 of debts or "credits" is based upon only \$20,000,000 of actual coin. The books of the San Francisco Clearing House—which were kindly shown to me by Mr. Charles Sleeper, who has charge of it—shows that over \$700,000,000 of checks were drawn on sixteen banks during the year 1878, which were paid through that office by only \$150,000,000 in actual coin, which proves that only twenty per cent. of the coin checked out of the banks actually goes out. This illustrates the strength of the "probability" which the banker relies on that his depositors' money will not all flee at once. This emboldens him to loan it for short periods. The interest he receives on these short loans constitutes his commission for taking care of it, and it is not away a lucrative commission either. The banker's bed is not a "bed of roses." If so, the roses are "full of thorns;" for the least doubt as to his financial standing, the least ripple in the stream of money that passes through his hands, the least agitation about "capital and labor," or the adoption of an "agrarian Constitution," the failure of a neighboring bank or business house or manufacturing establishment, or any other sudden or unexpected event which no human foresight could provide against it, is liable to cause a run on his bank and endanger his entire fortune. Now, if some contagious disease should come along and kill off all the people whose lives are insured, what would become of the life insurance companies? So, if every man in this State who has money on deposit in a bank should demand his money at the same time, what would become of the banks? They would pay just fifteen cents on the dollar. (The banks of this State owe their depositors \$82,000,000, and they have only \$12,000,000 cash on hand.) What proportion of the \$300,000,000, which Governor Downey says is loaned out in this State, would the creditors get if they were all to call for their money at once? Just six and one-fourth cents on the dollar. And yet it is gravely proposed to tax this ponderous pile of nothingness called "credits," in order to reach the insignificant \$20,000,000 which lies at the base of it all, and three-fourths of which is already taxed under our present Constitution.

The Savings Banks.—The same law of "probabilities," the same geometrical ratio of "credits" to actual cash, obtains in savings banks as in commercial banks, only the results are worked out in a slower manner and more permanent form. The depositors in savings banks agree not to demand all their money at once, but to draw it out little by little; hence it can be loaned for longer periods of time, on real estate security. The savings bank depositors are usually poor people. Mr. Sharon's Irish servant girl draws her monthly salary of \$25, and deposits it in the Hibernia Bank. The Hibernia Bank immediately lends it back to Mr. Sharon to help build the Palace Hotel. The money thus goes back and forth until it is alleged as a fact more than "figuratively true," that the Irish servant girls of San Francisco hold a mortgage of \$1,000,000 on the Palace Hotel. Unfortunately, it is this very class of "credits" that the new Constitution taxes. The commercial bank "credits" being for short periods between rich men, upon personal security, will usually escape taxation, while the very class of loans made by the poor lenders to the rich borrowers will be taxed.

The Money-Lenders.—If Luning, Parrott, and the late Michael Reese, who seem to have been chosen as the typical modern money-lenders (as Shylock was the ancient), kept a livery stable and hired horses to their customers and made their customers pay taxes on them, I should say it was wrong. I recognize the force of the suggestion that they ought to be taxed as money-lenders on their hired moneys as much as, if they were livery men, on their hired horses; but I at the same time recognize the impossibility of doing it except by committing fifteen wrongs in the doing of one right; for as the amount of money loaned in this State (\$300,000,000) as compared with the actual amount of coin in the State (\$20,000,000) is as one dollar to fifteen, so would any tax imposed against

\$300,000,000 tax the actual amount of money in the State fifteen times.

(3). Will the new Constitution exempt the borrower from taxation?—Brett, if ye think it will "ye do much err, not knowing the law"—of trade. Whoever heard of a borrower dictating to the lender the interest on his money? That "villainous smile" which is so much more aggravating than a frown would spread itself over the bland but implacable face of the lender as he would "respectfully decline the loan," and bow you out of his office. Every cent of taxes the lender has to pay will be relentlessly collected from the borrower, with a little more for the trouble of collecting it. "Ah, but," you say (the *Chronicle* says), "he will be forced to compete with foreign capital." Yes, I answer, in the classic language of ex-Minister Schenck, the great American exponent of draw poker, he will "see you" on that, and "go you one better." He will at once represent "foreign capital." He will have no capital of his own. He would be a fool if he did. The lender is never a fool. That delectable privilege is always reserved to the borrower. Yes, if the new Constitution is adopted all the money loaned in this State will be "foreign capital," just as it is in Iowa and Illinois, where they tax "credits." And right here is where the mischief will commence.

Non-resident capital is exempt from taxation. It has been so decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *State Tax on Foreign Held Bonds*, as reported in 15 Wallace, page 300, a case which went up from Pennsylvania. Justice Field, who wrote the opinion, says: "The mere right of a non-resident creditor to receive from a debtor within the State the payment of his demand cannot be subjected to taxation within the State." The farmer of California who has been consoling himself with the reflection that his farm will be exempt from taxation to the extent of the mortgage on it will have the bitter experience of paying enough extra taxes on the unmortgaged portion of his farm to make up the deficiency caused by the escape of the non-taxable foreign held mortgage. This is no mere assertion. It is the logical result of the doctrine that a "credit" is "property." If "property," it follows the person. A promissory note against a California farmer held by a resident of New York, has no situs in this State, and cannot be taxed here. The State of Iowa is a "credit" taxing State, and the Supreme Court of that State (12 Iowa 539) held that "mortgages held by non-residents can not be taxed in this State." Imagine \$300,000,000 of "credits" being held by non-resident capitalists on property in this State, upon which as the *Chicago Tribune* says of the Illinois mortgage tax system, "We do not collect \$10,000 a year." David A. Wells, who is recognized as the greatest American financier, said of us after the decision of our Supreme Court in the Hibernia Bank case overthrowing our mortgage tax-law, that we were the advance State of the American Union on the question of taxation. Let us, in the name of reason and common sense, not take a backward step in mere obedience to the voice of ignorance and class prejudice.

The ultimate truth is that money ought never to be taxed. It should be permitted to pass the gates of the tax-gatherers unchallenged. Webster said of Hamilton: "He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit and it sprang upon its feet." Such is the magic power of money as applied to the undeveloped resources of a country. It is the instrument for the production of wealth. It is not itself wealth. To tax money is to add to its cost. To add to its cost is to put it out of the reach of the poor but enterprising man who wants to open a farm, start a factory, or develop a mine. In short, to tax money is to tax enterprise. And yet, as I have shown, the new Constitution (if enforced) would tax it fifteen times; which, at the rate of two per cent. (the rate in San Francisco), would be equal to thirty per cent., thus hanging a huge chain around the neck of the circulating medium of the State.

Conclusion.—I have no love for rich men. I have never found my most congenial companionship among them. They are too often cold, austere, and selfish. If I have defended them in this paper it is because I recognize in the accumulation and protection of wealth a necessity to the permanence of our institutions. Neither do I love fighting men, and yet we must have soldiers to defend us in time of war. I believe with the scholarly Senator Bayard, of Delaware, that we have too many laws and too much legislation. I have more confidence in the common law of custom which crystallizes by time

H N

A HERO OF BRUSH CAÑON.

Joe Brown was a good engineer, and knew his engine and the crooked road through Brush Cañon as well as if it had been a wheel-barrow he was piloting through his own door-yard; yet, as the early darkness descended one gray February evening, and the trains approached the little station at the mouth of the cañon, his plain, good-hearted face became shadowed with a look of troubled anxiety.

"Taint so much *you* I mind," he said, apostrophizing the fireman, who sat in a limp, unhearing sort of way, with his head drooping forward; "taint *you* I mind; I've learned to get through with *you* some fashion, an' I can do it always—I shouldn't feel noways right to risk the Company's property an' a good many lives, too, not even for *you*, old man, if I didn't know I could keep *you* straight. It's that there conductor that I don't feel noways easy about in my mind."

"What's masser co'ductor?" demanded the fireman, unexpectedly rousing. "Got anything" say to me, I'll let him know. Run all's ol' train over th' hank 'f I like."

He stood up as he spoke, showing himself in the dim caboose, as a thin, dangerously wiry-looking old man, whose stupid, drunken expression was rapidly giving way to one of recklessness and mischief.

"G'f me holt o' that thro'l-val," he demanded, reaching out a thin, nervous hand.

Joe Brown, with a quicker movement than one would have thought the big, lumbering fellow capable of, stretched one of his own great, smutty hands to meet his fireman's, and inclosed it in his capacious grasp. It was rather a gentle grasp; cool and phlegmatic, too; but it felt as if heaven and earth could not loose it.

"Now, look a' here, Zekel Purley," he said. "you know you ain't goin' to do nothin' o' the sort. I'm here to take care o' this engine an' o' *you*, an' mean to do it. An' when you forget Ruthie and all, I'll remember 'em for *you*."

The tense, nervous vigor of Purley's clutch gradually relaxed under the influence of Joe's steady hand and voice. He hesitated, wavered, and then dropped sullenly on his his bench again.

"It's always Ruth, and Ruth, and Ruth," he muttered; "a man can't say his soul's his own." He was a little sobered, and his voice growing steadier.

"Which ain't noways a good sign," thought Joe, as he sounded the whistle, and slowed up. "I'll just have to keep close by him at this station," he added, in his mind.

The long freight train, with much clashing together of cars, and many murmurs from the cattle and sheep within, came to a stand-still.

"Ho, Brown," shouted a peremptory voice outside, "come here. I want to speak to *you*."

"Guess you'll have to come here, then. Can't leave the engine, just now." His emergency compelled him to respond more civilly than was his wont to such a peremptory bidding.

"Why, man, what harm can come to the engine, at a stand-still? Come on."

"Yes, you'd think 'twas harm, if I left a drunk fireman to put on steam and run her like mad up cañon and into the crick, 'fore you knew what was the matter with *you*," muttered Joe, under his breath. He knew better than to speak loud enough for Purley to hear, and put into his head the idea of thus running away with the train.

A quick, impatient step approached the engine, and the conductor stood near.

"Now, see here, Brown," he said sharply, "I want you to come and explain this switch to me, for the switch-tender's gone, and I can't see how the side-track goes in this blasted dark, and we have to switch off here in the morning; and I supposed every man on this road understood that the engineer is under orders of the conductor."

"We don't side-track here," responded Joe doggedly; "we don't side at all to-night, and to-morrow morning we side at Brush. There's a passenger train sides here in the morning, and that's all the switch is for; the switchman's gone to to bed, because there hain't no need of him to-night, and there ain't no sort o' use in your understanding this switch nor siding."

"Nonsense. What should they have a switchman for, if he's only needed once a day?"

"'Cause we take on a deal o' freight here mornings for the farmers, and he's boss o' that, too."

"I don't believe you know what you're talking about. I'm going to telegraph to the superintendent for instructions at the next office."

"I would," said Joe, with tremendous irony. "Give him a good idee of your sense when you had your instructions to begin with. He'll think you're nice an' careful, an' got a first-rate memory."

There was weight in that, and the conductor was silent a moment or two, and then thought best to change the subject.

"What's the great business that keeps you at your engine? You don't seem so very busy with her."

Poor Joe was not at all facile at lies, so he remained silent. not because he thought it the wisest course, but because he was racking his brains in vain for something to say. The conductor came nearer and leaned into the cab. Suddenly a lank figure started up and clutched him by the shoulders.

"You're goin' to meddle with me, are you? I'll drink what I choose, for all the conductors on this line, and for all old Stanford, or any of 'em. I'll pitch you into the fire; I'll pitch 'em all into the fire. Bring on the whole crowd."

But the steady grip was on him again, as Brown, from behind, held one arm with each hand.

"Now, look here, Zekel Purley," he said again, with his patient doggedness, "you must sit down and keep still, and not make no more trouble. I'm goin' to take care o' *you*."

He seemed to have acquired a strange influence over the old man, for after a few seconds Purley dropped his hands and sank down again.

"I'm drunk, you see," he said, explanatorily. "Joe here, he can manage me. But *you* can't, and I'll kill you some time when he ain't round."

The conductor fell back several steps—far enough to bring him into the glare of the head-light. He was a youngish man, with black hair and eyes, and a slightly "buckish" air, not bad at heart, nor hard, but conceited, and, as some expressed it, cut out on a mighty small pattern.

Such was the man—Arthur Fethering—who faced Joe Brown for a passionate moment. Joe, his lonely, troubled

face dimly visible in the cab, stood still, trying hard to think what he could do in this emergency.

"Is this an ordinary thing?" demanded Fethering.

"No; 'tain't never happened before," said Joe, unblushingly, "and it never will again. Any way, he can't do no harm. I'm so used to it, you see, I can manage him like a baby, and there never comes no harm to the engine 'long of his spells, 'cause I keep watch on him."

Fethering's contempt for poor Joe's blunder lessened his passion. He looked at his watch, and began to walk back toward the cars.

"It seems you've been keeping up this outrage on the company for some time," he said, as he went. "It's well I discovered it early. You needn't think I shall connive at protecting you for what you've done. You can keep him on till we lay up to-night, and then I'll telegraph for another man in his place, and report *you*."

"Now, look a' here," shouted Joe after him, "I'd like to know what hurt it'll do the company—"

But Fethering called back, curtly: "We needn't discuss it; start her up," and got aboard the train.

"Well, you've done it now," sighed Joe, putting his engine in motion.

The long, dark train stirred, a jarring thrill went through it, the coupling-bolts rattled, the cars clashed, the cattle lowed, and the sheep bleated; then the train moved slowly on up the steep grade and entered the cañon. Two steep mountain walls rose on either hand, dark as pitch, except where the light from the engine fell on their bushy sides; the track wound along one side, and far below, in the bottom of the narrow gulch, the roar of a stream could have been heard but for the nearer noise of the train. Up grades and down grades, around curves and over bridges, for half an hour, they rolled safely. It was not every engineer who could have taken his train safely through Brush Cañon by night with a drunken fireman, and most men who could have done it would have felt it a great deprivation to be unable to tell of the fact, but Joe Brown never thought of that, dear to his heart as was his professional reputation. He had given up more than the small gratification of boasting to shield this drunken fellow. Before he learned so well how to manage him, he had taken the responsibility of an accident purely due to a drunken freak of Purley's, and had been degraded in consequence from a far more honorable and profitable position on a passenger train to his present one. Not that he ever felt himself either a hero or a martyr on account of that; it was not Joe Brown's way to think much about what he had done. He took his misfortune as one of the accidents flesh was heir to as much as if he had been caught in a shower and taken cold. As to any merit in standing by old Purley, it never occurred to him to do anything else. It was no feeling that he was an ill-used, or an unappreciated man, that overcast his slow, honest features with that troubled look, as the train rolled on between the two dark, solemn mountain walls.

"It's a pity," he said, slowly, his voice losing itself in the engine's roar, "to have kept him agoing for three year, and then lose all the good of it. If I hadn't been such a slow fellow, Fethering needn't never have known. I'd ought to ha' been sharper, and that's a fact. I wisht I was a smarter fellow, so's I could be some good to *you*, Ruthie. I don't know what I come of it now."

But he did not let his meditations lessen his vigilance, and the train moved on safely. Meanwhile, Fethering entered the emigrant car, which always ends a freight train in California. There were half a dozen passengers there, among the rest a couple of giggling girls who had been chattering with him before the train stopped.

About seven o'clock the train slowed and stopped, with all its jarring and crashing, at "Brush Cañon Station"—distinguished from the cañon itself by calling one "the Cañon," the other "Brush." The head-light showed that the creek here received a tributary stream, causing the mountains to recede a little on the side of the tributary, leaving a small, triangular plateau, perhaps an acre in extent. About the middle of the "flat" was a station of the approved liver-color, but a little larger than usual, for there was a telegraph office here, and a large water tank supplied from mountain springs. On the dark platform stood a small figure, wrapped from head to foot in a water-proof—a girl, plainly. She stood still a few moments, as if waiting for some one; then, as no one came, she stepped close up to the engine.

"Joe?" she said.

"Yes, Ruthie," answered the patient voice. "I couldn't come out to you very well to-night."

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried (such a fresh, sweet little voice), "is he so again?"

"I've got to run on to the siding and take up those two cars, and then I'll tell you. Its too bad, Ruthie," putting his hand clumsily on her shoulder, with an awkward attempt at comfort, for he had sprung out, and stood by her side. "You might get in here, if you like."

"All right," she said, like a true American girl, and he swung her up, strongly, but most awkwardly.

"Poor old Joe," she thought, straightening her deranged garments, "he takes me like I was a bag of hay."

"That you, Ruth?" said Purley, indifferently.

"Yes, pa," the girl replied, timidly.

"Now, you feel bad, I s'pose," he began, mournfully—but here the conductor gave orders to take up the two empty cars, and the brakeman's lantern glimmered at the top of the train, and Joe's eyes and thoughts were taken up with watching his signals as the lantern waved frantically up and down, back and forth; and the engine moved, slowed, stopped, advanced, retreated, till the manoeuvre was completed and the train ready to move. There was a brief pause then, and Joe told his story, ending with:

"If I wasn't such a slow fellow, Ruthie, I might ha' got out of it and been some good to *you*."

"Oh, Joe, you're the dearest old slow-coach that ever was. I don't see as there's anything you could ha' done."

"Well, now, what could I ha' done?" demanded Purley, in an injured tone. He was fast becoming maudlin. "Haven't I always been a good pa to you, Ruthie?"

"Yes, he always is good to me, Joe, even when he's so. You know he is," cried the girl, tearfully. "He can't help it, poor pa; and I think the railroad men are so mean to blame him for it. Oh, I *hate* the new conductor! How good dear Mr. Simpson was about it! Oh, what are we goin' to do?"

"If he could only make up his mind to give up," suggested

Joe, faintly, "I'd manage to take care of you all, somehow, if I had to work nights, an' of my mother an' sister, too. We might manage to be married, somehow; perhaps that'd make it easier," he added, still more timidly.

But she only hid her face and sobbed.

"Oh, Joe, I shouldn't *think* you'd talk about his giving up, when you *know* he's just set on working; it'd break his heart, you *know* it would; an' you *know* he's this way every *single* day he's out o' work; an' how *can* we be married, when he an' your mother can't bide each other, an' you can't leave them?"

Joe, dreadfully penitent, hastened to say:

"Oh, don't think I wanted to hurry you, Ruthie. I don't never mean to worry you; it's more'n I could ha' expected that you'd engage yourself at all to a fellow like me. An' I don't s'pose 't would do for him to give up, for I s'pose when he was this way he'd feel like puttin' stones on the track, an' such like."

"Oh, yes, I know he would. Oh, dear, dear! I don't believe that conductor knew all about it, or he'd never ha' been so mean. Why didn't you talk to him, Joe?"

"I tried to," said Joe, penitently, "but he wouldn't hear me."

"Oh, Joe, Joe! that's just like you. I could ha' made him hear me." There was a pause; then she said in a whisper:

"Joe, I'm goin' to talk to him."

"As scary as you are?" he said, admiringly. "Well, I don't s'pose he could stand out again *you*; but he ain't no ways nice to talk to."

"But I'll do it for poor pa," she said, shivering. "Let me go quick, Joe, before I get too scared. I'll have just time to get on the car, if I go quick."

He watched the slight figure hurry down the platform; then a call to "start her up" made him turn, rouse the dozing Purley, and put his engine in motion again.

The two girls, who had been parading the platform in the dark, and giggling at brakeman and switch-tender, now scrambled aboard with much haste, and were meditating a descent on the conductor, who still stood in their car. Another girl stood at the end of the car—a slim little thing, with a worn waterproof drawn over her light, curly hair, and a little tin bucket in her hand.

"There's Ruth Purley. She always goes home on this train."

"Poor little thing! What makes her look so scared?"

"Oh, she always looks scared. She don't dare ride in the engine, for all Joe Brown's there. I wonder if Fethering will keep dark about her father. He don't have a spree more'n twice a year, and Joe can manage him so well that there ain't no danger, if Fethering only thinks so."

"Not he. He thinks he's too smart to treat people decent. Marth, look there! She's goin' right up to him. I bet she's goin' to talk about her father. That scary little thing! Don't she look pretty with her big blue eyes! She looks just like a baby getting ready to cry."

Ruth Purley was scary, except with her big, slow Joe, over whom she liked to tyrannize in her womanish little fashion, spending on him all the boldness she did not dare to use to any one else. Her knees shook, and her heart quaked, as she stood before the awful conductor.

"If you please, sir—"

He did not hear her, above the noise of the train.

"If you please, sir—"

He turned sharply, and saw the baby-like, pleading face, under the old hood, the rings of soft hair, the trembling lips, the big blue eyes, and curly, wet lashes.

"What is it, child?" he said gently.

"If you please, sir, my name is Ruth Purley," she stammered, blushing, and dropping her eyes in the prettiest confusion before the handsome black eyes that were bent down on her with such a look of amused and pleased superiority. "And I live in Wheat Valley, and come here on the train every day to telegraph. And—and—you see—it's my father that's fireman; and oh, don't send him off, sir! He don't do any harm, he never did; Joe watched him so, and Joe can manage him. And it'd break his heart to be sent off, sir, and send him straight to the dogs. And there's ma, and me, and Rachel—my twin-sister, that's blind—and two little bits o' ones; and only my telegraphing to support us if pa was sent off, and what Joe could do for us."

Ruthie did not mind crying before Joe, who counted for nobody, but she was dreadfully mortified when the tears would run over before the conductor. But Fethering was not one of the men who can not bear to see a girl cry; it pleased him to be prayed to this way, and he felt really fond of the little thing already. He had no scruples about his duty in the matter of letting her father alone, but he did not mean to let the favor seem too light by easy giving.

"My little girl," he said gravely, "I shouldn't do right to let some one stay who ought not, just to please you."

But general considerations were beyond Ruth.

"Oh, please, please," she begged. "He never'd get over it."

Fethering turned over a seat, took her gently by both arms and seated her, and sat down beside her.

"Now, you frightened child, you shall not talk about this any more to-night, and I promise your father sha'n't be disturbed till we have talked it over, and then I'll see what I can do for him with the authorities. But now you're going to tell me all about yourself, for you are a nice little girl."

Ruth was a very silly little girl, silly enough to think that Fethering was the most perfect gentleman heart could wish. But then she had never seen any more refined men than her father and Joe; and the two things that her dog-like little heart craved most passionately were to be commanded and claims implicitly. Poor Joe could not command her, and dared not pet her; she seemed to him such a dainty little frailty, that he was afraid to put his great, rough hands on her; he worshiped her so that he was all confusion and awkwardness before her, and he had quite succeeded in giving her his own low opinion of his abilities.

When the train stopped at Wheat Valley, about nine o'clock, Fethering lifted Ruth out with a skillful tenderness, very different from Joe's awkward help.

"Since you think you must wait for the engineer to take you home, I'll wait with you till he is ready to go," he said, drawing her arm through his, and beginning to walk the platform with her; "and to-morrow morning, you know, we'll talk about your father. Why, you and I will come and go on the same train every single day, won't we?"

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE TRUTH OF TAXATION.

California is threatened by the new Constitution with the most iniquitous and oppressive system of taxation which was ever devised in modern times. Double taxation sinks into insignificance when we read the article providing for taxation in the new Constitution, where it plainly shows that treble and quadruple taxation in many instances is not only probable but sure to follow its adoption. The advocates of such a system are principally those who are untaxed. Brooks Adams, of Massachusetts, in an article published in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "Oppressive Taxation of the Poor," says: "The most difficult problem of modern times is unquestionably how to protect property under popular governments. For the United States particularly it is growing graver day by day. So long as the large majority of voters are owners of property all goes well; but the moment those who are untaxed outnumber those who pay taxes trouble begins. The direct interest of the untaxed class is to swell public expenditure to the utmost, and there is hardly a large city in the United States that has not suffered more or less from this cause. The whole subject is so old, and has been so often discussed, that there can be no object in enlarging upon it. No one is likely to question the statement, that several hundred million dollars have already been practically confiscated in the interests of the untaxed classes, through State and municipal extravagance and fraud."

Speaking of double taxation, Mr. Adams says in the same able article: "Yet the mortgage tax is only the most striking instance of that vicious system which fetters the enterprise and weighs down the energy of Massachusetts. The injustice and impolicy of that system has often been ably exposed, but hitherto without avail. The whole fabric of tax legislation is based upon a false foundation. Double taxation is not the exception, but the rule, within the commonwealth. The error of the system lies in the proposition that every citizen is to be taxed according to his ability to pay. A mortgage is part of a man's property; hence it must be taxed on the mortgage, otherwise he would not contribute his proportion to the State. All this reasoning is manifestly fallacious. Property is what should be taxed, not men, unless upon their polls. The supposed ability of certain citizens is entirely beside the question. Taxable property is something that has intrinsic value. There is a certain amount of property within the State, such as houses and lands, goods and merchandise, cattle, gold, silver, and machinery. This constitutes the wealth of the citizens. Notes, bonds, mortgages, and the like are simply evidences that the holders have lent money upon the faith of the property having intrinsic worth. In themselves these notes and bonds have no value, any more than paper money has in itself value. The taxes upon these evidences of debt are all necessarily double taxes; since to tax property at all it is worth, and then, if it is pledged, to tax the money raised upon it, is clearly to tax it twice. Moreover, the difficulty with all this taxing of debts is not only that it is absurd in theory, but that it is iniquitous in practice. The borrower always has to pay. If four per cent. is the market rate for money, and taxes amount to two per cent., we have seen that the mortgagor can borrow only at seven per cent. The capitalist will collect the tax for the government, but he pays himself at the expense of the borrower for his risk and trouble in so doing. No statute can change this law of trade. The only effect of taxing loans is to raise the rate of interest. Thus it is that taxation in Massachusetts cramps industry and works injustice. The debtor class is doubly taxed throughout the commonwealth, and the debtors are precisely those who are least able to pay. It is bad enough for a man to have every third dollar taken from him by the State, but when besides he has to pay three per cent. of extra interest above the market rate on every dollar he borrows, the position of the debtor becomes well-nigh desperate. The only hope lies in popular education. Could the people be made to understand the merits of the question, the present tax laws would not disgrace the statute-book one day after the meeting of the next Legislature. The danger consists in ignorance. Workingmen who cannot pay their mortgage interest are wrought upon by demagogues and clamor at capital."

The town of Kingston, in Ulster County, New York, is a small one, but little exceeding 4,000 in population, and consists in large measure of Irish quarrymen and their families, who have readily become the tools of a ring which has been shamefully plundering the taxpayers. In 1876, the attempt to raise a Republican campaign-banner in an Irish quarter was met with bloodshed and had to be abandoned. This year a union of the taxpayers was effected with a view to shaking off the ring and rescuing the finances of the town; and the better to concentrate the respectable class of voters and guard against fraud at the polls, a law was procured authorizing one instead of five polling-places. This appears to have made matters worse instead of better, for the ruffianly element established the poll in "Mackerelville," took early possession of it, and surrounded it with a dense mob which admitted only Democratic voters, and shockingly maltreated honest citizens who persisted in trying to reach the ballot-boxes, or who could not restrain their denunciation of the villainous manœuvre. The Sheriff of Ulster County was on the scene, but would or could do nothing. Justice O'Connors, a Democratic inspector, opened the ballots at pleasure, and occasionally tore them up and rejected them. When he and a brother justice, with the aid of the Sheriff, counted the returns, they sometimes found several ballots folded together, which they laid aside "under the candlestick" until it could be seen how the vote would turn out.—*New York Nation*.

A very worthy gentleman from the country said to us that the Constitution contained one clause that would justify him in voting for it, if for no other reason: "It prevents lobbying." "Yes," we said, "it prevents lobbying, if you can prevent a crime by simply declaring in the Constitution that it must not exist; but, unfortunately, passing a law does not prevent crime, else the Constitution should have contained provisions against murder, theft, arson, burglary, swindling, libel, and all the other crimes." He was a very nice old gentleman, but he had no brains to think with.

Many are willing to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

OUR OWN POETS.

Love's Messenger.

Hear how my spirit comes sobbing,
Blent with the sob of the rain!
Hear how I call you, beloved,
Out of my passionate pain!
Hear how I cry to you, darling—
Cry for the love that I crave—
Cry for the love that would brighten
My life which is cold in the grave!

'Tis my voice you hear in the sobbing
Of the storm, that is making moan;
'Tis I—I am calling for ever;
"Oh, answer my love with your own!"

Over the mountains and valleys
That are keeping us ever apart,
On the wings of the storm-king, I send you
This cry from my breaking heart.

You are sitting alone, as the night-wind
Bears the message I send to you, dear;
You are sitting alone, and its whisper
Falls soft on your listening ear.

You are sitting alone, and the lamplight
Falls down with a tender grace,
Soft as my lips' warm kisses
Over your kindly face.

I can see with the eyes of my soul
Through the distance, the night, and the gloom,
And I know that you listen with longing
To my voice as it sobs through the room.

Warm with my passionate kisses,
Wet with my tears and the rain,
The wind bears the message I send you
Swift over mountain and plain.

You hear it! You hear it! You hear it!
You feel every kiss that I send!
But, strong in your honor and manhood,
You answer me, "Wait till the end."

You answer, "Be brave in your duty;
Be brave in your duty and wait;
But I love you, my king, and I call you,
Even now, while I bow to my fate!"

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

O. T. NOSLIH.

Our Lodging-House Maid.

A figure of the willow type,
A well-shaped hand, though coarse with toil;
Lips fit for playing cherry ripe
That even labor can not spoil;
A russet dress whose dingy spots
Shows the bold hand spilled soup can write
Through close communion with the pots,
And a long apron, never white.

Two velvet black eyes looking out
Beneath two arching brows of jet;
A wealth of hair all tossed about,
Or bundled in a tattered net;
A pair of cheeks whose rosy hue
Is marked by frequent sooty smudge.
And thus I introduce to you
Our pretty, dirty household drudge.

Sometimes in fancy I divest
Her face of what is *always* there;
I see her—still in fancy—dressed
In white, with roses in her hair.
I see the willow form erect,
Not bent by weighty loads of coal;
I light that face with intellect
And place behind those eyes a soul.

Pardon the fancy I employ—
But then, I know not how it is—
Methinks that the fair bride of Troy
Might have been a woman such as this.
Methinks in those dark eyes might lurk
The fire that wrought a city's doom;
Those lips might have begun the work
That ended in a nation's tomb.

Start not, ye stately dames who move
In silken silk and costly furs;
Ye may be fair, have time for love,
Your lots are very far from hers.
But deem her form as yours are deemed—
Ay, far more simply, ere ye judge;
Trust me, your charms would scarce be recked
Beside our pretty, dirty drudge.

But raise her, as a lily crushed
And trampled in the muddy clay,
And be your criticisms hushed
Till you have washed the stains away.
Then place her, ne'er so modestly,
Half out of sight in your parterre;
And men will pause in passing by—
"Was ever flower so wondrous fair!"

Capricious fate, that seem'st to take
Delight in thwarting each design
Of Nature, wherefore didst thou make
A queenly star that ne'er could shine?
Why fix a prize that none may win,
A stake which never can be played—
But Mary's bringing dinner in,
And is once more our servant-maid.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1879.

G. H. JESSOP.

A Twilight Song.

Now gently falls the purple light
O'er wooded hill and flow'ry dell,
While dusky grows the birdling's flight
As dully sounds the evening bell.
Faint blushes tinge the mountain height,
The fire-fly glimmers in the vale,
And echoed through the wavering light
The notes of whip-poor-will and quail.

Day toil is o'er; as wanes the light
And shadows fall o'er land and sea,
The boats draw shoreward for the night,
The flock "winds slowly o'er the lea."
The lily sleeps by river brim,
The wood-bird seeks its downy nest,
While twilight sings a vesper hymn,
And lulls the weary world to rest.

Petaluma, April, 1879.

CLARENCE U. THOMAS.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Me and Missy, thats my sister, we was in the gardn, and there was a hop tode, and it hopt a way, but her yung man he stays all the afternoon Sundys. Missy she sed: "Johnny," and I sed: "Wot?"

Then Missy she spoke up a other time and sed: "Did you ever hear that poetry wich Missis Doppy made a bout hop todes, and put it in the paper?"

And wen I sed I didnt she spoke it out, jest like Missis Doppy rote it, wich has got the red head:

"Wen the cole, snoy winter has past,
And the flours is out in the spring,
The todes thay come out in the gras,
And thay hop round like everything,
But its the birds in the trees wich sing."

"Thus we see that the spring of the tode
Is not the same way of advancin'
As the spring of the year; and tis showed
Quite as clear that the fiddlin for dancin'
Aint done by the fellers that prancin'."

I ast Missy did she think that was nice poetry, and she sed it was reel sweet, but Billy he says if he was a poet he woud rather be a pirit and sail the ragin deep, and Ide like mity wel for to be one my own selfe, too, cos a pirit can make poetry if he wants to, but a poet cant sail the ragin deep cos it make him be sick and throw it up.

Jack Brily, wich is the wicked sailer, he says one time he was a workin on a ship, and there was a reel slick lukin feller cum on the ship for to be took to Virginny City, and wen the ship saild the slick feller he took out his book and rote:

"O giant waste of heevin blu,
Thou throwest up thine eye to woo
My soul, thow hart-inthraller!"

And wen the slick feller had got it rote, and was goin to rite some more, he was took reel bad in the stumack of his belly, and dropt his book for to go and be sick. Then Jack he picked up the fellers book and rote this for to finish the poetry:

"But I heeves frequenter than you,
And throws up more, I reckon, too,
Considerin I am smaller."

But that aint got any thing for to do with hop todes, xcept hop todes jumps and wen a feller is seezick he jumps too, for to git hissef a basin.

My sister's yung man was jest here this minnit ago, and he sed, "Johnny," and I spoke rite up and sed, "Wot?"

Then he sed: "Johnny, wot are you a dashin off for that gum dasted news paper, as yure uncle Edard wude pofanely say?"

Then I sed: "Hop todes."

Then the yung man he sad: "Lemme se it, and mebbly I can rite sum thing too."

And wen he seen it he sed: "I kano some thing a bout todes my ownself, and Ime a bigger poet than Missis Doppy, wich, as you have remarked somewere in yure works, has got a red head."

So he rote some poetry too, and I hav coppid it out, same as I al ways do bish, but his spein is mity poor yit, and his lies is fritefle!

"In a town that I knew
A toad grew and grew,
For it had other toads to eat;
And when it would jump,
And come down with a thump,
It would shake all the folks off their feet."

"Then the people they said:
'When to-night we're in bed,
'Tucked in snugly, we'll be all right.'
But they found that the shocks
Had stopped all the clocks,
And they couldn't tell when it was night."

"The toad kept a-hopping,
The folks kept a-dropping
And flopping at every leap.
It was all for the best,
But the toad got no rest,
And the people they got no sleep."

"Now the toad, being dead,
Can take breath; and in bed
Lies each man with a stone at his crown.
For the reptile did die
From leaping so high,
And the people from coming down."

If I cudent make better poetry than that Ide go for to be a sojer, yes indeed, Ide blong to the bras band and blo the buggle. And now lle tel you a little story.

One time a man was standin by side a stream of wotter, and he sed to hissef: "Wot a nice place for to bild a mill. lle bild one rite away."

Then there was a feller settin under the bank a fishin, and he had cot a frog for bate, but wen he herd the man say it he jest have the frog up on the bank at the man's feets, and spoke up and sed: "All rite, ole man, lle be the hopper."

That man didnt stay for to bild his mill, but lit out.

Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, he says one time he was passin a fellers house, and the feller was a settin outside, a mendin a fishin rod with some glu and a string. Mister Jonnice he went in the house for to git a drink of wotter, and he found the mans wife sick a bed and jest reddy to die for some thing to cat, cos Mister Jonnice had ben a dockter and he kanew. So he giv the man sum money and tole him to go to town and bi some vittles mity quick, but wen he cum back that way a our later the man was jest puttin the glu on his fishin rod. So Mister Jonnice ast him wy in the devil he haddent ben for them vittles. Then the man he woudn the string around the glude place, mity carele, and then he sed: "You see I aint one of them shiffless galoots wich never takes holt and does things to once wen they ot to be done, but wen ever any thing is out of kilter bout this ranch you bej yer life I rassle round mity spritely til its fixt up; cos a family man cant afford to be potterin about wile his fish pole, frinstance, aint strong enuff for to suport his wife and children. Jest you put yer finger on that string wile I tie it, pardner"

But wen Katy, thats the new cook, has busted her lung she dont waste no time with glu, but jest tels "Johnny pocked it of with his lath," and goes a nuss, puttin pizen in the dinner.

OUR BRAVE DEFENDERS.

I should feel that an apology were due our readers for so frequently criticising the daily press of San Francisco if I did not believe it was the primal cause of many of the evils against which we are now contending. It is so utterly debauched, selfish, and unprincipled, that I feel justified in urging the community to make one supreme effort for its reformation. This is done in no unfriendly spirit to the persons who own those journals and control them, for with them all I am upon terms of friendly personal association. The trouble lies in the rivalries of the business in which they are engaged. Our city from its beginning has had a class of newspaper owners scrambling to obtain supremacy, and in their blind madness willing to sacrifice its best interests that the one may triumph over the other. For this time I let the *Chronicle* pass. It is making a bold and characteristic fight against the wealth, the property, and the business of the State. It has ridden its war charger with its bloody hoofs over this community for years. It has laid its braided thong upon many a bending back. It has carried the menace of its withheld accusations against many a timid pocket. It has achieved a splendid reputation for fearlessness by assailing those who would not pay. In the audacity of its power, it brands the merchants of our city as sneaks, and proclaimed to them, with a recklessness that comes either from assurance of power or desperation of condition, that it would remember and punish long after this fight is ended and forgotten those who should dare to withdraw from it their advertising patronage. It has become the champion of ignorance, vice, and misrule, as represented by the sand-lot. It has accepted the position of banner-bearer to Denis Kearney, and has staked its prosperity, if not its existence, on the side that does not think, and does not live in willing subserviency to the law. I leave this paper to the issue of the conflict it has invited. I think it was an unwise one, and do not believe the *Chronicle*, with all its genius, industry, and enterprise, can survive it. I am mistaken unless it is bleeding to death from internal hemorrhage. Its columns are pale from the wasting vitality of withdrawn advertisements. To those who do not understand the business of newspaper padding it makes a brave show of paying announcements, but the knife is in the wound.

The condition of the *Call* is a more anomalous one, and so much more contemptible and cowardly, that, had I to choose the ownership of either journal named, I would take the *Chronicle* as the lesser infamy. I would compare them as Robin Hood and Jacques Strop. The one, the bold highwayman who meets you and demands your business or your life; and the other the panel thief who steals your pantaloons to search for small advertisements. The one, the bold buccaneer who sails the sea for pillage under the broad pennant of death's head and crossbones; the other the sneaking yawl with muffled oar that steals under wharves for grain sweepings, broken sacks, and bits of coal. For the moral coward I have no respect; for the bully I have at least respect for his courage. I have no respect for the man or the newspaper, the preacher or the politician, who, in time of great excitement, when the community divides in opinions, does not take the one side or the other. No honest man with blood in him ever saw a dog fight that he did not take sides. The blood of the amphibious animal that can live on land or in water is cold and colorless. In this conflict in which I think the safety of the community is involved, and in which the better class is earnestly engaged in fighting for self-preservation, the *Call* says: In this contest I have no interest; I will look calmly on, making gain from either side, and when the conflict is ended, like the camp-followers at Bannockburn, I will plunder the dead, and then I will march with the living under the banner of the victory they have gained. This is the attitude of the cowardly *Call*. Its editorial columns are non-committal upon this vital question. Its news columns are crowded with accounts of Kearney's triumphant march, taking its reports from Kearney's secretary, Carl Browne—withholding editorial comment. It is full of sand-lot, ward club, and workingmen's meetings. Not bold enough to utter an opinion, it is audacious enough to crowd its news columns with lying accounts of enthusiasm—numbers that never existed—and by perverting incidents to the protection of Kearney's reputation for courage and decency. This journal does not ride the highway with pistol in hand demanding tribute, but sits by the roadside, as in Hart's picture of the mendicant monkey, with piteous expression, holding up his sore tail in bloody rag, asking alms—the alms of small advertisements. Merchants, bankers, and business men who have the courage to resist the bandit, have not the sense to see through the device of the fraud that practices beggary.

And now, with less of contempt and less of passion, let us consider the *Bulletin* in its attitude toward the community in which, and upon which, it exists. I pass over its birth and bloody baptism, its bold early career, its faults, its mistakes, its crimes, its accomplishments for good, its services toward the public. I will not endeavor to analyze the motives of its proprietors, or at this late day to question how disinterested they may have been in their public service. Let us guess that in its relations with the community it is at least even in the way of compensation, and that when this Kearney upheaval begun San Francisco owed it for no service unrequited. Its proprietors have grown rich and prospered; they have exercised power and influence; they have been well fed and clothed as the result of their commerce in news, and been well compensated in the sale of their opinions. This sand-storm arose, threatening to overwhelm and destroy the community upon which it had thrived. Alarm was abroad. Men of sense were disturbed at the passionate uprising of this criminal class. Business men, merchants, mechanics, and honest laborers were on guard to protect the city from threatened violence. Out of an organized violence came an organized party of political demagogues, who to the menace of the fire-brand added the menace of robbery by the use of the ballot. At this time, when all was commotion, the writer of this article with a leading banker called upon Charles de Young, G. K. Fitch, and Loring Pickering, and begged them to desist from their course in giving undue prominence to Kearney and his agitators. Our argument can be imagined without entering the details. Our interview failed, but I must do Mr. Charles

de Young the justice to say that he was willing, and authorized me to propose to the newspaper enemy an armistice in this direction—one that was in the interest of public welfare and honorable to the parties interested, and one which, if it had been acted upon, would have saved our State and city the scandal of this great disgrace. Messrs. Pickering and Fitch utterly repudiated the proposed armistice, and rejected any terms that would prevent them from making money out of the excitement. They left upon me the impression that they would not forego the sensation and the pay of making the most of the sand-storm if they knew the bursting cloud would destroy the town.

Now, let us regard the attitude of these journals—the *Call* and *Bulletin*. They are the property of a common ownership. One proprietor in New York purveys news for both. The other proprietors occupy desks in the same office, use the same place for printing, virtually the same type, presses, agents and agencies. They are copartners in business and friends of thirty years' standing. In the morning issues the *Call*; in the evening the *Bulletin*. The *Call* is the organ of the sand-lot; the *Bulletin* is the advocate of the extreme class. The *Call* seeks the small advertisements of servant girls; the *Bulletin* seeks the announcements of merchants, bankers, and corporations. The *Bulletin* is engaged in earnest opposition to the adoption of the Constitution; the *Call* is silent regarding it. The *Bulletin* announces that "Kearney held his usual sand-lot meeting on Sunday," and then gives a column of condensed sermons from orthodox pulpits; the *Call* gives two columns to exaggerated detail of the sand-lot business, and epitomizes all the blasphemies and blackguardism of the labor clubs. The *Bulletin* affects to be independent, leaning toward the Republican party; the *Call* affects to be independent, leaning toward the Democracy; while the editors and owners of these journals sit back to back to each other, writing from the same room, and pooling the profits of the business. Yet the gentlemen to whom we refer think themselves above the average of good citizens. They are men of courage, good habits, and cleanly lives. The *Bulletin* is an able and interesting newspaper; the staff of both journals is respectable, and composed of writers of more than average ability. But where is the principle, the moral courage, the unselfish independence, that allows the utterance of bold and manly and honest thought? Where the independence of opinion that makes a journal respected, honored, and influential?

Would such a copartnership be allowed in any other business? Would Mr. McAllister be allowed to take one side and Mr. Bergen the other of a contested suit at law? Would this paper be endured if, by the mere changing of its name, it should issue on Wednesday a sheet in advocacy of the supposed interests of the ignorant mob of the sand-lot, and favor the adoption of the new Constitution, in order to divide with the idle and the vicious the accumulations of the industrious and the provident, and on Saturday issue the ARGONAUT in the interest of society, law, intelligence, and property? Do Messrs. Pickering, Fitch, and Simonton think their heads are so safely hidden under the sand that the more prominent part of their persons are not observable? Do they think that an intelligent community does not weigh and consider these things, and that thereby the real influence of their journals are utterly destroyed? Do they not know that business men look upon them as mere money-makers, and in an unprincipled way, and that their newspapers are mere machines, through which an uncolored fact and an unselfish opinion can not run? And then does not the community fully understand that in this exigency every five-cent piece paid the *Bulletin* is divided with the *Call*?—every advertisement paid at the *Bulletin* counter is halved at the shop across the street? And if it is true, or if it ever should become true, that the exigencies of the business community should compel it to submit to the exactions of the *Bulletin*, and raise a fund to induce it to oppose the adoption of the Constitution, that just one-half the money would go to the *Call*, who is fighting for the new Constitution, for Kearney, and chaos? With this conundrum I rest the argument, with the simple inoffensive remark, that a community that will longer endure this thing without making an effort to capitalize an independent, decent, and respectable daily journal, deserves, in the language of the *Chronicle*, "to be remembered and punished long after this fight is ended and forgotten."

The question seems to be an open one whether oranges can be raised elsewhere in California than in the semi-tropical south. When in Europe in 1869, we spent a winter in Naples. This is an orange country. Sorrento orchards, some twenty miles away, are famous. Sicily is not so far from Naples as Los Angeles from San Francisco. During this winter, and for weeks at a time, we saw the fountains frozen up, icicles formed into great blocks of solid ice, the ground congealed, and vehicles rattling over frozen pavements that did not for days yield to the melting influence of the sun. The wind came howling down from the snow-clad summits of the Apennines, yet no orange trees were injured, nor did the inhabitants seem to regard this cold spell as exceptional. Young orange trees must be nursed through the tenderness of their infantile days. When grown they are hardy trees.

In 1856, when Volney E. Howard, General and Commander-in-Chief of all the law and order forces, was taken prisoner of war by the Vigilantes, he was conducted to the Bastille of Fort Gunny Bags, and there held in captivity till a council of war was held over him. It was unanimously resolved, by some six hundred citizens in council, that, as he was the least capable, the least efficient, and the least formidable person that the Governor could have selected leader of the military forces of the State, he be immediately set at liberty. It was so determined, and General Volney E. Howard was escorted over the sand-bags to his liberty with his side arms and all the honors of war.

When Lavalley, the pedestrian, dropped dead in his tracks at Woonsocket, the other day, a wag approached the body and solemnly exclaimed: "Here rests his head upon the lap of earth." It wasn't a very funny joke after all, but every right-thinking person will be grateful for its occasion. A bad joke is better than a living pedestrian any day.

THE TYPICAL OAKLANDER.

Emerald's Narrative Continued.—I was talking about that typical widow when Mr. de L. rushed in and wanted another batch of those confounded bills made out; and the widow's was among them. Now, I'm soft-hearted, and, bless me, haven't much heart in making out the bills of those lone, unprotected women who come to this side of the bay for change of air. But, Lord! the way our young men take to them is a caution and a mortification to those nice, single girls who wear those nice new turban things on their heads when they come down to breakfast in the morning, smelling just as sweet as new milk fresh from the cow. But it seems to me that I am getting farther and farther away from the thing that scientific fellow wanted me to work out. Hallo! now I've got my eye on a he typical, and I'm blessed if I don't think he'll fit. There's a young man here who wears spectacles, don't drink, don't smoke, and writes for the religious papers. He eats nothing stronger than pie at dinner, and don't know lager beer from Jamaica rum. He suffers from cold feet, and pays four bits a week to the bell boy for hot bottles. He's a book-keeper in a bank I understand, and has a half interest in a Sunday-school in San Francisco. He heard the porter curse the other day, and he took him aside and talked to him about his soul and gave him two bits not to do it again. I saw him treating at the bar with that same quarter five minutes afterward. Now, that's as near a typical Oaklander as I can come. This book-keeper has piety, cultchaw, wears spectacles, has cold feet, eats pie, and gets sick at the smell of tobacco. Why, good Lord! now that I believe I've struck it, I remember that the town is just full of such fellows, and I've nailed the typical right here. His hair is a little short, and the scientific lunatic may object to that, but I can go out into the street any day and pick him out one with straight hair. Sunday at the church door is just the place to trap him.

[This concluded Mr. Emerald's narrative. The next roll of manuscript was written in a neater hand, and the flourish that distinguished the chirography indicated the experienced hotel clerk. It was entitled:—]

Narrative of William Starch, Clerk at the G. C.—I have been twenty-five years in this business, and don't believe in scientific fellows. I go more on brokers. When they come over here for a holiday they think the town belongs to 'em. Anyhow they take possession of the bar of this hotel. I am not nervous about my wages now, though I confess that some month ago I was very timid on that point. But, heaven be praised, the winter is over, and the summer boarder will be accommodated on the most reasonable terms—fires in rooms, and meals served in private apartments, extra. The scientific man, who is making every lady crazy in this town hunting for what he calls the typical Oaklander, has been here asking me to take notes. I can give him lots of typical; why, the bar-room and billiard-room are full of them every night. Most of my typicals wear ulsters and work for small salaries. How those two things happen to go together I don't know; but since the winter began I've never seen a light-salaried clerk that wasn't fond of an ulster, and the more pockets it had, the poorer was the fellow that wore it. Well, of that sort of typicals we have a great plenty. The only time they are out of their ulsters is when they are casting up their accounts or doing errands over in the city, and I'm not so sure but some of them don't sleep in their beloved cases. Here's that old lady's bell in No. —ringing again. Wants the bill itemized, does she? May the —[here Mr. Starch's narrative is much blotted and crossed, as if that gentleman were irritated in no small degree.]

ENTRE NOUS.

We were both amused and indignant at a conversation we overheard between an Irishman and a German upon the California Street cars on Friday morning. The Irishman was eloquent upon the wrongs of labor, the oppression of capital. This was the hardest, worst, and meanest country for poor men he had ever known. In Ireland, he said, he was a slave by reason of class distinctions; he had escaped from that country, to find the same class distinctions growing up here. He prospered here in the early days, but was no longer prosperous. He had a family of grown sons and daughters, able and willing to work, and he would vote for the Constitution in order to bring about a change. Things could not be worse. The German replied to him that he, too, had left his native land and found a home in this. He had prospered, and in his opinion there was no other spot on God's footstool where labor was so well rewarded as in California; that there was no other land so favorable, in all its conditions, for poor men; that the necessities of life were in reach of all, and the luxuries attainable by every person who was able and willing to work; that here he was a citizen and an elector, a freeman, protected by law, and had nothing in the world to complain of; that there was abundant land at nominal price, where any industrious man, with working sons and daughters, could make for himself and family an independent, and in time a luxurious, home. The arrival at the car at Kearny Street terminated the conversation.

Rumor puts it that the *Chronicle*, ashamed of Kearney, has plotted to get rid of him, has persuaded him not to stump the State, and has made arrangements to send him out of the country. The *Chronicle* is now running the Constitution alone, and it is the only journal of importance advocating it. It hires Platt's Hall for meetings. Its attorneys do most of the talking. It prints and sends abroad its documents with a liberal hand. If the *Chronicle* wins, we shall hear the pealing of clarion bells; if it fails we shall hear the sound of its brazen clapper muffled in mournful rags of melancholy flannel. It is life or death for the *Chronicle*.

Bill of Fare for Six Persons.—Sunday, April 20, 1879.

Sorrel Soup.
Boiled Chicken, Oyster Sauce.
Beef Croquettes. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Roast Lamb. Asparagus à l'Argonaut.
Salade Sudoise.
Lemon Pie. Strawberries.
Fruit-bowl of Oranges, Apples, and Bananas.

SALADE SUDOISE.—Cut in small cubes and put into an earthen kitchen basin some cooked red beef-tongue, cold boiled potatoes, raw-peeled sour apples, cooked beets and carrots, and the fillets of two salt herrings previously soaked; season with salt, pepper, oil, vinegar, chopped parsley, and prepared mustard; mix well, arrange in a heap in a salad-bowl, surround with stoned olives, and serve. These may be coarsely chopped to answer the same purpose.

PRATTLE.

An ingenious gunsmith of this city has invented, and will patent, a fire-alarm box which can hardly fail to have an important influence on society. This contrivance, which has been exhibited to the Commissioners, and was by them highly commended, is expected to prevent malicious alarms by simply capturing by the arm and holding the person who has the benevolence and hardihood to operate it, only the "designated depositaries" of keys being able to set him free. After all, he will probably, in the confusion, be overlooked, and should the fire master the engines, roasted at his post. The certain loss of liberty and possible forfeiture of life will, it is feared, be reluctantly incurred—a disadvantage imperfectly balanced by the creation of a new and interesting criminal class to lurk about the alarm boxes and plunder the helpless captives who have incautiously braved the terrors of the invention.

The States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey appear to have an anomalous condition of things as regards their laws; some of the most important of which have not a uniform operation, but are limited to certain specified counties. One of these is the law taxing mortgages in the manner proposed by our blessed new Constitution; and concerning its action a Commission of the State of New York to revise that commonwealth's laws of taxation report that "the influence of the exemption has been most beneficial to the districts affected by it." The Commissioners add that they were informed by one conversant with the subject—a bloated brain-holder, doubtless, or a lecherous truth-teller—that "if it were possible to take in, as from an eminence, a view of the whole State [Pennsylvania or New Jersey] the counties in which mortgages are exempt from taxation would be as readily distinguished from the others as would a field of luxuriant wheat or corn from a field of scrub-oak or brushwood." Will Messrs. Terry and Howard have the fairness to confess that, merely as a graphic illustration, this is rather good.

Whether from copious official potations of lemonade, or increased exercise of lung in exemplary psalm-singing, it would be difficult to say, but the fact is apparent and conspicuous that since his installation as President Mr. Hayes is become disagreeably fat. Comparing his pictures of to-day with those of three years ago one is unpleasantly conscious of a change that is not for the better. He was not then pretty; he is now repulsive. He had then an expression of distinguished insignificance; he has now none at all. One does not like to echo the cry of "fraud" against the man seated by one's own party, but really it looks as if Mr. Hayes when a candidate had deliberately starved himself to catch the votes of the charitable by making it appear that he needed the office as much as it needed him. He could hardly have needed it less if his diaphragm had supported ponderous stalactites of fat and his entrails lain in leaves of tallow.

One of the early dispatches regarding the attempt upon the life of the Czar says it is thought that the miscreant is "an employé of the Minister of Finance." Financial questions are burning ones, the world over, but in this country, at least, no Secretary of the Treasury has endeavored to achieve the triumph of his policy by employing a practical politician to assassinate the Executive. There has been times, no doubt, when the European plan might have been adopted with obvious advantage, but our steady and rapid progress in the number of office-holders in the Department proves the general superiority of our milder system.

The Russian Minister's "worker" is thought to have prudently poisoned himself before trying to adjust his employer's difference with his angust master, for poison was found under the assailant's nails. This is a hasty conclusion, the result of excitement: that statesman was doubtless a member of the Russian National Greenback Labor party, and had been scratching himself.

The Government of Chile having a war on its hand proposes to issue ten million dollars' worth of notes having the same character for redeemableness as our own "battle-stained greenback;" and the peace party apprehend commercial and industrial disaster. The lessons of universal experience justify the misgiving, but after all, the evil will be temporary. What is most to be feared is the creation of that permanent public sentiment in favor of a paper currency which these disasters never fail to produce. The inflationist is your only consistent homeopathist: he prescribes the cause of the disease. But he ventures to differ with the medical branch of his "school" as to the quantity of the dose.

"Constitutions are intended to protect the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich, the right against might."—*Solano Republican*. You are wrong, good friend: what you have said is as pure nonsense as it would have been to say that constitutions are intended to protect the sick against the well, the deaf against those who can hear, the man who rides a horse from the man who rides a cow. In short, no one in this whole controversy—the platitudinarian of the *Chronicle* not forgotten—has said a stupider thing than this that you have uttered, as the fundamental principle of a fundamental law. Constitutions are intended to protect the people from their representatives, constituents from legislators. Their function is to restrain the men who make the law from doing mischief to the men who make the law-makers. The people whom they are designed to protect and the people whom they are intended to restrain can not be parted by any other line; with the one drawn by you Constitutions have no more to do than with a quail track in the snow.

A Constitution, uninstructed contemporary, is simply a record of those principles of legislation which have passed the stage of experiment, and are known to be of general application and permanent value. It is a compilation of what is settled in the science of government—concerning which further debate is needless, further generalization impossible. A Constitution spares each generation the trouble of traversing ground already traversed by generations preceding. It

takes us to the hither limit of the debatable and experimental, and there it leaves us. The provisions of a Constitution are the stakes and signals of the line already surveyed; we reverse our transit instrument not to correct the line, but to prolong it. If there is error we know not whither we go; if there is a doubt, the doubt condemns. This new Constitution is an untraceable confusion of hap-hazard stakes, the guess-work of unaided eyes in uninstructed heads.

Borrowing another figure from the surveyor's science, we may consider a Constitution the base-line upon which the legislator constructs his intricate system of triangles covering the whole domain of human rights and determining the relation of each to all the rest. An error in the base-line is cumulative, and vitiates the whole work. If the Director of the Coast Survey were informed that a base-line suitable for his purpose had been established by a hundred and fifty men unskilled in the use of instruments, selected by a population ignorant of the purpose of a base-line, would he even so much as trouble himself to go and examine their work? Of course not: knowing that it couldn't be right why should he see if it were? Yet the capacity, training, and experience required in this delicate operation are nothing so rare as those necessary to the drafting of a Constitution. Read it? Certainly not! Have you not already read the names of the barbarians who made it?

PASSING SENTENCE.

"Miss Mabel Santley, stand up, naughty lass,
For the sentence this Court deems it righteous to pass."

Miss Santly
Was scanty
Attired, for her parents were poor,
And the hot blood of modesty rushed
To Judge Ferral's fine face; yes, he blushed
At the sight of each pretty contour.

"This Court, Miss, is shocked
By the way that you're frocked—
So very remarkably brief,
As if simply arrayed
In a fig-leaf, you jade,
And the leaf were a skeleton leaf!

"Now, pris'ner, just give us your *pas*—
The *Can-can*, they call it, eh! Ah!
The jury was right—
It's unfit for the sight!
(Ho! Usher—more light!)
Now, pris'ner, turn round,
So, it's bad, I'll be bound—
Immoral in outline, in detail unsound!

"Now, Mabel,
If able,
You'll please be so good
As to show how you stood
On one foot
When you put
Up the other. Just so—just like that.
Now try to kick off the Court's hat.
Hey! *Brava!*—that is, Miss,
It's naughty bad business,
That's flat.

"Now, then, you will please pose like this—
As if giving the Court a kiss—
Oh! Jimminy!—would you?
How dare you?—how could you?
You've not understood—you
Should never—no, never!
That is, hardly ever,
Even in sport,
Commit such outrageous contempt of this Court!

"You sweet little,
Neat little—
H'm—ab—exactly—yes—that is to say,
I fine you two hundred, and, minx, you must pay.
This Court is uncommonly moral to-day.
Your show to the devil I sternly devote,
And wish I could fine all the wretches who gloat!"

The Ulyssean journals have already begun to magnify the unquestioned military capacity of their candidate for the highest civic station. *Quid ergo?* Did not the frankest of the Franks, Napoleon, say, "The worse the man the better the soldier?" He added, you remember: "If soldiers be not corrupt they should be made so," but Generals Babcock and Belknap are of a different opinion.

A PASSION PLAY.

I heard a voice out of Heaven crying—
I heard a voice from the earth replying.

FIRST VOICE:
The Saviour once was made to feel
Men's wrath at His behavior;
And now they look up James O'Neill
For looking like the Saviour!

SECOND VOICE:
What Earth attests let Heaven record,—
Men's wrath at James they level
Because, while looking like the Lord,
He's acting like the Devil!

A Consular Court seems to be about the only tribunal in which to get justice and enough of it. The captain, first officer, and cook of the British bark *Guiding Star*, having filed charges and counter charges of drunkenness, insubordination, attempt to poison, and general incivility against one another, Her Majesty's Consul at this port, assisted by a couple of sea-faring men, sat for their trial. The court promptly adjudged them all guilty as charged, and severely censured the captain, removed the first officer, and fined the cook, the costs of the court being divided among them. If a dash of this British despotism could be injected into our judicial system the effect would be wholesome and refreshing.

"On the 4:15 train from this city to Alameda yesterday, on the narrow gauge railroad, a vote on the new Constitution resulted in 52 against and 18 for."—*Call*. So much for the distended aristocrats. At daylight on the same day a purse-proud cattle-grabber near the San Leandro turnpike polled a brotherhood of Nature's roving noblemen who were shaking themselves out of his straw-stack, and the result was 250 for the new Constitution, none against. There were but fifty of the nomadic statesmen, but from force of habit most of

them voted six or seven times each. There's a "straw" for you—a whole stack of it, 'egad! And the gentleman who owns it says it will give the same political indication seven mornings in the week.

Says Kearney: "They lick me,
They whack me, they kick me—
I'm failing and laid on the shelf.
Then, lads, for all new
Constitutions, hurroo!
For, bedad, I need one for meself!"

Mr. Peter Stevens, of Chicago, may rightly be said to be in a painful position before the public. Mr. Stevens being on trial for murder—the tenor of the dispatches seems to point to Mrs. Stevens, or some gentleman friend, as the other party to the crime—took the witness stand in his own behalf, "reading a number of letters found by him in his wife's trunk, and written by young men in ardent, lover-like strains." This "duty to himself" must have been disagreeable to Mr. Stevens, even if he possesses elocutionary abilities of no common order; for in its performance, with whatever exercise of tact and discretion, he could hardly avoid inflicting pain upon the writers and upon Mrs. Stevens as well, if she is living. It is to be regretted that the judge did not interpose his authority to prevent this grave affront to the feelings of persons not willfully connected with the crime, and not on trial. The sanctity of a private correspondence of this kind can not be violated without seriously imperiling the tenderest social relations that distinguish men and women from the beasts.

Mr. John Hanks, a rather obscure person of no fortune, is walking moodily down Montgomery Street, thinking what it were best to do. For it is the evening of the day appointed for his marriage to a wealthy lady of considerable celebrity; but at the last moment the charmer has eschewed Mr. Hanks, marrying another and a better man. He meets a friend who, according to current custom and local etiquette, says: "Hello, Hanks!" The familiar salutation is at first unheeded; then, with a slight start, the sufferer, lifting eyes of friendly recognition, exclaims: "Ah! you are right—I shall live and die as John Hanks."

School Director Leggett has decided to vote for the new Constitution, but the Election Commissioners have as yet been unable to decide if Mr. Leggett has a right to vote. He is like the man who, being on trial for his life, looked at his watch as the jury retired, and remarked: "I hope they will lose no time disputing; I am going to the circus."

"The detectives are strongly impressed by Mr. Chalfant's story, and are inclined to believe in its truth, the whole manner of the man, in their opinion, showing the most kindly nature, and one which would not entertain the commitment of a cold-blooded murder."—*Bulletin*. As a matter of form, however, it is probably as well to give the man a trial before a jury of non-detectives; the kindly nature of one who has for some years persisted in the use of another's property without paying for it, invariably absconding without satisfying the judgments obtained against him, being less apparent than a skillful lawyer will be able to make it. It will be more satisfactory to Mr. Chalfant himself to have a formal approval of his action from twelve men less distinguished for credulity and compassion than the truly good of our detective police have the happiness to be.

It is from no desire to prejudice Mr. Chalfant that these remarks are made, but it is not permitted to our detective police to make mischief without rebuke. Their business, so far as it appears, is to receive the surrender of fugitives from justice, and the rewards offered for their capture; the community which employs them can dispense with their opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the persons whom they lock up. Those who have not had the advantage of such ocular evidence as Dr. Chalfant's tears, "fever blisters," and "swollen tongue," can not boast themselves eye-witnesses of his innocence. These think they have a right to know why a man of "kindly nature," incapable of murder, enters the room of a man whom he has most reason to fear and most cause to hate, "enforces respect" by drawing a pistol, and when it has been accidentally discharged walks out of the house without a word to any one about the dead man lying on the floor. It is the misfortune of this bad business to resemble the thing of which a kindly nature can not—as the *Bulletin* would elegantly say—"entertain the commitment."

Behold two Alaskan savages tried,
For killing a person who afterward died.
Though Kotkowot
Did not go scot
Free, Okkhonot
From the dock to trot
Was told, and kicked out beside.
Now Kotkowot and Okkhonot,
Whiskot, Badlot, and Godknoswhat,
Are sadly watching their several shames.
For the first must suffer the hangman's knot,
And the rest of the gang,
Unable to hang,
Are sentenced for life to their terrible names!

The New York *World* believes "the silver question" is "coming rapidly to the front" in England. Certainly, and so is the "protection to home industries" question, and a number of others. This simply means that there are great commercial depression and distress among the uneducated. Protection and more kinds of money are the principal remedies for "hard times" invariably prescribed by the "natural man." England, however, has an advantage which we lack. Her ailing industries clamor in the same way as ours for laws that would give them the *coup de grâce*, but fortunately for her that pale-faced Potawottamie, the self-made man, has not yet occupied her "halls of legislation," and the "intelligent masses" have their noise for their trouble. It's a pretty bad field over there for the political theories of Colonel Tom, Judge Dick, and the Honorable Mr. Harry.

In our own country reform comes from below, and it is pretty much the same kind of reform as that effected by the housemaid who washes a flight of stairs by her bottom.

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

In the face of the shrinkage in the value of real estate all over the country, the fashion openings of this spring season of 1879 have been as numerous, as extensive, and more brilliant in some respects than for ten years past. The noticeable features in the openings of this spring are the profusion of Breton laces, both black and white, used in decorating both millinery and dress confections, the increase of gold and silver and ribbons, brocades, braids, beads, and tinsel in all toilets intended for house and evening wear, or for dress occasions, and the too frequent insistence of this style of ornamentation for bonnets and hats worn in the street as well as to the opera or to receptions. Lace and feather trimmings, and quantities of artificial flowers, are seen on the dressiest evening toilets, and paniers or draperies to produce panier effects appear on nearly all dresses not intended for street wear. But the walking dress proper is as close and clinging as ever in its appearance, and is decidedly short—too short, when in the extreme of mode, for ladies who have not the prettiest of little feet. Some of the short dresses made for garden, lawn, archery, and croquet parties are excessively gay and picturesque, and inexperienced dressers might make a mistake of modelling their walking or street suits after these designs. The most daring latitude in contrasting colors is permitted in a costume intended for an out-door party. For instance, one of the latest designs is in pale French gray camel's hair for the polonaise over a short silk skirt of the same delicate hue. The waistcoat, inserted in lozenge style, is of black silk, embroidered in jardinière effects, with cuffs of the same. The edges of the lozenge that shows the waistcoat is defined by a gray and steel cord galloon, and large bows of satin ribbon, in old gold, rose-colored, and black stripes, loop up the draperies of the polonaise in front, on one side, and in the back. Rhine crystal buttons in silver settings fasten the waistcoat to the throat, where a Breton lace fraise and jabot bow is placed, corresponding with a similar finish in the wrists. In full evening dresses there is not so much tendency to strong contrasts in the colors of the different materials used as in those intended for afternoon, reception, dinner, and carriage dresses. Pompadour gauzes and pékiné foulards are used for parts of such toilets, and these, with their striped grounds, with flower and vine patterns running all over them, give them a gorgeous and picturesque effect when made up with waistcoat and sleeve trimmings of one color, and the rest of the costume of another shade harmonizing the Pompadour gauzes or the pékiné foulards. Rows of contrasting color, and fringes and passementeries or embroideries, combining the various colors of the costume, and enlivened with strands and seedings of crystal, jet, garnet, amber, or gold beads, are used in profusion on such toilets. Gendarme blue is a favorite color in both reception or dinner and short street costumes. With the first it is most frequently combined with old gold or canary color; with the last it appears in combination with beige or écru. Some of the prettiest walking dresses seen this spring are in beige-colored camel's hair or French bunting for the principal parts of the costume, with the waistcoat, cuffs, and revers of striped gendarme blue and beige satin. Rhine pebble buttons, or buttons of colored crystal (glass) matching the colors of the costume, are used on many of these dressiest short costumes. Garnet in various shades is seen in combination with old gold in a similar manner for both street and reception dresses, while bronze green, though diminishing in popularity, is still one of the favorite dress colors, and one that combines equally well with old gold, rose color, or pale blue. Millinery follows the same rules of color for dresses, and it is much more fashionable now than in the winter for the bonnet or hat to match the costume in color and shade. Many of the chips and straws come in shades of gendarme blue, bronze green, garnet, beige, and gray, and in shaded effects of various colors, the braids being shaded to produce the jardinière effects seen in the most picturesque costumes. The shapes are of every imaginable kind; but there is an unmistakable tendency to larger forms in both hats and bonnets, both in the crowns and brims. The shirred satin lining to the brims, whether they are flaring or projecting, is a marked feature. As the season advances, the inclination for fancy marabout feathers and ostrich tips is developed, and feathers, flowers, lace, ribbon, and silk are all frequently seen on the same bonnet, with ornaments of steel, silver, gold, and crystal in new and beautiful forms. Dragon flies, bees, and beetles in silver, set with Rhine crystals, is a favorite bonnet ornament, and they look especially well when used to fasten cascades and scarfs or strings of either black or white Breton lace. From a large number of trimmed hats and bonnets seen at late openings, the following descriptions will give an idea of the variety in both shapes and trimmings:

A white chip gypsy bonnet, lined with a shirring of black satin—a delicate rim of Breton lace coquilles, fastened to a bandeau of black satin, with silver and crystal bees, forming a hint of a face trimming. Three ostrich tips, white and gendarme blue, nod over the crown. A gendarme blue ribbon torsade encircles the crown, and Breton lace plaitings edge the strings, which are arranged to form part of the crown trimmings. A few large yellow roses and other flowers and foliage are placed on one side of the crown.

A pale straw-colored Canton crape bonnet, trimmed with sulphur-colored gauze, shot with gold. The poke brim is lined with a shirring of gendarme blue satin and a plaiting of Breton lace. There is a spray of yellow jasmine and a knot of houstonias on one side of the crown, a white and blue ostrich plume, half and half, with the midrib dividing the color on the other side, and an Alsace bow of gendarme blue ribbon in front. Strings of the same ribbon, edged with plaitings of Breton lace, that form in part the cape in the back.

A delicate-tinted Tuscan straw of capote form, but larger than the old style capotes. The front is turned up as a diadem, and so is the small curtain in the back; both are lined with gold-colored satin. The crown is completely covered with the starry blooms of white Marguerites with yellow centres. A scarf of ivory-tinted Breton lace winds around the crown and forms the strings; some yellow jonquils, a blush rose, three red rosebuds, and some white hyacinth sprigs form the flower trimming, and a white marabout feather on one side, fastened with a silver and crystal

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

Cleopatra's Dream.—A Revel of the Imagination.

[In satisfaction of the importunities of many subscribers, we reprint the following verses, which appeared in one of the first issues of the ARGONAUT. This remarkable poem, by Story, was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for a long time its author was unknown. It is something that will bear reading over and over again as a pure psychological study. The words are those of a lunatic, the logic is that of love.]

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets;
They bar with a purple stain
My arms. Turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain.
Open the lattice wider,
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden flow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay;
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away.
The flame and the perfume hath perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves—
They cool me after my sleep;
And with sandal odors fan me
Till into my veins they creep.
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with a tune that has vanished,
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drowsing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the low, smooth Nile,
Through slender papaya, that cover
The sleeping crocodile;
The lotus loils on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And yon little cloud is as motionless
As a stone above the grave.

Ah, me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain.
Oh, for a storm and thunder,
For lightning, and wild, fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash them and clash them together
Till this sleepiog world is stirred.

Hark to my Indian beauty!
My cockatoo, creamy and white,
With roses under his feathers,
That flash across the light.
Look, listen, as backward and forward
To his boop of gold he clings;
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And he shrieks as he madly swings.
O cockatoo, shriek for Antony!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There, leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell.
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain,
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain!

Leave me to gaze at the landscape,
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play—
Till the fiercer splendor of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And, melted as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire—
And the bald, bleak skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That, burning like molten jewels,
Circle its temple round.

I will lie and dream of the past time,
Æons of thought away,
And through the jungles of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,

I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled
The silence of mighty woods,
And, fierce in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my moods.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted giraffe fled wildly
In a cloud of yellow fear.
I sucked in the noontide splendor
Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting, and dreaming,
Basked in the tamarind shade,
Till I heard my mate roaring.

As the shadows of night came on
To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of my sleep was gone.
Then I roused and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight
Upon the warm, flat sand,
And struck at each other our massive arms—
How powerful he was and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twisted, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild, triumphant cry,
And we met, as two clouds in heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love, like his rage, was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexible and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight
While I lay crouching there,

Till his blood was drained by the desert,
And, baffled with triumph and power,
He licked and laid beside me
To breathe him a vast half hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the antelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink;
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disputed with him.

That was a life to live for!—
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous, bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife!
Come to my arms, my hero!
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress—
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as we came in the desert
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger spell was on us,
And love as you loved me then.

Snowdrop.

When, full of warm and eager love,
I clasp you in my fond embrace,
You gently push me back and say:
"Take care, my dear, you'll spoil my lace."

You kiss me just as you would kiss
Some woman friend, you chance to see;
You call me "dearest." All love's forms
Are yours, not far its reality.

O Annie! cry, and storm, and rave!
Do anything with passion in it!
Hate me one hour, and then turn round
And love me truly, just one minute.

W. W. STOREY.

Dreams.

From older legends springing
Appears a snow white band,
With joyous strains, and singing,
From some far magic land.

Whose flowers in growing splendor
Pine in the evening sun,
And bridal glances tender
Cast sweetly every one;

Where all the trees, uniting
In chorus, shout below,
And babbling brooks, delighting
The ear, like music flow;
And love soogs fierce and burning
Unheard of bliss impart,
Till sweet and wondrous yearning
Befools the throbbing heart.

Ah, could I thither travel,
And ease my aching breast,
And all my grief unravel,
And then be free and blest!

That land, whence care and trouble
Are vanish'd, that in dreams
Oft see I, like a bubble
Dissolves, when morning beams.

HEINE.

Companions.

I know not of what we pondered
Or made pretty pretense to talk,
As, her hand within mine, we wandered
Toward the pool by the lime-tree walk,
While the dew fell in showers from the passion flowers,
And the blush-rose bent on her stalk.

I can not recall her figure.
Was it regal as Juno's own?
Or only a trifle bigger
Than the elves who surround the throne
Of the Fairy Queen, and are seen, I ween,
By mortals in dreams alone?

What her eyes were like I know not:
Perhaps they were blurred with tears;
And, perhaps, in your skies there glow not
(On the contrary) clearer spheres.
No! as to her eyes I am just as wise
As you or the cat, my dears.

Her teeth, I presume, were "pearly,"
But which was she, brunette or blonde?
Her hair, was it quaintly curly,
Or as straight as a beadle's wand?
That I failed to remark; it was rather dark
And shadowy round the pond.

Then the haud that reposed so snugly
In mine—was it plump or spare?
Was the countenance fair or ugly?
Nay, children, you have me there!
My eyes were p'haps blurred; and besides I'd heard
That it's horribly rude to stare.

And I—was I brusque and surly?
Or oppressively bland and fond?
Was I partial to rising early,
Or why did we twain abscond,
When nobody knew, from the public view
To prow! by a misty pond?

What passed, what was felt or spoken—
Whether anything passed at all—
And whether the heart was broken
That beat under that shelling shawl—
(If shawl she had on, which I doubt)—has gone,
Yes, gone from me past recall.

Was I haply the lady's suitor?
Or her uncle? I can't make out—
Ask your governess, dears, or tutor,
For myself, I'm in hopeless doubt
As to why we were there, who on earth we were,
And what this is all about.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

Wise Words.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and time,
Empty the haunted air and gnomed mine,
Unweave a rainbow.

KEATS.

THE "MODJESKA RECEPTION."

A year and a half has passed since Virginia City gave its grand and memorable "Modjeska Reception," yet to this day Virginia City society has remained in utter ignorance as to what caused the absence of Modjeska herself from that entertainment. It is my mission to explain that much and long discussed point:

When Harry Sargent, Modjeska's business manager, was in Virginia City, preparing for her appearance there, he was suddenly called to San Francisco. Before leaving he asked some friends to suggest a proper person to take charge of his affairs, as he would be unable to return. A person, who may be called Fred as well as anything else, was recommended, and before Sargent's departure duly vested with the numerous and mysterious rights and interests of a dramatic star's business manager. Fred was of the budding moustache age, and as decided and interesting a character as Virginia City (that town of characters) contained. He was the son of wealthy San Francisco parents, and had been sent to Virginia City by his father, to "reform" (?).

Fred worked in the mines, when he worked at all—which was only when the cash became uncomfortably low, or his creditors' pressure uncomfortably high. After leaving one mine, he would present to the superintendent of another a letter of recommendation signed by a dozen or more of San Francisco's most prominent mining magnates, which never failed to secure him work at his own convenience. His social career, which opened brilliantly, was cut short at an early date by his own most monstrous and uncalled for disregard for the fundamental rules of Comstock polite society.

In this fact lies the key of the Modjeska Reception riddle, which could have been accordingly solved had the young gentlemen of Virginia City been wise, which they are not.

Why, I have seen that young reprobate, Fred, come out of a mine on the afternoon shift, dressed à la miner—hob-nailed shoes, blue overalls, red flannel shirt, and slouch hat; smoking a short clay pipe and swinging his tin lunch basket—and in that make-up take particular pains to speak to every well-dressed gentleman he had ever met.

After accomplishing this flagrant breach of good breeding—which afforded him, the impenitent rogue, vast amusement—he would go to his room, and, donning his latest and most stylish clothes from San Francisco, which were always of a later cut than any others in town, would repeat the "pave act"—as he neatly expressed it—swinging a dandy cane and smoking a cigarette; but this time would cut dead all of his well-dressed acquaintance, and hold long, confidential interviews with the worst-dressed miners he met. He had thus antagonized every society swell in the city when Modjeska arrived, and he at once assumed the duties and mysterious importance of a first class "agent."

Modjeska appeared, and the Comstock was enraptured. The mining superintendent raved over her beauty, and his wife raved over her wonderful dresses. The mining clerk was enslaved, and planned a reception. To perfect the scheme was but the work of a day; time and place were fixed upon, particulars were arranged, and the "Modjeska Reception" movement was fairly inaugurated. Excitement in the upper ten ran high. Comstock Row—Virginia City's Nob Hill—was in a tremor of delicious anticipation. "A real live countess! One need not be the wife of a bonanza prince, and leave house and friends behind, to entertain a countess nowadays," said the mining superintendent's wife to her friend. "And if she only will wear one of those lovely *Adrienne* costumes," suggested the friend. The telegraph wires were laden with messages to San Francisco dress-makers, etc. Absent superintendents at the "bay" on "business" returned home, accompanied by numerous mining presidents and directors—suddenly called to the mines on "business." Indeed, my friend Jenkins hinted that there was an easily traceable and direct connection between the "Modjeska Reception" and several assessments shortly afterward levied on certain mines, so that even the San Francisco public had a certain interest, as it were, in the affair. But then Jenkins was not invited to the reception, and I never placed much confidence in his unkind intimations. The number and style of the dresses which arrived by fast express that week was a sight to behold. In point of fact, and entirely "by the way," the well-regulated Virginia City maid or matron who moves in Comstock Row society is as well dressed an individual as one would wish to see. She seems to realize the contrast required by her unlovely surroundings, and, when she walks or drives about the country, makes the dreary sagebrush wastes bloom again.

However, to return to the point of my story from which I too often roam, the invitation committee of the proposed reception was composed of young gentlemen who had been particularly outraged in their finer sensibilities by our friend Fred. The result was as might have been expected—Fred's name was left off the invitation list. He had heard of the great coming event; in fact, that and Modjeska were the only topics of conversation tolerated in polite parlors all that week, and being agent for the fair Countess, expected to be asked to her reception. When he learned his fate he was mad, very mad, and swore revenge.

On the night of the reception, after the theatre, Modjeska sat in her parlor at the International Hotel, looking as though she would thoroughly enjoy a genuine dance after her stage dance in *Camille*, and awaiting the arrival of her agent to consult him on the advisability of going. I may remark here that Modjeska has vast and new ideas regarding the scope of an agent's duties. In a strange country, her agent not only manages her business, but directs her socially also. I have even heard it said that now upon arriving in a strange town she consults Harry Sargent as to what brand of champagne she shall offer to the local press interviewers who may present themselves, but as the lady has been in this country long enough to observe that no American reporter knows the difference between cider and champagne, and consequently prefers beer to either, I consider the report a libel on her intelligence and entirely untrustworthy.

In due course of time Fred arrived, and, depositing a bag containing thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the night's gross proceeds, handed Modjeska a slip containing an account of the house, whereon was entered in due form as "sundries" the amount expended for beer. Modjeska pocketed the slip and handed Fred the elegantly worded invitation she had received to the reception with the remark: "And how about this?"

Fred's supreme moment had arrived; suppressing a start of delight he took the invitation with the true agent's manner-of-fact manner. When his eyes fell upon the contents of the stylish missive his face changed; indignant amazement followed puzzled astonishment in a manner which doubtless delighted the artistic eye of his beholder. In fact, I have never seen but one better actor off the stage than Fred; that was Signor Majeroni, and he could not act anywhere else. When Fred had carefully re-read the invitation, he slowly and thoughtfully replaced it in its envelope, and holding it in his hand, said sternly:

"Madame, the stupendous, the awful assurance of these—these people astounds me, passes my comprehension. I am, if I may so speak, paralyzed," and then he stalked out of the room.

Modjeska had learned her fate from Fred's face only. Few of his words occurred in the lines of *Adrienne*, *Juliet*, or *Camille*, so she could only guess at their awful significance. It was not until she had thoroughly translated Fred's speech by the aid of dictionaries into both Russian and French that she quite mastered its meaning, when, like the junior class at Vassar College upon a notable occasion, she felt "moved to subside."

In telling her experience to some friends, whom she always begs to correct her English, she said with her delightful and unwritable accent:

"His words were so pig—to be sure, large—that I do—did—not—what is it?—oh, yes, thank you—comprehend. I was quite—quite paralyzed—slang, is it! Pardon, I learn it at the California."

I will remain charitably silent regarding the feelings of the "Modjeska Reception Invitation Committee," but Fred was revenged.

E. W. TOWNSEND.

Archery Notes.

The bow dealers have now no reason to fear that their imported tackle was brought to a bad market, and would lie on their hands an unprofitable venture, for the demand for archery material is increasing every day. I advise every one about purchasing a bow to test it well before it leaves the shop, with the understanding that if it breaks in a fair thirty-inch pull, he is not to be held responsible for the damage. Many of the bows here are so dry, that unless rubbed well with oil before using them there is a strong probability that they will snap at the first arrow; and if a bow snaps on the archery ground, and not in the shop, the dealer does not feel inclined to replace it, but in all likelihood will attribute the mishap to the clumsiness of the archer.

Some archers, in discussing the approaching tournament, grumble at the shortness of the ranges, thirty, forty, and fifty yards, and believe that it should be shot on the English rule, the "York Round," which consists of sixty, eighty, and one hundred yards. But they must remember that archery is only just born on this coast, and the good old maxim of "learning to creep before you walk" is applicable to the Pacific slope archers. The rules of the English archery tournaments are: For gentlemen, 6 dozen arrows, at 100 yards; 4 dozen, at 80 yards, and 2 dozen, at 60 yards; and for ladies, 4 dozen arrows, at 60 yards, and 2 dozen, at 50 yards. The shooting continues for two days, and it is on the result of a "double round" that the Grand National prizes are awarded on "value" alone, as the best criterion of good and central shooting. The points are counted in the following manner: Two for the gross score, two for the gross hits, one for the best score at 100 yards, one for the best hits at ditto, and the same at 80 and 60 yards, making ten points in all.

Mr. Horace A. Ford, the author of the *Theory and Practice of Archery*, speaks thus of his favorite sport as an exercise for ladies: "It brings all the muscles into healthy action, and is admirably suited to meet the requirements of the fair sex—general, equal, and without being violent—calling the faculties, both of mind and body, into gentle and healthy play, yet oppressing none—withal most elegant and graceful." Ford won the medal of Great Britain eleven times, and his highest score—1,251, with 245 hits, at Cheltenham in 1857—has never been equaled. Mrs. Horniblow won the lady's champion's bracer no less than ten times. Her highest score was 764, at Leamington, in 1873. Here is a glowing example for our lady archers to follow.

A letter from a friend in New York, who is a member of one of the first organized archery clubs in that State, contains the following: "The outlook for archery this season is most promising. We have been already in the field, and I assure you the scores that some of our ladies of the Long Island Club have made would astonish you. The English bowyers are unable to supply the demand for archery tackle, so our own people have begun to place American-made bows in the market. I am glad to see that you are to have a Pacific Coast tournament. As yet, our contests have been between clubs, but I expect that in August we will have a grand shoot, North, South, East, and West competing. Could you send us a team from California, just to let us see of what material your archers are made? Your fellows carried off the rifle trophy; perhaps they might walk away with the gold arrow; but I tell you they must shoot well to do it."

The practice matches on Saturday were, as far as I have heard from the various clubs, very satisfactory; all showing improvement on the average, and steady shooting. There is a legend among archers that the "Man from Santa Cruz"—the best shot in that well trained club—will turn up some day at one or other of the ranges, and make the gold circle on our targets look like a kitchen strainer. One stormy afternoon last winter this mysterious person appeared in Albert Havens' office, informed him that he had his bow and quiver at a hotel close by, and wanted to try a flight with some of our San Francisco archers. But, alas, the rain kept falling, and when the clouds at last disappeared, with them vanished the "Man from Santa Cruz."

QUIVER.

Richard Cœur de Lion was the most stylish man in England of his time. When he put on his tin helmet and cast-iron ulster, and a pair of laminated steel boots, and picked up a club with an iron knob and a steel spike in the end, and set forth on a crusade, the fashionable society of that day considered him just "dressed to kill." And so he was. And one time when he was dressed up that way a fellow killed him.

LA CRÈME DES CHRONIQUES.

What the Alleged Wits of Paris find to Say in their Newspapers.

A restaurateur at Berlin has devised an ingenious plan for keeping his place free from beggars, street nuisances, dead beats, and other undesirable customers. He just puts a policeman's hat on a table near the door, and when the undesirable customer looks in it meets his fascinated gaze, and he closes the door gently and departs holding his breath.

Mr. X. comes to be the victim of an accident, and as they are placing him on a stretcher to carry him up stairs from the back he summons the servant girl, an honest young peasant, and tells her:

"Hurry up stairs and let my wife know about this accident to me, but don't give her a shock—put on a cheerful face while you are telling her."

The faithful domestic discharges her mission with enthusiasm, and remarks in a husky voice:

"My master sent me—he! he! he!—to tell you that—ha! ha! ha! he had—ho! ho! ho!—he had—(there I've burst my stay-laces)—he had—it was too funny, and I've laughed till my sides are sore—he had broken his leg—ho! ho!" (Rolls over upon the carpet in ecstasies of laughter.)

"Yes, your Honor," says the prisoner, "I admit that I broke into his house to rob it, but I did not intend to add violence to my crime."

"You did not intend—of course you didn't. But if the witness had heard you; had called out 'Who's there?' had—"

"Oh, of course, if he'd begun it I should have had to defend myself, and so would you if any man attacked you while you were peaceably going through his house."

(Held in \$10,000.)

It was after a concert at which some of Berlioz's pieces had been produced, when a friend met the composer.

"Well, how did they execute your pieces?"

"Like criminals, sir; like criminals."

At Monte-Carlo a traveler meets, in single combat with the tiger, a recently-made widower. He can hardly repress an exclamation of surprise.

"I know," says the other, with a sigh, "it looks a little heartless, but I only do it to forget my great sorrow. She, sir, was a woman that—well, well, you knew her, and her loss I deeply feel. Never shall I find such another wife, sir; losing her has cast a gloom over all my life. In fact, if you will but observe it, so anxious am I to show respect to that excellent woman's memory that I play nothing but *rouge et noir* and bet on nothing but the black."

The Hungarian Deputy, Szedenyi, has just died, leaving 6,000,000 francs to his nephew. He was the most economical man in the country, and the shocking badness of his hat—within the memory of man he had never worn a new tile—was historical.

"Great heavens!" said a friend, on meeting him in the streets of Pesth, "why don't you shoot that hat and get one about a quarter way decent?"

"Oh, it makes no difference what sort of a hat I wear in Pesth," replied the millionaire; "every one knows me, and my reception doesn't depend on my head-gear."

A couple of months later the same friend met him again, this time on a Parisian boulevard, in the height and heyday of the Exposition. All was different except the hat.

The friend repeated the protest against the unseemly head-covering.

"Oh, bless you," replied Szedenyi, "there's not a soul out here knows me from Adam, and it makes no earthly difference what sort of a hat I wear."

For twenty-five years the old man was a member of the Budget Commission; if he had not been there would have been risk of a rising of tax-payers. Only a few weeks ago, when the appropriation for pensions was under discussion, the vigilant Deputy observed that the total for 1879 exceeded that for 1878.

"What," exclaimed the watch-dog of the treasury, "17 florins more than last year for pensions! Do none of these devouring myriads ever die?"

One pleasant night, in a lonely spot in the Faubourg du Temple, a pedestrian was halted by a robber who threatened to kill him unless he voluntarily subscribed to the campaign fund. The pedestrian calmly drew a pistol from his pocket, and placing it to the highwayman's head, marched him to the nearest police station, where he gave him in charge and told the story to the sergeant.

"Very good," said that vigorous official; "and now have you a permit to carry a pistol?"

"I have not."

"In that case I shall be compelled to hold you on a charge of carrying concealed weapons."

"But if I hadn't had my pistol with me I would probably have been murdered."

"That is quite likely, but the law takes no cognizance of little things like that. The law is the law, and must be obeyed."

"Very well; but is there any ordinance against carrying a pistol that won't shoot?"

"No; of course not."

"Then if you will be so good as to examine this deadly weapon, you will perceive that there is no trigger to it. It is one a friend gave me to take to the armorer's and have repaired."

"Lemme go!" yelled the captive highwayman; "I was kidnapped and inveigled here under false pretences. This is a charge of fraud by a fraud."

The vigilant sergeant was about as deeply disgusted.

A gentleman presents himself at Police Headquarters to leave a description of his daughter, who has been missing for two or three days, and was thought to have got her hence with all-advised celerity and the coachman.

"Describe her minutely, if you please," says the clerk.

"Well," says the parent, "she's pretty tall and well-complexioned, and is about three or four years young—take her to be."

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1879.

The question of the adoption or rejection of the new Constitution is a practical one, addressing itself to the personal interest of the individual voter. Almost every elector will ask himself the question, how is the result likely to affect my interest? Arguments that involve abstruse questions of political economy will be either unread or unheeded by the great mass of voters. Arguments coming from politicians, from capitalists, from owners of real estate, from managers of corporations, from manufacturing or mechanical organizations, or from editors, will be listened to with a deal of suspicion, because the hearer will, in his own mind, ask himself the question—is what I hear or read dictated by the personal interest of the speaker or writer? Hence, we suggest to every man to reflect for himself, and consider how am I and my family, and my business, and my future, to be influenced by the result?

We lay down this general proposition that the entire change of an organic law—that affects all existing laws, makes an entire new departure for all coming legislation, creates new officials both State and municipal, new judges under a new plan, to decide new questions; that changes the entire legislative, judicial, and executive system; that proposes an entirely new code, gives us a new revenue system, disturbs from the bottom all existing institutions, schools, banks, industrial organizations, insurance companies, lien laws—must of necessity be bad. Great injury would result in such an organic upheaval if the proposed Constitution is perfect. Its injurious effect can not be doubted if the Constitution is not perfect. It will lead most certainly to disastrous consequences if the new Constitution is no better than the old one. We have lived under the old Constitution for thirty years. Some have prospered and some have been unfortunate. Those who have prospered may well determine that the old law is good enough for them. Those who have not prospered owe it to themselves and to fair play to ask whether their personal misfortunes have resulted from the operation of existing laws or from themselves? The men of money, the millionaires, the bankers, the men of large accumulations, the manufacturers in established industries, the mechanics in continuous occupation, the merchants who have thrived in commercial pursuits, professional men, the laborer who finds continual employment, the owner of a farm, the teamster, the small navigator, the clerk, the bookkeeper, the prosperous miner, the vine-grower, the gardener, and all the other lesser and greater toilers will naturally say to themselves, I will let well enough alone, I will not disturb the present condition of affairs, I will favor constitutional amendments by legislative action, I will vote against the adoption of the new Constitution.

A change such as is contemplated will create temporary derangement and great confusion—will destroy confidence and produce financial disorder. Money, always sensitive and always cowardly, will hide itself till the storm blows over. The largest portion of our banking, insurance, and loaning capital is from abroad, is here for profitable investment, has no sensibilities, no patriotism, and only looks for safe occupation and profitable use. The first result of any political change is to drive this capital from active circulation. Our own money will withdraw itself from all venturesome and speculative enterprise until the result is known, and, in event of the adoption of the new Constitution, till judicial interpretation shall invite it to come forth. The result will be that all enterprise and all speculative adventures will be held in abeyance. Lands in the country and lots in the town will not command prices. Sales will be arrested, and forced sacrifices will result to all except the strong holders. This gives advantage to those who have money, and all transactions in changing of real property will inure to the benefit of capitalists. Under these circumstances every man with encumbered property will be liable to the calamity of foreclosure. If my mortgage becomes due to the money-lender, and he refuses to take my note—and no money-lender will take his place

and advance upon my security—I am ruined by a foreclosure, while abundant money lies unused in the vaults of the banker or money-lender. The savings banks have received \$40,000,000 of the people's money to invest on mortgage in town and country. They have not \$40,000,000, nor \$4,000,000, but they have \$40,000,000 of securities, representing the hard-earned dollars of the working class. These paper notes are evidences of value, and are to be taxed by the new Constitution, while all the land upon which this money is loaned is taxed as a matter of course. The new Constitution passes, a money panic is created, the savings banks can not pay depositors because their borrowers can not pay them; foreclosures follow, lands and lots are sacrificed. The owner of a homestead or farm loses it because there is no buyer. The bank depositor loses because the bank can not realize on its sales under foreclosure. Now, who loses? We answer, the savings-bank depositor and the borrower whose property is sacrificed. Who gains? We answer, the shylocks and money grubbs who have coin to purchase property at forced sales. When the sand-lot and demagogues rail at banks, they forget that the people are their own bankers. Commercial banks may weather the storm; savings banks will go to the devil.

Neither under the old or new Constitution is there any power to compel the circulation of money, or to make the owner of unproductive property improve it. If I own a vacant lot in San Francisco, which under normal conditions I would improve, the improvement of it naturally puts a hundred different machines in motion. To illustrate: I grade my lot with the common laborer at two dollars per day. I hire double teams or single carts to haul away my dirt. The horses consume grain and hay. I build my foundation of brick, and employ the brick-maker, the wood-chopper and the wood-hauler that supplies the kiln. I purchase lumber for my house, and this gives employment to the axe and the whip-saw, to the teamster and the saw-mill, to the railroads, and sloops, and ships that transport it; to the dealer that traffics in it, to the storekeeper and merchant who furnish supplies, and to the farmer who raises horses and food for man and beast. I employ architects, draymen, carpenters, masons, plasterers, plumbers, painters, and glaziers. I pay out money for lime to the lime-burners; hardware I buy at the stores, and they pay rent, clerks, and porters. This gives money to the landlord. The clerk and porter pay their board or supply their families, and thus the grocer, the butcher, the fruit-vender, the clothing-dealer, the shoemaker, the hatter, the dry goods man, the milliner, the dressmaker, all get a share of the money I am placing in circulation. My contractor, employé, teamster, laborer, and material man, in turn buys himself a lot, and builds a house, and furnishes it, and thus goes on the endless chain of industry propelled by the perpetual motion of my money. When my house is built I employ a gardener to adorn the grounds, and a coachman to drive my carriage. I send my money to the farmer for hay and grain. I furnish my house, and from the cabinet-maker, carpet, and furniture, and hardware, and crockery dealers I purchase my goods. I employ the upholsterer to furnish my parlors, the artist to fresco my walls, the plumber, the painter, and when I get into my domicile, then comes the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the assessor, and the tax-collector. The wife has a baby; then, O Lord! there comes the monthly nurse, who takes possession of my house, the doctor, the sewing-woman, the apothecary, and the preacher to baptize the precious infant.

Now, just before I conclude to build my house Mr. Dennis Kearney drops in from Ireland, and having convened all these farmers, mill-men, lumber dealers, mechanics, tradesmen, teamsters, merchants, and laborers, upon the sand-lot, says: "The Chinese must go—all hands up." Governor "Stanford, James C. Flood, and D. O. Mills are hell-born" and hell-bound villains, they are bloated monopolists and lecherous bondholders. Railroad owners are thieves. The "Stock Exchange is a nest of gambling villains. Landrats" and water rats infest the country. Let us burn their property, and hang their miserable, rotting carcasses to the "nearest lamp-post." Wellock from England cries, "Hemp, hemp." Beerstecher from Germany shouts, "And then let us divide the ashes to make ley, to make soap, to wash ourselves for the first time." And then Clitus Barbour from Nova Scotia shouts, "Blood! blood!! knee 'deep!!!" And Antoine Fischer says, "Let us call out 'the militia forces of the W. P. C. to protect us Americans.'" And the vile, ignorant, unwashed, propertyless, idle, vagabond tramps, and loafers, of all the nationalities from Scandinavia to Portugal unite with the full force of their brass-banded throats, and acclaim their approval of these devilish threats against me and my property. And then I won't build my house. I will keep my money. I will await the issue of this conflict. I will hold back from making a home amid this wilderness of untamed foreign beasts. I will go back to the East; or if I am foreign-born, I will go back to my native land, and take my money with me. I will seek the security and repose of a government like England, that knows how to deal with the wild Irish. I will go back to Bismarck and the German Empire, where laws are enforced, and where the twinkle of the bayonet at once meets the agi-

tator's eye. And who suffers from this withdrawal of capital? Do I? Does Governor Stanford, or Mr. Flood, or D. O. Mills? Certainly not. But the first who suffers is the laboring man. The poorest suffer most. The mechanic, the artisan, the material man, the farmer, all suffer under the conditions that result from the threats of the sand-lot. I have endeavored to show how the laborer, mechanic, material man, and tradesman, are affected if, owning a vacant lot, I refuse to build upon it; that, with the \$20,000 I would expend for a dwelling, the \$10,000 to be put in furniture, and the \$5,000 in horses and carriages, I might live comfortably in Paris, or elsewhere, and enjoy my money as an absentee, while the very poor laborer left behind would suffer for want of employment, and all others be embarrassed; and if this suspension of enterprise was general all would be ruined. San Francisco can never stand still. We must all move on together, or all that can not get away must suffer together. If San Francisco stagnates, the country is injured. If San Francisco is ruined, the country is paralyzed. It is the old fable of the belly and the members. Let the old Constitution alone. Let confidences be restored, and let the honest working masses sit down upon these sand-lot bums, loafers, and political vagrants, and we have promise of the best and most prosperous season that California has ever had. Let this reign of terror go on, and we shall have a temporary panic that will injure us all, except the very rich.

And why should I be driven out of the country by the working class. With my \$25,000 laid out in a house, and my income expended here, I am contributing to the prosperity of all. I am not dangerous even if I am rich. I am not an enemy to my neighbors if I spend my money among them. My money is not opposed to my neighbors' labor. I spend it and they earn it. I can not enjoy it except I do spend it. I can injure them only in being a miser and hoarding my money, or by going out of the State and taking my money with me. And then again I am, so long as I stay here, under the political control of the people I have named. These laborers, mechanics, tradesmen, material men, farmers, and merchants out-number and out-vote all all other classes. My coachman, my gardener, and the laborer whom I employ each has a vote. At the ballot-box he is my equal, and even in the moderate way in which I live I give employment to five men, every one of whom has as much political power as I. Governor Stanford and Charles Crocker have eleven thousand voters on their pay-rolls. Flood, Mackey, and Fair have many thousand voters in their employ. Mrs. Mark Hopkins employs some hundreds of mechanics in building her elegant house, costing millions, all of which has been spent for labor, and has no vote. Then why allow sand-lot orators and vicious newspapers to excite such a feeling of prejudice and alarm as shall drive capital away or withdraw it from active circulation? The *Chronicle* says that it can not be driven away—that this is a menace. Property can not be driven away, but money can. I can not take away my vacant lot, but I can take away my money or I can hide it here. The London and San Francisco Bank can not remove its banking-house, but it can padlock its vaults. Messrs. Flood and Fair can not remove Nevada Block, but they can refuse to spend a million of dollars each among laborers and mechanics to build elegant mansions on Nob Hill. Labor strikes, and labor agitations, and labor demagogues can arrest business and prevent capital from use and from the earning of interest, and can hurt the capitalist, but the blow is aimed directly at labor, and the laborer is the only person really injured—for while capital lies idle labor starves. The question of three meals a day is a practical one to the unemployed laborer: it is not to the capitalist. It is a great mistake for labor to endeavor to employ threats and force, or to endeavor to bring about a violent and radical change of law in order to make better terms for itself. It is a mistake for any community to think it can take money by the throat and garrote it from its owner, by taxation, by fixing the hours of labor, or by any other political device. It can not be done, and if it could the laborer would starve before the result could be attained. Let rich men build palaces, drive fours-in-hand, keep servants, live luxuriously, spend freely. This keeps money in circulation, and is vastly better for the poor than that they should live poorly, miserly, economically, and sweat their money at usury. The wealthy miser who lives at a restaurant and takes his exercise on foot is an enemy to all the interests of the community. Go blindly and criminally and vote for this new Constitution, and what becomes of the sixty millions of money in savings banks loaned upon town and country property? What becomes of farms and homes under mortgage to money lenders? What becomes of laborers and their families with all industries arrested and all enterprises brought to a standstill? Let Kearney, Wellock, Tinnin, Larkin, Judge Terry, and Volney F. Howard answer.

We are not of the class that believes this State or this city is to have any permanent set back from the passage of any law or any Constitution. We are destined to an immense and splendid future, and this city to a magnificent destiny. It is to be the commercial emporium of a great, broad, wealthy, and populous empire. It is to be the home of

wealth, luxury, extravagance, and architectural display. Its prosperity is based upon its lands and mines and commerce; it is built upon the broad, stalwart shoulders of labor, that will develop from lands and mines and oceans material values. There will be thieves in office, tramps upon the highways, demagogues upon the sand-lot, orators who only labor with their tongues, and editors who would let labor want that laborers might advertise their wants; there will be rich men and fools with colossal fortunes; there will be insolence in office, and beggars will ride on horseback, and vile women will be clad in velvet gowns—but these things are not to be remedied by constitutional enactments; they are not to be improved by an overturning of the organic law; they are not to be avoided by elevating a set of old broken down political hacks to office, nor by putting snide lawyers and police court pettifoggers into judicial position to expound laws made by ignorant, native-born scoundrels and vicious foreign agitators. The true remedy lies in another direction. It is in the hands of the toiling farmers and the honest workers of the town. It is with the intelligent of all classes and all nationalities, when they shall combine and unite for honest legislation; when they shall demand honest officials to economically administer the government in all its departments. All the encroachments of capital, the oppressions of corporations, and the exactions of monopolists—whether monopolists of land, or money, or franchises—can be cured by one session of honest legislation. The new Constitution will only illustrate to us the fable of *Æsop*. We shall get rid of one class of blood-suckers, only to be fastened upon by another and more hungry swarm. It is unfortunate that all this agitation has arisen over the adoption of a Constitution. It is an unfortunate thing that an organic law should be born in an hour of excitement, and in the midst of passion, jealousy, and social and political agitation, lest there should be stamped upon the child the birth-mark of its base paternity.

They tell us that the farmers are going for the new Constitution because it will reduce their taxes. Now let us, for the argument, admit the fact as stated. A farmer now pays upon a valuation of \$5,000, \$100 per annum taxes. The new Constitution will so reduce the tax that he will place half this burden upon the bank or the railroad company, or the money-lender, and he will save \$50 per annum. Can the farmer afford for this small premium of saving to risk the confusion, loss, and danger of a financial panic? Can he, in order to put off this paltry payment of half a hundred dollars, afford to involve the State in the chaos of an entire change of an organic law? Can he, for this, risk the experiment of precipitating the whole machinery of government into the whirling maelstrom of political contention, party strife, and class dissension? Would the farmer wish to ruin the commerce and business of the city, bankrupt the merchants, close up the shops, put out the fires of the foundries, silence the music of the anvils, and paralyze labor in order that he might stand to win the possible chance of a lesser tax? Would the man who produces from the soil the food we consume, the fruit we eat, the wool we wear, the horses we buy, the meat, the vegetables we daily demand, set himself up to destroy his own and his only consumers? Would the farmers break our banks, break our merchants, drive money away from the State, drive foreign banks and insurance companies away, in hope of reducing their taxes? The farmer who would do this is an idiot, and does not reason. The farmer who would do this would fire his own barn and hay-stack because a tramp had hidden in or under it. The farmer who has no more sense than to war against capital and money because it is abused, would burn his own grain-bin to free himself from the annoyance of rats. This reasoning presumes that the farmer is a fool; that he follows demagogues, and does not think; that he takes his ideas of political economy from the ignorant, and his morals from the vicious. The farmer is American, native-born, educated; he reads, he thinks, and he is not a destructive pessimist who hopes to better his condition by the new deal that comes from overturning the laws. To the farmers we look for good sound sense, and for honorable conduct. They are men of property. Their interest lies with property and not with the sand-lot demagogue, the political demagogue, or the foreign tramp.

The new party of misrule assumes another shape. David S. Terry succeeds Denis Kearney, and steps to the front as its leader. He brings no reinforcements. He has no retainers, no men-at-arms who gather around his banner. He is the black unplumed knight who rides into the arena with visor down. His leadership is appropriate. His career is not a bloodless one. From Lone Mountain there rises a silent shaft of marble bearing on it the name of a dead Senator who fell by his hand. Other memories crowd upon us as we peruse his speech at Platt's Hall, and amid the acclamations of the crowd hear him denounce "those fellows" who compose what we have been taught to regard as the best gentlemen of our State. Our Bourse is a "bunko shop," and its members "gamblers." The press that approves the adoption of the Constitution is "subsidized," its writers are "scribblers." After arraying bankers, merchants, land-owners, and business men, he says: "I would like to see some of these fellows go over to San Quentin, and I would

"like to volunteer to prosecute them. And, then, when they went over to San Quentin, I would go over there and see them [applause], and see whether they had the same smile and the same self-satisfied smirk when dressed in striped clothes as when dressed in black broadcloth." We remember the time when this gentleman was prisoner-of-war to these same merchants whom he now denounces; when his life hung upon the wound made by his bloody knife in the throat of one Hopkins; when—brave man as we believe him to be—his face was pale with terror lest the funeral procession of his victim should witness a scene like that which occurred when the murdered body of James King of William passed to its burial. We remember, and was one of an earnest band, that tried to bridge this fearful chasm that divided classes then. Were Judge Terry's sympathies then with those who composed the party of Misrule vs. Law and Order? We thought not, and in our mind had condoned the offense. In the long and bloody civil strife, Judge Terry was again in opposition to our ideas of national duty. This chasm, too, we have aided to bridge. And now upon this question of the adoption of a new Constitution, we suggest that there should be no occasion to stir up the passions and resentments of the mob; that a calmer discussion is more becoming to gentlemen with histories; and that the last person in California to suggest the sending to the State Prison of "those fellows" who, in defense of property, and in the exercise of political privileges, happen to differ from him in their opinions of an organic law, is the Hon. David S. Terry.

The *Chronicle* is bloody, bold, and resolute. It has risked its existence upon the issue of the constitutional fight. It defies an hundred Richmonds. It is inexpressibly eager for the fray. It has staked its kingdom for a (hobby) horse, and it is riding it to death. Lance in hand, and mounted on its Rozinante, it defies giant-armed windmills of its own imagination. It plunges with reckless audacity into innumerable flocks of bloody-minded and desperate sheep. It strikes about itself with the energy of unutterable despair, and wades fingers deep in ink. One of its profoundest strategies is to proclaim victory before the battle is fought. It prophesies. It names the counties where majorities are to be had, and gives the figures of an assured triumph. It has gathered, through its agents and subscribers, three hundred and thirty-five letters—some gushing, some doubtful, some sanguine—and from them all computes a triumph to the party of misrule. In the first place, no one writes other than partial letters to the *Chronicle*. If they were received, they would not be published. Carefully examined, they do not justify the figures made upon them. We venture the prophecy that the Constitution will not be adopted, and from the following statement our readers can make their own figures. We marshal the friends and enemies of this hotch-potch work of Kearney as follows:

FOR THE CONSTITUTION.

The San Francisco <i>Chronicle</i>	0,000
Kearney and the Sand-Lot	0,000
Socialistic Infidel Germans	0,000
Apostate Irish Catholics	0,000
Good-for-nothing native-born Americans	0,000
Those who have nothing	0,000
Those who expect nothing	0,000
Those who deserve nothing	0,000
The idle, vicious, and criminal	0,000
Political demagogues	0,000
Disappointed old dyspeptics	0,000
Unfortunate stock gamblers	0,000
All men at war with fortune, who want a new deal, and to whom chaos, hard times, and confusion is better than order and law	0,000

AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION.

The intelligent of all nationalities	0,000
Those who have something	0,000
Those who love God and their fellow-men	0,000
The industrious and economical	0,000
All who prize republican institutions	0,000
All who are ambitious for their children	0,000
Intelligent, property-holding Germans	0,000
Intelligent, property-holding Irishmen	0,000
All true and loyal Catholics	0,000
All the colored voters	0,000
All American citizens—native-born or naturalized—who have the sense to know that this Constitution is a step in the direction of property confiscation, national repudiation, social disorder, and a final destruction of republican government	0,000

We shall rejoice when this constitutional fight is over, and the victory won. That it will terminate in victory we can not doubt, for we have an abiding faith in the intelligent judgment of all the honest-minded classes of our California community. The most unpleasant feature of this conflict is that it has become a class conflict. Demagogues and selfish persons have successfully stirred the passions and excited the jealousy of the less intelligent and less prosperous portion of our people, till they are now conducting a political campaign with all the vindictiveness of personal hate. It is especially unfortunate that in such a campaign the organic law of our State should be determined. We shall be delighted when the thing is over and we can sink back into the healthful repose of our industrial pursuits; when our nerves can be relaxed from the strain and tension of this abnormal and excited condition of public affairs. If the newly-proposed experiment of constitutional enactment is defeated, we shall at once, and with earnest vigor, resume our wonted vocations, and the one hundred and fifty thousand men now in unrest, doubt, and agitation, as the outcome of an election involving the prosperity of the State, will be pre-

pared to go to work with new energy. Our national finances are in a prosperous condition, as indicated by the fact that one hundred and ninety millions of dollars are offered for our four per cent. bonds. Prosperity has returned to the East, and its swelling wave will soon be upon us. Our city is full of money, awaiting the time when, confidence being restored, it may step out and engage itself in industrial enterprises. Our season promises us a plentiful harvest. Millions of cents of grain will employ hundreds of ships; wool, wine, and fruit will be produced in abundance; labor will be plentiful; real estate values will recuperate, and California will become what it was before an unfortunate season prompted the demagogical to stir the hateful passions of the vicious and the idle. The undeniably good features of the new Constitution may, by Legislative amendments, be engrafted upon the old. Labor and capital will come into more friendly relations. Prosperity and progress will be renewed, and life once more become endurable in a country where every condition should contribute to the happiness of its people.

The following article from the *Evening Bulletin* is the clear expression of an important truth. It furnishes a germ of thought for wise and prudent citizens to consider: "There never was a new Constitution drafted in America under the circumstances which attended that proceeding in California. The Convention was the outcome of a class fight, as bitter and uncompromising as ever took place in the older civilizations of Europe. This is something that never before occurred in the United States. All the other 'Conventions' that ever met were embodied according to American methods. The divisions were for the most part 'on general questions of policy, finance and administration.' The California Convention, on the contrary, was 'controlled by one class, by reason of its superior organization, meditating aggression upon all the others. The Constitution thus drafted corresponds with the peculiar circumstances of its evolution. It is intended to 'cinch' the industrious, prudent, and thrifty classes of the community for the benefit of the idle, vicious and reckless. The new Constitution is not only a wretched bungle and jumble, but it is wholly and absolutely un-American. It is the evidence that we have caught a foreign disease, against which our political constitution was heretofore considered 'to be proof. It may be an anomaly that there should be class animosity in a form of society in which there are 'practically no classes, and in which the best man, no matter what his station may be, wins. But however we may philosophize on the subject, we have it. The proposed new Constitution for California is the first real manifestation of European Communism in America. As such, it ought at least to be met with a full knowledge of all that such a curious political phenomenon implies."

There is great and growing dissatisfaction with the recently inaugurated Grand Opera season at Baldwin's. In the first place, there is nothing grand about it but the prices charged. In the second place, there is very little of opera about it, either in the voicing of the artists or their dramatic action. In the third place, the season is a swindle on those who have paid \$50 a seat for twenty nights of something that the Strakosch contingent is not capable of presenting. The new opera—*Carmen*—is to be kept in the background evidently, till the first catch of subscribers have been buried in their disgust, and their seats are for sale a second time. And then who will sing the score? The few operas already presented have been so badly cut that it is horrible to contemplate the mutilation in the future; and as for the dramatic interpretation, may memory in mercy spare us. But this is the first week, and the ducats of the innocent are in the box office. When the tide turns, there may be better satisfaction given for the money.

In this uprising of our discontented and criminal element, which has given us just cause for alarm, the Catholic clergy have done most excellent service on the side of good government. The Archbishop of the diocese and the lesser clergy—as we are informed—without exception, have done all they could to instruct the intelligent of their different congregations of the effects of this constitutional change, and have advised them properly in this connection. Whatever may be the result of this election, it is a pleasurable duty to admit that the laymen and clergymen of the Roman Catholic Church have done society a lasting service.

The following, from the *Petaluma Argus*, is a specimen of the candidacy of the Honorable John F. Swift for Governor. The interior journals are with great unanimity giving him a very kindly mention in this connection: "John F. Swift, of San Francisco, will be a prominent candidate before the Republican State Convention for Governor of the State. Mr. Swift is a man of acknowledged ability, and has an excellent general reputation. There are found in this county many who are his warm personal and political friends, and we believe he would lead the party to victory if he should receive the nomination."

The old Constitution renders any person who has fought a duel for ever ineligible to office in California. The Constitution contains no such provision. Hence the Hon. David S. Terry's political cocoanut.

KISSING.

"One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent."—*Boggar's Opera*.

Kisses, according to scripture, are divided into eight kinds—the writer can not find mention of more—viz: *Adoration*, 1 Kings, xix, 18; *Approbation*, Proverbs, ii, 4; *Reconciliation*, 2 Sam., xiv, 33; *Treachery*, Matt., xxvi, 49; *Salutation*, Sam., xx, 41; *Affection*, Gen., xlv, 15; *Subjection*, Psalms, ii, 12, and *Valediction*, Ruth, ii, 9. Kissing is a very dangerous subject for an old bachelor to write upon, inasmuch as the freedom of a fair maiden's lips is often the provocative to the commission of matrimony. But, lest the reader be disappointed that we have no personal recollections to unfold, and therefore disinclined to read this article, we may as well remark that it is intended more to collect other's opinions than to give our own crude ideas. We believe it will scarcely be disputed that the female sex is much more fond of this harmless amusement than their sterner brethren:

"Men scorn to kiss among themselves,
And scarce will kiss a brother;
Women often want to kiss so bad,
They smack and kiss each other!"

Nor is this entirely out of nature. Were we inclined to be a *kissist*—which by our snowy beard is impossible—we think, nay, we feel positive, that we should prefer a youthful maiden to receive our salute. The insinuation that some young ladies are fond of mouths thatched with a hideous moustache is doubtless a contemptible slander. Their own smooth cheeks and rosy mouths are far preferable and so they must feel. Sidney Smith says: "There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have had the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we think of when we die."

"This is no world," as Hotspur said,
"For kissing lips and mammetts maid."

Yet how fond was Shakspeare of this "lip-business." You can not read a single play of the great master without finding a world of talk about lips and kisses. There are an infinity of examples:

"He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses."

"We'll e'en butt kiss Octavia, and we'll follow."

"There is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss: a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing."

"Give me a kiss—e'en this repays me."

"I shall return once more to kiss these lips."

"This is a soldier's kiss."

"Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand;
Kiss it, my warrior."

"Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips."

All this, and more, in one play—and that a very deep tragedy. It is said that the true origin of this gracious interchange of soul comes from the far east, and that it is symbolic of the sun's rays greeting the earth:

"Kiss, sunbeams, kiss
The dear old face of earth,
And bring the sap to the bursting bud,
And bring the flower to birth!
Kiss, kiss, and kiss!"

Kissing among the heathens was a religious ceremony. Cicero tells us of the statue of Hercules, of which the chin and lips were worn away by the constant kissing of the worshippers. The refined Greeks celebrated nothing so much as the kiss. Anacreon tells us that he dreamed of asking a beautiful girl for a kiss, and just as he was about to receive it he unfortunately awoke and lost it, and he "felt in vain the torturing wish to sleep again." John Milton! "Glorious John!" You were a married man; you knew it to your cost. How, then, with a Xantippe of a wife before your eyes, and her harsh voice ringing in your ears—how could you paint the delights (?) of matrimony with those beautiful lines from *Paradise Lost*:

"In delight,
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May-flowers, and pressed her *matron lip*
With kisses pure."

The kiss matrimonial is of the greatest moment, and should be guarded carefully, as often depends on it the weal or woe of the future happiness of Hymen's representatives. It nourishes the affections and revives "love's young dreams," which, without the natural stimulants, would smoulder upon the altar of hope until the ashes of remembrance only were left to mark its presence. Who does not remember "rare Ben Jonson's" song:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

"In the time of Tudor, kissing for good manners' sake was the rule of society. The victor of the tournament could challenge the lips of the fairest fair whose bright eyes looked down upon his doughty deeds, and the proudest dame had to yield to his demand."—*London Mirror*. And before footing it in the dance the ladies curtsied, and were kissed by their partners. Many of the dances had kissing accompaniments, and gentlemen were held unmannerly if they refrained to kiss again at the end of the dance. There must have been rather strong kissing going on in Shakspeare's time.

"Then kissed me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips."

From the following we may conclude that in Beaumont's day some of the ladies, at least, had a prudent and economical idea on this subject:

"Kiss you first, my lord? 'tis no fair fashion;
Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's breaths
They lose both sap and savor."

Tom Moore was no friend to bashful and timid kissing. He says:

"We'll kiss, and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, good night."

"Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as the sunlight drinketh dew."

But enough of that. Lest the youthful reader may be weary of the garrulous disquisition of such an old fellow, we will create a diversion by introducing the following story, which is as short as it is heart-rending:

"Abigail Brown,
In a bran new gown,
Went down to see her sister;
When Jonathan Lee,
As brisk as a flea,
Jumped right up and kissed her."

We never learned whether Abigail survived the assault. The fashionable kiss is a very common method of salutation among ladies, which occurs generally upon every encounter, whether public or private, and is excessively violent after an absence of seven entire days:

"And parting—what deceit is this?
Each wiped away the other's kiss."

The lover's kiss is the first offering he makes upon the altar whereon he worships, and is sometimes bestowed indiscriminately when the senses and judgment are greatly at variance, much to the mystifying of many fair ones. Young ladies, generally, whatever relish they may have for kisses from their *cher amant*, are not wont to publish the fact. The philosophers and fools of all nations have acknowledged the delight of kissing; though not, perhaps, in the same degree, as we suppose that must depend, in a great measure, upon the culture and refinement of the heart and brain. The first lesson in kissing is taught in our very infancy, and we all bear the imprint of a mother's kiss—that sacred, passionless kiss that is so full of earnestness, deep love, and quiet joy—that bears with it a love unfathomable and undying. Truly, a mother's love is unselfish, and the only one that can be considered so. Though sometimes dimmed, it is as imperishable as the glance of a diamond. C. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 6, 1879.

What a wonderful list of crotchety, soured, dyspeptic, poor, and disappointed old curmudgeons have crawled out of the shadows of their disappointed lives to work against the old law. They have been neglected by the people, or fancy they have; they are poor, and don't like it; they are not in office, and think they ought to be; they are great men in their own opinions, and in no one else's. One is at war with God, another with his fellow-man, and all with fate. Nearly every mother's son of them have been in office, and every one thinks he ought to have the privilege of dying in office. Some have wrecked themselves with drink; some have at heart the undying worm of a great crime that burdens their conscience and blights their lives; some are wicked, and all are dyspeptic, sour, and jealous. We do not know of a single prominent citizen who, possessing all the following qualifications of happiness, favors the new Constitution: Sound health, a competency, a happy home, a belief in God, a conscience void of offense, a good digestion, honest and profitable employment, and good sound sense.

The fuss that the Swiss are making over the chapel of William Tell is amusing, for the said William is only not one of the meanest scamps that ever lived because in all probability he never did live. According to tradition this hero flourished in 1307, but this tradition never assumed an historical form until it was incorporated by Müller into his *History of Switzerland*, in 1781. Now, if there is one thing more positive than another, it is that verbal traditions above one century old are absolutely worthless. But what is the tradition? Tell was told that he must either lose his own life or risk that of his own child by firing at an apple placed on the child's head. He did not hesitate a moment, but accepted the latter alternative. He had not even confidence in his own skill, for he kept another arrow, with which he intended to kill Gessler if his first arrow had entered the brain of his child. Then later on, to avenge himself, he skulked behind a rock, and as Gessler was unsuspectingly passing along the road assassinated him. And this is the traditional hero of Switzerland! Had he been alive to-day he would be a Swiss landlord.—*Truth*.

A negro minister, who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of the sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself as follows: "My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none came. I searched de scriptures from Genisis to Revelation; plenty of promises to de widder, but nary one to the widderer. So I took it dat de Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself, and having a first-rate chance to marry in de Lord I did so, and would do it again. Besides, brethren, I consider that poor Betsy was just as dead as she would ever be."

A teacher in one of the public schools was startled the other day at the answer she got from one bright little fellow. On the black-board was the picture of an ostrich, and the teacher described its great strength and power of endurance, closing by saying it was the only bird upon which a man could ride. "I know another," spoke up a little chap. "Well, what is it?" "A lark." Unsuspectingly, the teacher asked, "How can you prove that, Johnny?" "All I know about it," said the boy, "is that mother every little while says father's off on a lark, and when he comes home he looks as if he had rode awful fast."

A fashion which has spread rapidly in France is that of paying calls and taking afternoon tea in bonnet and gloves, without any cloak or jacket. Parisian ladies can not any longer endure the temporary sacrifice of outline which an out-door garment entails. The visitor, therefore, drops her wrap in the hall or ante-room; so that *un cachemire*, which was thirty years ago the one joy in the life of a Parisienne, is likely to become so again.

An Albany clergyman told his congregation that "notwithstanding the hard times the wages of sin had not been cut down one iota." True, but there's a heap more work done for the money than there used to be.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Lady Dufferin is said to be extravagantly fond of dress.

The Boston girls take their knitting work to morning lectures.

It used to be rather bluntly put, "Wine and Women." Now it is liquor and ladies.

A Flatbush man's wife has borne him twenty children, and now he calls her "baby mine."

It is whispered around that Doctress Mary Walker wears hat-rack hooks where her suspender-buttons ought to be.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stebbins, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

Miss Backus trains the Vassar girls in elocution. She whistles to the trains four times, and they understand that it means "Back-us!"

Mrs. Lockwood, the only lady ever admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, is fifty years old, is tall, has gray hair and fine eyes.

A young woman at Williams, Iowa, in returning her beau's ring, sent it to him through the mail with a tag tied to it, saying on its reverse, "I hate to, but I must!"

The last sensation in Paris is Cora, "the lions' bride." She claims to be an American, and lives in a den with hyenas, bears, lions, and other ferocious beasts.

The man who told his wife that she had made a fool of him was answered with positive denial: "Because," said the lady, "in that respect you are a self-made man." Which was repartee to a husband.

Miss Phoebe Cousins is lecturing on "The Mistakes of Eve." She and Bob Ingersoll should hunt in couples. What Robert and Phoebe don't know about the mistakes of Moses and Eve is scarcely worth knowing.

A Minnesota man found a beautiful young squaw almost frozen to death. He took her to his camp-fire and tried to thaw her out. When she had melted a little he proposed marriage and was accepted. They are now 1.

Mrs. Willis, an aged lady of Cumberland County, Ky., died recently and left \$1,000 to the editor of the *Glasgow* (Ky.) *Times* in token of the comfort she had found in reading his paper in her sorrow. Now, every paper in that section of the country is catering to the comfort of aged women.

This is from the advertisement of a concert in Machias, N. Y.: "Miss Julia A. Moore will delight with two hours of song, including the latest and best, 'Grandfather's Clock,' which will be sung with a power and pathos seldom heard in this country, even from the much-advertised Italian opera singers."

A gentleman, having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irish woman for her good deeds, said to her: "Well, well, Kate, if there is a heaven in the next world you will get to it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of her race: "God bless you, Mr. P., an' sure if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

The proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the bair of her young hopeful, using the edge of a bowl to guide the shears evenly around the intellectual forehead. It is then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes, and sees a strong and striking resemblance to Mr. Charley Warren Stoddard.

The Empress of Austria and Queen Victoria have had a little tiff. The Empress can not forget that the Queen let her remain in the railway station waiting for a train a year since, after she had called at Windsor Castle; and when an invitation was sent to her to attend the recent royal wedding at the same place, she declined very curtly, as any other woman would do under similar circumstances.

"Oh, I am going to die. Won't you all forgive me? The grave will be so lonesome," said Maggie Silvers, of Zanesville, when her friends found her in the agonies of self-inflicted death at midnight. She was eighteen years old, and had some trouble, no one knew what. At two o'clock she died. The world must have looked very dark to the young girl when it drove her to the grave which she dreaded because it would be "so lonesome."

A New York lady, who is passing the winter in Florence, recently gave a grand ball which was attended by a very large and distinguished company. A surprise figure in the cotillion excited much sensation by its novelty. A large tree was brought in, from which were hung paper baskets, that, on being pulled, divided into halves and gave escape to numbers of little birds that flew about the ball-room until let out of the window or rescued by some fair hand to be taken home and cared for.

The following American ladies have been married to British peers or the sons of peers since 1825: In 1825, Mrs. Patterson, eldest daughter of Richard Caton, of Maryland, to the Marquis of Wellesley; in 1828, Louisa, third daughter of Richard Caton, and widow of Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, bart., to the Duke of Leeds; in 1836, Louisa, second daughter of Richard Caton, to Lord Stafford; in 1845, Mary, daughter of John McTavish, of Baltimore, to the Hon. Henry John Howland, brother of the late Earl of Carlisle and the Duchess of Sutherland; in 1850, Elizabeth, sister to the late Gen. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, to the Hon. Sir Charles Augustus Murray, son of the Earl of Dunmore; in 1852, Ellen, daughter of Edmund Dwight, of Boston, to the Hon. Edward Turner Boyd Twistleton, son of Lord Saye and Sele; in 1874, Miss Jerome, daughter of Leonard Jerome, of New York, to Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough; in 1876, Miss Consuelo Yznaga, of New York, to Viscount Mandeville, heir apparent of the Duke of Manchester; and in 1877, Sophia, daughter of S. Wells Williams, of New Haven, to the Hon. Thomas George Grosvenor, son of Lord Ebury. If to these should be added the names of American ladies wedded to grandsons of peers, baronets or knights, the list would be considerably extended.

Recently a young man was presented in a family where there is a marriageable daughter, and as soon as he had taken his leave the friend who had introduced him said to the father, "Well, how would he suit you for a son-in-law, hey?"

"Very well, indeed," says the father.

"All right," suppose he comes round to-morrow and proposes?"

Father (with dignity)—"To-morrow? Pooh, pooh! what are you thinking of? That would be indecent haste. Say the day after to-morrow."

When the triangle had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose with his usual sleekness, and said:

"Gentlemen, if it wasn't for de wheels on a waggin, de waggin wouldn't move. When de wheels am on, den what?"

"Grease," solemnly exclaimed the old man Toots, "K'rect," whispered the president, softly rubbing his hands together. "We has de waggin and de wheels. We now pass de hat aroun' for de grease."

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FIRST ANNUAL BALL

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ON THE EVENING OF

Tuesday, April 29, 1879,

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF the following Ladies and Gentlemen of the San Francisco Art Association:

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK, Plaintiff, vs. EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MAGUIRE, Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons; if served within this county; if served out of this county, but within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three thousand dollars cash, and interest, provided in said note, payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assessments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent, on the amount found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest, taxes, street assessments, and attorneys' fees, and costs, all in gold coin; and in case the proceeds are not sufficient to pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Edward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through, or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right, title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said mortgage premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as above required, the plaintiff will take default against you and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.
L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

MARY A. WOOTEN, plaintiff, vs. JOHN WOOTEN, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John Wooten, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons; if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby made, and for costs of this suit, counsel fees, and alimony; also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEVENSON, Deputy.
R. THOMPSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

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Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of April, 1879, an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was made on the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the thirtieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third (3rd) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at 432 Montgomery Street, Room 3, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MARGARET M. MAY,

Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 10th, 1879.

PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Administratrix.

NOTICE.—THE CHOLLAR MINING

Company and the Potosi Mining Company are prepared to issue their new stock. On surrender of each share of Chollar-Potosi Mining Company's stock, the holder is entitled to four (4) shares of Chollar Mining Company's stock and four (4) shares of Potosi Mining Company's stock.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

San Francisco, April 4th, 1879.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 27, Nevada Block, San Francisco, April 7th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 47) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on Tuesday, 15th inst. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVEN, Secretary.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17, 1879.

MY DEAR GIRL:—The great Strakosch Opera Troupe, following upon the trail of all the advertisements, the puffery, and the lithographs, is here at last, and, if ever you saw Emerson's beatitude in the human face, it was in the faces of at least fifteen hundred people, on Monday night, at Baldwin's Theatre. The consciousness of being well-dressed is, indeed, a glorifier and a beautifier, and what not else. Everybody who is anybody was there, and so were the half nobodies, who hang like fringe upon the petticoats of the somebodies. There were people floating around who are worth so many millions that it makes a poor body's brain reel to estimate them; and there were people there worth so few cents that I could see their neighbors look at them speculatively through their iorgnettes, and wonder how they got in. As usual, they enjoyed themselves in their three several ways. There were those who understand music, and who, though coldly keenly critical, enjoy it. There were those of that other and larger class to whom the opera is an undefinable ecstasy, who thrill with enjoyment to their finger tips without attempting to analyze the sensation. You can see their gleaming eyes, their flushed cheeks, their parted lips all around you. They love the sextet in *Lucia*, the quintet in *Martha*, the inspiring *Faust* choruses, the weird *Aida* strains. The dramatic action, the lights, the costumes, the thread of the story are not bare accessories to the noble art of music, but parts of one harmonious whole. They revel in a mystery of sound, which they do not seek to understand, yet intuitively they are critics, and their judgment is infallible. These are they who make or mar an artist's first night. They are not to be stirred by bouquets or claque. They are as irresponsible as a cracked drum to anything but the soul of the singer. The third class of opera-goers were abroad that night as well. They go to the opera because it is the correct thing. They fear to consult the libretto lest they be suspected of not knowing the score. They enjoy themselves during the first hour; after that the whole affair is an ineffable bore. I got a peep at the gallery the other night, the way-up-top-high-as-Haman gallery, and there were not many of its usual tenants. I observed, instead, a number of young men of musical taste, who preferred six operas at fifty cents apiece to one opera at three dollars. Sensible move. These are of the kind who really enjoy the music. There was intense expectancy in every eye, as we all sat gazing at the red lambrquin a little after eight o'clock. By the way, what an improvement it would be to that great satin marvel of upholstery, if some one would get up and brush the dust off. It is an offense to the eye as it stands. When it did swing the familiar faces that have beamed upon us all our lives from the opera stage were discovered, arranged in an exact semicircle, with their eyes all fastened upon the conductor with that basilisk gaze which distinguishes the chorus singer who has hammered away at these familiar airs for half a century, and does not yet know at which bar to begin. One by one in their proper order were introduced to the various artists. Pantaleoni, the baritone, has thus far carried off the honors, if such things have been going about, but more by force of contrast than anything else. He is a strapping big fellow, as they all are, and is chiefly remarkable for a pair of muscular extremities in which the vertical line is much disturbed by curvilinear variations. He has a big, well-trained voice, but rugged as an untamed rock. However, Madge, I will not weary you with technicalities. If you want to know the Italian name of his arias, consult your libretto; and if you want to know how he sang them, read the musical criticisms. You know, Madge, I never see anything from a string and brass point of view. Therefore, to me, Pantaleoni was simply a well-looking man with a big, un-mellow voice, which he managed artistically. He is a good actor as actors go in opera, where they are generally such unpardonable sticks. I liked him better as "Alphonso of Castile" in *La Favorita* on Wednesday night; but, but, he is not, as a Belfast girl would say, "anything to make a song about." Now, the tenor is a real nice little boy with a nice little voice, and he sings in such a nice little way while the little organ holds out, that an audience really feels quite like patronizing him. But Lazzarini must be kept carefully put away. He can only sing one night a week, for on Wednesday night the little voice could not stand the strain of the last act of *La Favorita*, and two or three little breaks betrayed its weakness. To say truth, however, he did sing "Spirito gentil" very prettily. I will say that much in Italian because there seems to be no English for it. There was something else there which came to the front as "Lucia's" bridegroom, and emitted a faint noise on a false key, something between a shriek and a howl. It had the temerity to appear again on Wednesday night, when I looked at the bills and found that its name was Barberis. I also consulted the prints, and found it ranked as a *tenore leggero*. Dear girl, it was the legere-iest tenor I ever heard. And for this we pay \$3 a night. However, his feet seemed as weak and uncertain as his voice, and there are strong hopes that he will soon give out. Then came Litta. I could feel the wave of disappointment surge through the house as she came in, a little pale and a little trembling. Poor girl, she has nothing on earth to recommend her at first sight. A *prima donna* more hopelessly and irredeemably plain I never saw. But this very plainness had in it a sort of an appeal which softened the heart, for we knew that of one woman's weakness, at least, she must be utterly guiltless. Marie Roze, in white satin and diamonds and in all the glory of her acknowledged beauty, sat not five feet distant in a stage box, and the contrast made it an ordeal. In addition, poor Litta was dressed like a guy. It is all very well to say that these things should not be regarded or spoken of. They have their effect; and any woman badly dressed, in whatever position of life or under whatever circumstances, is placed at a signal disadvantage. If the apparel oft proclaims the man, it always proclaims the woman, so far as a first appearance before a public is concerned. No management has a right to permit a woman with God-given talent to array herself in a garment which some of the chorus singers around her would reject. If she has neither the taste, the sense, nor the money to dress herself, the management should do it for her. And Litta is worthy the attention. She is not a great artist, and perhaps never will be, but she is very pleasing. Her voice, though light, is sweet and well-cultured; and, wonderful to say, she knows just how much voice she has. Of course she acts mechanically; we never expect anything else. The divine afflatus fills the lyric breast but in one form, save only now and then, as in the case of Annie Louise Cary. She sang the mad scene in such a way as to call forth the only tempest of applause which has sounded

within the walls of Baldwin's Theatre this week. Marie Roze's reception was actually frigid. Perhaps in all the range of opera she could not have selected one less favorable for a first appearance than *La Favorita*. She has been heralded as a soprano assoluta, and she elects an opera in which "O mio Fernando," the contralto's darling, is the principal aria. Ah, when I thought of Anna Drasilli's deep, rich, soul-moving voice thrilling through the great pavilion, I yearned to hear the real music of this beautiful air once more; but I was obliged to "tell my soul to cease its yearning" and listen to Marie Roze. She is as pretty as the first peach-blossom, but she has a short fat throat and a small mouth, and you know the voice that always accompanies these. She has a few rich velvety notes, but velvet is really not a good thing in voices, and there is no thing to hers. It is empty, expressionless. It never peals out with elastic effect; it never startles you out of yourself. You never feel that the lyre in her throat will break with the flood of sound; that the fable of the dying swan is no myth; in fact, you feel nothing in particular. Can it be possible that this woman has sung on two continents and the big little island with success, and can give us nothing more than she gave us as "Leonora"? It is true, it is not a showy opera, and that the tenor has the best part, and that nearly all the good music is in the last act; and even with the last act, with a monk and a nun in unbecoming costume having a love quarrel at the foot of a rickety-looking cross, is not unspeakably attractive. Upon the whole, Madge, I think I will defer forming my prejudices, for I opine that I have seen Litta at her best and Roze at her worst. Cary comes out tonight in *Il Trovatore*, when she will have to brown up and make herself look as hideous as possible. But what matter? The public will be so glad to see her, and she is so incomparably the best of the troupe, that she can tattoo herself and it will be all right. She and Conly are all that come back of the old troupe, and there is a hail and welcome for both. You will think, Madge, that with everybody gone to the opera there was no one left to see Boucicault, but it is astonishing what a lot of people are left after "everybody" is gone. Firstly, the regular "caryatids" of the California, as Mirger styles them, never abandon the place on an opening night. Come weal or come woe, they are there at their posts. Then the decorations had their attraction. They are not any more beautiful than the old, but they are new and handsome, and the place is deliciously clean. A tiled floor has been laid in the vestibule, and it is once again the pleasant theatre to town. What is the charm of the rollicking "Shanghrai" that he draws crowds wherever he goes to witness his impossible adventures and hair-breadth escapes? It can't be in the play, for it is like twenty others, with the stereotyped cast of characters taken from different degrees of Irish life—the priest, the peasant, the gentry, and the villain. Ah, the charm is in the little old man himself, who has a dexterous way of his own of weaving mother-wit and a three-fold tale with a new warp. They may call him the arch plagiarist if they will, but the same materials have lain under the hands of every man to profit by it if he had brains enough to use them. A wonderful make up, this of "Conn's," at a little distance, but as we draw nearer there are multitudes of crows' feet peering through the paint; yet the wrinkles make twinkles, and he has a merry eye as well as a keen one. He is something of a humbug, too, as one must be to succeed. I like to see him play upon the audience. He catches its spirit so quickly; he gauges it so accurately. What fol-de-rol is all this stuff about his interest in Fenianism and the Irish cause! No public man of to-day is more eminently a citizen of the world than Dion Boucicault. But as everything about the theatre is sham and unreal a bit of clap-trap sentiment now and then will do no harm, especially if it pleases some one. "Conn" is not a part which requires much more than a good brogue. It is incident which carries the play, and the characters, with truest art, reveal themselves by the action. In any case there is not much to them, for they are a very real set of people, though placed in exceptional circumstances. As a matter of course, the distinguished characteristic is a fusillade of Irish wit. Next to this in point of interest comes the scenery. Boucicault has a fancy for eccentric scenic effects. Who will ever forget the first sight of the treadmill ivy wall up which "Shano the Post" climbed. The revolving prison in *The Shaughraun* is its twin. The moonlit ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey, and the sudden fire on the great rock headland in the distance, made a striking picture—as, for that matter, all the scenes did. Next to the wit and the scenery came the people. They have secured a charming little soubrette. She is full of life, action, expression, vim. She is not pretty, strictly speaking, but she has a pair of nice big eyes, and she is as trim and neat as a little doll. Perhaps her charm is that she is perfectly at home upon the stage, and understands its business to a nicety. Jeffreys-Lewis played "Clare," and it brought Miss Pateman back so strongly. Miss Lewis is very nice, of course—nice is such a nice, easy word—and she looks very pretty, and she is a very spirited and piquant "Clare." She has the pedestrian mania badly. The amount of vigorous exercise which this young woman accomplishes in one evening in those long strides of hers is something extraordinary. A gallery boy, in the ardor of appreciation the other night, called out "Go it, O'Leary," and she went it. Miss Prescott plays "Arte O'Neal," and wears her black eyebrows. I observed nothing else remarkable enough about the impersonation to report to you. Charles Welles, who, they say, has been promoted to be leading man, had rather a difficult task to replace Montague in a not difficult part, and the young man really did it rather well. He has a way of shouting as if at a signal master in the distance, which makes him distinctly, if not painfully, audible, and has not an exactly colloquial effect. But he is trim, always well dressed, has a good carriage, and rather good address, though with not quite the deference sometimes that might be desired, and is altogether a very acceptable young man. They might easily have done worse than to make him leading man. The villains I need tell you nothing about. All Irish rascals—in plays—are alike. I suppose *The Shaughraun* will run a fabulous length of time. Meanwhile the Bush St. Theatre is being closed for repairs, and we shall not have much drama for a time, since the last I heard of the Baldwin regulars they had all arrested for playing in the Passion Play. I think an actor is reducing his standard to a pretty low level when he panders to vulgar curiosity by playing in the Passion Play if he can help himself, and yet, perhaps, he is doing better than in supporting Tom Fitch in his burlesque of so great a part as that of "Richelieu." Dear Madge, fancy if you can that "My Lord Cardinal Armand Duc de Richelieu" on the stump making an apostrophe to the American eagle about election time, and you will have some idea of the travesty. Where is the famous

voice of this silver-tongued orator? It is as harsh as a cracked bell, and as uncontrollable as a pranksy hoodlum. It would not out, but fled back in his throat with every speech, and struggled there with guttural tones and short breath. How exquisitely modulated seemed Robinson's voice in contrast, and what a queer old cardinal Fitch was any how. Absolutely, it was not worth criticism, and he had the grace to say as much himself when, for some reason or other, the legal fraternity called him before the curtain. Then his foot was upon his native heath, so to speak, and he made a speech singularly truthful and clever. I almost believed that he knew what a really bad piece of work he had made of it till he announced his intention of playing it again the next night. I would give you a *resumé* of its faults but that I do not care to make a "corner" in paper; so I desist and bid you good-bye. Truly yours, BETSY B.

THE OPERA SEASON.

At last, then, after a grand flourish of trumpets in all conceivable keys, relieved by a *fortissimo* of trombones and horns and tremendous rattle of side-drums, we have our season of Italian Grand Opera in full swing, everybody—including "books of the op—" ticket speculators, and picture hawkers—in line of battle, and the first attack given with the customary Strakoschian *elan*. And a right plucky attack it was, too, that of last Monday evening; one delivered straight at the weak point of our public, with its heart of the *coquilles* and ear of the *province*; one that proved the manager an expert at his business, and we a good-natured set of gulls who deserve to be served in precisely this manner, since we seem to like it; one that leaves it pretty clear that this is a good town for an operatic manager with never so weak a company so that he have but plenty of assurance and the ear of the public. Not but that the performance of last Monday was a respectable one. It was just that and no more. It was an evenly mediocre, second rate opera (excepting, perhaps, the orchestra, which, all things considered, was very good, and the chorus, which was evenly bad) at first rate prices. Wednesday ditto, with chorus a little better, and orchestra not by far so good. Again at three dollars a seat! Which, with Baldwin's filled as it was, and will probably be for some time, represents nightly receipts of at least three thousand dollars for opera that ought not to cost more than twelve hundred dollars a night to produce, and would be dear at that. I fancy that Mr. Strakosch likes San Francisco, and don't wonder at it, either.

Monday evening's performance of *Lucia* brought the debut of Miss Maria Litta, a young American soprano of whom much has been made in some of our Eastern cities, and who is even said to have had a good debut in Paris. Miss Litta may have sung in Paris, and may even have had fair success there; that is not so difficult to obtain—if one manages rightly. But for all that she is a singer whom I fancy no one will care to hear a second time, and who I think must be considered unfortunate in the great *ecclat* that attended her first appearance here, since I can not imagine her success as enduring past a few representations. She has a pure, high soprano voice, plenty of execution, and sings well in time. But the voice is not in any sense a beautiful one; it has neither richness of timbre nor sympathetic quality. It is simply a good average soprano in good training. This might be very well if its possessor were personally attractive, or, lacking this, a good actress. But Miss Litta is neither of these. She is simply a plain young lady, of *gauche* manners and unlovely appearance, who has evidently not the first idea of acting. She did not even make, in her songs, the dramatic points that we are accustomed to in the concert room. She sung in the *ensembles* as though she were thinking only of the soprano part; as though the others could very well take care of themselves, and were welcome to do it, too. It was the "Lucia" of the conservatoire, given with the correctness of a lesson newly learned, and the awkwardness of one who does not seem to have the capacity to do more than merely sing the music correctly. To do anything with the part one should make of it something besides a mere exhibition of correct vocalization, a footlight display of scales and trills. This, however, is all that Miss Litta can do. But this she does well.

Madame Marie Roze, for whose debut *La Favorita* was given on Wednesday evening, lacking, as she does, the qualities that made the success of Miss Litta on Monday, viz., the higher register and florid school of the soprano *legere*, possesses in an eminent degree others for which our public does not much care, and was consequently received in a very frigid manner. Madame Roze has a mezzo-soprano voice of no great power, but exquisitely sympathetic; a technique entirely adequate for dramatic parts, but not sufficient to compel admiration; a beautiful mobile face, and the dramatic feeling that makes her one with her part. She is not by any means a great singer, but she has all the qualities that go to the making of a fine artist. I do not feel that it would be quite right to attempt a criticism of an artist whom I have seen only in the very trying situation of being obliged to face an audience which, feeling that it has made an absurd display of gush over a crude singer one night, was more conservative the next. Madame Roze felt this from the moment of her first entry upon the stage; it interfered with the free delivery of her voice, and made it clearly impossible for her to do full justice either to herself or her part, for she expected an enthusiastic reception. Yet she sang very beautifully. The voice, as I said before, is not strong and of very limited register. But it has lovely quality, is exceedingly sympathetic, and has an artist behind it. I can not but think that the great dramatic parts, "Aida," "Valentine," and others of like calibre will be too much for Madame Roze—in fact I know they will.

The error in the case of Madame Roze may, without question, be set down to the account of Mr. Strakosch, who, knowing precisely what she could do, had no sort of right to bring her out here in the capacity of dramatic *prima donna* in a company for which he makes the claims and charges that he does for this one. Mr. Strakosch knows perfectly well that he can not give a good representation of the *Huguenots* with Madame Roze as "Valentine" and Miss Litta as the "Queen," nor can he have any hope of even a fair performance of *Don Giovanni*. Yet both of these operas are announced, besides others of like difficulty. I doubt whether either of these ladies have ever sung the parts assigned to them in these operas; I have never heard of their doing so, and don't believe they would attempt it elsewhere. But for San Francisco almost anything is considered good

enough. So that plenty of names are announced and plenty of *ecclat* made in order to secure the first subscription, what follows may take care of itself. Madame Roze is made to debut with a Tenor who has never sung the part before; with a conductor and a basso who only arrived the previous night, and with whom she has never sung, and consequently has a bad debut. But Madame Roze does not belong to Mr. Strakosch; she is only a temporary engagement, and consequently *n'importe*. The operas are given with every possible cut—even to the verge of absurdity—and (especially *Lucia*) with the shabbiest old scenery in the theatre. But it will do for San Francisco. Will it?

The orchestra is really very good, and—especially on Monday night—has done its work admirably, considering. Signor de Novellis proves himself an excellent conductor, who is in thorough sympathy with his singers, has the hand under perfect control, and is evidently quite at home in his work. I do not know when I have seen a better conductor of Italian opera; in this city we have had none so good.

Signor Lazzarini, whom we have now heard as "Edgardo" and "Fernando," has in these two parts had a fine opportunity to show himself at his best, since Donizetti has favored the tenor in both operas, although in *La Favorita* he gives him more than the lion's share of the work. Of his "Fernando" let me say here that it was sung for the first time and at very short notice, as an act of courtesy toward Mr. Adams, whose part it is, but who could not possibly arrive in time to sing it. When this is considered, it must be allowed that he sang the part extremely well. But as there did not seem to be the slightest point of difference between the "Fernando" of Wednesday and the "Edgardo" of Monday, I am inclined to think that in these two parts we have heard and seen all that there is of Signor Lazzarini, which is: a *tenorino* of very good *timbre* and even quality, limited register—a fairly good A natural at times, and once oo Wednesday, and with great effort, a B in chest—a dapper little figure and pleasing countenance, both of which are immobile to a painful degree, and a very correct intonation. He has youth in his favor, and, with two other tenors in the company, will do very well. That he has been cast for parts that are immeasurably beyond his present powers is probably no fault of his; a tenor is, after all, the servant of his master, the impresario, and Mr. Strakosch seems to be quite well aware of what is good enough for us—at \$3 a seat.

With Signor Pantaleoni, the new baritone, we have many reasons to be content. He is not a great singer in any sense of the word. He is not even a great Italian baritone (they are never good singers), since his voice, although there are some fine upper notes (say from C upward), has no longer any depth (if it ever had much), and is weak in the middle register. But he is a singer of routine, who knows how to use what voice he has to the best advantage; sings carefully, has a fine stage presence, and acts fairly well. Signor Pantaleoni will be a success—already a success. He has precisely those vices that our public invariably accepts as virtues; he has the fine swagger that we love, and makes his vocal points with *empressment*. He delivers his E flats and F's with all the *verve* of the Verdi school, and makes a stunning effect with them. That he sings sharp whenever he forces his voice, and oftentimes a trifle flat when he does not, is a small matter when compared with a round, ringing F at the end of a cadenza. This is what the public understands to be Grand Italian Opera, and this Signor Pantaleoni can give us to our heart's content. And so Signor Pantaleoni is a success.

As far as heard from—"Balthazar" in *La Favorita*—Mr. Conly returns to us the same careful, painstaking artist we have known him in former seasons, with his fine bass voice—albeit, perhaps, showing somewhat of the weariness inseparable from the long journey which only brought him into town on Tuesday night—as pleasing and satisfying as ever. He gave his "Balthazar" with much dignity and earnestness, bringing it into bold relief as a character, and making some fine dramatic points. Signor Barberis, the second tenor, has a nice voice, which he uses with excellent discretion, and sang his bit in *Lucia* quite effectively. That he can not act goes without saying; second tenors never can.

I must get in a word of praise for the prompter, who has a fine, ringing voice, that was heard in the most remote part of the theatre throughout Wednesday's performance. I found it somewhat difficult to distinguish clearly whether he was prompting in tenor or bass, since the people on the stage would sing and the orchestra play during his solos (which, to say the least, was discourteous), but heard enough to convince me that he knew his part thoroughly and was determined that the audience should be made aware that he knew it. I take it to be an essential feature of Grand Italian Opera, that the grander the opera the louder the voice of the prompter; when we have the *Huguenots*, *Aida*, and all the other operas that the singers don't know, I suppose we shall have a brace of prompters at least (one shouting from each side of the stage), besides our friend of the green hood, around whom the singers hover so anxiously whenever they have a dozen bars to sing. If they have only good voices we ought not to mind it very much; it would not be difficult for them to be better than some of those on the stage.

A reporter of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* was sent to a hotel to interview General Sherman. The reporter sent up his card, and a young lady, attended by a footman, who was also in the reception-room, sent up her card at the same time. The messenger soon returned with two cards from General Sherman, and the clerk handed one to the reporter, the other to the footman. The reporter read the card that had been handed to him, while his hair stood on end:

"Regret exceedingly that I can't come. Give my love to your mother and assure her I have not forgotten old times. Hope the soirée will be a success, as I'm sure it will be. Pardon the witticism when I say that yours truly is very soiree he can't be present."

"W. T. S."

The reporter had just finished reading, and realized the mistake that had been made, when, looking up, he saw whirl away the carriage which contained the young lady. Just then a card bearing the following rude inscription dropped from the lady's nerveless hand and fluttered to the ground:

"Go to h—l! What do I care about the army, the Chinese bill, the coolie trade, the Presidential question, or any other d—d question! Again I say, as I said in the beginning, go there yourself!"

"W. T. S."

TOM FITCH AS RICHELIEU.

By Richelieu Himself.

The world is full of misdirected efforts. There are blacksmiths who might have been lawyers, and lawyers who ought to be blacksmiths. There are poor dry goods merchants who would have achieved distinction as highway robbers, and robbers who have failed in their profession, but who yet would have made successful savings bank directors. We must regard the appearance of Mr. Fitch as "Richelieu" as an example and illustration of misdirected effort. We have no personal hostility to the gentleman. He has, doubtless, friends who are more discreet, but he can have none who are more entirely committed to his interests than the writer of this article. Exactly why the Arizonan in question should have chosen to step from the stump, the lyceum platform, and the bar to make a spectacle, and, to all intents, a failure of himself upon the boards of the Baldwin, is to us inexplicable. We say a failure. It is true that the audience was large, and composed of the *creme de la creme* of intellectual San Francisco, and that such an audience applauded him vigorously, and called him before the curtain at the close of every act; nevertheless we are thoroughly conscious of the fact that Mr. Fitch did not realize the true conception of the character of the great Cardinal, did not realize his own conception of it, and considered as a dramatic representation, his performance, judged by the ordinary standards of criticism, was a failure. If Mr. Fitch had followed stage traditions closely, he might have produced a barely tolerable imitation of some other actor. If he had discarded stage traditions altogether, he might have given us a performance that would have been unique, to say the least. But in the attempt to combine the two he tumbled to the ground. The usual stage gestures and facial contortions, which are supposed to express emotion to the audience, were altogether wanting in him, and we suspect that their use by some of the actors who supported him confused him to that extent that he was uncertain whether he was surrounded by the courtiers of "Louis XIII," or the festive occupants of the cages at North Beach. Not that his support was not excellent. There was scarcely an artist in the cast whose part was not better rendered—according to popular stage methods—than Mr. Fitch rendered "Richelieu," but the kind of a mirror which stage usage demands shall be held up to nature was not calculated to improve the acting of a man who had obtained his ideas of the character of "Richelieu" from other sources than those of the stage. If Mr. Fitch should ever be tempted to repeat the "lark" of which he was guilty at Baldwin's Theatre, we suggest to him to amend his "stage business." Because Bulwer departed from history in representing Richelieu (who was less than fifty years of age at the time of the Cinq Mars conspiracy) as a very aged and feeble man, it does not follow that Mr. Fitch had any license to depart from Bulwer, and represent the Cardinal as a robust and muscular personage. Nor is it any excuse for Mr. Fitch to say, that certain physical peculiarities preclude him from playing a tottering consumptive to any great extent. If the actor cannot choose his part to fit his physique, let him follow the Banting system, or otherwise reduce his adipose tissues to fit his part. Again, we suggest to Mr. Fitch, that whenever the exigencies of stage business require a lady to throw herself into his arms, it is his duty to support her, and that seizing her by the nape of the neck, or grasping wildly at her shoulder blade is not sanctioned by the usages of polite society, nor in accordance with the customs of the modern standard drama. But these were minor faults. His "make up" was bad. Every true critic knows that Richelieu always washed his face in a chalk pit, and dried it with a wisp of India ink, whereas Mr. Fitch was guilty of the inexcusable negligence of exposing a portion of his cuticle.

[DEAR : Please finish this, I am called off, and have not time for anything.—FITCH.]

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We are heartily glad that Mr. Fitch was "called off" before he had time to complete this criticism and abuse himself any further. If he had been similarly called off in his "Richelieu" robes during the first act, it need never have been written. As it is, the criticism is worse than the Richelieu and the good Goddess of the Drama, as well as Mr. Fitch himself, knows that was bad enough.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y..

People are just beginning to find out that the best place to sit for their photographs is at T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Art Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street. This conclusion is arrived at from personal experience and a comparison of the work produced at all the galleries of the city. When an artist triumphs over such competition as this there is presumptive evidence that he makes a good picture; and if this is what people are after, this little hint as to the best photographer will be of practical value.

We have received from the firm of Bradley & Rolison portraits of Marie Roze-Mapleson and Maria Litta, *prime donne* of the Grand Italian Opera Company, now at Baldwin's. Both of the pictures are good ones, that of Litta being the best we have yet seen. Roze is naturally "as pretty as a picture," but Litta tests the photographers' skill.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

On and after Tuesday, April 15th, applications of non-members for tickets to the Artists' Ball will be received by Mr. Martin, assistant secretary, at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street. Members of the association desiring tickets should secure them prior to that date.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Modern Artists' Etchings, 22 Montgomery Street.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Coiffures.

The latest styles of hair dressing are varied as well as very pretty. The fashionable idea of arranging the hair in knots seems to prevail to some extent. This style of coiffure is easily arranged by the aid of a false switch. The shape is somewhat oblong. Where this shape is neglected a very ungraceful style is the result. The most popular head-dress for street wear is the chataleine braids—narrower than the heavy braid once so fashionable some years ago. The braids now extend—narrow and in light puffs—down the back. An elaborate hair bow is placed on the crown of the head, while the front is arranged in scallops, Montague curls, frizzes, or waves, to harmonize with the features. For evening wear, the hair is dressed in light, fluffy puffs and ringlets—interspersed with bows and knots of hair—placed high upon the head and sloping down the neck, finishing with short bob curls at the back. Any of these styles, or, in fact, all the latest modes of dressing the hair, may be obtained at the fashionable establishment of Shepard & Co., No. 8 Stockton Street, near Market. As everything depends upon the artistic taste of the hair dresser, we would recommend our lady readers to try the above establishment, and we have no doubt that they will be both pleased and satisfied with their visit at the last named fashionable establishment.

Latest in Millinery.

Since spring has opened many new styles in ladies' head-wear, with novel and unique shapes, appear. We again give to our lady readers the result of our investigations in this department. One of the prettiest that we note is the *Empress*, with alternate brown and cream-colored stripes on the body of the bonnet. The trimmings are a brown ostrich tip, and brown and cream satin bow, with a large cluster of crushed roses in front, and streamers with the two colors. We saw a rich bonnet of the *La Mode* pattern, just imported from the establishment of Madame Lechevalier, Paris. The trimmings at the back are a rich silk of a light cream-colored gray tint laid diagonally in plaits, and secured behind with cupid's arrow. On the front and reaching down the left side a severed wreath of wild flowers is seen, while the front appears plain with two large bows of light blue and bronze satin intermingled. Another very pretty style of bonnet is the "Fascinator," trimmed with delicate pink ribbon, and moss rosebuds and leaves with dew sparkling on their shapings. The styles approaching masculine head-wear will have seen their day, it is to be hoped, in the Edinboro, Jerome, and Wellington for misses. All the latest styles and recent importations may be seen and obtained at Madame Skidmore's, 1114 Market Street.

Important to Amateur Artists.—Wonderful Invention.

Messrs. King & Bowley, No. 918 Market Street, San Francisco, have on exhibition and for sale the most wonderful instrument ever invented for drawing, enlarging, or diminishing pictures, patterns, portraits, etc., upon every kind of material; also for embroidery and braiding. Portrait and landscape drawing in detail is made so easy that a child of nine years of age may execute perfect copies of the masters, sketches, and finished works of art, without any previous knowledge of drawing.

Great Sacrifice of Books.

We regret to be called upon to notice the closing out of the establishment of A. Roman & Co., on Montgomery Street. The failure of an Eastern house for which Messrs. A. Roman & Co. were heavy endorsers has brought this disaster upon the above-named popular establishment. The store will be compelled to close by the first of May, and consequently the sales are positive and at prices that are ruinously apparently. A large and fine collection of juveniles are here being sacrificed, with all the standard works of the greatest English and American authors, in costly and elaborate binding. This is unquestionably the best opportunity ever offered to our readers to obtain private libraries, stationery, Russia and ivory goods, and novelties of every description in this line, as we are informed that the stock must be sold by the first of next month, regardless of cost.

What the Irish Should Be in America.

On the 27th of this month the frequenters of the California Theatre will be entertained by Mr. H. J. Mohan, the popular and talented young Irish orator, on "What the Irish should be in America." Mr. Mohan has not failed to please and instruct every audience that has had the pleasure of listening to his lectures, which are invariably embellished with Irish wit, rich and genuine. The famed Irish way of putting humorous puns and anecdotes has always given pleasure to an American audience. Mr. Mohan was introduced by the Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada to a fashionable audience in Carson, comprising the Governor and members of the Legislature, and in Virginia City was requested by the Mayor and prominent citizens to deliver his lecture to the most fashionable audience ever assembled in that city. We are sure our readers will be pleased with the subject-matter and the orator at the California Theatre.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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This (Saturday) Evening, April 19, fourth subscription night

MARTHA.

MISS MARIA LITTA as Lady Henrietta, and MISS ANNIE CARY as Nancy.

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RIGOLETTI.

Tuesday Evening, April 22, sixth subscription night,

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Sale of Seats at the box office of the Baldwin Theatre only.

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Monday Evening, April 21st, every evening during the week, and at Saturday matinee, unprecedented success and last week of Mr.

DION BOUCICAULT,

As CONN, in his great Irish play, the

SHAUGHRAUN,

Supported by Miss JEFFREYS-LEWIS, MISS ADA GILMAN, and a brilliant cast of characters.

Monday Evening, April 28, grand production of

ARRAH NA POGUE.

Mr. Boucicault as Shaun the Post.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The public are respectfully requested to secure seats during the day, as the card Standing Room Only is nightly displayed at quarter to eight. Reserved seats at box office six days in advance.

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NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—East

Branch Mining Company. Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, East Branch Mining District, Plumas County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment (No. 12) of five cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, San Francisco, California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 22nd day of May, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

R. V. A. ERUNT, Secretary.
Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment (No. 14) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of May, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth (10th) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment (No. 57) of two dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the twentieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, April 18, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the said Company, held this day, a dividend (No. 4) of \$1.00 per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, the 22nd inst. Transfer books closed until 2nd inst.

W. W. T. A.

AN UNCOMMON SORT OF SPECTRE.

I.

The ancient castle of Weinstein, on the upper Rhine, was, as everybody knows, inhabited in the autumn of 1352 by the powerful Baron Kalbsbraten, better known in those parts as Old Twenty Flasks, a sobriquet derived from his reputed daily capacity for the product of the vineyard. The Baron had many other admirable qualities. He was a genial, whole-souled, public-spirited gentleman, and robbed, murdered, burned, pillaged, and drove up the steep sides of the Weinstein his neighbors' cattle, wives, and sisters, with a hearty *bonhomme* that won for him the unaffected esteem of his contemporaries.

One evening the good Baron sat alone in the great hall of Weinstein, in a particularly happy mood. He had dined well, as was his habit, and twenty empty bottles stood before him in a row upon the table, like a train of delightful memories of the recent past. But the Baron had another reason to be satisfied with himself and with the world. The consciousness that he had that day become a parent lit up his countenance with a tender glow that mere wine can not impart.

"What ho! Without! Hi! Seneschal!" he presently shouted in a tone that made the twenty empty bottles ring as if they were musical glasses, while a score of suits of his ancestors' armor hanging around the walls gave out in accompaniment a deep metallic bass. The Seneschal was speedily at his side.

"Seneschal," said Old Twenty Flasks, "you gave me to understand that the Baroness was doing finely?"

"I am told," replied the Seneschal, "that her ladyship is doing as well as could be expected."

The Baron mused in silence for a moment, absently regarding the empty bottles. "You also gave me to understand," he continued, "that there were —"

"Four," said the Seneschal, gravely, "I am credibly informed that there are four, all boys."

"That," exclaimed the Baron, with a glow of honest pride, bringing a brawny fist down upon the table—"that, in these days, when the abominable doctrines of Malthus are gaining ground among the upper classes, is what I call creditable—creditable, by Saint Christopher, if I do say it!" His eyes rested again upon the empty bottles. "I think, Seneschal," he added, after a brief pause, "that under the circumstances we may venture —"

"Nothing could be more eminently proper," rejoined the Seneschal. "I will fetch another flask forthwith, and of the best. What says your Excellency to the vintage of 1304, the year of the comet?"

"But," hesitated the Baron, toying with his moustache, "I understood you to say that there were four of 'em—four boys?"

"True, my lord," replied the Seneschal, catching the idea with the readiness of a well-trained domestic; "I will fetch four more flasks."

As the excellent retainer deposited four fresh bottles upon the table within the radius of the Baron's reach, he casually remarked:

"A pious old man, a traveler, is in the castle-yard, my lord, seeking shelter and a supper. He comes from beyond the Alps, and fares toward Cologne."

"I presume," said the Baron, with an air of indifference, "that he had been duly searched for plunder."

"He passed this morning," replied the retainer, "through the domain of your well-born cousin, Count Conrad of Schwinkenfels. Your lordship will readily understand that he has nothing now save a few beggarly Swiss coins of copper."

"My worthy Cousin Conrad!" exclaimed the Baron, affectionately. "It is the one great misfortune of my life that I live to the leeward of Schwinkenfels. But you relieved the pious man of his copper?"

"My lord," said the Seneschal, with an apologetic smile, "it was not worth the taking."

"Now, by my soul!" roared the Baron, "you exasperate me. Coin, and not worth the taking! Perhaps not for its intrinsic value, but you should have cleaned him out as a matter of principle, you fool!"

The Seneschal hung his head and muttered an explanation. At the same time he opened the twenty-first bottle.

"Never," continued the Baron, less violently but still severely, "if you value my esteem and your own paltry skin, suffer yourself to be swerved a hair's breadth from principle by the apparent insignificance of the loot. A conscientious attention to details is one of the fundamental elements of a prosperous career—in fact, it underlies all political economy."

The withdrawal of the cork from the twenty-second bottle emphasized this sentiment.

"However," the Baron went on, somewhat mollified, "this is not a day on which I can afford to make a fuss over a trifle. Four, all boys! This is a glorious day for

Weinstein. Open the two remaining flasks, Seneschal, and show the pious stranger in. I fain would amuse myself with him."

II.

Viewed through the Baron's twenty odd bottles, the stranger appeared to be an aged man—eighty years, if a day. He wore a shabby gray cloak and carried a palmer's staff, and seemed an innocuous old fellow, cast in too commonplace a mould to furnish even a few minutes' diversion. The Baron regretted sending for him, but being a person of unflinching politeness, when not upon the rampage, he bade his guest be seated, and filled him a beaker of the comet wine.

After an obeisance, profound yet not servile, the pilgrim took the glass and critically tasted the wine. He held the beaker up athwart the light with trembling hand, and then tasted again. The trial seemed to afford him great satisfaction, and he stroked his long white beard.

"Perhaps you are a connoisseur. It pleases your palate, eh?" said the Baron, winking at the full-length portrait of one of his ancestors.

"Proper well," replied the pilgrim, "though it is a trifle syrupy from too long keeping. By the bouquet and the tint I should pronounce it of the vintage of 1304, grown on the steep slope south southeast of the castle, in the fork of the two pathways that lead to under the hill. The sun's rays reflected from the turret give a peculiar excellence to the growth of that particular spot. But your rascally varlets have shelved the bottle on the wrong side of the cellar. It should have been put on the dry side, near where your doughty grandsire, Sigismund von Weinstein, the Hairy Handed, walled his third wife in preparation for a fourth."

The Baron regarded his guest with a look of amazement. "Upon my life," said he, "but you appear to be familiar with the ins and outs of this establishment."

"If I do," rejoined the stranger, composedly sipping his wine, "tis no more than natural, for I lived more than sixty years under this roof, and know its every leak. I happen to be a von Weinstein myself."

The Baron crossed himself, and pulled his chair a little further away from the bottles and the stranger.

"Oh, no!" said the pilgrim, laughing; "quiet your fears. I am aware that every well regulated castle has an ancestral ghost, but my flesh and blood are honest. I was lord of Weinstein till I went, twelve years ago, to study metaphysics in the Arabic schools, and the cursed scribes wrote me out of the estate. Why, I know this hall from infancy. Yonder is the fire-place at which I used to warm my baby toes. There is the identical suit of armor into which I crawled when a boy of six and hid till my sainted mother—heaven rest her!—nigh died of fright. It seems but yesterday. There on the wall hangs the sharp two-handed sword of our ancestor, Franz, the One Eared, with which I cut off the moustaches of my tipsy sire as he sat muddled over his twentieth bottle. There is the very casque—but perhaps these reminiscences weary you. You must pardon the garrulity of an old man who has come to revisit the home of his childhood and prime."

The Baron pressed his hand to his head. "I have lived in this castle myself for half a century," said he, "and am tolerably familiar with the history of my immediate progenitors, but I can't say I ever had the pleasure of your acquaintance. However, permit me to fill your glass."

"It is good wine," said the pilgrim, bolding out his glass. "Except, perhaps, the vintage of 1392, when the grapes—"

The Baron stared at his guest. "The grapes of 1392," he said, dryly, "lack forty years of ripening. You are aged, my friend, and your mind wanders."

"Excuse me, worthy host," calmly replied the pilgrim. "The vintage of 1392 has been forty years cellared. You have no memory for dates."

"What call you this year?" demanded the Baron.

"By the almanacs, and the stars, and precedent, and common consent, it is the year of grace fourteen hundred three and thirty."

"By my soul and hope of salvation," ejaculated the Baron, "It is the year of grace thirteen hundred two and fifty."

"There is evidently a misunderstanding somewhere," remarked the venerable stranger. "I was born here in the year 1352, the year the Turks invaded Europe."

"No Turk has invaded Europe, thanks be to Heaven," replied Old Twenty Flasks, recovering his self-control. "You are a magician or an impostor. In either case I shall order you drawn and quartered as soon as we have finished this bottle. Pray proceed with your very interesting reminiscences, and do not spare the wine."

"I never practice magic," quietly replied the pilgrim, "and as to being an impostor, scan well my face. Don't you recognize the family nose, thick, short, and generously colored? How about the three lateral and two

diagonal wrinkles on my brow? I see them there on yours. Are not my chaps Weinstein chaps? Look closely. I court investigation."

"You do look damnably like us," the Baron admitted.

"I was the youngest," the stranger went on, of quadruplets. My three brothers were puny, sickly things, and did not long survive their birth. As a child I was the idol of my poor father, who had some traits worthy of respectful mention, guzzling old toper and unconscionable thief though he was."

The Baron winced.

"They used to call him Old Twenty Flasks. It is my candid opinion, based on memory, that Old Forty Flasks would have been nearer the truth."

"It's a lie!" shouted the Baron. "I rarely exceeded twenty bottles."

"And as for his standing in the community," the pilgrim went on, without taking heed of the interruption, "it must be confessed that nothing could be worse. He was the terror of honest folk for miles around. Property rights were extremely insecure in this neighborhood, for the rapacity of my lamented parent knew no bounds. Yet nobody dared to complain aloud, for lives were not much safer than sheep or ducats. How the people hated his shadow, and roundly cursed him behind his back! I remember well that, when I was about fourteen—it must have been in '66, the year the Grand Turk occupied Adrianople—tall Hugo, the miller, called me up to him, and said: 'Boy, thou hast a right pretty nose.' 'It is a pretty nose, Hugo,' said I, straightening up. 'Is it on firm and strong?' asked Hugo, with a sneer. 'Firm enough, and strong enough, I dare say,' I answered; 'but why ask such a fool's question?' 'Well, well, boy,' said Hugo, turning away; 'look sharp with thine eyes after thy nose when thy father is unoccupied, for he has just that conscience to steal the nose off his son's face in lack of better plunder.'"

"By St. Christopher!" roared the Baron. "tall Hugo, the miller, shall pay for this. I always suspected him. By St. Christopher's burden, I'll break every bone in his villainous body."

"'Twould be an ignoble vengeance," replied the pilgrim, quietly, "for tall Hugo has been in his grave these sixty years."

"True," said the Baron, putting both hands to his head, and gazing at his guest with a look of utter helplessness. "I forgot that it is now next century—that is to say, if you be not a spectre."

"You will excuse me, my respected parent," returned the pilgrim, "if I subject your hypothesis to the test of logic, for it touches me upon a very tender spot, impugning, as it does, my physical verity and my status as an actual individualized Ego. Now, what is our relative position? You acknowledge the date of my birth to have been the year of grace 1352. That is a matter in which your memory is not likely to be at fault. On the other hand, with a strange inconsistency, you maintain, in the face of almanacs, chronologies, and the march of events, that it is still the year of grace 1352. Were you one of the seven sleepers, your hallucination (to use no harsher term) might be pardoned; but you are neither a sleeper nor a saint. Now, every one of the eighty years that are packed away in the carpet bag of my experience protests against your extraordinary error. It is I who have a *prima facie* right to question your physical existence, not you mine. Did you ever hear of a ghost, spectre, wraith, apparition, eidolon, or spook coming out of the future to haunt, annoy, or frighten individuals of an earlier generation?"

The Baron was obliged to admit that he never had.

"But you have heard of instances where apparitions, ghosts, spooks—call them what you will—have invaded the Present from out the limbo of the Past?"

The Baron crossed himself a second time, and peered anxiously into the dark corners of the apartment. "If you are a genuine von Weinstein," he whispered, "you already know that this castle is overrun with spectres of that sort. It is difficult to move after night-fall without tumbling over half a dozen of them."

"Then," said the placid logician, "you surrender your case. You commit what my revered preceptor in dialectics, the learned Arabian, Ben Dusty, used to style syllogistic suicide. For you allow that, while ghosts out of the future are unheard of, ghosts from the past are not infrequently encountered. Now, I submit to you, as a candid man, this proposition: That it is infinitely more probable that you are a ghost than that I am one!"

The Baron turned very red. "Is this filial," he demanded, "to deny the flesh and blood of your own father?"

"Is it paternal," retorted the pilgrim, not losing his composure, "to insinuate the unreasonableness of the son of your own begetting?"

"By all the saints!" growled the Baron, growing still redder, "this question shall be settled, and speedily. Halloo, there, Seneschal!" He called again and again, but in vain.

"Spare your lungs," calmly suggested the pilgrim. "The best trained domestic in the world will not stir from beneath the sod for all your shouting."

Twenty Flasks sank back helplessly in his chair. He tried to speak, but his tongue and throat repudiated their functions. They only gurgled.

"That is right," said his guest, approvingly. "Conduct yourself as befits a venerable and respectable ghost from the last century. A well-behaved apparition neither blusters nor is violent. You can well afford to be peaceable in your deportment now; you were turbulent enough before your death."

"My death?" gasped the Baron.

"Excuse me," apologized the pilgrim, "for referring to that unpleasant event."

"My death!" stammered the Baron, his hair standing on end. "I should like to hear the particulars."

"I was hardly more than fifteen at the time," said the pilgrim musingly; "but I shall never forget the most trifling circumstance of the great popular uprising that put an end to my worthy sire's career. Exasperated beyond endurance by your outrageous crimes, the people for miles around at last rose in a body, and led by my old friend, tall Hugo, the miller, flocked to Schwinkenfels, and appealed to your cousin, Count Conrad, for protection against yourself, their natural protector. Von Schwinkenfels heard their complaints with great gravity. He replied that he had long watched your abominable actions with distress and consternation; that he had frequently remonstrated with you, but in vain; that he regarded you as the scourge of the neighborhood; that your castle was full of blood-stained treasure and shamefully acquired booty; and that he now regarded it as the personal duty of himself, the conservator of lawful order and good morals, to march against Weinstein, and exterminate you for the common good."

"The hypocritical pirate!" exclaimed Twenty Flasks. "Which he proceeded to do," continued the pilgrim, "supported not only by his retainers, but by your own. I must say that you made a sturdy defense. Had not your rascally Seneschal sold you out to Schwinkenfels, and let down the drawbridge one evening when you were as usual fuddling your brains with your twenty bottles, perhaps Conrad never would have gained an entrance, and my young eyes would have been spared the horrid task of watching the body of my venerated parent dangling at the end of a rope from the topmost turret of the north-west tower."

The Baron buried his face in his hands and began to cry like a baby. "They hanged me, did they?" he faltered.

"I am afraid no other construction can be put on it," said the pilgrim. "It was the inevitable termination of such a career as yours had been. They hanged you, they strangled you, they choked you to death with a rope; and the unanimous verdict of the community was Justifiable Homicide. You weep! Behold, father, I also weep for the shame of the house of von Weinstein! Come to my arms."

Father and son clasped each other in a long, affectionate embrace, and mingled their tears over the disgrace of Weinstein. When the Baron recovered from his emotion he found himself alone with his conscience and twenty-four empty bottles. The pilgrim had disappeared.

III.

Meanwhile in the apartments consecrated to the offices of maternity, all had been confusion, turmoil, and distress. In four huge armchairs sat four experienced matrons, each holding in her lap a pillow of swansdown. On each pillow had reposed an infinitesimal fraction of humanity, recently added to the sum total of von Weinstein. One experienced matron had dozed over her charge; when she woke the pillow in her lap was unoccupied. An immediate census taken by the alarmed attendants disclosed the startling fact that, although there were still four armchairs, and four sage women, and four pillows of swansdown, there were but three infants. The Seneschal, as an expert in mathematics and accounts, was hastily summoned from below. His reckoning merely confirmed the appalling suspicion. One of the quadruplets was gone.

Prompt measure was taken in this fearful emergency. The corners of the rooms were ransacked in vain. Piles of bedclothing and baskets of linen were searched through and through. The hunt extended to other parts of the castle. The Seneschal even sent out trusted and discreet retainers on horseback to scour the country. They returned with downcast countenances; no trace of the lost von Weinstein had been found.

During one terrible hour the wails of the three neglected infants mingled with the screams of the hysterical mother, to whom the attention of the four sage women was exclusively directed. At the end of the hour her ladyship had sufficiently recovered to implore her attendants to make a last, though hopeless, count. On three pillows lay three babies howling lustily in unison. On the fourth pillow reposed a fourth infant, with a mysterious smile upon its face, but cheeks that bore traces of recent tears.—*N. Y. Sun.*

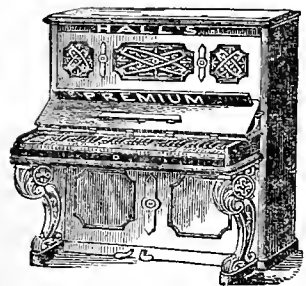
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SHALL THE JUDICIARY BE DEGRADED?

The Question Considered.—By E. L. Goold.

Sec. 17. The Justice of the Supreme Court and Judges of the Superior Court shall severally, at stated times during their continuance in office, receive for their services a compensation which shall not be increased or diminished after election nor during the term for which they shall have been elected. The salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Court shall be paid by the State. One-half of the salary of each Superior Court Judge shall be paid by the State; the other half thereof shall be paid by the county for which he is elected.

Sec. 24. No Judge of a Superior Court nor of the Supreme Court shall, after the first day of July, 1880, be allowed to draw or receive any monthly salary unless he shall take and subscribe an affidavit before an officer entitled to administer oaths, that no cause in his Court remains undecided that has been submitted for decision for the period of ninety days.

It is the purpose of this paper to demonstrate that the sanction by which one article of the new Constitution is to be enforced is a blemish of so grave a character as justifies a rejection of the entire instrument. It is our boast that we live under a government of laws; that we have the capacity of making laws for ourselves, and of enforcing them ourselves, and that we yield a prompt and cheerful obedience to the salutary restraints good government imposes. But, if this be not destined to become an idle boast, we must see to it that that branch of our government to which is confided the interpretation of the laws we make be not enfeebled by the degradation of the judges empowered to enforce them. Disguise the fact as we may, the judicial office, in the popular mind, takes character and complexion from the person who holds it. To be respected as a judge he must be respected as a man; the two characters can not be separated; in the nature of things—in the constitution of man—they are intimately blended. Whatever tends to diminish that just respect which should be due the incumbent of the judicial office breeds indifference to the station itself, and consequently, to the mandates of the law of which it is the exponent. If, then, there be anything in this new-born organic law, the enforcement of which will finally result in the wasting away of one-third of the governmental system itself, a native sense of self-protection will drive all thinking men to its instant rejection. Let us then inquire if, in the proposed instrument, there be anything obnoxious to the charge involved in this suggestion. For ours is a country in which liberty is enjoyed only according to law. Ours is a regulated, and not a licentious, liberty. When, then, the courts of justice lose their powers, even by a partial diminution, and the people at large cease to tremble at the majesty of the law, one-third of the government is, practically, gone. How long the remaining two-thirds may last, then, becomes a question of time; and that determined, a despot grasps the sceptre, and from his own breast ordains the punishment, after inventing the crime, and otherwise fulminates his governmental thunders in harmony with his own despotic nature—doing, at his own whim and caprice, just that which was laid at the door of the British monarch against whom the colonies rebelled, and which was denounced, in the nervous language of Mr. Jefferson, as "Every art which may define a tyrant." From these evils we must guard ourselves, by timely and cautious examination, and a rejection of every plan containing the seminal principle that may breed their recurrence. The maxim can not be too often repeated, that the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial branches of the government must be kept absolutely independent of each other. Every one who thinks, knows it and feels it. The officers who sit to administer the justice of the country must be dependent on the will of no man for their pay. If they be, then the fundamental rule of independence of the different departments of the government suffers a violation. The person chosen as judge is, of course, taken from the ranks of the bar. It is there he has employed the learning in the acquisition of which his youth was spent, and it is there he has acquired the experience and the knowledge of the virtues and the vices which at once adorn and disgrace humanity—knowledge, without the possession of which he can not shine in the magisterial office. To that he must devote all his energies and dedicate his time. He can not practice his profession. His salary is the only income he can earn. That is his sole dependence, and, together with the plaudits of his fellows, his only reward. Therefore, his thoughts must not be diverted from his judicial duties by fears of a failure of his sole means of subsistence.

The ancients personified justice in the form of a goddess. They called her "Themis." And there has come to us the saying, "Themis is a jealous mistress." That only means that those who worship at her shrine must give themselves entirely to her service. She brooks no rival. And so, the lawyer who becomes the judge, still bound to the duty of bringing his offering to the altar, must consecrate his thoughts and bring his oblation alone to the deity there presiding. When the question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was under debate, Alexander Hamilton considered the character of the judicial office, and the mode by which the judges were to be supported. By consulting No. LXXIX of the *Federalist* it will be seen that he used the following language: "Next to permanency in office, nothing can contribute more to the independence of the judges than a fixed provision for their support. The remark made in relation to the President is equally applicable here. In the general course of human nature a power over a man's subsistence amounts to a power over his will. And we can never hope to see realized in practice the complete separation of the judicial from the legislative power in any system which leaves the former dependent for pecuniary resource on the occasional grants of the latter." The wisdom of this observation is manifest. The judge must be dependent on the will of no one for his means of subsistence. His time is devoted to the public. His thoughts are dedicated to the public service. The son of toil, on the other hand, the man of physical occupation, works eight hours a day; but when his working hour expires his labor expires with it. Not so the judge. The intellectual collision, the novel question, the new phase of humanity, the unheard-

of development of vice, the refreshing evidence of truth, virtue, and benevolence, that have combined to stir his emotions, and absorb his faculties during the day, follow him to his pillow at night, and so, his work is never done. The absolute devotion to a single duty exacted from a judge may be well impressed upon the mind by recalling the words of the gentle Desdemona. Referring to her complex relations to her husband and her father, she says:

"My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am, hitherto, your daughter; but here's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord."

Now, a divided duty is just the thing a judge should not be compelled to see. The duty before his vision should be one wholly undivided. He should not be compelled, in the performance of the duties of his ermined office, or in the act of receiving its reward, to pay homage to any man. But this is the very thing he will be forced to do by the clause under consideration. He is to receive no salary unless he will make and produce an affidavit touching his conduct. To whom is this affidavit to be presented? The Controller. This officer must, of course, examine and pass judgment upon its form and sufficiency. Suppose he decide it to be informal or insufficient, what is the judge to do? Suppose the Controller to have a suit then pending before the judge's court, and the Controller should slyly intimate to him that he will be too busy to attend to that affidavit until he can have a decision; is his Honor to wait? And suppose the decision to come, hostile to the Controller, who then says: "Judge, the notary who took your affidavit has not had his commission renewed." Is the judge to apply for a writ of mandate to compel the Controller to act? And if he must, who is to advance the costs, and pay the counsel fees?

The truth is that this clause of the new Constitution drags the judicial office in the mire. The Superior Judge stands before the Controller of the State for one-half his salary, and before the county treasurer for the other half, as it were *in forma pauperis*. There are fifty-three counties in this State. Twelve times a year the judges will ask for their salaries. That will make, with the San Francisco judges, eight hundred and fifty-two applications a year, and exclusive of those of the Supreme Judges. Each of them stands before his fiscal master, shamed by a presumption of infidelity to his trust, and bound to remove it by a satisfactory oath before he can touch one dollar for subsistence! In a few years the people at large will become accustomed to this indecent exhibition, and, as the State increases in population, and the judges in number, the populace will become familiar with the melancholy panorama of the obsequious ministers of justice pleading for their little stipends on affidavits made—according to law; and so there will be engendered a corresponding contempt for each and all of them, and for all the rules they may make, and all the decisions they may endeavor to enforce. The fundamental law should reflect the superior wisdom of the commonwealth. To secure justice is one of the purposes of its creation. All legislative enactments must bend to it, and all courts yield to its behests. But how can we hope that judicial mandates or legislative rules will be distinguished by justice and wisdom, if the organic law—their source and fountain—be itself deformed by injustice and folly? The instrument contains no clause enjoining it upon the judges as a duty to decide causes within a specified period of time. Nor is there anything in the nature of the office requiring this of the incumbent. The duty of the judge is to dispatch the business before him with all "convenient speed;" that is, to render judgments touching all issues submitted to him as soon as he may, by ordinary industry, be able to reach a conclusion in harmony with justice, according to law. But, by this new Constitution, the judges are to undergo a kind of punishment for omitting to do that the doing of which is nowhere made a part of their duty. Here, then, is a penalty where there is no offense—a punishment without delinquency. Had it been the sense of the Convention that judges be commanded to decide in a given time, nothing would have been more easy than to say so. The clause might have run, "Every judge in this State shall decide all causes submitted to him within ninety days from the date of their submission." This language would have been unmistakable. The candidate for judicial position would, before assuming the ermine, know the thing expected of him. He would know it would be his duty to control his will in the domination of his judgment, and so, compel his mental vision to a perception of the right before a day named in the almanac. Should he suspect this to be something beyond the power of mortality, he could, by declining a nomination, escape the sordid penalty imposed upon a judge. But nothing of the kind is found in the new-born organic law. If it were so found, then in case of sickness, accident, or any of the casualties incident to human nature, intervening to render a decision impossible within the allotted time, the judge would have an opportunity to explain the delay, and so save himself the mortification of a pecuniary punishment for an occurrence beyond his control. Should he be unable to make a satisfactory explanation, then the ordinary remedy of impeachment would follow as in other cases of imputed official misconduct. And then, it would be determined whether or not, a magistrate or any other human creature can think by the hour-glass and be convinced on schedule time.

We have seen that the judge is to "take and subscribe to an affidavit" before receiving his salary. But what is finally to become of this document? The judge of the Superior Court, obviously, must present it to the officer who makes the payment. But there are two officers. The State pays one half, the county the other. Now, should the county

pay first, the county treasurer would, for his own protection, file the document among the public archives as proof that he had not parted with the public money without warrant of law. Should the State pay first, the controller would do the same thing. Certainly, neither of these officers would send the document to the other, for both would require its possession. Then how, upon the production of the affidavit, could the judge get more than half his salary? Will it be contended that he should make two affidavits to get one salary? That duty makes no part of his bargain with the public. He never agreed to swear twice. And what is the value of an affidavit made pursuant to no law whatever? When the judge has presided and sworn once, his whole duty is performed, humiliating though it be. A few weeks since, there was argued and submitted to the Supreme Court of this State, a case, the record of which comprehended two thousand one hundred and fifty-six folios of one hundred words each, numbering two hundred and fifteen thousand six hundred words—more than double the number of words composing the English language! And, quite lately, there were filed two records: one, the case of *Scott vs. Gonzales*, comprising eighteen hundred and eight folios, or one hundred and eighty thousand words; the other, *Thompson vs. Paterson*, comprising three thousand two hundred and eight folios, or three hundred and twenty thousand words. Any person can see these records by applying to the clerk of the court. Suppose three cases such as these should be argued and submitted during the next month, and the thirty days to be allowed for an application for a re-hearing be added to the time consumed in preparing and delivering the opinions, how much of the remainder of the term of ninety days, is it likely, would be left within which to consider and pass upon the three applications? Plainly, all the other cases argued and submitted during the succeeding two months must remain undecided, and the judges be denied their salaries. Suppose a Superior Court judge to have, before him, a complicated and difficult case, one involving some puzzling problems through which he should see something like judicial daylight on the ninetieth day after submission, and when he had his opinion about half formed, his home is invaded by sickness, and finally the angel of death carries away one of his children, shall he finish his opinion that day in order to entitle himself to his salary on the next? But why should the judge swear that not one of his multitudinous causes, great and small, remains undecided for ninety days, when he has not promised the public that he would nor been told that he should decide them all in that period? Certainly, to take from a man the money that is his, and to detain from him the money to which he is entitled, are acts equally injurious to him, and amount practically to the same thing. The trite saying that "history repeats itself" is apposite on this occasion. We have seen that the founders of our nation, when colonists, saw the necessity of the absolute independence of the judges, so far as concerned the emoluments by which they were to be supported. The British king assumed to dictate the time and mode of payment of the judges' salaries. This assumption was, by the American colonists, classed among the grievances deemed by them intolerable, and which led to revolution. "He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries." Although, on this occasion, the tenure and amount are fixed, the payment is contingent. The sum fixed is not to be paid absolutely. The recompense is a dependent one. It depends on the judgment of a man who belongs to another branch of the government.

We have already seen that nothing in the instrument obliges the judge to decide within a specified period, and that a decision rendered after the lapse of ninety days is as much within the line of his duty as is one rendered in nine. The truth is, that the instrument is, upon the whole, a grave mistake. It is a capital blunder. The men who stand before the public as its authors are responsible in theory, but not in fact. For they were the men of brains who, in reference to the objectionable parts of the instrument, were, in the main, overshadowed, overcome, supplanted, and displaced, and reduced to an emaciated minority by a numerical force composed of persons who though animated by honest intentions, yet are not trained to affairs; not given to habits of reflection touching the public welfare; not possessed of a general acquaintance with the history of nations, or of mankind in general; destitute of all knowledge of finance; wholly ignorant of every element of jurisprudence; not one of them having ever fulfilled a public trust, or graced a public office—municipal, State, or national; with no public experience, great or small; with no deep stake in the community, and no moving sense of obligation as to the part they assumed in this semi-revolution. Such are the men who, by mere force of numbers, made and enforced the crudities by which this project of a Constitution is deformed. They are the offspring of a public spasm; and their conduct adds but another evidence of the theory that towns, cities, states, and nations, like individuals, are periodically the victims of a partial mental alienation. Some of the features of the one presented are really excellent. No candid person will say the contrary. They ought to be a part of the fundamental law; but the degradation of the judiciary is a price too high to pay for them. They hereafter will be a part of the fundamental law, for this discussion has attracted to this subject the general attention, and men heretofore too much immersed in business, or too sluggish to think of their duties as members of a nation whose boast is self-government, will now arc use themselves to a sense of their duty as good citizens, and will join in a stern demand that the abuses which have been exposed shall be done away with by such salutary amendments as shall strike down the offenders against the public welfare, secure the greatest good to the greatest number, and the fundamental rule be distinguished by such marks of completeness and neatness as shall satisfy, gratify, and content every interest and every aspiration of the State.

THE POOR VS. THE RICH.

The Doctrines and Theories of Communism.

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In the ARGONAUT some weeks ago, in an article under the head of "Tar Flat vs. Nob Hill," I entered upon the discussion of communism by attempting to show that there were two great theories of society—one founded upon *law*, which favors the strong as against the weak, the other upon *sympathy*, which favors the weak as against the strong—and that as society is now organized it is founded upon the former rather than the latter theory; that notwithstanding the great weight and power of Jesus and his disciples, who advocated a system of society founded upon sympathy and unselfishness (which they understood led to communism), the verdict of mankind had ever been against communism, and Jesus had been accepted merely as a "religionist," but not as a political economist. The seemingly irrepressible agitation which for some time past has been going on among the so-called "poor working-men" against their employers, the so-called "rich capitalists," throughout the United States, and especially in San Francisco, leads me to continue a discussion, certainly worth the attention of every thinking man, as to what are the "rights" of the poor against the rich.

(1) *What constitutes poverty, and what is wealth?* Not all those who dwell on the heights of "Nob Hill" are rich, nor all those who live in the valley of "Tar Flat" are poor. There may be gilded poverty on "Nob Hill." There is substantial wealth on "Tar Flat." There are numerous grades of poverty, and numberless degrees of wealth. How much money it requires to constitute wealth, and how little to constitute poverty, depend upon locality, intelligence, civilization, and a myriad other conditions. The gradations leading up from poverty to wealth are as numerous and varied as the shades and degrees of virtue and vice. Few of us are thoroughly vicious or infinitely virtuous. Any discussion of this subject, therefore, based upon the idea that there is an absolute point where poverty ceases and wealth begins, would necessarily be unsatisfactory and impracticable. There are, however, well-defined species of rich and strongly marked subdivisions of poor which lead us naturally to inquire—

(2) *Who are the poor, and who are the rich?* Of the poor there are:

First—The *vicious* poor—including tramps, thieves, and other outlaws whose lives are steeped in crime—acquired or inherited.

Second—The *imbecile* poor—those who have no vicious proclivities, but are absolutely without talents or abilities of any character—who always were poor and always expect to remain so.

Third—The *more or less respectable* poor—including those who possess talents, genius, and culture in various degrees, but have no taste or inclination for money-getting; or, possessing genius and the disposition to obtain wealth, their talents have little or no marketable value.

Fourth—That large class of poor, who dwell on the borderland of wealth, and are striving more or less successfully to attain it.

Of the rich there are:

First—Those who were born rich and have never known poverty.

Second—Those who by patient industry and self-denying economy have become rich.

Third—Those who by some fortunate circumstance, lucky marriage, death, speculation, or successful fraud, have suddenly become rich.

Fourth—Those whose talents and genius possess so marketable a value as to render them a necessity to the rich, either in acquiring or maintaining their possessions, or contributing to their enjoyment.

Fifth—Corporations and joint-stock companies, which are artificial persons, with existences separate and distinct from those who hold stock in them.

Having thus subdivided and set apart the rich from the poor, let us next inquire:

What are the alleged grievances of the poor as against the rich? It is claimed by the communistic advocates of the poor that society, as now organized, is afflicted with a most serious disease, viz: *unlimited selfishness and greed of gain*; that the mild, the gentle, the weak, the modest, the sympathetic, the fine-grained people, including those who have taste and genius for something higher than mere acquisition of wealth, are jostled aside in the race of life, and the strong, the bold, the hardy, the cold and unscrupulous, the greedy, and the coarse-grained, rush in and acquire the wealth. It is further claimed that they who devote their energies most relentlessly to the acquisition of wealth, and shut their hearts most closely against all noble and generous impulses, become wealthy; while those who are kind, good, sympathetic, and helpful, are usually counted among the poor. It is further claimed that society, as now organized, is based upon the idea that these same selfish, greedy, money-getting people must be fostered and protected with the most tender care, or society would go into spasms at once, and die in agony or anarchy. It is further claimed that ever since society was organized there has been a conflict going on between the rulers and the people—the minority and the majority—the minority trying to retain power, with which to tyrannize over and oppress the majority, and the majority trying to wrest it from them; that age after age this old conflict continued between the rulers and the people until at last the majority gained the victory, and are to-day throughout the entire civilized world comparatively free from political oppression. The liberties of the humblest man are now protected by the most sacred guarantees; but that modern civilization has developed a species of despotism equally, if not more, galling than that exercised by the ancient kings—the tyranny and oppression of wealth. The tyrant who domineered over the weak in governments now reigns supreme behind money-bags. The power which was once wielded by the sword is now enforced by the slavish submission to coin. The tyrants before whom men formerly trembled were kings, nobles, and priests; now they are corporations, joint-stock companies, and despotic millionaires. Civilization has grown to be a complex system of commerce, business, and exchange, and the relations of men are so entangled that no man dares rebel against any system of

tyranny imposed by capital, without feeling the weight of some great power which may crush his family into poverty. The environments of our modern civilization demand an income; incomes arise from commerce and exchange; commerce and exchange are controlled by capital; capital is selfish, greedy, and despotic.

I have thus fairly, I think, presented the indictment of the poor against the rich as drawn by the communists. The charges preferred are rather against "society" as now organized than against the rich; but any attempt to reorganize society and place it upon a more equitable basis for the poor would necessarily involve the interests and accumulations of the rich, and, therefore, is in effect an indictment by the poor against the rich. The communists have, in all ages, been enthusiasts and impracticables, but they have generally been regarded as sincere. Many of them have been eminent as scholars, philosophers, and reformers. Lycurgus, the legislator of Sparta, was full of communistic ideas. Plato, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, conceived of an ideal state of society, in which the communistic idea forms a prominent part. The noble Gracchi among the Romans, in their efforts to redistribute the land and help the poor, became martyrs to the cause of communism. Jesus and Paul, as we have already seen, were practical as well as theoretical communists—the early disciples "holding all things in common." Sir Thomas Moore, an English statesman of the fourteenth century, conceived of a "Utopia" in which communism would have prevailed. Lord Bacon, in his "New Atlantis," outlines a model community decidedly communistic. David Humé longed for a reorganization of society. Robert Owen, of New Lanark (father of the late Robert Dale Owen), devoted an immense fortune to the founding of communistic societies. Saint Simon, a Frenchman, who lived in the early part of the present century, was an eminent scholar and communist. He was followed by Charles Fourier and others, who taught and practiced communism in various forms, and died in the faith. In this country the choicest spirits and noblest minds have been tainted with communism. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Channing, Dana, Parker, Dwight, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and George Ripley entered heart and soul into the Brook Farm experiment. The great, good, and sincere Horace Greeley was more than suspected of sympathy with Fourierism. Robert Dale Owen, who devoted his life to elevating and benefiting his race, was a communist. Indeed, in all ages and in all countries, there has been a longing among the noblest minds for a state of society formed upon some other basis than that of pure, unadulterated selfishness. Our modern agitators, however, are not so much philosophers or thinkers as practical "agitators." They do not lay so much stress upon the fundamental inequities of the present system as upon the fact that the rich have violated the original agreement upon which society was based by obtaining their property by unfair means, then using it to bribe society to permit them to keep it. They also claim that this unlimited avarice ought by some means to be curbed; that the wealth even rightfully obtained is used to corrupt legislators and officials, and secure still other advantages. It is further stated that to prevent property from being inalienable, passing down from father to son, perpetuating aristocracy and caste as in England and Continental Europe, we changed our laws of primogeniture in this country, whereby all our children should inherit equally, and by our Constitution enacted as a fundamental law that there should be no perpetuities, but that our modern system of corporations, with their immense combinations of capital, their never-ending, never-dying, soulless existence, are evils tenfold worse than the feudal system from which the world has just escaped; that corporations have no individuality except a name, no conscience, no soul, no responsibility save that arising from their ownership of property; that evil-minded men hide behind a corporate name as a screen to enable them to work all sorts of inequities; that the modern conscience is becoming seared; that modern morals are becoming corrupted; that honor, truth, and genuine integrity is becoming scarce—all by reason of the polluting influences of unchecked avarice and greed of gain.

Such are the complaints of our modern agitators. I have given them the benefit of the strongest statement of their case. It amounts simply to a protest against a power which they can not understand, and the injustice of which they can not fathom. What merit, if any, is there in these charges? What justice, if any, is there in these complaints? I will attempt to answer these questions.

Is society based upon, and does it permit, unlimited selfishness and greed of gain? The basis of organized society is in human nature. Human nature is more or less selfish. Selfishness is that faculty which leads to self-protection. Self-protection led to the organization of society. Human beings were drawn together, not for the benefit of the weak, nor for any noble and sympathetic purpose, but solely and simply for self-protection. Society is, therefore, not a charitable institution. It was not organized for the purpose of distributing alms. It was not the outgrowth of a necessity, more or less felt and realized, of mutual protection. Nor is selfishness an unmitigated evil. It forms the basis of a large number of our so-called virtues. Selfishness is the basis of sympathy as well as of love. It is by realizing how we ourselves would feel under certain circumstances of pain and suffering that we instinctively feel impelled to help our neighbor who suffers. It is by telling us that "Jesus first loved us" that our Christian brethren incite us to love Him. It is by recurring to ourselves and our own selfish wants that we are able to judge of what others have a right to expect of us, and hence selfishness is the foundation of our sense of justice. The "golden rule" is based upon an appeal to our selfishness: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Herbert Spencer, in his "Social Statics," formulates a complete system of moral philosophy founded upon the instincts and faculties of human nature, showing that every motive and every action of humanity is based upon some principle or faculty implanted within us, and not upon any abstract motive or extraneous sense of duty. Everything we do is done in some higher or lower sense to gratify ourselves. We eat our food, not that we may become strong, robust, and healthy, but because we are hungry. We marry, not to aid in building up society or to assist in replenishing the earth, but because we love the object of our choice; and procreation is not an abstract duty, but results as one of the choicest fruits of love. We become religious, not to perfect ourselves in the Christian

graces so that we may become abstractly good, but because it gives us pleasure; we obtain the praises of God and men; we insure eternal felicity, and escape the torments of hell. We work, toil, economize, lie, steal, beg, or kill for money, not simply to purchase the necessities of life, but to gratify an absorbing passion, or for the love of acquisition. The soldier who rushes into the thickest of the battle, and recklessly exposes himself to the bullets of the enemy, is actuated by a noble motive—the love of country, the hope of glory; but it is because it is *his* country, and because *he* will be glorified, and not somebody else. We can thus conceive of no virtue that is not, in a higher or lower sense, selfish. Society is organized and laws enacted with reference to these well-established principles of human nature. It has been found necessary to curb and restrain these selfish human passions. One of the most prolific sources of conflict among men has been difference of opinion as to the true criterion of restraint to be imposed upon selfishness. Every man has an inalienable right to eat, drink, and live, but he must eat his own and not his neighbor's food. He may drink intoxicating liquors until he is drunk, but he must not disturb the peace and quiet of his neighbors. He may live as long as life is granted to him, but he must live peaceably. Every man has an inalienable right to bestow his affections upon whomsoever he pleases, but he must not demand a requital from his neighbor's wife. Every man may indulge to the utmost his propensity for acquiring wealth, but he must not rob, steal, or defraud. Thus society imposes restrictions upon the selfish at every hand, and it is, therefore, not true that society is based upon unlimited selfishness. If selfishness and greed of gain were unlimited, the question of who should obtain all the wealth would resolve itself into a brutal contest between the strong and the weak. But the strong are curbed by the restrictions imposed by society, and they dare not take property by force, stealth, or fraud. As a matter of fact, then, the weak, the mild, and the gentle, who could not succeed in a hand-to-hand combat with the strong, are favored by society, and placed upon an equal footing with the strong, the greedy, and the unscrupulous. It is not true that society fosters the greedy, the unscrupulous, and the money-getting at the expense of the modest, the sympathetic, and the fine-grained. On the contrary, society constantly favors the weak by protecting them against the frauds, the tricks, and the machinations of the unscrupulous. Let us go now one step farther, and see whether society is just to the poor and the weak in the matter of recognizing the right of exclusive ownership of property.

Is it right for any one person to exercise exclusive dominion over property? The communists assert that "all property is robbery." Locke so fully exposes the bad logic of this assertion that I can not help quoting the passage: "If all property is robbery, than no one can become the owner of anything. It therefore follows that no man can have a right to the things he consumes for food. If so, when do they begin to be his?—when he brings them home?—when he eats?—or when he digests? If no previous act can make them property, neither can any process of assimilation do it; not even their absorption into the tissues. Wherefore, pursuing the idea, we arrive at the singular conclusion that as the whole of a man's bones, muscles, skin, etc., have been built up from nutriment not belonging to him, a man has no property in his own flesh and blood, can have no valid title to himself, and has as good a right to his neighbor's body as his own." If Locke's refutation of communism is too narrow, there are still broader reasons upon which to base a refutation. If all property should belong to society as a whole, and not to its individual members, then each member should contribute equally to its production. If one man, by reason of his greater strength, reaps three acres of grain per day, while his fellow-workmen reap but two, he has a right to feel dissatisfied with only an equal share of the general store. If one man works industriously ten hours per day, and produces two pairs of shoes, while his fellow-laborers work but six hours and produce but one pair, he will justly feel that society "is not organized on a fair and equitable basis." If one man, by reason of peculiar talent, invents a machine that will perform the work of ten men per day, he will naturally feel that he has earned the right to retire on a pension and live in ease and luxury the residue of his days; and if his most reasonable request is not granted, who could blame him for inciting a rebellion against a tyranny which grants no reward for talent. If there is no reward for industry, there will be no industry; if there is no industry, there will be no property, for property is the result of industry. Then, again, if the idle and dissolute are sure of a provision being made for all their wants, there is a premium offered for idleness. If there is no reward for industry, there is an incentive to idleness, and a discount on industry. Here, then, arises another conflict between the industrious and the idle; the industrious will join the talented and strong, and create a rebellion against so despotic and unjust a government. Any society organized on the hypothesis that men will labor for an abstract principle—for the general good and without some specific reward—is not founded on the principles of human nature, and must fail, as all such experiments have failed. There is something so inherently just and equitable in the proposition that every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own industry, that few have ever ventured to dispute it. Experience teaches us that barbarism ignores property, while civilization recognizes it; law and order accumulate it, while anarchy disperses it; commerce distributes it, while war destroys it. It is therefore associated with the peace, prosperity, and advancement of mankind.

Are the existing methods of acquiring property just and equitable? In this country any man may acquire as much or as little property as he pleases, in any manner he pleases, by discovering and occupying it a series of years, by producing or earning it, purchasing or inheriting it, or in any other way except by force, stealth, or fraud. The law also gives him the largest liberty of disposing of it. He may, as has been quaintly observed, "endow a college or a cat" with it. These are the great fundamental principles upon which wealth or "capital" are founded. If wealth is obtained fairly, and not in violation of these restrictions, it justly and rightfully belongs to the owner; and it is the duty of society to protect him in its ownership. If, however, it has been obtained by robbery, burglary, theft, or fraud, society is bound to see that it is restored to its true owner. It is not robbery or theft, but *fraud* that puzzles the brain, eludes the grasp, and defeats

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Conquered Banner.

[These sweet and melancholy lines were written at the close of our late war, and published in the *Freeman's Journal*.]

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best.
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a soul to save it,
And there's not one left to have it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered!
Broken is its staff and shattered!
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner, furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly.
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's swords could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it;
Low the cold, dead hands that bore it;
Weep for those who fell before it;
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
But, oh! wildly they deplore it
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner—true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story.
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—until it never,
Let it droop there *furled* forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

Golden Shoes.

May bought golden shoes for her boy,
Golden leather from heel to toe,
With silver tassel to tie at the top,
And dainty lining as white as snow.
I bought a pair of shoes as well
For the restless feet of a little lad,
Common and coarse and iron tipped—
The best I could for the sum I had.

"Golden," May said, "to match his curls."
I never saw her petted boy;
I warrant he is but a puny elf,
And pink and white, like a china toy;
And who is he, that he should walk
All shod in gold on the king's highway,
While little Fred, with a king's own grace,
Must wear rough brogans every day?

And why can May from her little hand
Fling baubles at her idol's feet,
While I can hardly shelter Fred
From the cruel stones of the broken street?
I envy not her silken robe,
Nor the jewels' shine, nor the handmaid's care;
But ah! to give what I can not—
This, this is so hard to bear.

But down I'll crush this bitter thought,
And bear no grudge to pretty May,
Though she is rich and I am poor,
Since we were girls at Clover Bay—
And ask the Lord to guide the feet,
So painfully and coarsely shod,
Till they are fit to walk the street
That runs hard by the throne of God.

"Good-bye, friend Ellen!" "Good-bye, May!"
What dims her eyes so bright and blue,
As she looks at the rugged shoes askance?
"I wish my boy could wear these, too,
But he will never walk, they say."
So, May, with a little sigh, is gone,
And I am left in a wondering mood
To think of my wicked thoughts alone.

It needs not that I tell you how
I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
And thanked the God who gave him strength,
And made him such a merry wight;
Nor envied May one gift she held,
If with it I must also choose
That sight of little crippled feet,
Albeit shod in golden shoes.

ANONYMOUS.

That Holy Thing.

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high;
Thou canst a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail.

My how or when thou wilt not heed,
But come down thine own secret stair,
That thou mayst answer all my need,
Yea, every by-gone prayer.

—From George MacDonald's new novel, "Paul Faber."

Julia A. Moore, the Sweet Singer of Michigan, was nearly paralyzed with astonishment when recently informed that "éclat" didn't rhyme with "he cat." She has not sufficiently recovered to finish her half-completed poem "On the Birth of a New Spring."

PARISIAN BONBONS.

Riding in a railroad car:

Husband.—You are quite comfortable, dear?

Wife.—Yes, love.

Husband.—The cushions are easy and soft, ducky?

Wife.—Yes, darling.

Husband.—You don't feel any jolts, pet?

Wife.—No, sweetest.

Husband.—And there is no draught on my lamb, is there, angel?

Wife.—No, my ownest own.

Husband.—Then change seats with me!

In the course of his travels in Equatorial Africa, an explorer meets a bright, intelligent mulatto, who was the slave and body-servant of a negro king.

"Come with me to Europe," he says to the slave; "you may be happy yet."

The mulatto hesitated.

"Come," repeated the traveler; "here you are but a slave, yonder you will be a servant."

In the Pyrenees there is an interesting stage line between two villages, one on each side of a mountain 16,000 feet high. After the coach has proceeded a little distance and reached the steep part of the ascent the conductor begs the passengers to get out so as to ease the horses; they are even requested to push behind and help the poor animals to drag the huge vehicle up hill.

When at last the summit is reached each traveler, wiping from his forehead drops of sweat as big as kidney-beans, congratulates himself on the breezy ride down the steep slopes of the descent which awaits him.

There is where he fools himself, for the conductor, with a sweet smile, begs the gentlemen to be kind enough to hang on the coach behind and act the part of a Westinghouse air-brake, or else the horses may be injured.

In this manner the terminus of the line is reached, the passengers having pushed the coach all the way up one side of the mountain, and held it back all the way down the other.

In spite of this there is a rush for places on the stage daily, as there has been for half a century.

A dancress—it there has some years—was having embarked herself for New York. To the end of dazzling the Yankees she took with her household, her carriage and horses—everything.

Her first appearance was an immense success. She was called before the curtain four—eleven—forty-four times, and flowers, doves, evergreens, bonbons, and seven-thirty bonds were rained down upon her in deluges.

She was delighted, but her ecstasies were redoubled when she beheld a frenzied crowd, hoarse with cheering, precipitate itself toward her carriage, unharness the horses, and insist on drawing her to her hotel, amid cries of "This way for the City Hall!" "Here's yer nice new receptions!"

Intoxicated with her triumph, the dancress sleeps late next morning, and after breakfast orders her carriage, meaning to take a short drive through the city.

"Your carriage is in the hotel stables," says the servant; "have you any choice of horses?"

"Certainly; harness my own team, those splendid blood bays, the gift of Prince Whazinzanski!"

"Oh! those that were unharnessed last night?"

"Yes. I no longer need envy Fanny Ellsler; for, if the gentlemen of Philadelphia turned out to draw her carriage, mine has been drawn in triumph by the honorable aldermen of New York."

"Yes, ma'am," says the servant; "but the gentlemen who took your horses out haven't brought them back—*c'est cela qu'a Hannah*."

A high-toned valet, smiling and bowing with exquisite grace, to his *bourgeoise* mistress:

"You know, madame, that with our masters it is not permitted us to say everything; but it is permitted, madame, to think everything."

At the police court:

The Judge.—What is your age, madam?

Lady.—Whatever you please, your honor.

Judge.—Forty-five years. Your business?

Lady.—Hold on a minute, your honor; you've made a mistake of ten years in my age.

Judge.—Well, then, fifty-five years.

Lady (furious).—I tell you, sir, on my oath, I'm only thirty-five.

Judge.—Ah; so you have finished by answering my question.

Z. loses one of his friends from whom he has time and again borrowed a V until he had sold his dog, or until Saturday after 2 o'clock, and bitterly mourns his loss.

"You seem deeply afflicted?" said a lady.

"Afflicted? Oh, madam, if you only knew how much I owe that man!"

Peroration of the Spartan uncle's lecture to his scapegrace nephew:

"Finally, sirrah, you should endeavor to understand that it is infinitely better, instead of making pledges you always break, to make no promises at all—and keep them."

In a barber's shop. Chief barber out. Young lady cashier at the counter. Enter a gentleman who is always shaved by the proprietor.

Customer.—I see Mr. X. is not in.

Young Lady at the Counter [graciously].—Will you please sit down and wait a few minutes? He won't be long; [still more graciously] he's only gone out to shave a man who's been taken with the small-pox!

"Marie, my boots," said Madame D. to her friend in the *chambre*; "hurry up, for I have asked you for them times."

"Why, ma'am, I thought I would help you but I've laced them up while you were putting on your shoes."

the purposes of modern society. Individuals have their besetting sins; so have nations and ages. The besetting sin of this nation and of this age is fraud. In former ages it was force. We now obtain by indirect and secret methods what was formerly obtained by force. Fraud is the result of education planted in bad soil. We are educating the masses. In our American common schools are the children of thieves, wretches, and villains, in whose blood courses whole centuries of vice. We sharpen their faculties by education to enable them to defraud us, to keep them from boldly and openly killing us. Now, it is the settled rule of the courts never to interfere to relieve parties of "hard bargains." The courts will not make bargains for men. They must make their own bargains, and they will never be set aside unless there is clear evidence of fraud. The courts have purposely refrained from defining fraud, and it is, therefore, a very difficult subject to deal with. It is on this dim, uncertain, shadowy boundary line between what is permitted and what is prohibited that frauds are perpetrated. The law can not favor the perpetrator of frauds, and yet it expects every man to beware and guard against them. It will not relieve a man from a contract entered into upon false representations made by another as to facts equally palpable to both. It is upon this uncertain ground that the strong, the sharp, and the shrewd gain their victories over the weak. Society does not assume to be perfect. Neither judges or jurors (especially the latter) can look into the hearts of men. The ignorant, the stupid, and the weak must therefore pay the penalty of their weakness by suffering the ills of poverty, and who will say in the face and eyes of all animate nature that it is not just and proper that they should?

Who is to blame for the deprivations and sufferings of the poor? The poor, as we stated above, may be divided into three classes, viz.: the vicious, the imbecile, and the respectable but unfortunate.

First—The vicious poor. Among these are the tramps, vagrants, thieves, and other outlaws, whose lives are steeped in generations and centuries of crime. Each succeeding generation has added to their inherited load of vicious propensities, until they are born outlaws. Bavaria, at one time, swarmed with "tramps," whose fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers were tramps before them. It required an iron hand to subdue them. Recent investigations in Massachusetts demonstrated that there were organized bands of vagrants, thousands in number, natives of various countries, but chiefly Irish, roaming over the hills and through the woods of Berkshire, ostensibly "seeking work," and yet systematically refusing it when offered. Italy has its "royal" families of *lazzaroni* who have begged from generation to generation. A most remarkable book is the annals of the "Jukes" (a pseudonym adopted to protect worthy members of the real family), a criminal family of New York, compiled from authentic sources by Mr. Dugdale, a member of the Prison Association of New York. In this book the genealogy of the family, originally consisting of six sisters, is traced down for seven generations, through prisons, almshouses, and brothels. Five of these original sisters were married, three of them were harlots, and their descendants, numbering over seven hundred, included among their number thieves, murderers, robbers, prostitutes, and outlaws of every description. The most startling disclosures are made of the power of inherited criminal tendencies and the predispositions to crime, even in the absence of criminal environments. Now what can society do for these outlaws? To feed tramps is to increase the tribe. Charity breeds beggars. Sympathy for criminals is a premium to crime. The penny given to the beggars in Europe is a dime here. The streets of our American cities swarm with European mendicants. We are offering a premium to them by our munificence. The European passport system was the outgrowth of an imperative necessity to prevent vagrancy and crime. We, too, shall soon be forced to adopt the same measures to protect organized society. Is there a higher or better method? Can they be reformed? Can they be raised? To cure organic diseases by transfusion of blood is a modern discovery. By what system of transfusion can we put honest blood in the veins of inherited criminals? To kill the children of such people as did the ancient Spartans might be wise and merciful, but it would be inhuman. To depend upon the gentle influences of Christianity to reform them has proved ineffectual. Our free school system does not reach them. Our sheriffs can not catch them. The Japanese are the only people on earth who have gone to the foundation of the disease by depriving certain portions of their criminal classes of the power to procreate.

Second—The imbeciles are neither vagrants nor criminals; they are simply weaklings. They have no brains, no power of thought, no idea of what to do or how to do it. It was found impossible four thousand years ago to "make bricks without straw." It remained for Pennsylvania, in its palmy days of oil wells, to produce a genius to suggest a method of supplying a lack of brains when he said to the instructor of his daughter, who complained that she had no "capacity," "Hang it all, buy her one; I will pay for it." What can be done for a people who, if set upon their feet, immediately fall down? or, if clothed, fed, or pampered, at once become charges upon the community? Shall we stand by and see them multiply and increase, generation after generation, without devising some method of lifting them up? or shall we let the law of nature have its cold, undeviating way? Has society done enough by simply providing poor-houses for the helpless, prisons for the vicious, and schools for the young? Is there any other way than to let the strong subside upon the weak, limited only by such restrictions as it is within the power of man to enforce? I am forced to the conclusion, in view of the foregoing facts, that there is no other way. As La Rochefoucauld well says: "Weakness is the only fault which can not be cured."

Third—The respectable but unfortunate poor must content themselves with the inscription which shall be engraved upon their tombs: "Poor but honest." Verily they have their reward. "The rich man can no more enter the kingdom of heaven than a camel can go through the eye of a needle." These are the sweet words of consolation—not unmixed, perhaps, with revenge—which we poor can fall asleep while nestling in the bosom of Abraham.

Poverty, like selfishness, is by no means an unmitigated evil. There are far worse ills than to be poor. There are far higher pleasures than to be rich.

HENRY N. CLEMENT.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 25, 1879.

DEAREST MADGE:—Are you sitting up in your own mountain eyrie longing to be in town, and dreaming of the opera? I wish the Arabian's magic cloak could have been at your call last Wednesday night that you might be transported to Baldwin's Theatre to see *Faust*. Nothing could have made you better satisfied with your fate; nothing could be more disillusionizing. It is pleasant to go to the opera because every one you see there is happy on the surface at least. No one looks poor, no one looks hungry, no one looks *distract*. One loses sight and sound of all the sorrow in the world. It is a perfect picture of prosperity. I was thinking the other night, in that same lunatic way I have of communing with my imagination when you are not by to listen to my ramblings, what a glittering pile it would make every woman in the audience were seized with one of those spasms of charity of which we read sometimes, and would, like the Lady Clare,

"Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by,"

and contribute them to some of the numerous sufferers by fire, flood, or pestilence. I do not believe there were twenty women in the dress circle who did not wear diamonds. What a fine charity pyramid they would make! But then of course people never do that sort of thing except in steel engravings. I wish you could see the house on a good night, a first night, for they are repeating the operas with a carelessness which will wreck them when the new subscription time comes. White is the rage this season. People are swathed in billows and billows of it. Now and then there is a dash of blue or pink or cardinal, but like the mystic arm which rose from out the bosom of the lake people seem to be "clothed all in white samite." Samite poetically speaking, of course, for the white is in all materials from satin to bunting, and in all the variety of tints of this capricious colorless color which workers in crevices find so hard to match. It is a wonderfully becoming uniform. It freshens aged faces; it softens the rosier tints of younger cheeks; it gives the eyes a deeper hue, and the hair a more pronounced color. You will think I am a long time getting to the stage, Madge, but really there is so little when you get there that the subject is not alluring. The operas themselves are the most fragmentary affairs possible. Such hacking and hewing and mutilation you never saw. They gave us a bit of *Rigoletto* on Monday, and a section of *Faust* on Wednesday, sandwiching it on Tuesday with *Il Trovatore* comparatively intact. It would hardly do to carve this as they have the others. People are so familiar with the dear old score that I believe the audience would get up and sing it for the company if they undertook to cut too much of it. What a picture that would be! The patient, long-suffering, liberal San Francisco public retaliating on that awful chorus after all these years by giving them a bit of *Il Trovatore* without rehearsal. You should have heard the *Faust* choruses on Wednesday; or rather, for your tympanum's sake, I am glad you did not. Would you not think, Madge, that those old girls, after twenty years of it, would have some sort of a hazy idea of the *Faust* melodies? Not a bit of it. It might as well have been "La gazza ladra," which nobody ever sings, as the well-known French music of this German tale. And *Faust* is such a beautiful opera, and it has been so exquisitely sung so many times. Liitta had almost completely subjugated the public until she played "Marguerite." There is something very captivating in her fresh, young, unjaded voice, which has been so thoroughly schooled; but she places herself at fearful odds in attempting "Marguerite." It is so essentially a dramatic part, and the world is so familiar with a dramatic interpretation, that it peculiarly resents anything else. Is it not strange what a hold this story of a village girl has taken upon the world. She seems as real as the Cenci herself; and, although her story is the story of many a simple maid, it has a surpassing interest which can not be defined. There are two *Faust* operas, are there not? And how many and many an artist has painted a "Marguerite!" Even the writers can not resist trying to transmute this simple German maid by the touch of their own fancy. A San Francisco writer undertook once to dramatize *Faust*, eliminating from it entirely the supernatural. The result is a common-place story, which might as well take place in New England as in Germany, and the heroine might as well be called "Priscilla" as "Marguerite." W. S. Gilbert, whose fecund imagination should not find it necessary to borrow material from Goethe, has written a new comedy on this old theme called *Gretchen*. I believe his idea has been to make "Faust" a possible person without destroying the poetico-philosophical element of the poem. I borrow that expression from some one, I know, I can not recall whom; but this I know, that, however clever Mr. Gilbert's *Gretchen* may be from a literary point of view, he can not, if he has modernized it, have preserved the poetico-philosophical element, and if he has left that out, he has simply knocked the bottom out of the whole affair. I do know where I got that expression, Madge. I got it from a stock-dealer, not from a poem. To return to Liitta. She sang the jewel song admirably, and that is all that the most partial admirer can claim her to have done well. In fact, no one did well, excepting Miss Cary, who never does anything ill, who is always reliable, always artistic, and in "Amneris" and "Azucena" something superb. She and the music itself carry *Il Trovatore*, and no one else in the cast furnishes any material assistance. As for Madame Roze, I can not tell you anything about her voice, for she has not enough to rave about. I could fancy her to be something charming in a light French opera comique, for I know she would be a good actress in comedy, but she is no more tragic than a cherub. But, oh, Madge, she is the most bewildering creature in the matter of raiment and jewels that ever you saw. Girdles, necklaces, rings, bracelets, tiaras without end, each one more beautiful, more brilliant than the last. Then she loves satin—rich, thick, sheeny satin. She wears a pale creamy yellow as "Leonora," trimmed in silver lace, set in such fashion as to mitigate her *embroiderment*. She has a white bridal dress, of course. There are more brides on the stage than anything else nowadays, and an endless lot of pretty things. I wish Roze had a little more voice, and Liitta a little more clothes and jewelry, and the coming programme had a little more variety, and there were longer parts for the contralto than "Madelina" or "Siebel." The subscription

people are furious. Next week they are to give *Il Trovatore*, *Faust*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor* again. Thus in three weeks they will have had *Lucia* twice, *Martha* twice, *Il Trovatore* three times, and *Faust* twice; and such a *Faust*! People yawned during the first half, and got up and left during the last half. In addition to all its other faults, Gottschalk played "Valentine." We wanted Pantaleoni. In point of fact, Cary and Pantaleoni are about all the people do want. He was rather good as "Rigoletto" on Monday. His ideas of comedy are confined to skipping the tra-la-la-loo around the stage, but in the more serious portions he was really impressive, and he knows how to sing, which, as the season goes, is quite a pleasing variation on the usual order of things. As another diversion we are to have *Un Ballo in Maschera* to-night with three *prime donne*. The third *prima donna* is Miss Lancaster, ha-ha-ha! I wish I had only here to give the proper expression of Mephistophelian mockery to this hollow mirth. He is such an awfully bad "Mephisto," and his laugh is so funny; so is his Italian, so is his acting. But he has a delightful voice, and he can carry it down, down, down to the thirteen hundred-foot level so easily that one doesn't really mind the rest.

"What passion can not music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound."

If Jubal played an old shell so well as all that, we must accept Conly, "Mephisto," and all. The theatres, with the exception of the California, are having rather a monotonous time of it. As for the Passion Play, first the Supervisors tabooed it, and then the Judge did the same. Truly, righteousness is beginning to sit in high places. The consequence is that the Grand Opera House is closed until the Opera Company is ready to move in, and the Easter morning curtain will be sent up among the rubbish. I am so glad of it. Quite aside from any sacrilegious, or rather religious, scruples, there was something inexpressibly vulgar—in the true acceptance of the word—in the Passion Play that jarred upon all one's finer feelings. In a fortnight or so we shall have opera at the Grand, and perhaps we shall have a bit of scenery now and then, which they refuse us at the Baldwin, and perhaps, after the unhappy subscriptionists are exasperated to the last degree, we shall have a new opera or two. Hope on, hope over. At the California Boucicault is crowding the houses. There is but one Dion, and his name is Boucicault. They say Mr. Barton Hill will return soon, after a singularly lucky trip to the East. It is to be hoped his engagements will turn out well, but there is ordinarily nothing so fatal as repeating a mistake. It is true Fanny Davenport and Lester Wallack, and perhaps some others, are coming, but he has been pursuing precisely the same policy that wrecked the fortunes of this house once. Tom Keene is coming out to play a star engagement. Harry Edwards has been invited. Perhaps inducements have been held out to Ellie Wilton and Alice Harrison. Carrie Wyatt is not heard from, and who knows but that he may have been in treaty with Murray Wood's advance agent. The California Theatre is a charming house as it stands, and the present *Shanghaun* company is undoubtedly good, while many who are not on-lookers only would be glad to shake hands with some few of the old company.

"Everything is spoilt by use.
Where's the cheek that does not fade
Too much gazed at? Where's the maid
Whose lip nature is ever new?
Where's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary? Where's the face
One would meet in every place?
Where's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft?"

Unless the voice, the eye, and the lip appertained to one's own ingle nook, nowhere! With which sage conclusion, dear Madge, I will bid you good day, and go read up *Un Ballo* until next time. Yours, devotedly, BETSY B.

Mme. C., dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her sewing girls. The other day one of them came to her to say, "Madame, I fear that I will not be able to work much longer. I think I am getting blind." "Why, how is that?" You seem to get along pretty well with your work." "Yes; but I can no longer see my meat on my plate at dinner." Mme. C. understood, and the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of meat. "What happiness," exclaimed our Miss. "My sight has come back. I can now see better than ever." "How is that, Mademoiselle?" "Why, at this moment, I can see the plate through the meat!"

Miss Ada Hungerford, a sister-in-law of Mackay of the millions, has become Countess Telfener. The marriage took place in Rome the other day with rather more prelates to help than is usual with us when heirs to the throne are throwing themselves away. The King of Italy sent an aide-de-camp to the ceremony, and after it went to the races held on the occasion in the Count's private park. For an American, and her brother-in-law's sister-in-law, Miss Hungerford has been exceedingly moderate. She might have had her pick of the dukes of the Continent; it was evidently a marriage of affection.—*London World*.

Little pigs in gold and silver are now worn by everybody in Vienna as jewelry. Pins, charms, bracelets, stick-handles—everything is for the moment porcine. The Court began, and the rest of the world naturally followed the lead. The fashion has come from Germany, and was introduced to commemorate the happy escape of the Emperor William from all the risks and dangers he has lately run, and his "Schweins' glück," or pigs' luck—meaning splendid luck—as the German phrase goes, in coming out of it all so well.

A man named Clare had raised a large family of boys. He had desired a girl, but the fates had gone against him. At last, after six boy babies had come to bless him and keep him buying bread and dealing out pennies, a girl put in an appearance. He was so delighted and surprised that he raised up his voice and exclaimed: "Well, I declare." And so they named her Ida Clare.

"ULTIMATE AMERICA."

A Lecture by the Reverend Joseph Cook.

[We take it that the following is a fair sample of the unmitigated balderdash of that colossal humbug who dazzles by grandiloquent words the cultured brainless of Boston—the Reverend Joseph Cook:]

Gladstone says, and I repeat it boldly and fearlessly, that twelve is more than eleven!!! I am in the presence of scholars [approving nod from the scholars], and it is with bated breath I make this statement. Bear it well in mind, for on this it is that I base the astounding ideas to BE ADVANCED THIS EVENING!!!!!! As I sat in my study in Water Street, in BOSTON, not a long while since, holding in my right hand a long and affectionate letter from Dickens—no, he's dead—from Caesar—not from him either, but from Thomas Carlyle, in my left hand a copy of that vile, filthy, and vulgar sheet, the New York *World*, I mused as became ME to muse. I REPEAT, AND DARE A SUCCESSFUL CONTRADICTION, I MUSED over the dead of my generation. Beside the graves of that generation let us muse. [All muse.] CAESAR'S EMPIRE WAS NOT AS LARGE AS THE UNITED STATES!!!!!! Oh, Ultimate, Ultimate America. Beside the graves of the departed and fast thinning generation I say this. YET WHO DARE CONTRADICT????!!!!!! In a recent conversation with Ruth. Hayes and Carl Schurz, Hayes said that as soon as Conkling and Blaine were arrested, imprisoned, or banished, all would be well. The other day, while enjoying a social game of seven-up with that pure and gentle poet, Jim Lowell, I said, "Jim, let's take a drink." Tears bedimmed his gentle and pure orbs, as in faltering accents he replied: "I'm your huckleberry." DOES THIS NOT PROVE THAT AS WE HAVE GREAT RIVER SYSTEMS, WE MUST, AND I SAY IT BOLDLY, HAVE PLENTY OF WATER!!!!!! Ah! Ultimate, Ultimate America. By the grave of the departed let us muse. Carlyle, Macaulay, Mills, Gladstone, Huxley, Tyn-dall, Tom Paine, Webster (all friends of mine), from the dim and shadowy dimness of the misty dim distance, beckon us on in this noble road. I FOR ONE, THOUGH ALONE AND FRIENDLESS, SHALL FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS! I AM A LONE ORPHAN, AND MY STRONG RIGHT ARM IS GONE (caused by the f. t. g.—fast thinning generation). YET, I SAY RIGHT HERE, I AM PROUD OF AMERICA, AND HAD RATHER BE AN AMERICAN, CONTEMPTIBLE AS WE ARE, THAN TO BE AN AFRICAN!!!!!! [Thunder upon thunder of applause for the man's boldness.] By the graves of the f. t. g. let us muse. Ah! Ultimate, Ultimate, Ultimate America. I shudder to think of you in the year 1236. Yet I give no date. I could if I would, but time forbids, say in ten or twelve thousand years, with the population 927 to the square inch. I shudder [all the scholars shudder] to think of the crowding there will be. I SAY IT BOLDLY, THERE WOULD THEN BE A CROWD!!!!!! [All the scholars admit it.] Some of my hearers may live till then, and will then ponder over my present speaking. Civil Service REFORM must come, yet until this weary heart, sad with long musing over the departed generation, finds a home in some fat—fat—No—I am NOT a candidate for any office—all is BAD, AND REFORM IS A SHAM!!!!!! YET I HAD RATHER BE AN AMERICAN WITH A GOOD THING UNDER HAYES, THAN TO BE AN AFRICAN!!!!!! By the graves of the departed and fast thinning generation let us muse. America is dear to me. Oh!!! how dear. As dear "as the ruddy blood which swashes in and out of this sad, sad heart of mine." Again seated in study, within a stone's-throw of Jim Lowell, I dreamt a dream. I SAY BOLDLY, I WAS NOT ASLEEP! 'TIS ONLY A POLITICAL AND METAPHORICAL WAY I HAVE OF CALLING ATTENTION TO ENDING OF THIS RAMBLING DISCOURSE. So here goes for something exquisitely fine, the result of æsthetic culture and long musing over the f. t. g. I saw three Bumpers come shuffling into a warm and gigantic bar-room: their throats were parched with long and enforced temperance. For the NECTAR of the gods they longed. Without it life became but as a mockery. Alas! can such things be in America? The black angel trusted their promises not. "No soap, no drink!" was his jeering reply. They passed sadly, madly out, and from the streets and doors came the fiendish laugh of ten thousand times ten thousand gamins and ill-natured men. This teaches the distribution of property. They would have been EFFICIENT, but had not SUFFICIENT wealth!!!!!! I am about to leave you soon, soon, soon—soon Joseph Cook will be heard no more. This sad heart will at last, thank God, find a resting-place, this weary brain be rested!!! Ah! Ultimate, Ultimate, Ultimate America!!!!!!—Puck.

A London paper in noticing the death of Mrs. Morrel, in her youth a member of Lord Byron's household, says her account of the separation between Lord and Lady Byron was very simple. After the birth of their only child, Ada, the looseness of Lord Byron's life led to occasional scenes, which culminated as follows: "One morning at breakfast when Lord Byron was in one of his tantrums, Lady Byron brought matters to a crisis by asking, pointedly: 'Byron am I in your way?' Byron, who was leaning against the mantel-piece, answered, savagely: 'Yes; damnably!' Lady Byron immediately rose and left the room. She communicated with her family, and they sent a carriage and pair, and brought her away. She never saw her husband, and 'damnably' was the last word from Lord Byron's lips which fell upon her ear."

A Louisville young woman writes to a modest and stupid youth: "Yes, when you asked me if I would marry you—oh! I ought not to have done it, I suppose—but then it was such an opportunity, and so I smiled the cue to you and answered, 'Never!' And you stupid, you froze and bowed like a telegraph pole and left. Oh, dear me! and I certainly thought that at this day there was nobody under the sun so unparadoxically obtuse, so far behind the age and the rage, that he would not have instantly met me with, 'What, never and given me the chance to reply, 'Well, hardly ever.'"

The ceremony of baptism by immersion was celebrated in western Texas the other day, and when the fourteen candidates walked down to the water fifteen revolvers were deposited on the bank of the stream, that of the preacher making the fifteenth.

AN ADDRESS.

To the Workmen and Farmers of California.

In addressing the following to you, you will understand that those only who really do work, who earn their daily bread by manual labor, are included. Those hangers-on, idle, dissipated, and perverted, who have placed themselves under the banner of the honest workingman, and who greatly detract from that party, are too abject to be noticed. Before proceeding permit me to call your attention to the following axiom: *Every man in California is a workingman.*

The capitalist, banker, merchant, jobber, or grocer is a workingman as well as the artisan. If they do not actually handle the pick, shovel, sledge-hammer, or any other implement representative of manual labor, you can not deny that they certainly do heavy brain labor. You know very well that this is not a community composed of retired gentlemen, living in elegant leisure, on princely incomes derived from vast estates. You can hardly find in the whole State a retired capitalist, or banker, or merchant. All are actually engaged in their respective branches of business, striving to one end, the general prosperity of this great country. The very great and surprising energy that is so noticeable and preponderant in the Californian cause them to eschew anything verging on a life of idleness or leisure, and they all die in the harness. Look around you, look into the past, and you will find that those who have been called away were at the time engaged in active business. You will, therefore, comprehend that we are all workingmen, each one in his respective sphere, struggling along, hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder, for the common good, to promote and increase individual and collective prosperity.

You will also readily understand that some of us have to do the manual labor, and some the thinking, in order that every enterprise that is undertaken shall result as satisfactorily as possible to all concerned. We can not all be capitalists, nor can we all be laboring men, for the reason that the Almighty, in His wisdom, has constituted us differently—yes, different in character, disposition, energy, intellect, etc.—and those who have been the most favored must rise above the ordinary level, and by their superiority must necessarily command their inferiors, in every vocation in life.

You will, no doubt, agree with me on this very plain and natural conclusion; and doing so, you will see that whenever there is anything to interfere with the relations between the laborer and the thinking man, whenever the harmony, that it is absolutely necessary should exist at all times between them, is interrupted or destroyed, then affairs assume a very unsatisfactory and unhealthy state, the general prosperity of the community suffers, and the laborer feels always more quickly and more keenly the result of such unfortunate misunderstanding. Bear in mind, also, that labor and capital must go together, bravely and confidently. General content and prosperity are born of their union; discontent, suffering, and misery result from any separation. It is a fortunate thing, however, that all differences between labor and capital, in this and other parts of the world, have always been short-lived, for the simple reason that one can not live without the other. Such estrangements have, as a rule, been settled amicably, both pausing to consider the results, which have invariably proved to be much more detrimental to labor than to capital. This is the world's history, and history repeats itself.

A man has happened to be with us, who has assumed to be the leader and champion of the workingmen of California. This man is a foreigner by birth, and in the way of education, understanding, and common sense, is far below your level. He has seen fit, with the encouragement that most of you have thoughtlessly given to him, to attempt to usurp power, to slander, to vilify, and violently threaten many of our most respectable and influential citizens who have resided here from the earliest times, who came to this coast poor, young workingmen, like many of you, who have struggled with the vicissitudes of early California life, with energy and integrity, and who have contributed immensely to our unprecedented and enviable prosperity. Is this proper, is it noble, is it worthy of you, and do you wish it to continue? No, you can not. You have listened to this man, and he has grown bold and presumptuous to almost an unlimited extent. You have tacitly upheld his wicked and false views as expressed on the sand-lot. You have, to a certain extent, allowed yourselves to be imbued with his corrupting spirit of discontent and rebellion. You have gradually become uneasy, imagining great wrongs that really do not exist, and have become dissatisfied with your condition through the subtle, false, delusive theories advanced by this man; you have, some of you, good creatures of impulse and not of thought, allowed yourselves to drink of the rank poison that it has been the will of this individual to hand to you.

It is not too late for you to pause in a body, and fully weigh the consequences that are sure to overtake you if you will persist in following the teachings of this man, who is proving himself to be the most dangerous enemy that you have ever had. Is it not surprising that you, hard-working, sober, and intelligent men, with interests at stake in the way of comfortable homesteads and deposits in our savings banks, should allow yourselves to be led astray, to have your understandings warped by the rapid and pernicious promises of such a very inferior person? Why is it? Is it because you have not the time to give the matter the serious attention it is entitled to, to arrive at the merits or demerits of the new Constitution. If such is the case with many of you, go to your legal advisers, go to your priests, your ministers, go to those of your acquaintance and friends in whom you have confidence, who, by their known integrity and honesty of purpose, you know will not mislead you; ask them for a frank expression of their opinion on this very important subject, and be guided thereby. Do not apply to those who are making use of you to support their private, selfish, and rather crooked purposes, who are known to have the most exalted political aspirations, and whose motto is "rule or ruin." You can not draw pure water from such an impure source, and it is useless—yes, and I will say, criminal—on your part, to attempt it. There are thousands in our community who have the interests of the State at heart, who are known to be unprejudiced, just, and free from all political duplicity, and ambition, who could not be made to accept, at the hands of the people, the highest political office within their gift. Go

to them, and do not hesitate to follow their sound and disinterested advice, because those men, who have been with us from the earliest times, have reputations for veracity and honesty that have never been doubted, and much less assailed. These men only you will find to be the true friends of the laboring man, and they certainly will not deceive you, rest assured. All these men, who have everything at stake, who are the true representatives of the financial credit and mercantile honor of this coast, are not all "bloated bondholders," and "aristocrats," "arrant blackguards," and "damned rascals," as your would-be leader pleases to style them. Is it possible that we have all been living in a community of thieves ever since California became a State, a community of everything that is disreputable, despicable, and vile? Is it not strange that this very alarming state of affairs was not found out until the advent of your would-be leader, and that it was the fertility of his prolific brain that dotted your i's, and crossed your t's? Is it not very surprising that he opened your eyes to the glaring fact that you are sorely oppressed? Can you be so very blind as to continue to be the main stay of a man who will be guilty of uttering such nonsense to you, men of superior intelligence? No; if you will but pause to give the matter a few moments of serious thought your common sense will revolt, and you will not belittle yourselves and stultify your manhood any longer. Be the same steadfast, honorable, hard-working, and law-abiding citizens, true to yourselves and to your neighbors, as you have been from the commencement, and once and for ever throw aside, and treat with contempt, the teachings of this individual who would misguide you for his private purposes. Do this, and hard times will disappear, and work will be plentiful at increased wages; quiet and unprecedented prosperity will reign supreme. I say this because we are on the eve of the most abundant harvest that we have ever had, and the indications are that very extensive developments will soon be made on the Comstock, besides which gold mining in this State will receive increased attention, provided such serious attacks against this very important branch of industry are stopped as are embodied in this new Constitution.

In a great country like ours, where nature in every respect has been so lavish, and where the chances for fortune are so great, what prevents many of you who have been made discontented to become capitalists? Nothing in the world but your own actions; and here I will predict that many of you, even in spite of your injudicious actions, will in the course of time be well to do—yes, rich men. You will, perforce, be carried along by the tide of general prosperity. In the meantime do not diminish the chances by your thoughtless agitations. As you are sensible men, you can not fail to see that whatever is gained by violence has no foundation, and can only be used by the usurper at the peril of being stung and cursed by it. You will also understand that usurpation means "anarchy," and when this commences where will it end? Can any one of you tell who so hastily join in with your would-be leader in his frantic and criminal cries of hemp, hemp? No. You know full well that law and order must and will prevail.

In Naples once a humble fisherman, Masaniello by name, wishing to assume the reins of what he supposed was a very corrupt and oppressive government with the view to "reform," accomplished his end through violence and with the assistance of those in whom he had incultured the germ of discontent and rebellion. With the crown, intoxicated by success, position, and power, he inaugurated a system of dire oppression and injustice toward those who elevated him, and the consequence was that they, misguided and in turn oppressed more than they had ever been before, turned on the usurper and made him their victim. I have already stated that history repeats itself. What is to-day going on here coincides to a great extent with what occurred in Naples many, many years ago. Some one will be made to suffer and atone for the very great deception that has lately been practiced, and for the very great injury that has been inflicted, on the people by such rank duplicity.

Workingmen and farmers of California, the old Constitution, under which this noble State has grown into power and enviable prosperity, has been thoroughly tested and is now well understood. It is, in the main, sound and good; and, having so prospered under it, we can continue to do so. Therefore why discard it for a new one, untried, dangerous in the extreme—arraying, as it does, labor against capital—adopted and put before the people, to say the least, without sufficient thought by the framers thereof; or, if properly understood by them, then it was placed before you with the intent to undo in one day what it has taken years of hard work to accomplish—to bring turmoil and want of confidence throughout the country, with the view, no doubt, of selfishly fishing in troubled waters; otherwise, for the benefit of the unprincipled few at the expense of you laboring men. This is the true state of affairs, and it is high time for you to put an end to it.

It is not my intention to enter into the very great and very numerous demerits of the new Constitution. They have been written upon and explained by much abler pens than mine; but I will again repeat, that any instrument having, from its very beginning to the end, the element of antagonism so strongly marked between labor and capital, is so pernicious, so very dangerous to the common good, that all those who truly have anything at stake, and who desire to live in quiet and contentment and see the country continue to prosper, should now, and without further delay, take a bold stand against it, and contribute to defeat it.

It has ever been the strenuous endeavor of every capitalist, banker, and merchant in this State, to attract all the foreign capital possible, and it is now attempted, by those who favor the new Constitution, to destroy what it has taken so many years to accomplish. Is all this to be blotted out for ever? Do you wish all the foreign, as well as the greater part of our local, capital to be withdrawn from this State to be directed to other channels of safer investment? If you do, what will become of real estate, and what will become of the savings banks—custodians of the hard earnings of the laboring man, and certainly not of the capital of the rich? What will become of the true workingman? Ruin.

Again, and for the last time, I appeal to you in the name of yourselves, your wives, your children, and in the name of our common prosperity, think, think well, be advised, and act accordingly.

T. P.
SAN FRANCISCO, April 20, 1879.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Wen Mister Gipple was in Affica he was a scientifficle man, and he had a magnify glas, and there was a natif nigger wich was the king, and he let him look, Mister Gipple did, and the natif nigger was a stonish. Then he ast Mister Gipple mite he keep it for to be hisn, but Mister Gipple he sed he wude giv him a uther one. So he tole his boy for to take the king to his tent and giv him one, and the boy done it.

Bime by the natif nigger wich was the king he come to Mister Gipple and he sed: "I hav cum for to be baptize."

Mister Gipple he sed: "My Guvment dident gif me any sech instructions, wher is all them preachers wich was sent here?"

The king he rubbed the stummack of his belly and sed: "I thot thay was lyin and I et em, but I beg their parden. Thay tole me lots about a fritefele lookn feller wich is the Devle, did you ever see him?"

Mister Gipple he sed: "No, he is unvisible."

Then the natif nigger he spok up and sed: "There's jest were you is mistook, he is evry where, and if you had took the trubble for to look thru the magnify glas wich you giv me you wude hav saw him."

But wen Mister Gipple he took it he seen that the boy had giv the king a lookn glas.

Mister Gipple he says one day a nigger cheef cum to the camp and found their provisions, and he hung blony sossidge a round his neck, the cheef did, and tide a cod fish onto his belly, and plastered his face with jam, and pored out a can of tomatosses in to his hair, and made a cow tail for hisself out of a string of dride apples. And then he wocked up prety near to were Mister Gipple was, and the cook, and set down were he cude be see, like he thot hissef mity fine. After a wile Mister Gipple he pinto to the cheef, and he sed to the cook: "Do you notice that fellers joolry?"

Then the cook he was hopn mad, and he went to the cheef and pulld em all of, and kicked the end of the cheefs back, and sed: "Thats the way you try to git to be a ingredient in one of my stews, is it, you sneek? Sech ambishin I never did saw!"

A uther time Mister Gipple and his party they had a big tock with the King and all the hi cheefs, and made a treety. Wen it was made thay of done sum thing for to sho it was their sentmts, like sining a paper. One cheef he stuck up his speer in the ground and left it stickin, and a other he cut of a lock of his hair and lade it down, and a uther he wacked his hatchit into a tre for to make his mark. And wen thay had all got done the king he wocked up to wher he seen a big wuden bole ful of weat flour, and he rose his britch clowt and set down in it a little wile, reel solem, much as to say, "Witness my hand and seel."

One day I wrote "Johnny" that way in the snow, and Mary thats the house maid she wrote hern, and Uncle Ned he says thats the way Genl John McComb sined hsn on the page of histry in a mity bold hand.

One time ole Gaffer Peters he was here, and he had got a news paper spred onto the table like he was mity intrested, but he was to the top side of the paper. My father he cum in and sed: "Wel, Gaffer, wots the news?"

Gaffer he put on his speticles and looked real close, and then he sed: "The niggers is all movin up to Kansas, and Mister Gorem hes a comin out west," wich was jest wot he had herd Uncle Ned say.

Then my father he took hold of the paper and turned it a round the other way, rite side up, and Gaffer he sed: "Thanky, my eys is gittin mity pore, I see now the niggers is a moonn back into Mississipp, and Mister Gorem is a goin east to Erole, lifely."

Then ole Gaffer he shook his hed mity wise and looked like owls, but Missis Doppys is red like fier, and our baker he wears a paper cap on hsn.

You jest ot to see Sammy Doppy at school with his new slate, cos its like a circus for to see him rwite, and one of the big boys he sed: "Sammy," and Sammy he said: "Wot?"

So the big boy he sed: "Here, you jest take that to yure mother, cos she is a poet, and thats poetry too, jest like Missis Windle wich rites for the *Call*."

So Sammy he take it home and giv it to Missis Doppy, and it was this way, you never see nicer poetry:

"Little Sammy Doppy,
Artin out his copy,
Put his pensle in his eye
And his mouth was all awry.
And wen he rote he slung about
A haf a yard of tung about
With his wig, wag, wosher—
With his long Tom Slosker—
With his flip, flopper,
Slack, slacker,
Lollipopper,
Slappjacker,
Lappy licker slung about!"

Missis Doppy she was furious like she wude bust, and brot it rite over to our house for to know wot she shude do. Uncle Ned he sed he thot the first thing to be did was for me an Billy to git it all by hart, so we cude be a wtnes in cort, and I tel you it didnt take us but jest a little tiny wile for to quolify. Wen we had lert it Uncle Ned he burnt up the paper it was rote on and then he sed: "Now, Missis Doppy, me and you controle all the evidence in this case, and all we got to do is to see that the libel dont go no further."

Wen Missis Doppy was gon Uncle Ned he sed: "Wel, boys, she has got a red hed and a mity meen boy, but she is yuman, and if I was you I wudent sing it to nobody only but jest Jack Brily, the wicked sailer."

So we dident, but that mean feller he jest up and started a Sundy school for teechin it.

The new daily paper called *The Morning Herald* is under the direction of Mr. George C. Gorham, who is, on his way to this State to assume its management and control. It will be in the interest of that wing of the Republican party of which Mr. Gorham is so prominent a leader.

"What a beautiful baptismal font," said a lady from the country, while inspecting furniture in one of our palatial stores. "That is a flower-stand, madam," responded the polite clerk, as he smilingly brushed the hay seed from the shawl.

HIS MISTAKE.

Come in and sit down, my boy. Glad to see you. Feeling pretty well cut up, are you? Well, I guess so; 'tain't the pleasantest thing in the world to have the girl you love go back on you, and marry another chap. But there's rougher things than that, I can tell you.

No, no! Drop that bottle! Some men can use liquor, and some can't. As for me, I can drink it, and I can let it alone; but there's no knowing the stuff that's in you—you're not half ripe yet. And I'm not the man to put temptation in the way of any one, least of all a boy feeling sore over his first disappointment—you'll get used to having 'em by 'n by.

So I'm an old bachelor, am I, that never had a wife, nor wanted one, and don't know how you feel? You're out there, boy. I have had a wife. I didn't marry her—another fellow did that; but she was my wife just as much as if the parson had tied the knot. How was it? Well, I don't mind telling you; 'praps it'll do you good, and it can't harm her.

When I was a young chap of about twenty-six or seven (I never kept much track of my birth-days), I used to be brakeman on the local train over the road here. I was a tall, well-made, strong fellow; some good-looking, I judge, from the sly glances I used to catch through the end windows of the car. I had too hard a head to make a beast of myself with liquor, and too many strings to my bow to go to the devil for a woman; but I was a wild chap, with no home or home ties, and not looked upon as just the person a careful mamma would choose for her daughter to travel round with.

We get pretty well used to the faces of the passengers on the local trains, and among the most regular ones were the scholars of a young ladies' seminary, up at the end of the road. I got to knowing 'em all by sight, so I could pick out the new ones at the beginning of the term. Good enough girls they were, I guess; rather given to giggling; and every now and then one of 'em would get soft on my moustache, and moon through the window at me—but no more harm in 'em than in so much sugar and water. Bless you, I got so used to their little ways that I didn't mind 'em no more than I did the birds' twittering.

One morning in July we had an unusually full train, and I had just stepped up on the lower step and was turning round to speak a word to Bill Lake about a game of draw he wanted me to come up and finish that night, when I felt a light touch on my arm, with the words, "May I trouble you to let me pass, sir?" and I faced round, to find myself looking right into the eyes of a girl that was standing on the platform, waiting to get off.

What did she look like? How do I know? A man can't pick the woman he loves to pieces, and tell her good points as if she was a trotting horse. She had a glint of reddish-gold in her hair—I know that; and the pink on her cheek was never two minutes alike. Her eyes—well, I can't tell the color; I've seen pansies just like them, but never such eyes.

As I moved out of the way, she swept past me with a slight bend of the head and that little air of dignity a lady puts on when she feels that she's being eyed by two or three men who ain't exactly gentlemen. I looked after her long enough to see her join the rest of the girls, and then swung myself on the train.

You never knew I'd been to college, did you? Well, I was laid out to be a lawyer, but the professors and I had a little falling out the year before I should have graduated, and they told my step-father (my mother died when I was a little shaver) that it would be healthier for me to retire into private life. So the old man said it was a waste of time to try to make me a gentleman, and he washed his hands of me. I expect he was about right. Anyhow, I didn't stop to argue the point, but just took myself out of his way with a surveying party that was going out on the line of the new railroad.

I stayed with that crowd—and a mighty rough set they were—quite a while, learning surveying and considerable else that isn't in the prayer book, till the line was finished, when I took this place as brakeman. I prided myself on being as rough as any of 'em, and, by this time, had got all the "gentleman" that I brought from home thoroughly rubbed out.

But it's a strange thing, my boy, that, while I knew that the rest of the girls who were so willing to smile and bow, and exchange flowers and glances with me in the cars, would cut me dead the next minute if I met them with their parents or gentlemen of their set, and it didn't rile me a bit, that stately movement of her body when she passed, which told me *she* didn't think me a gentleman, cut me to the quick. We were near to the next station before the flush that it brought was gone from my cheek.

I went to my room that evening, meaning to go down to Bill's and play poker till near morning; but somehow, when I thought of the boys and their talk, and the smell of pipes and whisky and all that kind of thing, it disgusted me.

I wonder why, just then, I should think of my dead mother—I hadn't before since I entered college—and how I had gone to her crying once with something of mine that had got mixed up and useless, my kite-string I think, and how she lifted me up on her lap and petted me into smiles again, while she straightened out the string till it was as good as new. With the thought came such a sense of the loss and tangle in my life (I think the feeling had been there some ever since *she* passed me), that if I'd been a woman I'd have cried. But instead, I just took up my pipe and bag of killikinnick, tramped down to the end of the wharf, and had a square talk with myself in the moonlight.

Go back to my folks?

I had now but my step-mother, and I couldn't come the prodigal son worth a cent, for I wa'n't fool enough to think that a fellow could root round with the hogs as long as I'd done, and then go home and fit into the best robe comfortably, even if the old man had been inclined to trot out the fatted calf and fixin's—which I doubt; so I looked the thing square in the face, sunk "the gentleman" in the Bay, and went home and took a rousing hot whisky to make me sleep.

She came reg'lar after this with the others in the mornings. I knew when she got on the train, for I watched her, and when I saw her I always had that wish to show her that I was born her equal. I'd have given worlds to speak to her, but she never gave me a show. I might have been the iron brake for all the notice she took of me. But one morning she dropped her veil as she was getting on the train, and if any one had left me a fortune it wouldn't have made me happier. As I handed it to her I said: "Excuse me,

Madam, I think this belongs to you." I saw a shade of surprise in her eyes as she thanked me, and knew by that, and a look of curiosity she gave, that she had found out by my words what I meant she should. After this she'd show a little consciousness of me when she passed, and once in a while, when she thought I wasn't looking, I'd catch a rare glance, as if I puzzled her some.

I never shall forget one day. She was two trains later than usual. I'd missed her from the rest that morning, and my heart sunk down heavy as lead for fear she was sick. There was a lot of roughs on a picnic, and the cars were well crowded with the worst sort of whisky and human nature mixed. I knew fights would be plenty, and I was glad of it, for those days I was ugly with myself and every one else—but one—and thrashing a fellow lets off steam better than anything else. I was watching the folks push into the car, when of a sudden I caught sight of a girl's figure jostled in among them, and standing in a kind of uncertain way in the aisle looking for an empty seat. I was by her side in a minute. "This way, if you please," and she was settled in the single seat in the end of the car, with her shawl and books to keep the other place. She had hardly got quietly settled when a great brute came along, lifted her books, and with a low expression sat down by her side. He was up again, though, and off to the other end of the car before he knew who helped him there, and—

No, I wasn't afraid of his crowd. They weren't so flush of pistols then as they are nowadays, and I hadn't run with the set I did at college, and lived with the boys on the plains, so long for nothing. I was handy with my fists, and no light weight either, and they knew it.

Well, after I had pitched that fellow out of the way, "Come, Miss Nellie," said I, "I'll find you a seat in another car." (I knew her name from hearing the girls call her, you see.) But the next car was just as bad, and she drew back with an appealing look. "Mayn't I stay on the platform with you?" she said. "It's only three stations, and I'm afraid of those men."

Might she! The thought that she'd be alone with me for even so few minutes, that I could look in her sweet face and speak to her if I wanted, was heaven to me, and I cursed the way the train seemed to fly over the ground. Not that I said much of anything to her. She was quivering all over like a hunted bird, and I only told her there was no danger of any of those brutes coming out on the platform, for it was against the company's rules; and once showed her how the different shades of brown mixed in a mountain we saw in the distance. But I did look at her from under my broad straw hat (we didn't wear uniform then). I fed my hungry eyes on her face till I knew every line of it, even the little marks where the sun had kissed her. Whether she was handsome to others I don't know, but hers was the loveliest face in the world to me. When she got off she thanked me with a smile, and after she had gone the day seemed gloomy, and I felt ugly as the devil.

She got after this to giving me a graceful little bow when she'd meet me, and I took care that should be as often as I could manage without any one noticing it. I wouldn't have had the boys on the train get to joking about her for anything.

So the weeks went on till a year had gone, and it was Commencement at the Seminary. They came down on our train that day, for they weren't out as early as usual; and it was a pretty sight to see the graduates in their white dresses, with arms full of flowers, each with a little crowd of friends around her. All glowing and eager they were; glad to leave the happiest part of their life, so as to eat of the tree of knowledge, and find the stings under the flowers.

Among the party round *her* was an elderly lady, dressed in widow's weeds, and several gentlemen; one, in particular, I'd seen come up on the train two or three times with her. He was clean shaved, with very black eyes, and very white teeth. I hated him, he had such an air of over-shadowing and owning her when he carried her basket and books. But, as to that, I hated every one then that I thought had a show to win the woman I loved and couldn't try to get.

Of course, the other girls hadn't noticed me as they went by. But when I saw her coming along with his head bending so close to hers, pretending to admire the flowers she was holding, though he had handsomer ones in his own hand, and his black eyes gloating over the face I had felt belonged to me ever since the day of that picnic, I grew desperate for fear she would pass me without a word. So, stepping right up in front of her, I said, lifting my hat and holding out a bunch of pansies, "Is it too late, Miss Nellie, to offer my congratulations upon your successful graduation?" The girls around turned and stared at us, and her mother straightened up an inch taller and looked black as thunder. But, though her sweet wild-rose color grew deeper and deeper, till it had spread all over her face, and even down to the kind of cloudy ruffle around her neck, she took the flowers, and said "Thank you" in her own quiet, lady-like way. I hadn't meant to say a word more (twas mighty cheeky in me to speak to her at all), but as I looked into her lovely eyes for the last time, as I thought, I stammered out, "I shall miss you on the train," and she held out her hand to me with a sudden motion, said "Good-bye," and passed on.

I heard one of the men with her say: "Miss Nellie wins hearts among all classes;" and *he*, with his cursed face all teeth and eyes, said: "Nellie, like Orpheus, attracts even the—"
"O hush!" said she, in a pained voice; "pray hush! He is a gentleman. Don't—" and they passed out of my hearing, up to the car.

I got sick of the cars after that. You see, I'd been so used to watching for her in the mornings, and living all day on the look of her I had then, that I couldn't content myself without it. So I went off to Southern California to survey on a new railroad there, and after I got through with that job I had an offer to go to South America, where I found I remembered enough of my college work to get into two or three pretty good things. So when I drifted back here again I brought enough money with me to take care of me if I should be laid up, and bury me when I die. And I bought a share in the business I'm in now, because the hours are short, and it don't do much harm to have me leave everything to my partner when the wandering fit takes me, as it does every month or two.

I had promised Charley Woods, an old railroad chum of mine, who was mashed to death between some cars he was coupling, that I would live with his mother. And when I

got to Aunt Woods' cottage and saw my room, a pleasant one with a side window, I felt more at home than I thought was in me.

After dinner that evening I was sitting at the open window, smoking my pipe and enjoying a bed of pansies, which lay under my window, in the side garden of the next house, when I saw, looking out of the window opposite mine, the same two faces I'd seen going down the car together that day in June.

She knew me, and turned with a pleasant smile to point me out to her husband—for that I saw he was. He looked up at the window, and, with that devilish grin of his, said something that drove the color from her cheek, and brought the look of wonder and grief into her eyes that you see in babies' when they first find any one cruel enough to strike them; then they passed out of sight.

Strange chance? 'Twa'n't chance that brought me way from South America, to land me next door to the woman who had pulled at my heart-strings ever since the first time I saw her! What was it? It's hard telling. That election the preachers talk so much about, perhaps. Anyway, there I was, with a harder pull than ever, and on an up grade.

No, boy, not her marriage—that wasn't my trouble. I never tried to get her for myself, and I wasn't such a selfish animal as to want her to go all her life without the care and protection all women crave, and most of all, such a gentle, loving nature as hers, because I couldn't be the one to give them to her. No! No! If he had been kind to her and made her happy, I'd have given him my life, if he needed it. But I knew, when first I met his eye, that he was a devil, and I saw enough, in that moment at the window, to tell me that, short a time as they had been married, he had commenced to show her his nature, and that it wouldn't take him very long to kill her—my tender blossom!

Well, I kept out of their way as much as I could, for I couldn't bear to see them together. Sometimes when I sat in my room, I could see her at her sewing in the bay window, now and then, stopping to look at the tiny clothes she was making, with a half sad, half tender smile that made her face look so holy, that she'd have been a good enough saint for me to worship, if I'd been in the religious line. I met her once in a while, of course, I couldn't very well help it, and we always bowed, and sometimes exchanged a word about the weather; and, once she asked me if I was on the cars yet. But I never dared trust myself to speak much to her, and I knew, what she was too pure-minded to see, that the brute that owned her would be glad to get the excuse our stopping to talk together would give him for making some of those cowardly speeches that outraged her delicacy and broke her heart.

I have heard things, as the summer days came on and windows were left open, that sent me up and down my room, raging like a madman at my own powerlessness; and, as the time came along when she was more and more delicate, and her very looks would have made any one with a spark of manhood in him gentle to her, I've seen him push her off with an oath when she'd come and lean her head on his shoulder. He really hated her because she wasn't well.

That I couldn't stand, and when it would happen I'd go off somewhere; on a ranch, maybe, and break horses; or run with a chap I knew that was engineer on an express train; or anything else that gave me a good chance to break my neck.

Once, when I was coming home after one of these trips, I met them at the station. He was just going off hunting (how I wished he'd blow his cursed brains out), and she had come to the cars with him. Turning into a short cut through the fields as I went home, I found that she had taken the same way; so there was nothing to do but to walk along with her.

It was just the cool of a September day, and the air had that golden haze which comes with sunset on the fall months. The path lay part of the way through fields of mustard that grew taller than she was, and it was hard to tell where the still, sweet, glow of the yellow flowers ended, and that of the setting sun began. Except for the bees, drowsily humming, and the big "Japan" butterflies that lifted themselves lazily as we stirred the flowers in passing, we were alone. The air was full of the smell of the blossoms, and it seemed as if we two were in a world of our own that was throbbing with love. It was tough work I tell you to keep my eyes and voice just what they ought to be.

She talked mostly of her "happy girlhood" (not three years ago, poor child), and said she was glad to have me for a neighbor, for she had not forgotten how bravely I took care of her that day on the cars, and she didn't feel at all afraid of her husband gone, knowing I was so near. I answered as well as I could, till it got too hard for me, and we walked on in silence as the glow was dying slowly out of the sky, never looking at each other—close together, for the path under the trees was narrow. But, somehow, when we got to the gate at the end of the fields, both starting to lift the latch, our hands came together, and as she looked up with a shadow of her old arch smile, our glances met, and all the woman in her eyes leaped out to meet the man in mine, and I knew, then, that she loved me, that she was mine—my wife—and that I had let that wretch take her, when if I had called her, she would have come with me.

What I said, I don't remember; nothing I think that her tender heart could grieve over. But I gathered her little hands to my breast, and crushed them with kisses, read once more the bitter-sweet news her eyes told me, and left her.

I didn't go home that night. I couldn't risk it, for I read in her eyes more than she knew they told me. She felt that she belonged to me, and I had a big devil to put under my feet before I could go back.

What! Open your lips to say another such word as that, and I'll shake the heart out of ye!

There! there! Don't say any more about it. You don't know any better yet, I suppose; but when you really love a woman, you'll know that a man will suffer death itself before he will let, or tempt, his wife to lose one shade of her purity in the world's eyes or his own.

How's that? She wasn't really my wife? I say she *was*. Let me tell you, young fellow, that if a man and woman ain't married before they go to church, no words of the minister's can marry them. And she was my wife by a higher law than that of any court.

That night they sent over for Aunt Woods in a great hurry, and I knew that, for hours, it was an even thing whether my darling would live or die. I hoped for her death;

but toward morning Aunt came up to my room to see if her boy was all right, and told me that "the poor young thing across the way" was about out of danger, the doctor said, and it was a little girl.

"But I doubt she'll raise her," said she.

"Why not, Aunt?"

"She's too handsome. Them handsome chil'ren never live. An' they don't know where that husband of hers is, nuther. And a good job it is, the nuss says, if she needs to be kep' quiet. She has putty hard lines, I guess, poor young creetur."

Aunt's old-time wisdom told her true; the baby was buried three weeks after that, and a week before her husband came home. He wouldn't have come then if he hadn't seen her mother's death in the paper, and wanted to look after the money.

When I got back (I'd gone on a tramp the day after she was taken sick), Aunt was full of news from next door. She told me of her sweetness and patience in her sorrow, and how, when the news of her mother's death came so soon after her baby's, she just dropped like a white lily, and wasn't strong from the shock when her husband came. And here Aunt stopped; when she could say no good of any one she was silent.

About a week after, I wasn't feeling very well—hadn't slept any, in fact, all night, and had no head for business; so I went home earlier than usual. As I stepped into the hall, I heard her voice in the dining-room. It never needed words for her to tell me what was in her mind, and I had to stand still a minute till I'd braced myself up for the toughest work I ever did. As I went in she turned and commenced talking in a hurried way about coming over to see Mrs. Woods' flowers (a pot of mignonette, and a couple of beds of thyme and parsley!), and Aunt stood listening to her with a look of perplexity and pity, that changed to one of relief when I entered and she was free to attend to the bread.

When we were alone together, my darling stood for a moment, nervously crushing her handkerchief; then moved slowly toward where I was standing with both hands gripped tight on the back of the arm-chair.

"I came," she faltered; then her courage failed her, and the red blood surged all up over her pale face, bringing out, plainer, the cruel, livid streak across her cheek; and she reached her hand toward mine with a timid, fluttering motion, looking me full in the face the while. Such a look! Have I told you that her eyes darkened when she felt deeply? They were almost black now, with an awful longing in them—like a hunted, tortured creature that sees its home in sight; and there came over them such a look of rest and trust when they met mine!

No, I didn't move. I held on to that chair as if it was my only chance for life. I didn't dare; I didn't dare, my boy; for, if I'd felt the clasp of her hand, I'd have had her in my arms, and 'twouldn't have been in the power of mortal man to put her from me then.

You didn't know I was so very moral, eh? Keep a civil tongue in your head, young one. My morality 'll never get me into heaven; you know that as well as I, but I'm no coward; and I'd as soon have called a baby to me and cut its throat while it smiled up in my face, as to have taken advantage of her tender, trusting love for me to drag her down to a life her innocent heart had no idea of. When she asked me to take her from the man that the law called her husband, she didn't think what the reality of the thing would be. She'd have waked up to it some day, and it would have driven her crazy.

So I stood, shaking like a leaf, with my hands glued to the back of the chair, and as soon as I could moisten my parched lips enough to get a sound out I called: "Aunt, I wish you'd see Mrs. Barley home. It's getting dusk, and she mustn't be out late." All the light faded out of her face, and, dropping her arms with a hopeless gesture, she turned, with a gentle patience that touched me more than words could, and went out with Aunt.

That was a hard fight. Likely you'll never see any such in your life. I don't think you are the breed to have 'em.

I had sent to her death the creature I loved better than all the world. I had heard him the night before, in his mad rage at being disappointed about her mother's money, taunting her with tying him to a beggar, and keeping him from marrying a woman that was good for something, and worth a thousand white-faced fools like her. And then, when his fury was at its height, came the sound of that cruel blow. Then silence, except now and then a low moan, and "thank God! my baby didn't live."

You think I was too hard? You're wrong there. True, I knew when I sent her back that before long he'd have killed all of her he owned—her body. But dearly as we loved each other, boy, if she'd stayed with me I should have killed both body and soul. I knew she'd want her baby again, and I was more merciful than you think when I sent her home.

When Aunt came back she found me in my room crying like a child—no, like a man whose tears are drops of his heart's blood.

"Did you know her before she was married, Harry?" she asked. I nodded my head, and like a wise old soul as she was, she left me with no more questions.

Late in the morning when I came down I handed her my will to keep. In it I left her everything as if she had been my mother. She tried, with many tears, to keep me at home; it was no use. I should have gone mad if I'd stayed in sight of the next house.

Though I didn't allow it to myself then, I tried for weeks to drink myself to death as hard as ever man did, but all I got by it was a fever that laid me up for so long, that when I could be moved home to Aunt's, she had been freed from all suffering for two weeks. "Heart disease," the doctors said, and that her pretty changing color was a sure sign of trouble there. They buried her with her baby.

When she thought I was able to bear it, Aunt brought me a box with a bunch of dried pansies, a lock of hair, and one of her pictures taken when a school-girl, in it. On the back of the picture was traced, in a trembling hand, the words, "You were right." (You needn't have told me, Nellie; I knew you'd understand me, dear.)

No, I won't show you the picture. No eye sees it but mine until I die, and then it goes to my grave with me.

I guess you'd better be traveling, youngster; I'm going to shut up the shanty.

FANNIE M. PUGH.

OAKLAND, April, 1879.

OUR OWN POETS.

Mealy Nose.—A Legend of the Coast Range.

I heard—amid the rock-ribbed hills
From whence "La Putah" swiftly flows,
From purling springs, in leaping rills—
The tale of Mealy Nose.

I tell it as 'twas told to me
By one of those old border men;
A few are left who love the lee,
The corpse, the crag, and glen.

His hunter's heritage had been
A border life, for years two score;
Each craggy crest was dear to him,
Each glen a legend bore.

Well was he known, both far and near,
And hunters said—yes, every one:
"No hand so true, no eye so clear,
No gun like Walter's gun."

We were a hunting party, three,
Camped on the creek at "Sulphur Spring;"
Our camp a mighty, spreading tree,
Of forest oaks the king.

One eve the hunter strolled our way;
His length upon the grass he throws,
With, "Boys, I've seen big game to-day,
I started Mealy Nose."

"Pray, what is Mealy Nose?" I ask,
As 'round the speaker all drew near;
"Well, boys, it's not a braggin' task,
To tell you of that deer."

"You know my daughter Fanny? Well,
When she was on her mother's knee,
The strangest thing that e'er befell,
The queerest happen'd me."

"One day, while hunting on the crest
Of Pope, I had the drollest luck;
I shot three times—once from a rest—
And missed a spike-horn buck."

"He was not thirty steps from where
I quiet stood beneath a tree,
Yet for my shooting did not care,
But seemed to laugh at me."

"Twice did I miss—how could I fail?
When I dropped down and to a rest,
And shot from there! He raised his tail,
And trotted o'er the crest."

"That buck is eighteen now, and grey;
That is the reason, I suppose,
He's known through all the range to-day
Only as Mealy Nose."

"Good hunters oft have tried their skill
Without avail; to me it's clear
No bullet has been made to kill;
Or wound that mighty deer."

"He's ne'er been touched—not even creased;
We spring him up, away he runs;
He's run the gauntlet of at least
A hundred hunters' guns."

"E'en now he 'uses' in this range,
And still unharmed; to me it's queer;
It's more than that, its more than strange;
He's not like other deer."

"I ain't no scholar, but I heard
My Fanny reading, at my home,
How once a man changed to a bird
When on an island lone."

"And how a man, changed to a beast,
Was doomed to run a thousand year;
What kind? It did not say—at least,
It might have been a deer."

"Now, I don't say such things are true,
But if they are, why, just suppose;
I can't deny, nor yet can you,
It might be Mealy Nose."

"Do I believe in phantoms? Well,
I've Scripture for it, and I've seen
Strange sights myself, which, should I tell,
Would seem most like a dream."

"You'd like to try that deer, you think.
Well, if you will by me be led,
To-morrow you shall see him drink
The dew on Devil's Head."

Each stretched himself upon the ground
And sought forgetfulness in sleep.
"Old Drive," the hunter's faithful hound,
Slept ready for a leap.

With morn's first light, soft, pale, and dim,
Each hastened to his chosen place;
The hunter led, I followed him,
To open up the chase.

Four miles were passed, o'er scarp and fell,
Before we reached the mountain side;
Then up we climbed the rocky swell,
A deer trail for our guide.

We gained the crest. An open glade
Spread fair before us. Standing there
A noble huck, who, undismayed,
Drank in the morning air.

I heard the hunter's rifle ring;
The deer made one swift graceful bound,
Then cleared the bush with easy spring,
Close followed by the hound.

"What did I tell you? Now, you see,
He's gone like eagle on the wing,"
Then slower spake: "Well, follow me,
He'll make for Reagan's Spring."

Six rugged miles of crag and glen
Before we reach the Reagan Spring;
And, when 'tis gained, two weary men
Their length beside it fling.

And drink as only thirsty men
Can drink—when, hark! another gun
Booms far below us in the glen,
The head of Soda Run.

Hark! once again. We hear the hound.
See yonder bushes how they sway;
The buck breaks cover with a bound
And swiftly speeds away.

Two rifles ring out loud and clear;
Two bullets whistle on the wind;
Unharm'd speeds on the gallant deer,
With Old Drive far behind.

Away for Putah Creek we speed,
Which far below us, soft and still,
Swung in the gorge, a silver thread,
At base of Lawley's Hill.

We cross the stream, nor pause to rest,
But slowly climb the mountain, when
A heavy gun rang o'er the crest,
Turning the deer again.

Horns low on neck, foam-flecked his flank,
The weary monarch turned nigh way,
Above me, on a sloping bank,
Where fading sunbeams play.

Quick was my rifle poised, and then
One instant plummet-like it hung;
The next, o'er crag and crest and glen,
Its murderous echoes rung.

A fearful bound—high in the air;
Some wild blind leaps adown the hill;
A crashing fall; the sunbeams fair
Flee from him with a chill.

With bleeding feet and bloodshot eye
The tireless hound was drawing near
With gleaming fangs. I turned him by—
No dog should tear that deer.

Around our camp-fire late we stayed;
And when the sad moon softly rose,
She cast from crag and crest a shade
Enshrouding Mealy Nose.

CHICO, CAL., April, 1879.

WALACE ATWELL.

Dream.

The Spirit of Dream,
Born of stars and the night,
Sang low to my soul
This song of delight:

"To the one who loves
I bring sweet flowers,
Fast fleeting moments,
And languid hours.
To the one who loves
I bring kisses sweet,
And wreathing arms,
And a life complete."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

SIGNA.

Forsaken.

[Translated from the German of Traeger.]

The voice of Spring is speaking
Again as seasons roll,
In gentle tones is seeking
Admission to my soul;
But what are now the breezes
That softly round me play?
What longer now that pleases?
He's lost and far away.

But thy affection's stronger,
My dove, true to me still;
That faith is mine no longer
Which soothes the heart at will;
Could I upon thy pinions
Seek through the lofty air
Remotest of dominions,
His heart would not be there.

The village church just yonder
The shafts of death surround;
From those beneath that slumber
Forever comes no sound.
Where dust with dust is blended
Now rest they all in peace,
Where every pain is ended
There mine shall also cease.

GEORGE C. CRESSEY.

Welcome.

Buttercups, don your yellowest dresses,
To shine from the grass as your lover comes by,
Blackbird, wear your glossiest plumage,
And whistle softly when he is nigh.
For he who left you with last year's daisies,
To wander where desert sands spread wide,
Is coming to-day, his tryst keeping with you—
So blossom, my beauties, in golden pride.

Brooklet, winding and wandering seaward,
Past hillsides tangled with bracken and fern,
Have you missed his step as months sped slowly?
Do you murmur so loudly for his return?
Skies of April, beam blue and cloudless;
No more weeping this happy year;
He comes! O buttercups, blossom and brighten,
Winter is ended and Hope is here!

PESCADERO, April, 1879.

I. H. K.

Inconsistency.

'Mid golden splendor the weary day dies,
Through grief and sorrow the soul upward flies;
Day-time is saddened when life outward goes,
Night-time is saddened when life inward flows;
In the sweet May-time when fond lovers part,
Life's chill November creeps over the heart;
Flowers may be blooming and birds singing gay,
But, oh, in the heart, it can not be May!

In the sweet summer, when fairest flowers bloom,
Some deck the cradle, some cover the tomb;
Youth quickly gathers the flowers of May,
Mid-life sees only the thorns by the way;
Old age is grasping the wet, withered leaves,
While through the branches the chilly wind grieves,
Oh, that life's windows should e'er darkened be—
Summer-clouds o'er me, but storm-clouds o'er thee!

The wind drives two ships far over the wave,
To port it blows one, and one to the grave;
Over the valley the summer-clouds go,
Sunshine and shadow swift dance to and fro;
Fair Life and grim Death together take wing
Old men are dying while young children sing
So o'er the wide world, wherever we stray,
Living is dying, November is May!

PETALUMA, April, 1879.

CLARENCE

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1879.

If it be true that the Chancellor of the German Empire, alarmed for the safety of his own State, is exiling the dangerous teachers of a dangerous political doctrine to America, we have just cause of alarm. If Socialism is so much to be feared that Prince Bismarck is justified in protecting German society by the passage of stringent laws, increasing the severity of his police régime, suppressing journals, forbidding and destroying literary, social, benevolent, and trades associations for their socialistic teachings, and in exiling from the empire socialistic leaders, assuredly we here in America have a reason for concern. If Socialism is a menace to this colossal military empire, with its compact system of laws, its prompt administration of executive power, its marvelous police, and its great standing army, then assuredly the immigration of this people to America would be a possible danger to the continuance of Republican government. It is said to be an open secret among the diplomats and statesmen of Europe that Prince Bismarck is expending, from a vast secret service fund, generous amounts of money to promote an emigration from Germany to America of this class of dangerous and evil-disposed persons. Our country is no longer able to digest and assimilate the paupers and criminals of Europe. Some years ago the Grand Duke of Hesse emptied his prisons upon our shores; and more than one European State has regarded America as its Botany Bay for the receptacle of their mendicants and their criminals. It is time that the United States of America had a policy upon this subject. It is time that we rid ourselves of all that spurious sentimentality that invites the debauched and worthless of other nationalities to come to our land and become citizens and sovereigns in it. It is time to make a careful revision of our naturalization laws, and to exclude from immigration all but desirable persons, and to declare war against any power, whether England at Hongkong or Germany at Berlin, if they adopt the policy of pouring upon our shores the mendicants or criminals of their own. This should be esteemed the last worst act of international hostility, and the deliberate sending by the German Empire of one of its socialistic criminals should be a *casus belli*. There are political crimes in Europe that we Americans esteem as virtues; there are political criminals, who in the past have risen up in arms against the tyranny of despots and in resistance to the wrongful exactions of power, that we have esteemed as martyrs to principle and have welcomed as citizens to our country. The Social Democrats of Germany do not belong to this class of political exiles; they are not martyrs to the love of liberty, and they bring to our land opinions a thousand times more dangerous to a free republic than to a military power like that of the German Empire. What these principles are, and to what they lead, is a profitable inquiry just now when all the nations of Europe are vomiting out upon our land the discontented and dangerous political criminals of their own.

The Social Democrat threatens the destruction of all private property, and would, had he the power, declare all private accumulations to belong to the State. He would annul all laws of personal ownership of property. There should be no laws of inheritance for transmitting the earnings of parents to their children. He would destroy the family relation; marriage ties he would utterly despise; children should be parentless wards of the State; personal liberty there should be none; government should be modeled like an army, and become a gigantic engine of labor. To this army all should belong; into its commissariat all earnings of labor should be contributed, and from this great magazine rations should be distributed; every man's occupation, time, labor, talent, or genius should be under the control of the thing called government. In this political grave should be buried all hopes, all aims, all ambitions. None should aspire for wealth, because when earned the wealth would belong to the public and not the person who had earned it. This novel and startling doctrine has never been advanced. Says a writer in the North American

Review: "Never had it been known to cast before it the faintest shadow. Neither the republican society of Plato or Fourier, or of Babeuf; nor the hierarchical and aristocratic of St. Simon; nor the theocratic of the Essenians; nor the despotic of the Peruvians or the Jesuits; nor the polygamous of the Mormons; nor the materialistic of Robert Owen; nor the terrorism of Robespierre, had ever contemplated universal and equal distribution of property, coupled with a general and coercive recruiting of its members." This new political doctrine may be realized in any community where those who have nothing exceed in numbers those who have something. In America, where all may vote and all may bear arms, this alluring scheme is especially pernicious and peculiarly dangerous. To illustrate how alluring and dangerous it is, it is only necessary to state the facts as to its birth and rapid growth. Originating in Germany within the last thirty years, it now numbers three millions of adherents, and has polled in Germany six hundred thousand votes. This sentiment, called Nihilism in Russia, Socialism in Germany, Communism in France, and Kearneyism or *Chronicleism* in California, has attempted the assassination of six kings. It has brought immediate danger to the social condition of two great empires. It has disturbed the finances of three. It has brought a crisis to all departments of trade, manufactures, and commerce throughout the civilized world. It has created riots and social disturbances. It has tied the fire-brand of passion to the tail of ignorance and sent it flaming through society. It has arrayed labor against capital. It has depreciated property values, and set class in hateful jealous contention with class.

Prince Bismarck having, by his repressive measures in the Reichstag, disfranchised two millions of Social Democrats who have endeavored to undermine and destroy his empire, undertakes to send them here. He has succeeded, and in every great American city of the North is found the nucleus of this band of incendiaries, who are plotting to destroy and undermine our fabric of constitutional government. In every city of the North there is a circle of plotting conspirators who are deliberately endeavoring to overthrow and destroy this commonwealth, divide its property, and plunder its people, that they may be placed in the unlimited enjoyment of beer, tobacco, blood-pudding, Schweitzer-kase, music, pretzels, and kroust. To these socialistic German conspirators our broad empire, with its freedom and its plenty, its opportunity for the wealth that comes from labor, and the accumulation that comes from industrious toil, presents no inducements. They will not leave the vicinage of the lager cellar and the brewery to wrench wealth by toil from lands, and mines, and forests. Already we have six millions of Germans in America, the best and worst class of all our immigrants. Socialism is advancing faster and spreading more rapidly here than in Germany. Our liberal form of government is ill adapted to contend with it. It has no patriotism, no principle, no morals, no religion. It is an organized, disciplined conspiracy against this country and against God. It has learned, subtle, unscrupulous, and unprincipled leaders. It has a military organization bearing arms of precision, and boldly expressing its determination to use force in acquiring and maintaining its party supremacy. It has its central headquarters in Chicago, where in a recent municipal election it cast 12,000 votes for one Dr. Schmidt, an exiled German revolutionist of 1848, to be Mayor of that city. It has carried five wards, and holds the balance of power in Chicago. It is extending to Milwaukee, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and all the great cities of the Northwest. It has a strong party in New York and Philadelphia. It has held two national conventions. It will run a presidential candidate at the next election with a view to a more perfect national organization. Lasalle and Carl Marx are its apostles. Its leaders in America embrace none but German names. Leib, Grottkau, Lyser, Eude, Sorge, Schmidt, Schwab, and others, are some of the familiar names unfamiliar to our tongue. The names of their official journals—the *Arbeiter's-Timme*, the *Delnické Listy*, the *Amerikanische*, the *Volks Zeitung* convey—to us Americans an unpronounceable terror. The rank and file in Chicago of this transplanted political crime is composed of all the idle, criminal, unambitious, beer-drinking, sausage-stuffing, low Germans. Its allies are all the unthrifty, criminal, whisky-drinking, low-browed, ignorant, apostate Catholic Irish, and all the vicious, bumbling, ignorant, demoralized, and worthless native-born Americans. The German of intelligence and property is not a Socialist. The Catholic German or Irishman who is true to his religion does not join the Social Democrats, and there is no native-born American in their ranks who is not either a knave or a villain.

This organization is just now formidable by reason of divisions among those who are opposed to it. Americans, respectable and intelligent foreigners, Jews, reputable Catholics, and all classes who love their country, and who are not utterly infidel to every honorable relation of life, will oppose it. It will be infidel Germany against America—America as composed of the classes we have named. And when these classes unite—as they will in time—they will sit down upon the foreign conspiracy, and will crush it out of existence.

The Americans are a people hard to arouse; they are slow to anger; but when they do feel called upon to hunt these miserable foreign and native-born miscreants to their holes, they will avenge with fierce and bloody resolve this mad attempt to steal away a nation's liberty, in order that they may riot in unearned beer and bread. In this conflict Catholic Irishmen will be one of America's best allies; for whatever may be said of our most vexatious and over-political Irish fellow-citizens, they are at least loyal to the country of their adoption. When they forswear allegiance to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, they do it with no mental reserve. They are fully American at the baptism of their first declaration of intention to become citizens; there is no lingering memory of regret at severance of political ties from the land of their birth. Their hatred of England assumes the shape of patriotism to America; and whatever faults they have, it is not among them that they transplant their political conspiracies to the soil of their adoption. Sometimes we fear, and sometimes for party purposes we affect to fear, that in the religious faith of the Irish Catholic he admits a spiritual allegiance to Rome that does, or may, disturb his allegiance to our government. Sometimes we fear, or for party purposes we affect to fear, that the free common schools and the free press are not able to cope with the Church in teaching our adopted youth in their catechism of liberty. Sometimes we think, or when warmed by the passions of a heated party conflict we affect to think, that Catholics are dangerous to our free institutions. And yet it is within the possibilities of the future that the Roman Catholic Church in America will be one of the powerful bulwarks behind which liberty and social order will fight for its preservation and defense. It is within the possibilities of the future that this fixed institution, which dates back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelpards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre; this institution, the line of whose Popes crowned Pepin and Napoleon, and, passing the age of fable, shed its lustre upon Venice; that confronted Atilla the barbarian; that accompanied the Saxon to Britain, the Frank to Gaul; that lived when Grecian eloquence flourished at Antioch, when idols were worshiped in the temple of Mecca—it is, we say, within the possibility of its accomplishments that in its own interest, and long before the traveling New Zealander shall be called upon to sketch the ruins of St. Paul from a broken arch of London Bridge, it shall, in alliance with American patriotism, be called upon to throw the protective mantle of its great power over the fainting, wounded, bleeding form of American liberty. So long as the Roman Church is our ally here to-day, against its own apostate members, and so long as it throws its influence and its power in defense of property, social order, and good government, we may afford at least to accord to it a position of honor in the battle-line, and speak well of it till our danger is passed. Catholic clergy and Catholic laymen are doing us good service in this time of our peril, and we are not ashamed to admit that we are grateful for it.

This outburst of socialistic disorder in California is the growth of a transplanted cutting of this infidel upas tree. It is the inoculation of the virus of a foreign political poison that our institutions are not prepared to contend against. It seems to the last degree strange that a country like ours—so broad in its domain, so sparsely settled, with such wide opportunities of profitable labor, offering to foreigners such splendid chances for the realization of their dreams of political freedom and personal liberty—should have been chosen as the battle-field for the destruction of the social organization, and for tearing down the temple of constitutional freedom; that this, of all other lands—where there is no aristocracy, no inherited estates, no entailed privileges of class, no family born to rule, where all wealth has been acquired with the personal toil of its owner—should be chosen for an attempt at the enforced distribution of property. We can understand Communism in France, as we contemplate its long and bloody history of wars for dynasty, empire, and ambition. We can understand how the persecutions of the bloody line of barbarous Romanoffs—their dreadful police, their arbitrary decrees of exile to Siberia, their oppressions to all classes—may produce the desperate conspiracy of Nihilism. We can understand the growth of a political discontent in Germany that demands freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of association, general industrial and secular education, exemption from enforced military service; a discontent that grows out of a great standing army and an ever-present possibility that, in the interest of an ambitious sovereign and a plotting premier, they may be driven to the battle-field to fight for dynasty or an extension of empire. We can understand the discontent that comes to populous and redundant communities from the inability of its working masses to obtain remunerative employment, where their daily bread is dependent upon their daily toil. But we fail entirely to understand our sand-lot uprising, in face of freedom, plenty, remunerative labor, free schools, free speech, free association, broad lands inviting occupation, and absolute personal and political independence of action. Of all the places on God's beautiful earth where there ought to be happiness and content, it seems to us that California is the one chosen spot.

Of all the lands in God's broad empire where harmony should dwell, and from which jealous passion should be forever banished, it seems that here beside the Pacific, between the ocean and the Sierra, should be the place. If, among all God's people, there should be a race resolute for the right, brave in the vindication of principles, intelligent enough to appreciate and guard the magnificent heritage received from our forefathers, it is the Americans—Americans of the Saxon stock, intermarried and affiliated with all that is best and most vigorous of all other races.

And yet, we are told that in this uprising of the discontented and vicious idlers who would plunge us into financial chaos, and drag our industrial occupations into confusion—that would give us an organic law inspired by defeated hopes, blasted ambitions, and ruined fortunes; that is the creation of ignorance under the spur of passion; that overturns all that has been regarded as settled; that sets us afloat upon an unknown sea of litigation; that gives us the possibility of an ignorant judiciary, an agrarian legislature, and a revolutionary executive; that the farmers of the country are divided in their opinions; that they hate the city of San Francisco, and will do all they can to injure it; that, in order to punish great land-owners and bankers, they will follow the councils of an Irish drayman, an English cobbler, a German beer-seller, a French hair-frizzer, an American demagogue, and a Jewish newspaper to destroy all of us, their fellow-citizens, of the middle and industrial class; that the native-born American farmers are sitting upon this cockatrice egg, laid in the foul nest of the sand-lot, to hatch from it a venomous serpent that shall sting us, their brethren; that because wealth is greedy and power is insolent; because they, like us, have suffered from the exactions of capital, and the abuse of corporations—they will in their blind rage confound us, all of us, toiling like themselves, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, laborers, editors, as their enemies, and like the blind, shorn, passionate Samson tear down the pillars of the temple, instead of joining with us to drive these socialistic German fiends, these communistic rascals of plunder, these bandits of Nihilism, out of the land they have beleaguered, dishonored, and disgraced. We do not believe this thing against native-born American farmers; we do not believe it of intelligent, property-owning, liberty-loving Germans; we do not accept it as true that any such sentiment animates honest and patriotic Irishmen, nor that any foreign-born gentleman is the enemy of any State and its institutions in this conflict.

And just here we desire all honest men of foreign birth, no matter what their nationality or what their religious faith—all men of intelligence and of property; all industrious and working men who have declared in good faith their intentions to become American citizens, and who are truly loyal to this country, its institutions, and its laws; all who will obey the present authorities, and all who will only seek to reform existing abuses by legal means—to fully understand that we regard them as American citizens, as upon an equality with ourselves, entitled to all the privileges that we enjoy. We desire them to know that we would not curtail or limit them in the enjoyment of any right we possess. We would not entrench upon any right they have acquired under our republican form of government. We are sorry if those who can not read, or those who, reading, can not understand the position we are assuming as an American; and we shall regret it if they be carried away by the statement of selfish persons to believe that when we use the term "low Germans," or "low Irish," or "low foreigners," or "low Americans," we mean to denounce or misrepresent any good citizen, or excite against him or the class to which he belongs any prejudice, or stir up against him or his native land or his church any sentiment calculated to work him mischief. But we want everybody to most distinctly understand that we interpret the freedom of speech in our native land to mean an absolute and unrestrained personal liberty of utterance within the limitations of the law, holding ourselves responsible to the law for any abuse of that liberty, and that this is to us a privilege more dear than life and more sacred than property.

The calling of a State Convention and the presentation of a new Constitution have given us a sharp conflict. Like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, a new party leaped forth, full grown and full armed for the conflict. All the elements of social and political discontent were, by an unhappy combination of circumstances, crystallized into a political organization. It will remain forever an unsolved riddle how it could be that an unknown, uneducated, and unprincipled Irish adventurer, and a few foreign, ignorant associates more unprincipled than himself, could have so arrested public attention as to become leaders even of the ignorant mob that has followed them. Had there not been among the 21,000 foreign-born citizens of San Francisco great ignorance, and had there not existed some secret conspiracy to advance selfish, personal aims, such a history could not have been enacted. The crisis is passed, and the danger is happily over. The new Constitution will be repudiated by a very large majority in nearly every county in the State. The bluster of the *Chronicle* and its braggadocio, its passionate abuse of all classes who do not lay down under the swing of

its lash, evidence a lost cause. Brave and honest men fighting at the ballot-box for principle never lose their temper upon the eve of victory. The blind and bloody prize-fighter, as he comes up reeling and groggy for his last round, finding that defeat is inevitable, is quite apt to strike a foul blow. The *Chronicle* has staked its life upon the issue of this contest. If it wins it will esteem itself to be a power, and think to control the political and financial policy of this growing empire of the Pacific. It will fail. It has failed. For this Constitution will be defeated, and the *Chronicle* will hope to crawl back again to its former position. We think it has made a mistake. No journal in America—certainly not in any commercial city—ever flourished in antagonism to the business interests of that city. Whether the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and property-owners be right or wrong, it is certain that they are almost unanimous in opposition to the proposed law. We have never seen, since the Vigilance days of 1856, the people in such entire accord. The *Chronicle* has assaulted and insulted all those classes with a vindictiveness and a degree of personal animosity and hate that we find it impossible to understand. We do not at all comprehend the reason why two young men like Charles and Michel de Young should assail with such vituperation and denunciatory language nearly all of our wealthiest citizens. These young men have been more than ordinarily prosperous, and being of alien birth, they had, it seems to us, a right to have been somewhat grateful to a community that to a great degree encouraged and supported them. They have aroused all the worst and meanest elements of our city, and we think we may fairly say they have encouraged riot and disorder. We know that on one or two occasions they have affected to hold their hounds in leash, and perhaps prevented them from leaping at the throats of our citizens, but the course of the *Chronicle* for the last year has been directed with the evident purpose of inciting the vicious and disorderly classes to violation of order, and to an insurrection against the law.

The lines are now as distinctly drawn between intelligence and ignorance, between order and disorder, between property-owners and the propertyless, as they were in 1856. There were some respectable citizens opposed to the Vigilance Committee then, and it is a curious fact that the same respectability is in a marked degree with the disorderly, ignorant, vicious, and propertyless now. Judge Terry, Volney E. Howard, Alexander Campbell, Wm. A. Piper, Samuel Soule, ex-Governor Downey, O. C. Pratt, Charles Tuttle, Zach. Montgomery, M. M. Estee, John Lord Love, D. W. C. Thompson, and others whom we know, that are in sympathy with the sand-lot, are disappointed, sour, and angry men—men of uneasy conscience, defeated, ambitious, of dissipated habits, and bad digestion—men who are not distinguished for the amiability of their characters, or their kindly sympathy for their fellow-men. This is a war of the sand-lot—the *Chronicle* and the dyspeptic old fossils against all that is good in society. The assault upon corporations and upon the wealthy is a blind; it is a feint, a strategy to cover up ulterior designs. The idle sand-lot is determined to live without labor. The *Chronicle* is determined to rule this city, and every man we have named has held office, and wants office, and is unhappy out of office. We can not doubt the result of a conflict in California between intelligence and ignorance, and between wealth and nothing, between dyspepsia and a healthy digestion. We have ten days more before the election, and in every hour of this time the opponents of the new experiment will strengthen. Every farmer who owns his land, or who expects to free it from incumbrance, will array himself with the commercial and industrial classes of the cities in opposition to this new Constitution.

This defeat of an agrarian Constitution is but the first victory of a long and continuous struggle. It is the sharp, decisive fight of the picket guard. It is the conflict of the skirmish line thrown out in advance of the heavy battalions. We may look forward in the future to severe and perhaps bloody struggles. Free government is a prize not lightly kept nor easily defended. It is not improbable that within the lives of our young men there will be stirring scenes enacted in the United States in defense of the heritage of freedom that we have received from our ancestors. Upon the native-born American boys, sons of the soil, sons of foreign and native sires, will devolve the privilege and the responsibility of guarding this sacred trust. From our free common schools will be enlisted the rank and file of an army of freemen that must fight in defense of freedom. The dark and ominous cloud that now lowers in our horizon is not bigger than a man's hand, but it is charged with lightnings of a swift and desolating wrath if it be allowed to gain headway. It is from infidel and socialistic Germany that this cloud is drifting. We do not fear the storm that shall burst from it in our day, nor do we look forward with any questioning faith as to the ultimate outcome of a political conflict the result of which depends upon the rising generation of Americans to determine. Out of this agitation and discord will grow an American sentiment, and it will crystallize into an American party. It will be composed of the patriotic and native-born, and those patriotic and foreign-born in affiliation with it,

who have deliberately chosen this land of freedom as their home. It will be the party of national devotion; the party of intelligence, wealth, social order, veneration for religious opinions; the party of brave men and honest women; the party of law, order, and justice. To it—this phalanx of civilization—we intrust the defense in America, of American liberty, of property, and of law.

The new Constitution people are out with a cartoon. It is the newly launched piratical craft darting out from the Isle of Pines, where it has been lying in wait for the old Ship of State. It bears down upon the old vessel, and it sinks with all its cargo and passengers on board. It is not quite as exact in its drawing nor as complete in detail as it might have been. This is the way we would have drawn it: A great ocean, covered with commerce, teeming with industry; all kinds of vessels, magnificent steamships freighted with bales of silk and spices from India; stately vessels, with their bellying sails, full laden with grain for Liverpool; swift-sailing clippers bearing to and fro the commerce of the world; double-ender ferryboats, running to and from our suburban villages of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Saucelito, and San Rafael; beautiful pleasure yachts dancing upon the blue waves of our bay to the music of lively breezes; a stately city, with its churches and palaces, beautiful mansions crowning the summit of hills around, at the base of which busy industry plied its thousand vocations. On board the ships, and on the ferries, looking out from the balconies of palaces, and peeping through the rose-embowered and vine-clad cottages, we would paint the happy faces of prosperous, well fed, and well clad men and women, the laughing faces of happy children. And the central figure of all this scene of beauty would be our grand and stately ship the OLD CONSTITUTION, and flying at its masthead the banner of the law, the stars and stripes of our nation's flag. On the reverse of the picture we would have the low, black schooner, the pirate's craft, crawling with muffled oars, impelled by low-browed villains out from its hiding-place amid muddy reeds, flying as its pennant the death's head and cross-bones upon its black flag, and on its deck we would have a scowling monster in command. Lying low under the bulwarks, hiding from the light of the sun, we would paint a crew of treacherous bandits, holding in their gleaming teeth sharp knives, and in their hands murderous cutlasses, and overhead there would be a black and menacing sky, in the shadows of which the black-winged fiends of famine, death, and disorder would be outlined. We would make ours a moving panorama, and we would see this devilish craft attack all these ships, and bring confusion to them. We would see the pale faces of all on deck and shore, and then we would see this pirate schooner, with its crew of demagogues, criminals, idlers, thieves, and other pirates, assault the oak-ribbed sides of our old ship THE CONSTITUTION. We would hear the quick command, the tramp of armed men, see the quick flash, and hear the deep roar of its iron-mouthed defenders, and as the clouds of smoke and battle lifted from the scene, we would see the pirate craft foundering in a sea incarnadined with the blood of its dying bandits; and the thing called the New Constitution on its beam ends, bottom up, masts gone, sides stove in, on fire, sinking. We would hear the shrieks of its drowning criminals upon the shore; from city and suburban village, from palace balcony and from mart of trade, from cottage homes and farms, we would hear the loud acclaim of triumph go up in one wild, welcome "whoop up" along the whole shore line. And then we would look again, and there would be quiet, order, prosperity, good feeling, industry, content, happiness, and plenty on the land, and a booming commerce on the sea. The dark clouds that lowered over the combat would pass away, and the bright sun would disclose in the heavens the forms of white-winged angels of peace smiling down upon a happy and prosperous State.

Mr. James R. Kelley, an Irish adopted citizen, merchant, and gentleman, presided over the large meeting on Thursday night at Union Hall. When Governor Irwin was interrupted by disorderly persons, he said: "I can advise the ruffians who came here to disturb the peace that there are enough American citizens present to preserve their rights. 'I would ask every lover of order to assist in preserving order, and I will tell the ruffians that they shall be hustled from the doors, and that with few whole bones.' This style of language suits us, and we are glad to hear it come from an adopted citizen. We will help when it comes to the 'whoop up'."

"I hope this audience does not intend to prevent free speech. It may be inopportune. * * * I do not intend to permit persons in this audience to dictate what I shall say." These were remarks made by the Governor of this State at a public meeting at Union Hall, called to discuss the new Constitution, directed to a class of ruffians who endeavored to break up and disturb the audience. We commend thinking people to consider whether a class who would insult the Governor by cat-calls, yells, and laughter, who would interrupt free discussion and silence free speech are fit to be intrusted with the important duty of organic law.

A HERO OF BRUSH CAÑON.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

May—and Ezekiel Purley still was fireman on Fethering's train. The hills were full of wild-flowers. As the train wound down the cañon, between shaggy slopes, hoary with southern-wood in patches, and ablaze with poppies on all the bare, exposed places, Fethering—always careless of orders—used to make Joe stop the train, while he ran to some nook, where blackberry vines trailed over a spring, or little streams came trickling down narrow ravines, filled with laurel, and came back with hands full of fronds of maiden-hair, and scarlet columbines, and sky-blue nemophilas, or purple larkspur—all of which bloomed the day through in the little telegraph office. He did not give them to Ruth as an offering, but as a favor, and she took them so.

One morning he accompanied her, as usual, toward the office. The train waited here three hours for a passenger train, and Joe used to have long talks with Ruth about her affairs and his. But what could he do now, when Fethering lifted her out of the train, and walked at her side to the office? Ruth tried to remonstrate, but Fethering would say: "Why, did you have anything you wanted to say to Brown?"

"No—nothing particular," she would stammer, cowering before his stern tone.

"Brown," he would call out, "did you have anything to say to Miss Purley?"

And if Brown said "No," he would smile down at her, and say:

"There, Ruthie; and I have lots to say to you."

But if Brown said "Yes," he would stand still and say:

"Well, say ahead."

But this morning Joe said:

"I think I've a right to have the company o' the girl I'm engaged to, an' to have it to myself."

Fethering answered: "Oh, certainly," and drew his arm from Ruth's, and left her without a glance; while she trembled at his freezing tone and abrupt departure. So when she and Joe sat facing each other, she could not think of him at all for wondering whether Mr. Fethering would ever like her again; and poor Joe he could not find a word to say. So half an hour passed in dreadful attempts at conversation, while every minute Ruth's desperation lest Mr. Fethering were forever estranged grew more intolerable. Then Joe blundered into some appeal to her, something derogatory to Fethering. Whereupon she broke out crying, and said he was very unkind and unjust to say wrong things of Mr. Fethering, who was very, very good, and who never said unkind things of him. Joe was repentant again. He went over and stood by her; he looked at the fair, curly head, lying on her desk, and longed inexpressibly to touch it caressingly, but he was as reverentially afraid of her as if she had not been his betrothed wife.

"I never want to worry you, Ruthie," he said, in his slow, puzzled way, "but I'm a clumsy sort o' fellow, an' hurt you when I don't mean to. An' if I could be sure what was best for you, I don't think I'd stick at doing of it."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Joe," she said, lifting her tear-stained face. "Doing what?"

"Well," said he, slowly, "if you'd made a mistake, you know—if you liked—somebody else—better'n me—I wouldn't like you to feel bound, you know, Ruthie; I never want to worry you."

"I don't know what you mean, Joe," she cried again. "I don't like you not to like my friends—that's all."

"If you liked him, I mean—the conductor—" began Joe; but she interrupted him with hot cheeks.

"I never 'd ha' thought you 'd say such a thing to me, Joe Brown! I don't like him the same way. I like you, but I look way up to him, as if he was George Washington or somebody; an' if you only would feel to him as you ought, then we could be like two common soldiers an' he the general."

Joe stood still and looked at her, and the depth of her infatuation gradually dawned upon him. He had thought he understood that a brighter, handsomer man than he, troubled with no modesty, could better take a girl's fancy; but that a hero-worship could possibly be gotten up for the conductor for whom he had felt such honest contempt would have seemed to him nothing short of magic, like that which befell Titania, if he had ever heard of the bewitched queen. The absurd shape which the possible relations between himself, herself, and Fethering had assumed in her innocent heart, struck even him, void of humor though he was, as a grim irony.

"It seems right down wicked," she said, coloring, "to talk of such a man as Mr. Fethering making love to a girl like me—as if a king should make love to a servant girl!"

Simple-hearted Joe Brown looked at her, and realized—as many a man has blundered fearfully by failing to realize—the invincible force of an idea in a human mind and the hopelessness of combating it.

"Oh, my poor Ruthie!" he said in his heart, with a piteous pain. But aloud he only said, "Good-bye, Ruthie."

He felt as if he were saying good-bye for ever, and longed with all his great, true heart for one close, parting clasp and kiss; but Ruthie seldom kissed him, and he dared not ask it. He turned hopelessly away, carrying the hungry ache with him.

Ruthie had felt her heart throb with relief when he said "Good-bye," for now, perhaps, Mr. Fethering would come back. Then she felt ashamed of her relief, and called after him, "Joe!"

He was near her instantly.

"Joe, dear," she said, with a little quiver, "I know how good you are. I don't want you ever to think I meant to speak cross to you, my good old Joe."

For once fate was kind to him. Ruth was thankful all her life to remember that he did not go away from her that morning without one token of affection. She put her two hands on his shoulders and kissed him twice, regardless of smoke and soot.

"Good-bye, my little Ruthie," he said wistfully, and went away.

The two girls from Wheat Valley were pacing the platform again, and he caught bits of their loud-toned conversation.

"What a little fool to throw away a good, steady fellow like Brown for that conceited idiot!"

"Oh, Ruth Purley always *did* like to be petted, of all

things. I've seen her in the train; she hardly dares open her lips to him till he speaks to her; and if she's got anything to say, she just looks at him and blushes till he asks her what it is, and she likes him all the better for being so afraid of him. When he puts his hand on her, or says something soft, that baby face of hers shines all over as if somebody 'd given her a bonanza; and she watches every step he takes when he goes away from her. He does behave pretty well to her for him—he knows she adores him."

"And don't you know, Ruth always believed whatever anybody told her. Now, Joe always thinks he's stupid and good for nothing, and says so, so she believes him; and Fethering thinks *he's* the biggest man in California, so she believes that, too."

Meanwhile Ruthie was working her telegraph, with tears dropping over her cheeks. Usually Fethering was with her at this hour, and she missed him dreadfully. To be sure, she was always afraid, every minute he was with her, but she was happy, too—perhaps all the happier for her adoring fear. She felt, now, somehow to blame for his not coming, and hoped he would forgive her. At last, the door opened, and she knew, without turning her head, that he was there. She rose and stood before him, like a little culprit before a judge, with her eyes dropped, and her pretty lips quivering, while her hands hung loosely clasped before her.

He stood still and looked at her, watching the color come hotter and hotter into her cheeks, and her lips quiver more pitifully as the silence lasted. He liked her confusion; he was angry at Brown's visit, and meant that she should repent it; he quite shared her feeling about culprit and judge. He knew that she was growing more and more distressed that he did not speak, and more and more repentant for she knew not what, and that she did not dare raise her eyes to see if he were angry; he was well-pleased to know it; his heart swelled with a realization of his complete ownership of the pretty creature; he felt that she answered, line for line, to his ideal of a wife. He looked her over from head to foot with complete satisfaction; the trim little figure, in pink calico and white apron, with his flowers, knotted at the collar, the sweet, pitiful face, and the fair, curly hair. He saw the tension on her nerves growing greater every minute; she was fairly trembling.

"Look up, Ruthie," he said, in his confident way.

She looked eagerly, pleadingly to his face. He made no farther advance, but waited for her, and she dared not speak till she knew whether he wanted her to. At last he said:

"Well?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Fethering," she whispered. She had not the least idea what she was begging pardon for; she only knew that he was offended, and therefore she must have sinned.

He sat down in the only chair.

"Come here, Ruthie."

She came instantly, and stood before him. He took both her hands in his.

"Now, Ruthie, don't you think it's time that nonsense with the engineer was stopped?"

"But I'm engaged to him, Mr. Fethering, I'm going to marry him, whenever I can."

"You're not going to do any such thing, you silly girl. I don't approve of it at all."

"But I'm engaged to him, Mr. Fethering."

"All right. And I tell you to break the engagement. Now, are you going to be my good little girl, who always mudds what I say?"

Some women would have been outrageously angry; but Ruthie, you know, was a very silly little girl, and she was only cruelly distressed.

"Oh, please, Mr. Fethering, don't tell me to!" she cried, tearfully. "You know I *promised*. It wouldn't be right."

"Do you think I would ask you to do anything wrong?" said this most audacious man, severely.

Here was a poser.

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed Ruthie, horrified. "But I *promised*."

He dropped the two hands he was bolding.

"Stop crying, Ruth."

Her tears were instantly scared away.

"Now kneel down here, where I can look into your face, and give me both your hands again, and keep your eyes on mine. Now, are you ready to listen to me?"

"Yes, sir."

He sat still a moment, holding the little hands with an increasing covetousness for possession, and watching her expectant face and weak attitude as she knelt close to him.

"Now, Ruthie, I want you to break your engagement, because you can't marry a man you don't love, and you know you don't love Brown."

"Oh, yes, Mr.—"

"Hush. You think you're fond of him, but you don't love him the way you love me. And I know well enough you never tried to make me love you, as so many girls have done, and I like you all the better for it. I don't believe you ever thought of such a thing as my marrying you, my modest little girl. But I love you just because you are a modest, dear little girl, and I want a modest, dear little wife. So get you out of your snarl with your smutty engineer, and you shall be my very own little Ruthie."

Poor little Ruthie! She did not grasp his meaning word by word; she only felt that heaven had stooped down to her. She had no words; but her face satisfied him. He leaned down and kissed her.

"I wanted you to mind me about breaking the engagement without asking any questions or making me give you any reasons; but you were a little bit naughty for once, my Ruthie."

She started to her feet, putting her hands wildly to her head.

"Oh, Mr. Fethering!" Oh, Mr. Fethering!" she wailed. A cloud gathered on his face.

"What's this, Ruthie?" he said, displeased.

"Oh, I can't! I can't! I promised. He has done so much for pa."

"Is that all, kitten? Have I done nothing for 'pa'?"

"Oh, I know; I never forget how kind you were." A mere refraining from injury and some empty words weighed more to the child than all Joe's faithful years of service.

She came back to Fethering's side, and stood with her hands clasped and her eyes raised to his with timid love and entreaty.

"Let me tell you how it was," she said hurriedly. "We were just like brother and sister, Joe and I; and I always knew he was wrapped up in me, ever since I was a little girl. And when he was on the road, and pa was his fireman, before he knew pa's trouble, he got into a scrape on pa's account, and I knew it was because of me. And then I was so sorry for him; he hadn't anybody at all, only his step-mother, and her daughter that's half-witted, and he had to take care of them both. And you know I'd never seen you, and I didn't know girls ever felt any different to men from the way I felt to Joe."

"Then you hadn't rather marry him than me?"

"Rather!" she cried, amazed that he should ask. "Did you think that? Why, I'd rather be yours than go to heaven! I never dreamed you could want a silly little thing like me any more'n that I could go right up through that sky. But, don't you see, Mr. Fethering?"—she came a step closer, and put her hand on the wooden chair-arm; she was too timid to touch him—"don't you see, it can't make much difference to you, because, of course, I can't be to you like I am to Joe. It's good of you to want me"—her voice trembled eloquently; "but Joe's wrapped up in me, heart and soul, and I couldn't bear to break his heart just to make myself happy. It's because I *promised* him, and I can't break my promise now, and he so good."

"Ah! then I'm not good?" he said sharply, standing up. Ruthie threw herself on her knees before him on the dusty floor.

"Good? Oh, sir, you are good like the angels. I think of you at night, and feel as if I prayed to you. You're my king, and Joe and I are like your servants. I'll be such a servant as never was; I'll do anything you tell me, and be gladder the harder it is; I'd be so glad if anything that hurt me did you good, to feel the hurting in these very hands or head; I'd be glad to die for you, sir, right here. But I promised, you know. Forgive me, Mr. Fethering, it can't be."

He pulled his hands away.

"Get up," he said; and she obeyed.

"Now, once more: break off with him, and I'll love you and hold you always. Refuse *me* for him, and have your own way when I tell you what's right, and I wash my hands of you. Choose low, quick. Shall I kiss my own little one and go? Or will you see me go off forever, not liking you any more?"

Ruthie was not logical. She believed implicitly that he could not do, nor wish, nor think anything wrong; yet she believed that this thing he asked would be wrong for her to do. It was like the fires of Smithfield to her, but these little people with only a few illogical ideas hold these few very fast, and Joe's claims were among her ideas.

"I can't break the engagement," she said, despairingly.

"Have your own way," Fethering said, white with anger, feeling for the harshest words. "I've been fooled in you. I thought you were a good, loving little thing, and you are really the most obstinate, disagreeable woman I ever met. I don't want anything more to do with you. If I can't avoid meeting you, please consider yourself a stranger hereafter."

She came close to him, speaking in a low, excited tone. "You've got a pistol! I saw it. Kill me right here, I shan't mind, I shall *like* it because *you* do it. Kill me, but don't hate me."

Even Arthur Fethering was moved. He meant, in his heart, to keep up his suit—yes, even if she married Brown, he would accept her fealty, and press his kingship to the utmost. But, meanwhile, let her break her heart for a few months to punish her for refusing him. So he just gave her one sarcastic smile and walked out. Joe Brown was standing outside.

"Look here, Brown," he said, with an insulting air of command, "get up steam and start off. I won't wait for that train. We can just as well let her pass at the next station."

"It's agin' orders, and there hain't time to get there, neither," said Joe, not over respectfully.

Fethering hated his engineer just then. He turned on him, cursing.

"Do you think I'll knuckle to *you* in big things or little? I'd go now if a million trains were at our heels, since your lordship disapproves. Up with steam, I say."

"I won't do it. Report me if you like."

Fethering turned to Purley.

"You can run an engine, I think. Crowd on all steam, and take charge of that engine, or I'll report your case."

Joe Brown stood still a minute wrestling with himself, then he went to Fethering, and said:

"I'll run her sooner than trust her in his hands, but what happens is what *you'll* have to count for."

"Go to your business."

Ruthie came creeping out to see the train off, looking crushed and hopeless.

"Ruthie," said Joe, leaning out from his place, "telegraph to Wheat Valley that we've started, and put up a red flag on the main track here."

"Come here, Ruth," said Fethering, recklessly determined to cross Joe, and proud to display his power over Ruth. "I forbid you to do it. Will you mind me?"

"Yes, sir," cried Ruthie, delighted to have an opportunity to show her submission, and too dazed and crushed to get the full import of the situation.

Up and down grades and around curves again, the engine spinning at her utmost rate. Joe Brown was not really himself this morning; never before had it escaped his notice that his fireman was not quite himself. Even when Purley spoke, the thing that was said arrested Joe's whole attention, so that the thickened voice fell unheeded on his numb brain.

"Joe," said Purley, "do you know what th' engineer an' Ruth's been sayin' to each other? I kin tell you; I listened at her winder. He wants her to throw off on you an' marry him; an' she cries like a widdler, an' vows she 'd give her eyes to do it; but 'twould be too rough on you, so she won't."

He watched Joe, with drunken cunning, as he spoke. But Joe answered not one word. It was only what he had himself suspected; yet this definite certainty came on him with almost the force of a new shock. He knew that Purley never lied; Ruthie's implicit truth and reverence for a promise were inherited traits. Mile after mile he hardly thought; he only suffered. At last his dim pain began to shape itself into thought. Should he set her free? If Fethering were really bad it would be different; but he had taken pains to investigate, and found that, though selfish and boastful and domineering, he was a good enough man in his way. "He'd

always be kind in his bossing way, when he wasn't crossed," thought poor Joe, candidly, "an' she'd never cross him. An' as to his bein' a fool, she'd never know it; I see that now. She'd put herself under his feet an' like it—my little Ruthie, that might ha' walked on me to keep her out o' the mud! She wouldn't give him a chance to be selfish; she'd lay herself out so to give him all he wanted; an' if he was ugly, she'd blame herself till he couldn't help comin' round; an' if he got into trouble with his reckless ways, she'd think it was all the company's fault." Yet, on the other hand, he knew that, as Fethering's wife, she would not be cherished and cared for as he himself would care for her: he knew that many a grief and care would meet her that he would have sheltered her from. Besides, she was his, and his blood boiled at the idea of giving over his treasure into the hands of his selfish, unscrupulous enemy. Then he knew that tender-hearted Ruthie would torture herself always over the hurt she had caused him, in case he should tear his heart to set her free. He remembered what he had heard a traveling colporteur read, and he repeated it, half-understanding, half vaguely:

"Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water spouts; all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me—all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me."

The engine took to rattling it out—"All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." And then Joe started and looked around, dismayed. That slow beat was not the time in which the engine should have rattled it; how came they to be creeping along thus? He glanced at his fireman, and saw that he had been slyly fortifying himself from a flask he had somehow obtained. Joe had not expected it, for it was only three months since Purley's last spree, and it was true that these sprees seldom occurred more than twice a year. Out of the cab went the flask, rolling down toward the creek.

"What have you been doin' to the fire?" shouted Joe.

"Doin' m' best to let it go out," responded Purley, cheerfully. "Chucked wood out doors, when you thought I's pu'n it in fire—see? Fethering's in las' car, you'n I'n front. Let 'em run us down—see? That's all right."

Joe threw open the furnace-door and saw that Purley spoke the truth.

"Get up that fire, an' quick," he said, in a low, resolute voice.

"Said I'd kill 'im some time when you wasn' roun'. Man o' my word, I am," went on Purley, with a good-natured leer. "Make 't all right 'bout Ruthie, you know."

With bent brows, Joe cast aside every other thought to recover his control over the inebriate, and to meet the emergency he had slipped into. The bushy slopes grew lower, receded, softened; there was young wheat waving over them. They were nearing the foot of a grade, and the station was in sight. A long roar behind them, and the passenger train, utterly unwarned (for "Brush" is only a flag-station for passengers), comes flying down the grade.

"Curse my folly," said Fethering, in the last car, and then he knew that there was noise, and breaking, and splitting around him; and then he knew no more till he waked again to find that the sun shone to him through crevices in heaps of debris. He heard moaning and crying. He sat up, but could not find that he was hurt beyond a headache, where he had been struck and stunned. Some one spoke outside.

"It's the conductor I'm after. We'd really ought to get him out, because there's a girl that'd break her heart."

It was Joe Brown's grave, slow voice. Fethering did not stop to consider the motives of Brown, but cried out at once for help. They found where he was after a little search, and a group collected with crowbars and ropes.

"It's a rather ugly job," said Joe, addressing the invisible prisoner, "because, you see, the pieces of the car is on top of you, an' the passenger engine is on top o' them. The two girls in the car crawled out o' the heap, but you was stunned, I reckon, an' the weight o' the engine's made the pile sag down till there ain't no show for you to crawl out."

"Stop your chattering and be quick," shouted Fethering; "there's a piece of car over me that's sagging down and will crush me."

The men outside looked sober.

"I see what he means, but there ain't no way to get at it without bringing the whole heap down on him."

They tried, however, but in vain. At last Joe said:

"I see a place there where a strong man could creep under and h'st up things enough to give him room to creep out."

"Yes, and how's the strong man to get out? The whole thing'd come down as soon as he let go."

"Well, I'll try it; it's nobody's business but my own."

Some one caught his arm—a black-coated, ministerial-looking man from the passenger train.

"My good man, to risk one's life for another may be good, but this is not risking—it is giving your life in exchange for his."

"No 'tain't; it's giving it for a girl that'd grieve to death if he was killed." He stood still a few seconds, and went on, slowly: "I wouldn't think of doin' it for a fellow like him, but, you see, I've been a thinking of it over all the while we was lookin' round here, and specially while we was workin' to get him out, and it struck me this'd fix it all right—all the snarl—if I was dead, you know."

He broke off abruptly.

"I do not understand you," said the clerical gentleman, puzzled.

"Didn't suppose you would," said Joe, pulling himself away from the hand that still held his arm.

In a few moments the fragments of debris near Fethering stirred, rose slightly, and opened a passage to the free world. He crawled eagerly out. No one was looking at him; every one was gazing at a spot where some heavy pieces of the car's roof, pressed on indirectly by the wrecked engine, were swaying as if upheld from beneath.

"Can't somebody help him?" cried the excited group, "Hitch on ropes, or something."

Suddenly the whole mass settled down, and a cry of horror went up from the lookers-on, while Fethering, now first realizing what his rival had done, staggered back, with whitening lips.

"Oh! I ain't dead yet," said a feeble voice from the darkness. "I couldn't hang on any longer; I've got five or ten minutes left, I guess, an' I want to talk to Fethering."

Fethering, awed and abashed, crept as close as he could.

"I want to say something to you, Brown," he said, "but I don't know how to say it. What I think of you, I mean."

"Oh, we hain't no time for fooling," came the feeble voice. "I only wanted to say that you must be good to her. You ain't noways worth her, but she won't never find it out. Remember, I don't owe you no good, and I didn't get you out for love of you, but for love of her. I don't pretend to be gospel man enough to mash myself for fellows that have acted like you."

"Brown, I'm sorry I was ugly to you; you're a grand fellow; I'm contemptible compared to you." He was egotistic even in his humiliation, and felt that he was saying the utmost when he thus compared himself with Brown.

"Who wants to talk about you an' me? What I want (an' I haven't so much breath left to fool away) is to have you feel that it's the least you kin do (after I've cleared out o' the way to make her happy) is to be mighty good to her. I want you to promise."

"I promise you upon my sacred word, Joe Brown, that I will be as good to her as I know how to be," Fethering said solemnly, thinking more of Ruthie's happiness and less of his own than he had ever done.

"Then that's all I've got to say to you."

The black-coated gentleman had knelt down now, listening for any further words. As Fethering drew back, some one touched his arm, and he turned to see Ruthie's white face timidly uplifted. She had been telegraphed word of the collision, and had come down in a hand-car. As she pressed through the crowd, she caught enough of what they were saying to know vaguely what had happened. She did not know how Fethering would meet her, after his angry leave-taking, but she could not believe he would be harsh to her at such a time. He saw her frightened, pleading look, and caught her in his arms, feeling a deeper tenderness for her than he had ever imagined, and remembering his solemn promise, in presence of death.

"Why, little girl!" he said. She clung to him.

"He died for you!" she cried. "Oh, my good, good Joe."

Fethering was a small enough man to feel a sharp jealousy of the heroism that made Joe so great in her eyes. But he was not contemptible enough to indulge it.

"Yes," he said; "we will always remember him."

"He did care for you, after all!" she said. "Poor Joe! And you are not angry with me now?"

The kneeling man looked up.

"Hush—he is speaking."

There was a faint, wandering murmur from the darkness. "I wanted to have a good name in my business. . . . and I wanted—oh, I wanted you, Ruthie. . . . All thy waves and thy billows—" The voice faded a little; then clearer, "She kissed me good-bye—he can't take that away. . . . I never wanted to worry you, my little Ruthie."

"What is it?" asked the sympathetic listener, not catching his words.

But no answer ever came.

There was silence over the soft, green slopes, brilliant with orange of poppies and blue of lupine, and the steep sides of the cañon whence the train had emerged; over the wide grain-sown acres on the other hand; over the two partially-wrecked trains, and the great crowd of people—a few, from the foremost passenger cars, hurt, and lying on the grass, breaking the silence with low moans now and then; over the workmen and passengers gathering in awe nearer to Joe Brown's tomb; over the black-coated man who knelt close to where the engineer's voice had last been heard; over the dark-eyed conductor, with the bruise on his forehead, and the fair girl who clung sobbing to him; deepest silence of all over one or two crushed corpses, lying at one side, under an oak. At last the black-coated man from the passenger train rose to his feet:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend," he said solemnly.

All the men in the crowd bared their heads; even Ruthie's sohs stopped, as she hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"My darling," he whispered, "I will try to be good to you—as good as he would have had me be."

MILICENT W. SHINN.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there *pour les convenances*. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say *twice*, Ethel dear; *two* is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that!

At a concert a young female was engaged in torturing the grand air from the "Sermont."

"I sing well when he is here."

A gentleman in the audience arose impatiently at this point and remarked in a loud voice:

"It appears that he hasn't arrived yet."

[Laughter.]

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that come to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

LXXVI.—Sunday, April 27.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup a l'Hollandaise.
Smelts a l'Espagnole.
Broiled Beesteak. Potatoes a la Maitaise.
Green Peas. Summer Squash.
Roast Ducks, Apple Sauce.
Oyster Plant Salad.
Blanc Mange, Whipped Cream.
Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Apples, Cherries, and Oranges.

T. PREPARE MASHED AND BAKED POTATOES A LA MANTAISE.—Cook and mash potatoes of sufficient quantity, pretty thick and well savored. Put nearly all of them into a deep buttered baking-dish, and form into a dome. Save a few tablespoonsful in the stewpan, add to them an ounce of butter and the yolks of three eggs well beaten, mix well and cook two minutes. Beat very hard the whites of three eggs, mix them lightly and carefully with the rest of the potatoes in the stewpan; then spread this preparation of an even thickness over the dome of potatoes, smooth with the blade of a knife, sprinkle fine fresh bread crumbs over, put a few pieces of butter upon the top, and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes. Serve immediately.

In cooking smelts it is always better to cut down the back and remove the backbone, as during certain months they have a small red thread-like worm, which can only be discovered by removing the backbone.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The sand-lot has, in its rude and vulgar way, silenced all discussion in reference to the adoption of the new Constitution. No man adhering to the old law and opposing the new is allowed to open his mouth either at the sand-lot or at the ward meetings. He is driven out of the Workingmen's Party if his judgment does not accord with that of Kearney. The *Chronicle*, with a passionate vindictiveness, pursues with personal denunciation every prominent man who is not in harmony upon this question with it. Yet because bankers, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, and contractors seek to direct public opinion in the way of their interest they are savagely and brutally maligned, charged with attempts at bribery, with intention to defraud at the ballot box, and to intimidate electors by menace and terror. The *Chronicle* hires a hall, and employs orators at public meetings in town and country, but if the opposition does the same thing it is dishonest. It is dishonorable to form opposing clubs, though the workingmen's (?) clubs exist in every ward. The *Chronicle* and the *Sand Lot* are the only respectable journals; all the others are "chickadees." The Chamber of Commerce and the Mechanics' Institute, the School Department, the legal, clerical, and medical professions, the Draymen's Association, all persons and classes of men who do not take their opinions from Kearney, David S. Terry, and the *Chronicle*, are denounced as composed of idiots and knaves.

A number of men are employed at Golden Gate Park from the funds turned over to the Park Commissioners by the Yellow Fever Relief Committee of San Francisco, and which funds are now nearly exhausted. Aside from this contribution there is not now, nor has there been the current year, any money at the disposal of the Park Commissioners beyond the amount required for keeping the park in order. The reason for this failure of resources lies in the reduction of the Park appropriations by the city. The tax-levy for this purpose is limited by statute to 2½ cents on each \$100, but the city reduced the rate to 2 cents—the reduction amounting to \$11,000. Besides this diminution, the Park received last year from the General Fund the sum of \$10,000, which this year is withheld. The total reduction is thus seen to be \$21,000, equal, for the remainder of the year, to nearly \$2,500 per month. In anticipation of the deficiency the Park Commissioners had reduced their current expenses (aside from the yellow fever funds) to the rate of \$2,700 per month for maintenance—the average of the past three years having been \$4,000 per month. Consequently the laborers now employed out of the yellow fever fund must be discharged unless an appropriation to maintain the improvements on which they are engaged be made out of the General Fund. The present moment of depression is not a propitious one at which to add to the number of the unemployed. In short, it does appear that enough money to go on for the present with the very limited improvements that are in progress should be made out of the \$21,000 heretofore deducted from the year's proper appropriation—the more so as these improvements are for the behoof of pedestrian visitors to the Park.

There is no such thing as "luck." The word is used as a refuge for the incompetent, the lazy, or the peculiarly unfortunate. You are not one of the peculiarly unfortunate. That you have had what you call "ill-luck," is either because your conceit has not been appreciated, your supposed shrewdness is all in your eye, or your industry and sacrifice are all in your mind. Do not waste ten years in finding out that you are a fool; do the same work in five; or, believe me now when I tell you it is so. Feel not bitter that your greatness is not appreciated—it is appreciated; you are probably selling now for more than you are worth.

Did you ever hear a man who had made a success of life speak of "luck"? Is it not always the one with no record, with little past, less present, and no future, that is constantly using the word?

According to your idea a well-to-do man must soliloquize in this manner: "When I arose early and worked late; when I saved, planned, and failed; when my heart grew faint and my brain sick; when my faith died and hope resurrected it; when, at last, with my gray hairs, came success—it was only my good luck!"

Two young men leave school. Neither have talent, neither have genius, but both are young. One thinks what will he do—the other does it. One has intentions and announces them—"next spring" he will achieve wonders; the other does something humble this winter. The first, though not dissipated, likes the theatre, his cigar, his billiards, his club. "One must see the world," says he to his conscience. "But get into it first," thinks the other, who knows that these indulgences are only the handicaps chosen by the foolish. Five years pass, only a bite out of life. The first spits vigorously, as he says of the second, "A lucky fellow that; he owns a house and lot." And he spits again—he has learned to do this in the last five years—and marvels at his own lack of fortune. But, can we? J. C. C.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 16, 1879.

Ben. Butler was called on by a person who wanted to have a talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said he, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my flower beds. The gate was of the height required by law, and was closed. Now I wish to know whether I can obtain damages?"

"Most assuredly," replied the widow's friend.

"Well, Mr. Butler, how much?"

"Oh, about ten dollars."

"But, Mr. Butler," triumphantly, "the cow was yours."

"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully; and he looked unutterable things out of his bad eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper, and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account, and read as follows:

"B. F. Butler to Mr. —, Dr: To damages done by cow, \$10. Cr., by legal advice, \$15. Balance

"Mr. —," said Mr. Butler, softly, "about the payment."

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

I observe that in some of his advertisements Mr. Strakosch calls it "The greatest operatic success ever known in San Francisco." And, coming out of the theatre after *Faust* on last Wednesday evening, I heard several parties, before and behind me, speaking of what had just been presented to us as Gounod's masterpiece as "a swindle." I wonder which statement is correct! I have no doubt that the affair is, so far, a great success for Mr. Strakosch. He has brought a second-rate company to a very good market, where he can give as much of each opera as suits his convenience or the capacity of his people; with weak principals, incomplete orchestra, a miserably inefficient chorus (inefficient mainly through the parsimony of a manager who endeavors to rush through no less than seven different operas in two weeks without any preparation of them except what can be had between performances), and a *mise en scene* that is simply disgraceful. At \$3 a seat, and full houses—up to Wednesday's *Faust*, when there was a decided falling off. Mr. Strakosch is quite right—the affair is a success. But the others are also not far wrong; and as far as Grand Opera is concerned, or the promised perfection of the representations, it is just a swindle—nothing more and nothing less.

This performance of *Faust*, on Wednesday evening, must be accepted as in some sense a foretaste of what we may anticipate in the other greater operas promised in the *repertoire*, and the prospect is not edifying by any means. The chorus, as I said before, was something shocking. I do not recollect a *Bouffe* season (excepting perhaps the last one of Oates) when it was not infinitely better, and for *Faust* I have never heard it so bad. They were ever together, rarely well in tune. There seemed to exist an irreconcilable difference of opinion as to pitch and tempo between them and the orchestra, the argument being carried out in presence of the audience, and both parties clamoring for their rights at the same time and with indomitable perseverance. The orchestra triumphed eventually, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody that the chorus did not know its business. But the discussion was not a pleasant one to listen to. As for the orchestra, since the performance of *Lucia* on the opening night it has not been itself. On that occasion it was handled with great care and evident intelligence; it sympathized with the singers, and fell into its proper role of accompanist. Since then, however, it has grown nightly more and more obstreperous and insubordinate, until at last, on Wednesday, it may be said to have fairly ruled the roost. It was coarse, noisy, and generally absolutely inflexible and unyielding; it went right ahead with its work, with more or less of general correctness and an occasional loose entry of a voice here or there, letting the singers manage as best they might, and bullying them out of almost every possibility of singing their parts with any freedom of delivery. To make points under such iron rule of the baton is impossible, and as a consequence none but the regular conventional ones were successful. Mr. Adams, who was painfully hoarse, but was on this account entitled to the greater consideration on part of the conductor, and who should have been accompanied with the greatest care, suffered most from this condition of affairs. Despite his hoarseness his singing of the part might have been very enjoyable, since it was by far the most artistic and musicianlike we have ever heard here. But it was slaughtered from beginning to end; to be heard he was obliged to shout, and the more he shouted the hoarser he grew. Mr. Gottschalk, who has next to no voice at all, found himself in the same predicament. In his case I did not so much regret it, since his "Plunkett" of last Saturday convinced me that there is nothing of him (save legs, perhaps), and for all operatic purposes he might as well be buried under an orchestra as a feather bed. What Mr. Strakosch means by putting him forward to sing "Plunkett," and "Valentine"—unless it be to prove that when he once has an audience by the nose he can twist it as he likes—I can not imagine. We have a score of better baritones among our amateurs here, and Mr. Lafontaine, who sings subordinate parts, is worth a dozen of him.

There were redeeming features in *Faust*. Miss Cary, who is an admirable "Siebel," carried the opera in as far as her unimportant part made this possible; her singing and acting were delightful. From the moment of her enthusiastic reception in the *Trovatore* up to the present she has been in every cast, and has done everything—as she generally does—well. Miss Cary is an invaluable artist to a manager; her extensive register and telling quality of voice makes almost all things possible to her; she acts well, sings well, is generally in good spirits and voice, and can always count on the favor of her audience. If the voice lacks warmth and *spiritual* quality we should rather be grateful than otherwise, since with these qualities added to those which she has she would be worth so much to Europe that we should never have an opportunity of hearing her here. And for what she gives us we can very well afford to forget that there might be something more, and be very grateful for what we get.

Miss Maria Litta, as "Martha" and "Margherita" (I did not hear *Rigoletto*) confirms the impression which her "Lucia" made on me. She is a careful, conscientious singer of fairly good school, without any charm of voice; a very crude actress, who, with but one color in her voice, has two—intense joy and the most abject misery—in her emotional scale, and who sadly needs the advice of a good costumer. Some things in *Martha* were very nicely done, and a few bits in *Faust*—the garden scene and the end of the last *finale*—better than I had anticipated. But throughout both operas her singing, when there are no *tours de force* to be made, is flat and monotonous—the scene in the first act of *Faust* absolutely stupid. I was glad to see her looking really pretty in *Faust* (when not singing) despite her absurd costume and general air. Her "Margherita" is a dejected, prudish young woman from the first, who meets her fate—"Faust"—as though he were a funeral in which she had not the remotest interest, and whose one idea in this world were to properly manage the ridiculously long train of her white merino gown. And when, on sitting down to the spinning wheel, she threw her prayer-book on the ground beside her, I knew that she would sing her "King of Thule," as she did, as though the song were all about a bundle of hay and she supremely indifferent as to which calf got it for supper. The fact is that Miss Litta, who is a very good (vocal) "Lucia," is only a passable "Martha," and very second-rate "Margherita."

In this opera Mr. Cooley is also very much overweighted. He struggles bravely with "Mephistopheles"; he strains every nerve to act and sing it, but he can *really* do neither. It is a part for a *primo basso*, and Mr. Cooley is not quite that, although a careful, reliable artist. That he applied to sing a great part is no fault of his, any more than it will be if he has to do "Marcel," "Leporello," and others that are too

much for him. It costs so much to over-advertise the people who come that it would really be too much to ask that a manager should pay besides for really capable ones. So Mr. Cooley is made to do all the bass parts, whether they fit him or not.

Mr. Westberg, the "Lionel" of *Martha*, has such a pleasant and altogether musical little tenor voice that I am inclined to hope that we shall have some more light operas in which he may be heard. He requires more careful nursing in the orchestra than he got on Saturday, and would be none the worse for a high B flat in his voice. But it is such a smooth, musical little organ that it is delightful to listen to and wins one's sympathy at once. He sings very well, too; with an evident consciousness of just what he can do well, and a modesty that restrains him from attempting too much.

Madame Roze, who made what may be termed a *fiasco d'estime* with her first "Leonora" (in the *Favorita*), well nigh redeemed herself with the second (in *Il Trovatore*), and certainly proved herself possessed of some delightful qualities. I am inclined to think that if this lady had not been killed in advance by the extravagant terms in which she was announced she would have proved a reasonable success. More than this could scarcely be hoped for in this city, since her best qualities—artistic intelligence and a refined, sympathetic voice—are not in demand here. Apart from the fact that Madame Roze has not the adequate voice for the part, her "Leonora" in *Il Trovatore* is immeasurably the best we have seen in San Francisco. But a "Leonora" with a small voice is hardly a "Leonora" at all. The successful singing of the rôle depends so largely upon the possession of great volume of tone as well as *timbre*, that the attempt to get through it without these qualities can bring nothing but failure. *Il Trovatore* is a series of *tours de force*; Madame Roze has no *force*. She sings beautifully, acts beautifully, looks beautiful. But she is out of her proper place when she endeavors to fill that of *prima donna dramatica*, and she knows it, Mr. Strakosch knows it, we know it, and the public knows it—at \$3 a seat.

The fact is that Mr. Strakosch has but one available artist of the first rank in his company. This is Miss Cary. Of the others, Mr. Adams in his prime was confessedly a very fine singer, who for a long time held his own as *primo tenore* at Vienna, where they are very critical, and was considered one of the best singers and actors in Germany. But his voice is not only considerably worn, but also so very sensitive to climatic influence as to cause his audience constant distress. His artistic methods are admirable; to me his singing as well as his acting is a constant delight. But in the hero parts of Grand Opera an audience is entitled to voice, and in this Mr. Adams is a continual disappointment. Madame Roze disappoints in the same way, only that she has not the reputation of ever having had the voice. Signor Pantaleoni has been a first-rate Italian baritone—which means a second-rate one generally—but is also no longer fresh, and has some foot-light mannerisms in his vocal method that are positively detestable. Miss Litta is very well in her place; a good average second-rate artist. The rest—well, they don't help to make a first-rate company of it, by any means.

In the matter of "cuts" I think the superlative of managerial assurance was attained on Wednesday last, when the entire cathedral scene—one of the most important as well as beautiful of the opera—was quietly dropped out of *Faust*, and the matter permitted to proceed as though there had never been a note of it written. With almost any foreign audience this moment would have been the turning point of the season; it would have stopped right there. But we swallowed it, as we had the clipping of the first scene of *Lucia*, the lopping off of the entire first scene of the third act, and most of the chorus and other music of the "mad scene" in the same opera, before; we did not miss the great slices of the *Favorita* that remained in the prompter's box—were not so badly off, perhaps, on the whole, since of the quality of what we received a little goes a great way. Still, there is a point at which a manager's scissors should stop, and when he cuts an important scene out of an opera like *Faust* I think he has gone beyond that point.

The nature of the instrumentation used in *Faust*—which is not by any means well rescored—reminds me of the squabble between Mr. Strakosch and the house of *Choudens* of Paris over the parts for, and right of representation of, *Carmen* (which he—Mr. S.—pirated from them, and claimed to give in its original form), and causes me to wonder whether we are to hear it also in an edition revamped to suit the exigencies of a reduced orchestra? It is well known that one of the great charms of this opera—the greatest according to European critics—is its instrumental coloring; that lacking the delicate and vivid instrumentation of the original it loses half its beauty and attractiveness. In the East I believe Mr. Strakosch claimed to have the original instrumentation. Will he give us this, with only one Oboe and one Fagotto in his Orchestra, even supposing that two Horns and two Trumpets (Coroets) represent the score—which, however, probably has four of each? Are we to have nothing but *rescored* operas in our grand three dollar season?

To-morrow evening brings the *debut*, in *La Traviata*, of Miss Amy Sherwin, a young Australian *prima donna* (a pretty cheap term when even Miss Lancaster, who is at best a respectable *comprimaria*, is announced as such), who is said to have a very fine voice and considerable talent. It is to be hoped that Miss Sherwin may prove acceptable, since the company sadly needs strengthening if it is to do the heavy work laid out for it.

The Weber Piano Company have lent their assistance in publishing a seven-page pamphlet to convince the citizens of San Francisco that Roze-Mapleson is a *prima donna*, and can portray emotions which Miss Kellogg fails to express, and that she takes rank with Nilsson, Lucca, Parepa, and a whole host of first class singers. If she is all this, then why don't she demonstrate the fact to us? and why—by the grace of this piano company—can't we be considered as capable of forming and holding our own opinions.

Those who have not yet secured tickets for the Artists' ball should apply to the Secretary of the Art Association at once. The success of this ball is something that the fashionable community is interested in as the *avant courier* of entertainments of magnificence in years to come. The committee are working hard and effectively, and the only thing needed to make assurance doubly sure is the sale of a few more tickets—a few more additions to the brilliant company of next Tuesday evening.

The continued illness of Miss Alice Schmidt compels an indefinite postponement of the remaining matinees of the Schmidt quartet.

ARCHERY NOTES.

From remote places in city and county strange archers are turning up every day, and some of them men who shoot with no indifferent skill. Last week the pastor of a prominent San Francisco church (I suppose prominent is the right word) put in an appearance at the Merry Forresters' Range, and the way that reverend gentleman clapped his arrows into the gold would have gladdened old Robin Hood himself. Three or four times a week a tall, fair lady, accompanied by a *duenna*, which may be either her mother or her aunt, practices on the summit of Russian Hill, and from the account given by those who have seen her shoot, her marksmanship is as good as any of our lady archers yet heard from. As a matter of record I give the score made in the first match ever shot on the Pacific coast, between the Bow Club and the Pacific Archery Club. Each archer shot thirty arrows, five in an end, at forty-five-inch targets, placed at distances of twenty and thirty yards, five archers in each team. The first flight was at twenty yards, with the following result:

BOW CLUB.

H. B. Havens	25, 27, 25, 29, 25, 21.
R. J. Bush	27, 35, 33, 37, 33, 37.
C. D. Havens	33, 29, 31, 27, 31, 31.
E. C. Macfarlane	33, 27, 33, 34, 31.
F. C. Havens	35, 39, 37, 43, 39, 39.

PACIFIC ARCHERY CLUB.

H. Darneal	33, 31, 31, 23, 17, 29.
G. W. Kinney	25, 31, 33, 29, 29, 33.
W. A. Maxwell	17, 29, 21, 35, 31, 25.
J. M. Pettigrew	27, 23, 15, 24, 18, 25.
F. M. Ward	33, 37, 31, 28, 35, 37.

At the thirty-yard score the shooting was as follows:

BOW CLUB.

H. B. Havens	19, 16, 21, 6, 10, 25.
R. J. Bush	37, 25, 41, 31, 35, 39.
C. D. Havens	15, 14, 15, 21, 21, 25.
E. C. Macfarlane	13, 11, 4, 22, 23, 22.
F. C. Havens	33, 33, 35, 35, 37, 39.

This gave the Bow Club the victory and the prize—a handsome bow and set of arrows. The P. A. Club made the annexed score at thirty yards:

H. Darneal	21, 18, 31, 27, 25, 25.
S. W. Kinney	33, 31, 21, 35, 14, 19.
W. A. Maxwell	17, 20, 13, 21, 20, 22.
J. M. Pettigrew	13, 22, 6, 17, 25, 15.
F. M. Ward	19, 18, 25, 26, 25, 24.

This match was shot last year, and of course it is only natural to suppose that every archer has improved in some degree since. The best ladies' scores at twenty yards have not exceeded, so far as I have heard, one hundred and thirty-five with thirty arrows at the regulation target. Three or four new clubs will be formed next week, all of which will go into training for the tournament.

QUIVER.

THE BATES DRAMATIC SOCIETY

respectfully announce their

FIRST BENEFIT.

to take place at the Baldwin Theatre, on

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 1,

1879.

Tickets will be procured of members. The auction sale of boxes will be held at Stenway Hall, No. 117 Post Street, on Saturday evening April 26, at 8 o'clock.

This is the neat and graceful invitation sent by our swell amateur dramatic association to announce the appearance of the members in scenes from Shakespeare's tragedy *King John*, relative to the trials of "Prince Arthur," and including the death of "King John," and a new adaptation of J. Stirling Coyne's three act society comedy, *Everybody's Friend*. The casts of both tragedy and comedy are excellent; the rehearsals have been, it is said, thorough; the programmes are tasteful, and the audience is expected to appear in full dress, and do honor to such a segregation of genius and talent. Heretofore the public performances of the club have been invitation affairs, and this is the first benefit that has been attempted. There is no doubt that the evening above mentioned will witness a fashionable and enthusiastic house, entertained by as aristocratic a set of players as ever stepped upon the boards at Baldwin's. Certainly the quality of the invitations and programmes issued, and the reputation of the club, indicate a very stylish and enjoyable entertainment.

Clara Morris has given to a reporter of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* her version of the Eytinge affair. "I never met Miss Eytinge but once," she said, "and that was in the green-room of a theatre in New York, and she was very cordial and loving to me then indeed. Afterward, however, I heard of her having said many bitter and cruel things of me, to which I never made any response or reply, not deeming them worthy of my notice. When the trouble at the California occurred, and Miss Eytinge retired behind the curtain, I was inclined to get up and leave the box for my hotel; but, upon thinking the matter over a moment, I saw that such a course would be discourteous to Miss Holbrook, so I remained until the performance was over. Miss Holbrook read the lines of "Lady Isabel" so well and intelligently that I threw her my bouquet as a compliment. While Miss Eytinge was in her room the manager of the theatre visited her and endeavored to get her to finish the play, but she declared in language that I will not repeat that she would never speak a line in his house. She was announced for a matinee the next afternoon, and the manager said to her: 'Am I to understand that you will not play to-morrow?' 'You are to understand,' said she, 'that I will never play again in your ——— house.' 'Very well,' said he; 'you are a woman, and I can not help myself.' The stage manager was with him and heard this conversation. The manager came to me and begged me to help him out of his difficulty, but I declined. He persevered, however, and, finding that he would be compelled to close his house if I did not come to his rescue, I, at half-past one in the morning, consented to play "Nancy Sykes" on Saturday evening. I got a copy of the play and studied the part from it, and with but the rehearsal of two scenes, played the part to a fine house. So careful was I not to infringe on any right of Miss Eytinge that I would not enter the theatre until Miss Eytinge had taken every article belonging to her out of it, and I would not use her version of "Nancy Sykes," but studied my part from the published book of the play, while the other characters were played from the manuscript edition. So you see I did not enter the theatre to play until Miss Eytinge had sworn not to play another line in it, and I only played in order to do a kind act to a manager who was in distress, and who otherwise would have been compelled to perform to empty benches. Miss Eytinge has misrepresented me in California and elsewhere about this performance, but though solicited again and again to do so I have never given my version of the affair until now."

*Said Lucky B. to Johnny Skae,
You're looking awful dry to-day.
I feel that way, so let us Beer,
And quench our thirst and spirits cheer.
What will you take, said Lucky B.
I recommend Falk's Mil-wau-kee.
You've struck my gait, said Johnny Skae,
I drink that same Beer every day.
And so do I, said Lucky B.,
So what suits you also suits me.*

The Hon. Milton S. Latham sends to the auction house of R. D. W. Davis, next week, April 28th and 29th, the rarest and most complete collection of valuable books that has ever been gathered into a private library in this State. The book-room of Mr. Latham contains some six thousand volumes, and the collection is especially complete in works on politics and political economy, together with the standard English, American, French, and German authors. The sale is without reserve, and will afford an opportunity for all who love good books, or who are making for themselves a collection, to secure some rare works. The books are now upon exhibition at the salesroom of the auction house, No. 211 Pine Street.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

J. M. Litchfield & Co., No. 415 Montgomery Street, are now receiving the very latest styles of Spring Goods, which they would be pleased to show to their patrons and friends, and the public generally.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

On and after Tuesday, April 15th, applications of non-members for tickets to the Artists' Ball will be received by Mr. Martin, assistant secretary, at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street. Members of the association desiring tickets should secure them prior to that date.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Modern Artists' Etchings, 22 Montgomery Street.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.

THE STRAKOSCH GRAND ITALIAN OPERA.

This (Saturday) Afternoon, April 26, at 2 o'clock, first Opera Matinee.

MARTHA.

Suoday Evening, April 27, grand extra night of Italian Opera

LA TRAVIATA.

First appearance of MISS AMY SHERWIN.

Monday Evening, April 28, ninth subscription night (by universal request).

IL TROVATORE.

Tuesday Evening, April 29, tenth subscription night,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Wednesday Evening, April 30, eleventh subscription night,

FAUST.

Sale of Seats at the box office of the Baldwin Theatre only.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—This (Saturday) Evening, April 26, will be performed the successful comedy, now running to crowded houses at Wallack's Theatre, New York,

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Acted by the full strength of the Baldwin Theatre Co.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Third week and continued success of the great Irish Comedian, Mr.

DION BOUCICAULT,

Who will appear Monday Evening, April 28th, every evening during the week, and at Saturday matinee, as

SHAUN THE POST,

In his own masterpiece,

ARRAH NA POGUE,

Produced after the most elaborate preparation, with entirely new scenery, properties, and mechanical effects, and a powerful cast, including Miss

JEFFREYS LEWIS.

Seats at the box office.

H. A. WEAVER,

(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERYS.)

PRINTER,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

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914 Market Street, near the Baldwin.

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At 11 o'clock A. M., at Salesroom,

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and extensive in its selection as any collection ever offered at auction in this city, embracing full and original editions of choice and valuable works in every department of Literature and Science, and Rare Works, many of them out of print and not to be obtained elsewhere at any price.

Among them may be found the following: Burke's Works, John Locke, Rollin, Hume, Smollett's and Hughes' England, Napier, Russell's and Alison's Europe, Gibbon's Rome, Webster's Works, Sheridan's and Pitt's Speeches, Elliott's Debates, Adams', Hamilton's, and Calhoun's Works, Encyclopedia Britannica, the Penny English and American Encyclopedias, Rushworth's and Winwood's Historical Collections, American State Papers and Archives, and many other Rare and Standard Works.

Catalogues will be issued on Monday, the 21st, and Books on exhibition as soon as possible afterward.

Terms made known at commencement of sale.

R. D. W. DAVIS, Auctioneer.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LAN-

guages, 120 Sutter Street, S. F. French and Spanish personally taught by Prof. de Filipe, by his practical and easy new method, enabling the pupil to read, understand, and speak in a very short time. Classes and private lessons.



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FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS,

Pictures, Carpets, etc., stored and taken care of (not necessary to pack them). Parlor Sets, Carpets, and Blankets aired and dusted to keep out moths. Trunks stored for twenty-five cents per month. We have the best facilities for storage, having been in the business for sixteen years, and having built our warehouses expressly for it. Don't pay rent or interest, and can afford to store goods low. Advances made, insurance effected, and reference given. Please send postal card, and we will call and give estimate for storage, etc.
H. WINDEL & CO.,
Principal Storeroom, 310 Stockton St., bet. Post & Sutter,
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The Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium.

THE NAPA DAILY & WEEKLY REGISTER

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FRANCIS & SPALDING, Publishers and Proprietors.

THE REGISTER—Daily and Weekly—

is unsurpassed as a Local and County Newspaper, both in the quantity and quality of reading matter, and in value as an advertising medium. The DAILY REGISTER the only daily paper published in Napa County, and both Daily and Weekly have a large circulation.
Daily \$6, and Weekly \$3 a year.
G. M. FRANCIS.....H. S. SPALDING.

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Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

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and Auctioneers, No. 303 Montgomery Street.
J. O. ELDRIDGE.....AUCTIONEER.

THE FINEST

PRIVATE RESIDENCE

Ever offered at public sale in San Francisco.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY.....MAY 9, 1879,

At 12 o'clock noon, on the premises,

FOLSOM STREET,

BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD,

We will sell, on a liberal credit,

ELEGANT GROUNDS

....AND....

FAMILY

RESIDENCE

....OF THE....

HON. MILTON S. LATHAM,

AS A WHOLE.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half cash, balance to be secured by mortgage on the property. Interest on the mortgage at the rate of eight per cent per annum.

This magnificent estate comprises all that finely located property described as follows: On the north line of Folsom Street, between Second and Third Streets—having a frontage of 137½ feet on Folsom Street by 355 feet in depth, running to a Tehama Street rear entrance to grounds, and stable on Hubbard Street—having a frontage of 80 feet on Hubbard Street. Enclosed on Folsom Street by an elegant iron fence, and on three sides of the property by substantial 24-inch brick wall, from 6 to 15 feet high, with marble walks, carriage drives, fine garden shade trees and four figures in marble.

The improvements consist of a modern built mansion, 65x30, and addition, 50x10, all on solid brick foundation, with mansard roof and tower, three stories in all, built in the most substantial manner, and with every possible modern improvement.

First floor—Large drawing-room with bay windows, reception room, dining room, spacious halls and staircase, magnificent library and conservatory finished in most elaborate style.

In second story—Four large chambers, with rosewood plate-mirror panel folding doors, two bathrooms, ten bedrooms.

In the third story, main building—four large bedrooms, with large tower room above.

In basement—Billiard room and ten pin alleys, finished with inlaid panels, floors, and ceilings; large supper room, and closets, servants' bathroom, wine rooms, laundry, storerooms, porters' room, linen room, and housekeeper's apartments.

The main portion of the building, including all the principal rooms, the halls and billiard room, are elegantly frescoed in the highest style of the art and regardless of expense.

Five French plate-glass mirrors, fixtures in alcove, in rear of parlor and billiard room; elegant Italian carved mantels and low English grates; rosewood square and corner wash-stands, and all conveniences in plumbing work, finished on detail in the best possible manner.

Adjoining the spacious dining-room is a large butler's pantry, containing burglar-proof vault for silverware and a lined silver closet.

Unusually large Library, with skylight and bay window, opening from one side into a large semi-circular Conservatory. This room, for size, light, and ventilation, is not equaled in the State, and was pronounced by the late Hon. Wm. H. Seward to be the handsomest Library-room in America. Also,

Stables and Carriage House,

Very large and roomy; built of brick, two stories, with cupola; finished above and below alike, with every possible convenience; paneled siding and ceiling in both stories; fitted up elegantly with ten stalls and two box stalls; ventilated all around the building, with separate stable for three cows.

Large Carriage House, 22 feet in the clear, light and airy, with large cases, with plate glass fronts, for harness.

Four large rooms finished in the second story of the stable for coachman, porter, watchman, and gardener.

Hay-loft, Granary, Stone Water-troughs, Carriage-wash, Driveway, Water and Gas all over the premises.

Also large Barn-yard, Coal-house, Tool-house, Store-room, and Hot-house, all enclosed with a substantial brick wall, and accessible in front or by private entrance on Hubbard Street.

This estate covers nearly an acre and a quarter of land in the very heart of the city, and surrounded by the private residences of John Barrett, Esq., A. J. Pope, Esq., J. O. Eldridge, Esq., A. H. Forbes, Esq., and other fine properties. Folsom Street, between Second and Third, is one of the finest blocks in the city, paved and sewered, and accepted by the city. Drainage perfect.

This property is on the north side of the street, having the sun all day on its front side. With its beautiful lawn, choice shrubbery and shade trees, garden ornaments, and inlaid marble walks, it is every way desirable for the residence of a gentleman of taste. It is complete in all its appointments, and ready for occupancy. Folsom Street cars pass the property, and the Omnibus Railroad is within half a block.

To appreciate this property, go and see it. The property will be sold in one lot, including Land, Mansion, Stable, and apartments—excepting only the gas fixtures and three wood mantels.

For permission tickets to examine the property, apply to the undersigned, or at the office of H. M. NEWHALL & CO., corner of Sansome and Halleck Streets. The house may be examined by parties desirous of purchasing, any day previous to the sale, between the hours of 12 M. and 3 P. M.

The sale will take place on the premises on the day advertised, rain or shine.

COX, TEALL & CO., 303 Montgomery Street.
J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.

NEW STATIONERY.

A large variety of new styles of Visiting and Correspondence Cards just received. Stationery of all descriptions on hand. Particular attention given to Wedding and Party Invitations.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-

chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, bankruptcy

and all cases attended to.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA-

mento Street,

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,

OCULIST, 313 BUSH

06 - 1



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Trains for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this stage only.

9.30 A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At SALINAS the M. & S. V. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4:30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M. SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, commencing May 10th, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS, connecting with the M. & S. V. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive, as follows:

Baden.....\$ 50	Fair Oaks.....\$ 50
San Bruno.....50	Menlo Park.....1 00
Millbrae.....05	Mayfield.....1 75
Oak Grove.....50	Mountain View.....2 00
San Mateo.....1 00	Lawrence.....2 25
Belmont.....1 25	Santa Clara.....2 50
Redwood.....1 40	San Jose.....2 50

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

SECOND CLASS FARE

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....\$1.00

A car with Sleeping Accommodations, constructed expressly for this travel, is attached to Freight Trains, leaving San Francisco at 4 A. M., and San Jose at 8:30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For rates to well-known Summer Resorts, see special advertisement in this paper.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4:00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, and GILA BEND (119 miles east from Yuma).

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED TO 25 cents.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1879.

Between San Francisco and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry). 5.45 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. 12.50 and 3.45 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry). 8.00 A. M.

8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from Sausalito Ferry, for all points between Sausalito and Junction.

9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin, through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito 5.40 P. M.

This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. (via Sausalito) 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, \$2.00; Tomales, \$3.00; Duncan Mills, \$4.00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 31st, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. (Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colusa, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at 1.00 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. (Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.45 A. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura, and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Reno, Colton, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Gila Bend (119 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Maricopa, Phoenix, Prescott, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 A. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles at second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.00 A. M.)

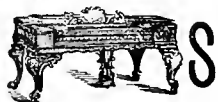
4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS. FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Fernside.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Delaware Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
6.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	8.00	7.00	8.10	6.10	9.00	7.30	8.30	6.10	8.30	6.10
7.30	1.00	8.00	8.00	9.00	8.00	9.10	7.30	8.30	8.30	9.30	7.30	8.30	7.30
8.30	2.00	9.00	9.00	10.00	9.00	10.10	8.30	9.30	9.30	10.30	8.30	9.30	8.30
9.30	3.00	10.00	10.00	11.00	10.00	11.10	9.30	10.30	10.30	11.30	9.30	10.30	9.30
10.30	4.00	11.00	11.00	12.00	11.00	12.10	10.30	11.30	11.30	12.30	10.30	11.30	10.30
11.30	5.00	12.00	12.00	12.00	11.30	11.30	12.30	11.30
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8.30	2.00
9.30	3.00
10.30	4.00
11.30	5.00
12.30	6.00											

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IN ELEGANCE OF DESIGN, QUALITY of finish, and durability of polish, they are every way superior to slate or marble. In point of economy, also, they cost very much less, are stronger, and certainly far more durable than either.

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UNDER THE
BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 3, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

When political affairs assume a grave aspect and danger menaces the land, such light and trifling things as grace the columns of OLLA-PODRIDA are sadly out of time. The king's jester and the court clown were never called in when their monarchs and courts were considering those serious questions that disturbed the throne or convulsed the nation. But when danger had passed then came the court fool with his "wise saws and modern instances," conveying sometimes grave maxims and a deep philosophy under the guise of a merry trifling. The appearance again of OLLA-PODRIDA evidences the fact that in the opinion of the wise men who control the ARGONAUT the danger is passed. The new Constitution will not be adopted. The old one will remain the well and fountain of our judicial knowledge. It will continue to be the chart and compass to guide us; it will be the sheet anchor to hold the ship of State, and the sun will continue to shine, and the grass to grow, and California to prosper as in the olden time, and Kearney will not be Dictator, and Terry will not be Chief-Justice, and Clitus Barbour will not be Mayor, and Beerstecher will continue to sell beer, and Bonnet to friz hair, and Vaequerel to cook, and Volney E. Howard will raise oranges in the semi-tropical climate of Los Angeles, and the lousy statesmen of the sand-lots will crawl back to their hay bunks; all the luminaries of the late convention will go into eclipse, and this new crop of demagogue politicians will be nipped in the bud.

It seems almost too bad that all the fond anticipations of these old political fossils like Terry, Howard, Sam Soule, and Piper should come to naught. It seems too bad that Judge O. C. Pratt can not be re-vitalized into a judicial existence. It is indeed melancholy that Paul Morrill and John Lord Love should be still left in the dead valley of political dry bones, or that ex-Governor Downey should have no hope of political resurrection, and that the trump of the archangel should never sound the recall to life of old, dead, dried up, and withered political and social malcontents that under the wormth of the sand-lot have made this last spasmodic wiggle for life. Poor old Tompkins and poor old Dr. Wozecraft, and Bradford, and Alexander Campbell, and Estee, and all of those old "three-time losers" on the green cloth of life's "faro table!" We are sorry for them. "The times have been that when the braies were out the mas would die," but this melacholy collection of prehistoric fossils have been galvanized into a spasmodic and final kick. It is a common experiment at the dissecting table to apply the galvanic wire to the toe of a corpse, give the battery a turn, and under the influence of electricity it will start into life, rise to its feet, give one ghastly grin, and then relapse into the very dead condition it was in before the experiment. This uprising of the slums has acted like galvanism upon these old political corpses. Every disappointed politician; every played out, burned out, kicked out, haager on of party; every bursted stock garbler; every broken banker; every old, soured, dyspeptic, unhappy, social malcontent has shown his face, grinned his grin, grumbled his grumble, and we now hope he will lay himself down again to the quiet repose of his political death. It makes us sad to see these skeletons walking among us—these ghosts of old ambitions trooping by.

Perhaps, after all, we are counting without our host. Perhaps, after all, ignorance will triumph over intelligence; nothing over something; old resurrectionists over the young blood of the State; old political fossils be revamped into new life; and that the time has come when the disgraceful tramp, the worthless idler, the vicious social malcontent, the idle, the drunken, the disorderly, the discontented, the demoralized, and the debauched, will come to political power and wield the destinies of this State. For one week longer we will indulge the hope that such a thing is impossible, and that California has not entered upon its period of social and political decadence. We hope we shall not be compelled to come under the sway of the sand-lot. We hope the time has not come when we are to be ruled over by the dyspeptic, when indigestion is to be crowned king. If that time has come, we shall submit to the majority with that good grace that always characterizes the amiable and the healthy. And if that time has not come, we shall insist that the bowling minority, the old fossils, and the political riffraff, shall crawl back to the obscurity and quiet of their ignoble past and be for ever silent.

There is one curious thing about us Californians—we are always in a stew. We go from one scare into another like babies wandering in the woods. Verily we are the greatest cowards and dunces the world has ever produced. Not less than half a dozen times since the settlement of California we have been frightened out of our seven senses, and the whole community has gone into the dumps and doldrums, as though the bottom had fallen out of the State, and the city of San Francisco was to be overrun again with ocean sands and to become a roost for sea birds. In 1853 we had it bad. Real Estate was a drug, and everybody that could realize did so, and ran away. Who does not remember the Frazer River scare, when lots sold on Montgomery Street for one-quarter their value; the Goat Island panic, when the *Bulletin* and *Call* impressed upon us the alarming fear lest the commercial metropolis was going to take itself bodily over to old Yerba Buena. We have had fire scares, and panic scares, and earthquake scares, till our hair seems to rise on end as a natural and normal condition of things. Chinese immigration has frightened us out of all propriety, and we actually believed at one time that Tom Scott was coming overland with his Southern Pacific Railroad to make San Diego a great commercial emporium, where the Asiatic and Oriental trade would concentrate, and that San Francisco would go back to its primitive condition as an embarcadero of Spanish hides and tallow; that owls would roost in our belfries and the wild ass browse upon the chaparral of Montgomery Street.

And yet during all these years our city and our State has grown and prospered. The railroad, the last and greatest bugbear of monopoly—that, in the opinion of a few howling lunatics, was like the giant in the fable to eat us all up, crying "fee, fo, fum; I smell the blood of an Englishman, and, dead or alive, I will have some"—even this has contributed to our prosperity. San Francisco, somehow or other, prospers in spite of all the birds of ill-omen that hoot over and against it, in spite of all the false prophets that prophesy evil concerning it, in spite of all the politicians, sand-lot loafers, political demagogues, and villainous newspapers that curse it with their existence. It is growing to-day, increasing in wealth and prosperity, laying its foundations broad and deep; extending its commerce, its manufactures, its trades; its buildings multiply; its private residences grow in numbers and in elegance and costliness of construction; and it will flourish in spite of the devilish machinations of all the tramps, loafers, and conspirators that combine to retard its growth and hinder its progress. We wish it could have repose for, say, ten years; that for that length of time its people could be let alone to follow their industries and carry out their enterprises; that all the daily newspapers could be suppressed, all the telegraphic wires cut, all elections be suspended. Let Governor Irwin remain in office, and let no Legislature convene. We would be delighted to have the people let alone for one decade. Let them have repose from politics and the sensation of elections. As soon as this constitutional election is over, and within forty days, our political conventions will assemble for party nominations, and we shall all be by the ears as to whether John F. Swift shall be nominated for Governor and elected by the Republicans, or some equally good man shall receive the Democratic nomination. It won't make a pin's difference who is Governor, but all our daily journals will perspire great clots of ink over the question, and our peripatetic political orators will lash themselves into convulsions of patriotism to secure a party triumph; and there will be great meetings at Platt's Hall, and processions, and illuminations, and bonfires, and oratory, and music, and all sorts of nonsense.

Next spring we shall renew the tumult over Presidential nominations. Just as though the people had any voice in choosing a Presidential nominee, and just as though it was not the toss of a Bungtown copper whether General Grant or Governor Tilden become President of the United States; and in the fall the whole country will be ablaze with excitement, and all sorts of lies will fill the political atmosphere. The North will be arrayed against the South, the blue against the gray, neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend, section against section, and all upon the question whether Tom Shannon shall be Collector of the port of San Francisco, or somebody else step into the administration of this particular ward of the national poor-house for the support of party mendicants. The nation will be tossed in a blanket because an hundred thousand men desire to remain in office, and five hundred thousand other men desire to get in. The Government is to undergo a great upheaval in order to determine who shall be its postmasters. All this excitement of too frequent elections is a severe strain upon the temper of our people; it leads to ideosecs and dissipation. If we could have a rest for ten years we should think the millennium had really come. Our officials could afford to be honest, and even if they should steal themselves rich it would be better for us than to agitate ourselves every two or four years to let a new and more hungry swarm of political insects get their bills into us.

The second step for a republic is the one that leads to empire. First, the domination of a mob; then comes Caesar. After chaos comes the order of the military power; after anarchy comes the strong government. General Grant will be here in a few days, and we suggest to General McComb, Major Backus, Colonel Wasson, General Walsh, and other distinguished military gentlemen, whether, in anticipation of his coming, they had not better organize themselves into a praetorian guard, and proclaim him Consul, King, Emperor, Dictator, anything to rescue us from this many-headed monster of the sand-lot. Let Ulysses Grant be proclaimed King of California. He can extend his empire eastward, annexing province by province till he absorbs the trans-mountain territory that lies beyond the American Alps. He can seize the great valley of the Mississippi, and make New Orleans its emporium of trade. Gradually State by State will come under the protection of his military arm, till our empire is bounded by the two great oceans, and extends from the boreal to the tropic land. We will then proclaim the empire, and crown Ulysses King, with a right to name his successor. Then the sand-lot shall be drafted to dig an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus, *via* Nicaragua, the railroads become national property, San Francisco the world's great metropolis, the ARGONAUT the court journal, and ourself a prince or grand duke by royal letters patent for being the first to suggest the elevation of His Imperial Highness to the throne of an American empire.

For jowl that's hard and cheek that's glazed, for coolness that is arctic and impudence that is colossal, commend us to the *Chronicle*—every attaché of which, from the devil that washes type to the devil that sits up aloft, through all the intermediate apartments from the key-hole reporter of bed-chamber sensations up to the encyclopaedical transposer of editorial from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, are now, and always have been, and always will continue to be, gamblers in mining stocks. Not a man in the office, from Timmins up and down, that is not in this dreadful business. Now, and ever since the first share was placed upon the market, the entire establishment, rank and file, has been hanging, like Shakspeare's samphire gatherer, half way down between dizzy heights and horrible depths—now buoyant with extravagant hopes, and anon blue with desperate despair. Lo, the remedy! Abol-

ish the stock exchange. Declare it unlawful to make time transactions. Refuse the machinery of the law to the man who gambles and loses. Give a premium to rogues who will play and not pay. Tear down the granite juggernaut that with its ponderous wheels crushes the financial bones of its worshipers. Destroy the Bourse, and by legislation make men honest. Declare in the organic law that there shall be no more cakes and ale—and all of this because the greed of gain tempted the virtuous *Chronicle* across the threshold of the mining cave where sits the grim giant of despair. The *Chronicle* went in bristling with confidence, was plucked, and came out squealing; and now, like the pig under the gate, like the sow the devil sheared, with only its nose and fore paws at liberty, it squeals, and claws, and shrieks against the crime of gambling. "The devil burnt with dipping his fingers in holy water," "Satan rebuking sin," are *similes* to describe the virtuous indignation of this most moral and high-toned journal.

Never a place in the world gave such continuous labor and such good wages to workmen as did California till within two years. Until Kearney made his advent upon the sand-lot work was plenty and payment liberal. Since his advent, labor has been scarce and wages low. The poor man who works for a living should ask himself the question whether this is not true. Workingmen find no employment from Kearney and his sand-lot gang. Labor is given by men who have brains and money. The sand-lot ass, Denis Kearney, is endeavoring to kick out the brains that finds poor men employment, and scare all the money out of the country that pays them.

A lady friend found a hard-working woman with two children, and the incumbrance of an inefficient husband. In charity she hired a house for the family, paid the rent, and gave the wife enough employment to keep the wolf from the door. She now writes to inform us that the husband is electioneering among his acquaintance, who are day laborers, for the new Constitution, because it is the poor man's Constitution and will reduce taxes. "Am I justified," she asks, "in bulldozing this ungrateful meddler to vote as my property and business interest demand? I am in an unpleasant predicament. I would not injure the wife and children, but I would let the man starve before he should live upon my brains and my money."

Not long since we attended the silver wedding of Mr. Houghton at Oakland. We hired a carriage to take us across the bay, attend in the evening, and return with us the next morning—price, \$15. Before leaving, we asked the driver and owner of the vehicle how he would vote on the Constitution, and this was his reply: "I am an Irishman, twenty years in San Francisco. I have a family; children at school. I have a homestead and stable. I own my carriage and horses. I have some money in the savings bank. I have prospered under the old Constitution. It is good enough for me, and I shall stand by it." "Then you have no prejudice against rich men," we said; "you do not belong to the sand-lot." "No, sir," he replied; "I live upon rich men." "The sand-lot never hires my clareoce. I do not want rich men bothered; when they have money I get some of it. If times were hard you would not go to this party; or, if you did, you would go across by the ferry boat and street car; you and your wife could come and go for eighty cents. You pay me \$15. I don't want rich men to economize; for while you are economizing by going on foot my horses are eating their heads off and I am starving. If money is plenty you spend, and I am all right. If money is scarce you economize, and I suffer. I am looking out for myself and not for Denis Kearney." We commend this reasoning to the statesmen of the sand-lot, and invite either of the attorneys of the *Chronicle* to answer it.

A young lawyer said to us on Tuesday last that he should vote for the new Constitution. Upon expressing our surprise, he said: "I am a young lawyer. My future is before me. The old Constitution is interpreted by thirty years of legal decisions. Fifty-four volumes of California Reports contain all that is settled by judicial decree. The new Constitution is a tangled web of contradictions and anomalous provisions. It is made for lawyers. It will give us a decade of litigation. It will distribute millions among the lawyers, and I am not unselfish and patriotic enough not to hope that it will pass." We turned away, tickling the back of our ear with our dexter finger, and made to ourself this observation: "If there is any class justified in adopting Kearney's Constitution it is the lawyers."

A German, in reply to our interrogatory, "How are you on the Constitution, Thompson?" said: "I came to the country twenty-five years ago. I have done well. I own a good home, and it is paid for. I always had plenty of work and good wages till this d—d fool, Kearney, began to blow on the sand-lot. Since then times have been hard, labor scarce, and wages low. If the new Constitution would send Kearney to the insane asylum, or to the county jail, or to the pound for mad dogs, or to the devil, or if it provided for a new fool-killer, I would vote for it; but it don't, and I stand by the old Constitution, you bet."

While the *Chronicle* is so busily engaged in moralizing over corruption in municipal affairs, and drawing such startling pictures of malfeasance in office, would it not be a good idea to carry the analysis out and state to this people whose votes put these thieves, and suicides, and scoundrels, and public robbers in places of trust? Was it not the same class of suffrage that uncovered the *Chronicle* and the new Constitution, and proposes to bounce us with the same ballot on the May? It's a wise child that don't recognize its own

WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

I was a teacher—St. Simon save the mark! That is, I drew seventy dollars, at intervals of twenty-eight days, for misinstructing the pupils of the Cañon School during the summer of 1874. The Cañon School was just over the ridge from Peekerville, and I boarded with my friends, the Merrys, who lived on Owing's Hill, a "short mile" from the school house. I was younger then, and did not rightly appreciate the value of self-respect; and so it did not especially grieve me to realize that my ill-success in teaching was the result of sheer incapacity to teach. My faults were various and my qualifications few; I had "no government" for one thing, and "lacked the talent for imparting" for another—but this sketch has little to do with my actual school work; it was enough that I was not reëngaged, and have never since asked for a position as teacher. Yet had I not taught the Cañon School, I should never have known Molly Browne, and there would have been no excuse for this sketch.

When I opened school the first morning, I was conscious of a great many freckled faces, not a few dirty ones, and one or two which threatened mischief. Most of the children were under twelve. There was a big, vicious-looking lot of perhaps eighteen whom I mentally labeled for a thrashing at the slightest provocation; one or two simpering misses, neutral looking as faded wild oats; and the inevitable bright boy and girl, wearing the usual expectant, self-congratulatory expression. But to the extreme right of the huddled school-room, in the very last seat, was a girl—about sixteen I judged—whose attitude was a study, whose face was a tender pastoral.

"Clyte!" I thought with almost an exclamation, for I was a worshiper of Frank Bret Harte, and swore by the Shakespearian truthfulness of "Miss." I looked at my special pupil for a long, critical moment, and the physical likeness before me and the ideal "Clyte" corresponded exactly. "How pretty she is," I thought, and as I went on with the day's routine I looked more often than in any other direction to where Molly Browne was sitting. And as I looked I could not but note how lovingly the sun had played about the curves of her full throat, to leave it so soft and white, and wondered what had preserved the exquisite bloom of her cheek from the blurring vandalism of the in-coast breezes, or why her hands or wrists were not brown, or red, or mottled—under which three descriptions the forty and five other hands in the room were certainly included.

I could not answer my own questions, and it would have been scarcely permissible—even under the sanction of scientific inquiry—to ask the young lady herself; I say "young lady," because to me she ceased to be a girl after the first ten minutes of our acquaintance. Yet it did not take me many days to realize that Molly was not "Clyte's" mental double. Molly Browne was an exceedingly straightforward young person, with positive convictions in *re* men, women, and things. Those opinions were, doubtless, less wise than otherwise, yet her dogmatism did not exclude the machinery of proof from the young lady's scheme of thinking; while there mingled with her more mature beliefs various old-fashioned illusions, not strictly harmful and certainly picturesque.

An accident which occurred before Molly was seven years old had made her, in early years, incapable of performing such household duties as demanded real hard work. But, as Molly took kindly and intelligently to needle-work, the house-mother found it wise to utilize her daughter's talent in that line, and made Molly cutter and fitter in ordinary to the entire household. And so she came to be the "lady" of the family Browne, and to preserve the only pair of white hands within the length and breadth of Dutch Bill Cañon.

At first I thought my interest in my special pupil was merely of passing moment, having at most a quasi-scientific character, and not at all dangerous to any one's peace of mind. To fall in love with my pupil would be too much like sundry flavorless romances which I had read as a boy in the story columns of the San Francisco dailies, and which I had learned to despise with my first tangible moustache. As I stated the case to the Merrys on the evening of my first day of the Cañon School: "Please don't think I intend to do anything foolish because I say Molly Browne is the prettiest girl I ever saw. One does not marry a girl just because she happens to have a graceful figure and a pretty face as they did—"

"When I married Harriet," interrupted the master of the house, to which his wife replied by a conjugal grimace, and then said to me:

"You are like all city men—you take it for granted that country maidens are like ripe cherries, fairly pining to be stolen. It is not so at all—it is unjust."

"She speaks from the ripe experience of a fruitful past," said Ira, and while Mrs. Merry was boxing the poor man's ears I went to bed.

The Merrys owned a large dairy ranch, and had a big apple orchard covering one of the slopes of Owing's Hill. Mrs. Merry was quite a pretty woman, and the striking physical likeness 'twixt her and Molly Browne increased my liking for each of them. Both husband and wife had an unfortunate mental tendency for practical joking, but even that could not obscure the ingrained goodness of their natures, and surely there could be no pleasanter host and hostess.

My home comforts included the use of a saddle-horse, and Ira turned over to my exclusive use a chestnut mare, called "Sue"; she was a half-breed, crank, and supple, and off like a flash, and suited my disposition to a dot. Molly Browne had a saddle-horse, also; a splendid animal, combining enough Messenger to give him bottom, with sufficient Black Hawk to give him form. As a colt he had been named "Stormy John"; and, while to every one his name was at once a warning and a definition, to his fair mistress he was both an untiring servant and a devoted friend.

Molly monopolized the family inclination and opportunity for equestrianism, and I was the only man in the neighborhood sufficiently idle to ride horseback "for fun." I rode pretty well—as horsemen and horses go—and "Stormy John's" mistress was the best horsewoman I had ever met.

In the Peekerville neighborhood the district school master was a favored animal. To most people therein the teacher—like kings in other places—could do no wrong. I had what the authorities were pleased to term "a good face"—possibly because of its complete and satisfying ugliness—and the

good people of my constituency were charitable enough to condone such faults of the head as were scored against me by declaring that I "meant well," having never heard Charles Lamb declare that "well meaning people ought to be hanged."

After Molly and I began to be well acquainted—had found out each other's likings and discovered how many of them were mutual—we became excellent friends. In the Browne household I was made instantly welcome. "Of course" I might ride with Molly. "She needed an escort," and besides I might "teach her botany and things." The "botany" proposition taxed my gravity somewhat; but I was honestly grateful to be permitted to act as my pretty pupil's escort. I promised, I think, a full course of natural history, and by the very next mail sent to my friend Billings for half a dozen skeleton text books.

"Did poor little Molly fall at your feet and beg you to let her worship you?" asked Mrs. Merry, one evening—the evening of our first ride together.

"Don't be unkind," I said; "I didn't mention 'poor little Molly,' did I?"

"N-o, but Ira saw you riding past Cowen's corner, slowly, and so close together. You were looking wise over a leaf or something, and she was looking very pleased and happy. Ira said—"

"I don't care to hear what Ira said," I interrupted angrily, and went to my room to sulk.

At breakfast next morning my hostess said, sweetly: "I wouldn't lose my temper over a little thing like that. You are not the least bit handsome when you are in the sulks. You know—or should know—that your secret is our keeping—"

"But there isn't any secret," I protested.

"Of course we knew all along she couldn't resist you; it was sheer local pride which made us insist the contrary," went on the provoking woman, as if she had not heard me. But I felt it due to myself to explain, and so I said, with great dignity:

"It is profoundly cruel that society will not tolerate the most innocent familiarity without sinister interpretation."

"Well, now you mention it, marriage is a rather sinister interpretation," interposed Ira; at which they both laughed heartily, and there was nothing left for me but to laugh with them.

I have always been an accommodating fellow; and, as the Merrys had settled in advance that I should fall in love with my pretty pupil, I accepted the situation at their valuation; and it did not require many rides in company with Molly Browne to complete that young person's unconscious conquest and reduce my youthful affections to a condition of ravishing wretchedness. In theory I had studied the proposal question in all its complex phases—from the declaration by proxy to the pop direct. I flattered myself, furthermore, that I knew a thing or two, and believed I could make up for lack of exterior grace, beauty, and elegance by calm tenacity of purpose and florid persuasiveness of address.

The Peekerville region is part of the redwood belt which fringes the Pacific from Santa Cruz to Crescent City. It is a region of forest and stream, of narrow valley meadows and broad upland pastures, of rural simplicity and complex manufacturing industry, of dairy ranches and saw mills, of potato fields and tanneries, of noble outlooks and the daintiest of Lilliputian landscapes. From the clearings and forest openings along the summit of Walker's Ridge, between Peekerville and the Russian River, there is unfolded a vast panorama—ocean and river, valley and coast; its southern limit, Point Reyes; its northern verge, the redwood minarets above Timber Cove. The unnumbered gulches, which furrow the eastern slope of Walker's Ridge, are rank with clustering moss and the tropic tangles of brake and fern. The gulch streams, alternate rivulet and torrent, twist and bend and plunge in eccentric curves and angles, so that to the follower each glimpse view is a fresh surprise, a new setting for the same landscape type—a type so lovely that the friend of nature never tires of it, so perfect that only the friend of nature may rightly value it.

Molly and I explored more than one of these glens. It was our custom to ride away early Saturday mornings, and, after riding along the ridge and through the woods to the head of some previously unvisited ravine, we would tie our horses and follow the stream as long as we dared. Then, late in the afternoon, we would ride home laden with ferns and mosses and "such like" woodland "truck," which were to be admired and pressed and treasured, for friends and memory.

Concerning dress, Molly was a very sensible, practical little woman; and, after I had taken her from the saddle, she would throw her riding skirt over one arm and trip away to the sheltered screen of some hollow redwood, and in a few moments emerge clad in the most bewitching of bloomers, with a pretty sailor collar and mammoth buttons. If Mrs. Grundy—who lived variously in the Peekerville vicinage—had anything to say about our rides and rambles and scrambles, her comments never reached us. Our meanderings were as little harmful as those of the wonderful lovers in *Foul Play*, or the still more impossible people in Mallock's *New Paul and Virginia*. Nor must it be inferred that any such relations as those of sweetheart and lover were either expressed or understood between us. Molly was the most demure as well as the frankest of friends, while I was as bashfully hesitant, under my forced ease, as is the infant bantam struggling with his first *reville*. It is true that I often gathered "baby's eyes" and "blue bells"—the early nightshade of the fields and its summer cousin of the woods. (Botanically speaking, the "baby's eye" is not a nightshade, belonging to the family *Hydrophyllaceae*, genus *Nemophila*, and species *Menziesii*.) These lovely flowers I never tired of comparing with my comrade's lovely eyes. But her long lashes always veiled the expression with which she tossed aside my careless compliments, and I never dared make them seem earnest.

So, week by week and Saturday by Saturday, the golden summer slipped through my nerveless fingers, and I had neither discovered Molly's secret nor told her mine. If she loved me then, or knew how much I had learned to care for her, I did not know and dared not ask, yet no man had ever better opportunities. As I said, I flattered myself that I knew a thing or two, and I wrote out a long syllabus of proposal, which my friend, Clarence Hubbard, who was both erudite and experienced in the subject, afterward declared "equal to passages in a certain celebrated digest compiled

in the reign of William and Anne." But, somehow, I could never find the courage to match the occasion, though the occasion was almost omnipresent; yet I did come very near it once—my last school Saturday as it happened—and if I had bridged the difficulty then, the deucedly uncomfortable sequel would have been impossible.

We started very early one splendid October morning, and rode along the ridge to the head of Freezeout Gulch, which is really quite a cañon, opening into the Russian River bottom about eight miles north of Peekerville. "Freezeout" is, or was, the wildest, least frequented spot in all the Peekerville region. It contained a splendid body of timber, as yet intact, and was a favorite haunt of grizzlies, panthers, and wild animals generally. Of course, we knew the reputation of the place, but we did not bargain for an actual introduction to an uncaged bruin. We were prepared, however, like the man in *Aesop*, to see the tracks of both bears and California lions, and we ardently hoped to catch at least a glimpse of a deer.

We did see a deer, more than one, too; as we came around a turn in the cañon a spike buck and two does were feeding within easy pistol range below us, and they trotted off very leisurely after our incautious movement betrayed our whereabouts.

As we neared, on returning, the spot where we had left the horses we heard several loud snorts of fear, a rustling scramble in the bushes, and the next moment through a break in the underbrush we saw my chestnut mare galloping in headlong flight along the narrow trail which led up the hill to the ridge road. Before we could even conjecture what had happened we heard a smothered growl, another frightened snort, and then a stallion's terrible scream of rage and pain.

"It is a bear," I said. "He has struck your horse. Climb a tree quick!" And I ran through the opening in the bushes and on to the shelving glade where we had tied the horses. It was a bear and no mistake; luckily for me, not a grizzly. It was a medium sized cinnamon, and doubtless not very hungry, for he turned tail at once, and I never knew whether the two shots I sent after him were creditable to the efficacy of my pocket "bull-dog" or the reverse.

"Stormy John," who had been picketed with a rawhide lariat, had tangled his tether midst a labyrinth of scrubby oaks, and was helpless to free himself. The bear had struck on the side just behind the girth space, but the hurt was nothing worse than a shallow flesh wound. I succeeded in partially calming him, relieved him from the toils, and ran back for Molly. As usually, she was perfectly cool and collected, walking by my side without a noticeable tremor, as I told her, excitedly, what had happened.

On seeing his mistress "Stormy John" became instantly as quiet as she, and by the time I had saddled him Molly had donned her riding skirt and came to be put up.

"You may ride, too," she said; "'John' will carry double—for me."

"But I must pack—literally pack—my saddle and bridle." "You can tie them over his shoulder, fastening them to the leaping horn."

"But I may catch 'Sue.'"

"No such good luck. 'Sue' is half way home by this time. I think you had better do as I say, sir. I'll gallop home without you if you do not," said Molly sternly.

And so I did as she bade me, and for six tantalizingly delightful miles I rode with an arm about Molly's waist, and Molly's cheek so near my own, that had I been a goblin I might have measured the distance between her dimples with a thread of moonbeam. For long before we had reached Owing's Hill the shadows had come, the sun had gone, and the full moon which rose above the Mark West hills was flooding with molten mystery the fair valley of Santa Rosa, of which we caught brief vista glimpses through the crowded trees. The owls were chanting their kobold wisdom from the pines, the spectral bats flew blindly round us, the glow-worm sparked in the road-side tufts, and the rifted moonlight silvered the leaves in its downward track and deepened the shadows on either side, until the forest became veritable fairy land, and not to love was a sin.

The hour, the scene, the situation, all were perfect, but I was a coward, and dared not break the spell.

At Cowen's Corner, midway 'twixt my home and Brownes', we met Ira Merry on his way to tell Molly's father that the teacher's horse had come home riderless, and to ask in which direction we had gone. All those miles I had been "getting ready" to say something, but when we met Ira it was, of course, too late. I let him go home with Molly, and, throwing my saddle and bridle over my shoulder, trudged up the hill to supper and a scolding.

On the following Friday I closed the Cañon School, and the next morning started for San Francisco with my great syllabus undelivered, and my youthful affections in a state of chaos.

I had been in Frisco about ten days; I had written really a long letter, which was as yet unanswered, and was sitting in a friend's office, to which I had requested my half dozen correspondents to direct, when the postman entered and tossed me a letter addressed J. K. Hazel, and postmarked Peekerville. I recognized the penmanship with a thrill—it was Molly Browne's.

I held the letter in my hand for fully three minutes, to see how much torture I could bear, and then snipped open the envelope with the office shears. There was a plump, elastic feeling about it, which meant thin paper and a good many sheets. I opened the closely-written pages eagerly, and then turned impatiently to the signature. It was from Mrs. Ira Merry.

It was a nice, long, chatty letter; full to overflowing with harmless gossip and sentimental nonsense. In almost any other mood I should have enjoyed it thoroughly; but just then it was, in effect, a bitter disappointment, and I read it to the end with the sulkiest of faces.

Molly had directed the envelope. She had stopped at the Merrys a moment, on her way to Santa Rosa, and wrote the superscription to oblige Mrs. Merry. She "would write from Santa Rosa, probably." I learned further that at the town in question there was to be a "grand fancy dress ball on the thirteenth." Molly would be there, and the Merrys also; so I "must be sure to go." I could meet Ira and his wife at the hotel, and she would tell me what Molly was to wear. "Go!" Of course I would go. I would have gone to Patagonia or Milpitas on such an errand.

I found Mrs. Merry waiting to receive me in the hotel

parlor; well, and gracious, and glad to see me. "Where was Ira?" "Oh! he had gone down town on business; I would see him at the ball supper." "Where was Molly?" "Oh! I should meet her at the ball; she would be dressed so and so." "Would not they be on the floor?" "Oh, no! Ira would not think of such a thing; old married people like they!" So after a few more questions, and a few more answering "ohs," I took my leave to prepare for the ball.

As I entered the ball-room almost the first person I met was—Molly. My friend had described her dress so perfectly that there could not possibly be any mistake—a shepherdess in a corn-colored brocade and the traditional shepherdess hat, corn-colored long silk gloves, black slippers, and black mask.

I had feared this meeting with the craven hesitancy of a man not quite sure of his premises, or of himself. Yet as Molly advanced to meet me, and returned the pressure of my hand, my formless fears slipped away as if they had never been, and I whispered eagerly, proudly:

"Molly, it has been ten years—ten days since I have seen you; are you well?"

"Yes," came the clear, unshaken answer. The tones were familiar, yet somehow they did not seem quite Molly's. But I knew the hand I held and the figure before me could belong to no one else, even though glove and mask prevented perfect recognition.

"Yes, I am well; and you?"

"Molly," I whispered, passionately, all my old timidity forgotten, "Molly, I am no longer your teacher, but your lover. I have been your lover for months—it seems to me ages. It has been so ever since we rode together that first June afternoon. And I am a hungry, selfish, exacting lover. I want you now; I want you altogether; I want you always. Let me tear away that cruel, dividing mask, that I may look into your eyes, and seal your lips in solemn promise."

I noticed that she shrank perceptibly. Perhaps my ardent fluency frightened her; perhaps I hurt her hand.

"Oh, no, no!" she expostulated. "You forget—we are not alone—you are not yourself. Can you not wait a little while—till to-morrow?"

At her word the cold fit fell on me, chillingly; and I replied sorrowfully: "Till to-morrow? To-morrow will never come. Do you not see how much this answer means to me? I want it now."

"Then wait, please, until supper. Mr. Hazel—Jaakey;" and she was gone. I turned instantly, but she had melted into the eddying throng, and for the moment I had lost her.

The dancers brushed against me, goodnaturedly, spitefully, angrily. I moved apart unheeding. Had not I held Molly's hand in mine? Had not she called me "Jaakey?"

She had promised me the supper quadrille. I did not waltz, and the other dances on her card were taken before I came. I thought the hour would never come. I had been unable to get even a word with Molly between the dances, and we went through the hum-drum movement of our dance almost in silence. Then came the march, and we crowded down the narrow staircase to the supper-room where we were all to unmask.

I stood by Molly's side, leaning on her chair, with eager, expectant gaze; I wanted to catch the first upward glance from her flower-like eyes. She raised her mask. The radiant eyes which met my own were full of mocking laughter. They were fair to see; but they were not Molly's eyes.

"Molly"—I began to say as she put up her hand to raise her mask.

"Not Molly—Harriet, at your service. Didn't I do it well?"

If I could have killed her with a look, a certain worthy Peekerville dairy-rancher would have been that night a widower. The corn-colored shepherdess was Mrs. Ira Merry.

Abruptly I turned away, and left the supper-room without a word. Outside the door I met Ira.

"Where is Molly?" I asked, with wrathful directness.

"Molly?—Molly Browne? Ah! she has gone to Healdsburg, I believe. She was married last night; married to a cousin of the Peckers. Sudden engagement, wasn't it? Good match, though. Young fellow just out from New Jersey. Got a heap of tin, they say. Going to buy a big ranch near Cloverdale, I've heard. Have you seen my wife?"

And that is why the Merrys and I "are out."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1879.

R. S. S.

Rules of Conduct.

Never exaggerate; at least, don't exaggerate so excessively as to cause undue remark.

Never laugh at the misfortunes of others, save in the isolated instance of a man struggling between heaven and earth, with only the blue dome of the sky above him, and nothing to speak of under him, except a banana peel.

Never send a present, hoping for one in return. Nine times out of ten you will slip up on your expectations. Freeze to the present you buy. You are dead sure of that.

Never question your neighbors' servants or children about family matters. They are liable to fib to you. The best way is to "snook" around and find out for yourself.

Always offer the easiest seat in the room to a lady or an invalid. A hard bottom, straight-back chair is usually considered about the easiest thing there is made to sit on. A rocking-chair is apt to produce sea-sickness.

Never pass between two passengers who are talking together, without offering an apology. One of them may lift you a kick that will raise you through the pier glass.

Never put a fire or warm dry sheets in the spare room. It's too awfully inviting and these are hard times.

Never insult an acquaintance by harsh words when applied to for a favor. It is just as easy and ever so much pleasanter to lie to him and tell him you haven't got it. He may know you are a liar, but he can't deny that you are a gentleman.

Never fail to answer an invitation, either personally or by letter. If it is an invitation to dinner, by all means answer it personally. If it is an invitation to a wedding or donation party, a letter will do just as well and is about ten times as cheap.

Never refuse to receive an apology. You won't be offered one more than once in twenty-five years, and you can keep them as rarities.

Never thrust your foot out across the aisle in a street car. Somebody may spit on it.

OUR OWN POETS.

A Love Song.

Oh, her lips are lips whereon laughter
Bubbles out like the laugh of a stream;
Her eyes are as stars in still water,
And as full of sweet thoughts as a dream;
Her throat, it is whiter than sea-foam,
And her breast's like the surge of the sea;
Her heart is more true than the lodestone,
And her heart she has given to me!

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1879.

SIGNA.

My Friend.

All alone again, in the twilight,
And where is the friend of years?
The friend of my youth and school days—
The friend in my hopes and fears?

The friend whom I trusted the greatest,
The one whom I loved the best?
So sure that our faith was eternal
My heart was always at rest.

Another has taken her from me
To be his beautiful bride—
Taken her, my friend and my blessing,
And drifted out with the tide.

I give up all claim to the future;
Its brightness I would not mar
With vainest regrets or repinings,
Or the gloom of tears afar.

So I take the past and its memories,
And lay them sadly away,
With a book, a poem, a picture,
And a faded flower—to-day.

And all that I ask of my darling,
As she sails o'er life's blue sea,
Is to give me a thought in the twilight
That will drift far back to me.

SAN MATEO, March, 1879.

W. D.

Spring.

'Tis tuneful Spring,
And Nature fair has donned her gorgeous garb
And revels in a royal rhyme.
The linnets sing,

For sunny skies have slain with golden barb
The Winter chill, that has no chime
Nor merry ring.

The songsters pour
Their warbled mirth in grateful carols long;
The very air with music thrills
From shore to shore,
And e'en our poets bud and bloom in song,
And bathe their thirsty rhyming quills
In liquid lore.

The giant hills,
Whose summits slumber in the misty blue,
Seem jubilant, and all in tune
With rippling rills
And limpid mountain brooks that murmur through
The wooded cañon, and commune
In tuneful trills

With yonder vale,
From which, o'erlooked by this gray, towering peak,
A rich, voluptuous fragrance rare
From blossoms frail
Floats upward, and beguiles my soul to seek
The Eden haunt where flowers fair
Bedeck the dale.

In rich array
Of velvet green are all the valleys clad,
Bespangled with a triple hue—
With daisies stray,
And beds of buttercups, and violets glad—
The white, the golden, and the blue
In contrast gay.

So, joyous, queenly Spring
Reigns mirthful on her broad and gilded emerald throne;
And, drunk with due, in song her courtiers vie
With sweet harmonious ring;
For barrenness and wailing Winter with its moan
Are thralls to verdure and to sunny sky.
'Tis merry, tuneful Spring.

SANTA ROSA, April, 1879.

F. E. BELDEN.

Day-Doom.

Low sinks the flaming orb of day, and wide
The sunset gates on golden hinges swing,
As Daylight through them glides on folded wing,
With Eve and dusky Twilight at her side.

Calm Night lets gently down the bars of gold
That stretch far o'er the purple mountain height,
And soft the stars flock out from azure fold
To wander o'er the radiant fields of light.

Queen Nature sleeps and smiles amid her dream
As steals on starlit air Love's serenade,
While soft the moon bright glides the silent stream,
And floods with silver light the dreamy glade.

As sleeps the world, the soul takes heavenly wing,
And with the silent stars goes wandering.

PETALUMA, April, 1879.

CLARENCE U. THOMAS.

April.

The tearful sky wept all day long
In token of the April weather.
And something in my heart o'erflowed—
The clouds and I were sad together.

But when the Jay was near its close
The sun set all the earth a-shining,
And in my heart the heavy cloud
Unfolded all its silver lining.

The rain had brightened all its slopes
Where tender blades of grass were springing,
And from each jewel-spangled bough
The happy troops of birds were singing;

And arching o'er the shining earth
The radiant bow unveiled its glory,
Repeating to the world below
The promise and the wondrous story.

The day that wept in rain and tears
Went smiling through the gates of even,
And on the bridge that spanned the sky
My soul approached the gates of heaven—
Went up in songs of happy praise
For all the beauty and the sweetness
That crowned the changeful April day
And filled my soul with such completeness.

RICHMOND, April, 1879.

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Beautiful sentimental lyric, which will really bear thinking over:

"Speak kindly to my father,
Perhaps he may be yours!"

It was asked why X., a notorious materialist, never got drunk.

"Because," replied a friend, "he knows that there is a God for drunken men to take care of them."

Frederick William IV. of Prussia, once upon a time, stopped at a little railroad station where a deputation headed by the Mayor of the adjacent village awaited him with an address.

Just as the Mayor braced himself up to deliver his oration a neighboring ass did sing both loud and clear.

A frightful silence ensued, but the King did not long delay in breaking it with the paternal and graceful remark:

"One at a time, gentlemen; one at a time."

"Your conduct, sir, has been despicably inhuman. When you heard that X., your most formidable competitor for the appointment, had died suddenly, leaving a wife and nineteen small children, you seemed to say, 'So much the better.'"

"I never said anything of the sort."

"Perhaps you never said it, but you thought it all the same."

"I thought it?"

"Oh, yes, you thought it. I would have thought it had I been in your place, and I find your conduct despicably inhuman—yes, sir, despicably inhuman."

A Radical presents himself to have registered the birth of his son. The clerk notes the names, etc., and hands the proud father the book and pen, saying: "Sign your name here."

"I don't write."

"Then make your mark—put a cross here."

"Sorr, my political convictions preclude me from making any such concession to a dishonoring superstition."

It was in the golden prime of Nestor Roqueplan's administration of the opera when a danseuse who was not qualified to cast a shadow was introduced to him.

"Well, what do you think of her, eh?" said a friend when the artiste had departed.

"What do I think of her? I tell you if I saw her and six others in a dream, and I was the Government, I'd whoop all the spare corn in the country up into the elevators and granaries p. d. q., that's all."

The jury brings in a verdict of "guilty, with extenuating circumstances," against a man who has cut his twin sister into little bits, and the judge promptly sends him up for life.

"Ah, my poor sister," says the prisoner, wiping away a tear, "I had not hoped to be able to mourn thy loss so long."

Once upon a time Lamartine happened to call upon the painter, Couture, who has just died. As he was leaving the room Couture asked him for an autograph.

"With pleasure," replied the poet, and taking his album quickly wrote: "Received from Thomas Couture, one small picture—Alphonse de Lamartine."

Within the month the artist paid his debt, according to the author of the story, which has been told in various forms of every great man since the early half of the sixteenth century.

Madame X.'s husband has made his fortune in the jewelry business, and the other day when she commits a slip of the tongue she says, blandly: "Excuse me; that was a *lapsus lazuli*."

A medicine who adores to take a hand was feeling the other day the pulse of one of his sick:

"Ace, deuce, tray, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Jack, Queen, King," he counts, tranquilly.

The sick regards him very astonished.

"Do not make attention, I have but little time of playing, and that makes me illusion."

A lawyer charged with the defense of a ruffian of unprepossessing appearance depicts his client as the image and embodiment of all the peaceful virtues, when lo! the prisoner, seated just beside him, begins to stretch himself uneasily and gives signs of impatience.

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, as gentle as a lamb, and as incapable of inspiring terror as—hi, there, policeman, hold him tight!"

The young Ferdinand, whose chambers are furnished in the costliest manner and the best of taste, goes to one of his friends and says in a tragic manner:

"It's all over. She has refused me. I can not bear to live and know she is another's. Look under the heading 'Suicides' in the papers some of these days. I shall leave you all my things to remember me by. Thinking upon her drives me to death."

A couple of weeks later his friend (who has had the papers sent up to him in bed every morning) meets him smoking a contemplative cigar.

"Oh, I say," says the prospective legatee, timidly, "don't you ever think of her, you know?"

Having repeatedly fallen a victim to pickpockets, a frequent traveler in the omnibuses determines to go fishing for them, and placing in his pocketbook nothing but a piece of paper inscribed, "That's where you fooled yourself!" he goes forth on a much-frequented line.

After a twenty-minutes' ride, disgusted at the absence of any sport, he leaves the vehicle, and mechanically opens his pocketbook to see a scrap of blue paper in it.

His note was on white paper! (Chord.) Upon note he reads: "Same to you!"

PRATTLE.

Mr. Mark Gray, who recently attempted to assassinate Mr. Edwin Booth, explains that in some respects Mr. Lawrence Barrett is a better actor. Society can not afford to let such a critical opinion as this have free utterance; it must inflict some signal mark of disapproval. Still, if the opinion is honestly entertained, that circumstance should go far in mitigation. If there were worse actors than Mr. Barrett there would be worse crimes than shooting them.

A German editor has been arrested on a charge of having planned to assassinate the Queen of England and the King of Italy, but his friends protest that he is not the kind of man to harbor such a murderous intent. I am reminded by this of the reply made by Napoleon to one of his ministers who ventured to intercede for a man arrested on suspicion of plotting against the Emperor's life. "Sire," said the Minister, "I know the man; he is incapable of entertaining so base a design." "Then if we make him incapable, also, of its execution there is no hardship."

"A man who has nothing to do is the devil's own yoke-fellow."—*The Rev. Mr. Hemphill.*

Yoked to the devil, lo! the idler yearns
Along the lengthening furrow.
God holds the plow, though, and remorseless turns
Jack Hemphill out of his burrow.

An irascible correspondent complains that as election day approaches the menaces of the *Chronicle* grow more and more insufferable, and impatiently suggests a "legal remedy." "Legal remedies" for insanity are of doubtful efficiency, but if some of the more frantic utterances of Mr. de Young's views were brought to the attention of one of our judges he would probably grant a writ of *Quid donas nobis?* and the offender would be compelled to show that it is at least not faulty.

On Wednesday of last week all the daily newspapers of this city thoughtfully reminded their readers that it was the anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare, whom all of them, I believe, called the immortal bard, and most of them the "Swan of Avon" in addition. How Shakspeare, more than any other poet is a "bard," or more than any other equally famous man is "immortal," it would puzzle the writers who habitually call him so to explain; but why so call him is a less difficult question: each does so because the others do.

Canaries all are christened "Dick,"
And parrots all are "Polly;"
Invention is a ticklish trick,
But all can copy folly.

Not Shakspeare's fame his name can guard:
He's called (confound their ravin'!)
By prosing clowns, "Immortal Bard,"
By geese, "the Swan of Avon."

Thus dullards o'er the sands of time
Move like the slugs, their brothers,
Each sticking to his leader's slime,
And slinging for the others.

"The exciting contest over the new Constitution now raging in this State has deprived several gentlemen from attending the opera at Baldwin's."—*Social Parasite of the Call.* Thank heaven, it has not "deprived" you from writing your customary English.

The Rev. Dr. Stebbins has deemed it necessary to explain why he is opposed to the new Constitution. This is very much as if a boot with a sparkling polish were to explain its aversion to mud, or the human eye its hostility to soap-suds.

When Liberverm resigned the chair
Of This of That to College, where
For two decades he'd plied his brain
With more than it could well contain,
In order to relieve the stress
He took to writing for the press.
Then Ponderonimus said: "I'll help
This mine of talent to develop!"
And straightway bought with coin and credit
The *Thundergust* for him to edit.

The great man seized his pen and ink
And wrote so hard he couldn't think;
Ideas grew beneath his fist
And flew like falcons from his wrist.
His pen shot sparks all kinds of ways
Till all the rivers were ablaze,
And where the coruscations fell
Men shouted, "Ouch!" and "This is h—!"

Eftsoons with corrugated brow,
Wet towels bound about his pow,
Locked legs, and failing appetite,
He thought so hard he couldn't write.
His soaring fancies, chickenwise,
Came home to roost and wouldn't rise.
With dimmer light and milder heat
His goose quill staggered o'er the sheet,
Then dragged, then stopped; the finish came—
He couldn't even write his name.
The *Thundergust* in three short weeks
Had risen, roared, and split its cheeks.
Poor Ponderonimus said: "I'm bust—
I raised the storm that laid my dust!"

When, Moneybagger, you have aught
Invested in a vein of thought,
Be sure you've purchased not, instead,
That salted claim, a bookworm's head.

The Bulgarians having elected a Prince, that Grant of ours has lost another chance to be an effete monarch and a tottering despot. But if he can not be Prince of the Bulgarians he can at least remain Prince of the Vulgarians; and that ought to satisfy him in a country where most of the great statesmen aspire to the same distinction. I allude to Madagascar.

I take up my *Bulletin* and find a half-column of dispatches giving opinions of some fifteen or twenty of the leading journals of the country on the President's veto of the appropriation bill. But why should I read them? Familiar already with all the arguments that can be adduced on either side, I know, furthermore, that every Democratic paper condemns the veto and every Republican approves. Yet it is not condemnation and approval that make men Democrats and Republicans respectively; they were so before. Surely, then,

this division of opinion is a remarkable coincidence. Why do the Democrats think alike?—why do the Republicans? Of what value, of what weight, is a judgment of which one can accurately forecast the character? My fellow human beings with party affiliations, I believe in neither your honesty nor your sense. I fatigue of your "views" and fall ill of their utterance. Grant me the luxury of respecting you, or concede the necessity of despising. And take it out upon the editor.

There are not ten in a thousand of those who now applaud the President's action who would not censure it if he were a Democrat, nor a greater proportion of those now backing Congress who would not execrate its course if it were Republican. And you are "but a little lower than the angels," eh?—you politicians; you are made "in the image of your Maker!" You are not as the beasts that perish; you have immortal souls that figure round after death! It is thin, gentlemen; it is thin exceedingly. Have the goodness to relate it to the marines.

The editor of the San Joaquin Valley *Argus* complains that although he offered three dollars and a half and four dollars a day, the Merced carpenters would not work for him. If the editorial head is out of repair let him send it to a Portuguese wood-chopper.

O'er the shapely block of an editor's head
Stood a Portuguese man with his legs aspread;
And his ax it rang
As he cheerfully sang:
"Chippity, 'choppity, hew to the line—
Swish! Swash!"
"Temples of pine,
Redwood ears, and sequoia nose—
Naught to oppose
The whacks o' my ax as I hew to the line.
For the chopper is strong and the wood is weak!"—
Swish! Swash!
"I'll be done, I think,
In a moment"—CLINK!
"O Father of Adam, and Abram, and Mose,
I've broken my ax on the fellow's cheek!"

Judge Morrison has granted an injunction restraining the Board of Education from making any change in the textbooks of the public schools until they can prove their legal right so to do. This is fatal to the scheme; if the members of the Board do not know they have no right to make the proposed change it is because they have not sufficient learning to read the law. However, the School Directors are pretty certain to do more for education than education has ever done for them.

At a meeting of the members of the Produce Exchange, the other day, the chairman refused to entertain a motion to amend a resolution, on the ground that the members did not favor such an amendment! The mover vainly explained that the purpose of the motion was to ascertain whether they favored it or not; the chairman hardened his heart and set his face, and the unfortunate amender was himself amended. It is rather a pity that this unusual ruling could not have been personally enjoyed by that austere parliamentary authority whom a not very clear-headed contemporary recently preferred to call Emanuel Cushing.

Oh, certainly not; tax-payers have no aversion to embezzlement and suicide by a public officer, but they venture to protest against the order in which these two official acts are commonly performed.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, Denis dear:
To-morrow'll be the unhappiest time of all the sad, blue year—
Of all the sad, blue year, Denis, the maddest Eighth of May;
For you're to be cleaned out to-day, Denis, you're to be cleaned out to-day.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* is opposed to the bill giving Cabinet officers seats in Congress, for the reason that it was tried in the Confederate Congress, but "familiarity bred a species of contempt on both sides." In the parliaments of Europe it has not been observed that the plan produces any such deplorable effect, for if the Ministers and Members do not respect one another they at least respect themselves. "Familiarity breeds contempt" of contemptible persons only. Familiarity with gentlemen begets admiration; familiarity between them is impossible.

"I know the new Constitution will be ratified by the people of this State."—*Denis Kearney.*

"Behold! you know not anything;
You can but trust that good shall fall
At last—fall down for good and all,
And every stoker have his fling."
—*Altered Tennyson.*

"Men of genius," says a local writer who enjoys the advantage of being a fool, "have generally a distinguishing absence of common sense." Genius, you cow, is not found apart from the highest and ripest development of reason, and the dullards of all ages clamor their envious negative in vain. The man of genius thinks more clearly without knowledge than another with it; his premises are truer, his conclusions more legitimately follow. It is the prerogative of genius to excel in what it undertakes; it is master of methods and compeller of success; and when Lord Brougham taught the brewer how to brew he was upon his own ground, for genius is lord of every manor. I would rather be guided by the conjectures of genius than by the demonstrations of experience. Knowledge is good, and experience is good, but genius is wisdom and understanding, the purposes of knowledge and experience. It knows what it has not learned, and apprehends before it has examined. I never knew a man of genius who had not better, harder, and more practical common sense than any man I ever knew without it.

But they drink, say the dunces; and Madam Holyhorror avers that they are immoral. Well, as a rule they are pretty conspicuously temperate in these respects, considering their temptations and opportunities. The trouble with these estimable censors is that they have mistaken drunkenness and lechery for genius; I have known people who fell into the same error with regard to dirt and dishonesty. But Mr. Fathead protests that a man of genius can not be trusted; he

is brilliant but erratic—a trifle cracked, as it were—and must be watched, sir, watched, or he'll go too far; and, bless Mr. Fathead's soul! doesn't he know? hasn't he employed 'em in his business? (Mr. Fathead is the proprietor of the *Cow County Forum*, and keeps a family grocery in addition; the geniuses are employed in the latter.) Now, it is of the nature of the tribe of Fatheads, of Philistia, to be in mortal terror lest genius should do them the full service of its abilities. Fathead is an Aladdin who having commanded the Djinn to build a palace revises the design in order that the façade shall conform to those of the other houses in that street.

History is full of examples. There was never a man of genius whom the Fatheads of his time did not antagonize. No immortal work that they did not condemn. Why, didn't Sam Williams, and Parson Bartlett, and Noah Brooks unanimously urge Harte to suppress "The Luck of Roaring Camp?" Did they not agree with the lady proof-reader that it was immoral—nay, nasty—and profane, not to say blasphemous? It was only by threatening to resign the editorship that Harte got it into the magazine which it made famous. And in their reviews of the number in which it appeared, the fatheads gave the title of the story and said: "a-hem!" Well, if Bret Harte were honest and industrious—unfortunately he is neither—I should try to get him to superintend a boot and shoe factory if I had one, though I should prefer the author of *In Memoriam*.

I am quite serious, for Dr. Johnson's definition of genius—"great general abilities directed into a particular channel" (quoting from memory I am no doubt verbally inaccurate)—remains the best that is of record. I think it was Goethe who modestly said something about its consisting in an infinite capacity for taking pains, and in its highest manifestations that capacity is included—is, at least, necessary to its perfect result. But we need not trouble ourselves with definitions of what is imperfectly definable; if Mr. Hector Stuart, Mrs. Theresa Corlett, and others who possess, will not describe, in order that the rest of us may get some at the same shop, I, for my part, can get on without. And here, by way of showing a becoming indifference, I end the disquisition with curses for the lackwit lown who provoked me to begin it.

A correspondent of a local newspaper would like to know who wrote a poem called "A Psalm of Life." It was written by a pious person named Longfellow. It is not very good, but it enabled him to rebuke the Frenchman who complained that England had a hundred religions and only one gravity. You remember the lines—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave's not its goal."

I really cannot reply to any more such questions unless they are addressed to me instead of Mr. Pickering.

Now that Mr. Treen, the Clerk of the City Criminal Court, has absconded with a large sum of money the newspapers gravely point out that he was a zealous supporter of the new Constitution. It's the old, old thing—"I told you so!"

And now it transpires that Bill Mestayer's real name is Houpt—with a terrible possibility that it is pronounced Whooped!

Thus all our fairy phantoms pass,
And myths are overthrown;
Age finds us cherishing, alas!
No lies except our own.

B.

The army of archers is every day increased by the addition of new recruits. As an example of how rapidly the taste for this delightful sport is extending on this coast, I will mention that a certain bow dealer sold one day last week no less than ten dozen of the best target arrows, in addition to a good quantity of bows. Messrs. T. Carneal and J. Cook are among the recent converts to archery, and the ladies, now that the dry weather has fairly set in, are equipping themselves in cohorts for the forthcoming contest. There was a friendly practice match at the Merry Foresters' range at Adams' Point, on Saturday, between that club and the Bow Club, but owing to the late hour at which the shooting commenced it could not be completed before dark. Frank Havens, Dan O'Connell, Albert Havens, J. Peatfield, and Mr. MacFarlane made fair scores at the sixty-yard targets, but this long range is still a little too trying for the majority of the archers who have confined their shooting nearly altogether to the thirty and forty-yard range. The Rev. Mr. Welles, pastor of Grace Church, has joined the Pacific Archery Club, and will shoot with their team at the tournament. He is a steady shot, good at all ranges, and can be relied on for an even average. The coming week will be a brisk one with archers, and you may rely upon a full record of events in your next number.

QUIVER.

Last Tuesday evening the First Annual Artists' Ball was given at the rooms of the Art Association on Pine Street. It was an elegant reception. The rooms were well suited to such an entertainment and were handsomely decorated. The music was excellent, the supper sumptuous, the guests select and well dressed and enthusiastic over the complete arrangements. The affair, considering the times and the circumstances, was a success; but for this success the artists collectively are entitled to very little credit. If it had not been for a few of the untiring patrons of the association, Mr. Martin the secretary, and the professional decorator, there would have been a miserable *fiasco*. Mr. Garabaldi took upon himself the designing and superintendence, and then, at the last moment, threw the empty rooms back on the bands of the Executive Committee. The cards of invitation were a disgraceful bungle, and what little else the artists attempted was done in a bloodless, careless, dilatory way. The ball, while a success, was not what it might have been had the artists in whose honor it was given exerted themselves in its behalf. There is better accomplishment in our Art Association than was evidenced on last Tuesday evening, and next season the fact may be made apparent if there is a blending of purposes and a burying of small and disgraceful jealousies. Our artists have the genius and the talent to do a very handsome and creditable thing, and if they can only find the disposition to work together, the next annual artists' ball will be a marvel as compared to this first attempt.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The operatic menu of the week has consisted mainly of *rechauffé*, with the *Trovatore*, for the third time in a subscription season of twenty nights, *Lucia* (to rather a thin house), and *Un Ballo*. Of the latter I saw two acts at the first representation, a week ago last night. I am very fond of this opera, which, although strongly flavored with Meyerbeerisms, is one of Verdi's most mature and beautiful works—but I could not sit it out. The performance was one of the worst I ever heard; Lazarini—who sang his first Romanza very nicely—began to sharp after the first scene, and Pantaleoni to flat, and as they are frequently on the stage together the effect was something not entirely unlike a jumping toothache. The chorus was almost as bad as in *Faust*, the orchestra infinitely worse, Madame Roze too light for the part, and Miss Lancaster a mere make-shift. The whole thing was very bad. Miss Cary was a good "Ulrica," but could not carry the opera; Messrs. Conly and Lafontaine, as "Sam" and "Tom," were also in good form. But on the whole I think it was the worst performance of *Un Ballo* we have ever had here, and that means pretty bad indeed.

To-morrow evening is set apart for the *début* of Miss Amy Sherwin, in *La Traviata*, and Monday brings *Aida* at the Grand Opera House, where it is to be hoped a few odd bits of decent scenery will be forthcoming. At Baldwin's it has been positively disgraceful. The sets have not only been the oldest and shabbiest in the theatre, but were frequently entirely wrong; as, for instance, in *Il Trovatore*, the cloister scene in the third act was given in the woods; in *Martha*, the second act plays before an inn, to represent which there was a kitchen table with a few tin cups on it, etc., etc. *Un Ballo* had the meanest scenery of all, but I supposed this to be intended as in harmony with the general tone of the performance, and recognized the fitness of it.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, who has lately arrived here with the intention of giving a series of piano-forte recitals and, possibly, remaining as a teacher, is a pianist of such very decided and widely-recognized merits that his playing can not fail to awaken the greatest interest amongst our *dilettanti*. Mr. Boscovitz, who was a favorite pupil of Liszt in the old days when Weimar was the Mecca of all aspiring young pianists, and who worthily represents the school of the great master, is at once a refined musician and an eminent virtuoso, who has scored successes in London, Paris, Vienna, and the other art centres, and whose playing, while preserving the purity and noblesse of a genuine musical nature, is marked by the characteristics of a strongly individualized artistic style. Mr. Boscovitz intends shortly to make his appearance in public, when I trust that he will receive such encouragement as will induce him to make this city his home, since both as teacher and player he will be an acquisition.

I have been considerably amused over some of the opera notices that have found their way into the daily papers; above all in watching the graceful swinging round the circle of some of those which, being at first disposed to find fault with the shabby nature of the performances, bear unmistakable traces of having been "interviewed" by the potent manager, and are now diligently occupied in glossing over those defects that are becoming patent to even the dear, long-suffering public. (Of course, I do not desire to be understood as referring in the least to our profound friend of the *Post*, the musical toady *par excellence*, who is regularly put to the blush—or might be if it were in his line—by the ingenious candor of his co-laborer of the dramatic column. Let me do him the credit to state right here that I believe him to be entirely honest in his ignorance, bribeable only by the delight he has in the personal acquaintance with so great a personage as the mighty Max, and to be purchased only by the candy of an introduction to one of the *prime donne*.) The most facetious things of this nature have been the attempts at criticism of that Teutonic heavy weight, the *California Demokrat*, a paper that, while pretending to represent the more cultivated and intelligent portion of our German community, is in reality only to be regarded as the organ of the *Philister* on one hand and the representative of the stupidity of its editor on the other, and which, talking of these matters with the profound air of the genuine *Kunst-Kenner* and all the turgidity and philosophical affectation of a fourth-rate German pedant, makes a daily display of ignorance that would in vain be sought for elsewhere—unless perhaps in the musical column of the aforesaid *Post*. Not to mention such trifles as crediting Mr. Conly occasionally with his singing of parts that he did not really sing at all, attempting to prove that the chorus material at Baldwin's is excellent by citing the late *Athalie* performance of the Handel and Haydn Society, and throwing the blame for the poor performance upon the shoulders of Mr. de Novellis—whose preparation and conducting of *Lucia* proved conclusively to every musician who heard them that he is by long odds the better of the two conductors of the company—and other trifles of a like nature, this critical Dogberry in a single late article finds the *ensemble* excellent and a good *ensemble* out of the question, the chorus good and the chorus bad; speaks firstly of the enjoyable nature of the performance and then copies *seriatim* my last week's strictures upon it, including what was said about cuts, scenery, prompter, Litta, etc., etc. If the *Demokrat* were making its first display of this kind the matter would be less noticeable. But throughout the winter concert season there has been scarcely a criticism that was not marked by the same characteristics of ignorance and utter incapacity. It has mixed names of compositions and composers, until one was prepared for a *Rhapsodie Hongroise* by Bach and a *Valse de Salon* by Beethoven; it has spoken of original compositions as arrangements and *vice versa*; it has alternately praised bad performance and censured the most excellent—generally choosing the weakest points for its laudations—and has satisfactorily proven beyond question that whatever it may represent it is not in any sense to be accepted as a criterion of German thought or German criticism.

A piano-forte soirée, given on Thursday evening by Mr. Alvis Le Jeal, assisted by some of his pupils and some of the late Mr. Trenkle, was conducted with closed doors as far as members of the profession were concerned. For appreciative notice, etc., see report in this evening's *Post*. S. E.

THE TYPICAL OAKLANDER.

Conclusion of Mr. Starch's Narrative.—"As far as my judgment of the needs of that scientific man goes, I think I can give him the specimen he wants. The type of Oaklander who shall illustrate in his own person the vices and virtues, the shortcomings and accomplishments, the graces and stupidities of this refined city, is found in this hotel, from the hours of five to eight in the evening. The bar and billiard room are likely to be most fertile at those periods in this production. And as the character of this type is formed, trained, developed, and led to maturity by the influence of the ulster, I propose to embody the result of my observations as a hotel clerk in this paper for my scientific acquaintance. As an apology for putting those observations into verse, let me remark that long before I dreamed of attaining my present exalted position I was a frequent contributor to the poets' corner of a Sunday-school journal:

"When Adam and Eve in the garden first knew
Their *negligé* style there no longer would do,
They found in the fig-leaf a make-shift, which then
Contented them hugely! O father of men,
Can you look from your high place, in Abraham's breast,
And behold your sons stand in the Ulster contest—
That garment which, circling round man or round woman,
Conceals in its folds every trace that is human,
And the form divine of the maiden, the grace
Of bust, hip, and shoulder its wrinkles deface,
And the little active frame of the youth it can smother,
Till a hunch-back looms up as a man and a brother?
In the old days when intrigues of all natures were rife,
And men murdered the husband to marry the wife,
(Which they do nowadays in a different style,
With more of audacity, much less of guile),
A coat impregnated with poison was given
As a present to hurry the husband to heaven.
The ulster, I often times think, was designed
To play deadly tricks with the poor wearer's mind,
For here in this house the young man who clings fast
To his ulster, and under its dread power cast,
Sees every day—strange as the matter appears—
His forehead growing smaller, and longer his ears."

Those rhymes, which have cost me a great deal of trouble, and which were revised and corrected for me by a friend who is in that sort of business, express my opinions on the ulster and its effect in developing that type of young man which I suppose my learned friend is in search of. I do not mean anything personal in my allusion to the ears, and I should be very sorry if any guest in this house (particularly if he is a member of the *jeunesse dorée*, and is punctual in his weekly payments) should take umbrage at those remarks.

"STARCH."

I confess that I was not a little puzzled to discover the motive of my scientific friend in handing me these manuscripts for perusal. Neither one had arrived at a definite conclusion of the meaning of his term, the "typical Oaklander," nor could I understand why, in a city where such a variety of types exists, he should endeavor to portray one character as an embodiment of the prominent traits of all.

I met him a few days after my examination of the MSS. He had confided to my care, and, assuring him that I had not only taken the liberty to make them public, but had also much confused myself in speculations as to his design, demanded, in return for my interest in the affair, the "true inwardness" of his investigation.

"My dear sir," he replied, "if you read the inclosed manuscript, it will satisfy you, I think, in every particular." It was entitled, "Deductions from my own Observations and Those of Competent Persons on the Type of Humanity which Prevails in Oakland."

"The typical Oaklander, no matter how his circumstances may be, his political belief, or his social characteristics, never travels without a basket."

"This basket, in his journeying to and from the metropolis, serves a double purpose."

"In the morning it contains his lunch, in the afternoon his purchases at the San Francisco markets."

"He is a firm believer in the future of Oakland as a great commercial centre, and in the San Antonio Creek as one of the grandest navigable estuaries in the world."

"His graveyard—Mountain View Cemetery—he fondly hopes, in the course of years, will exceed all the most beautiful places of interment, in its gems of sculpture and architecture, and the number and variety of its silent population."

"He is a member of several literary clubs, imagines the State University some distance beyond Yale or Harvard, the Rev. D. E., the greatest preacher in the world, and D. L. E., the finest elocutionist and the most profound thinker."

"The Oakland editor, he assumes to be a guiding light to all journalists, but he is slow in coming down with his subscriptions, and with all his praise confines his reading to those matters which relate to city taxes, street assessments, etc."

"He assumes that the typical Oaklander does his business in San Francisco, and, with his ten thousand companions, returns to his sleeping place when the evening shadows fall on metropolis and suburban town without discrimination."

"Finally he is capable of a higher development than he can at present lay claim to, and though professedly an Athenian, a model of culture, and an exalted Christian, a builder of churches, and a patron of current literature, there yet remains a standard of excellence to which the typical Oaklander has not quite attained."

ENTRE NOUS.

Occultation.

Pretty Jennie came to me,
Earnest, seeking information:
"Cousin, darling, will you show
What is meant by occultation?"

What could mortal man as I
Do in such a situation?
Father, mother, no one nigh,
Liberal views, a great temptation!

Jennie is my cousin, too;
So, to please my young relation—

Ah! you horrid thing, there! now!
I referred to occultation. —*Yale Record.*

They were having a snarl, and she asked him if there was anything in the past he would like to recall. He heartlessly answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

FIRST CLASS IN CONUNDRUMS.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Were you ever an applicant for a position in the School Department?

If not you can not form the remotest idea of the theories and methods of appointment. As is the case with all theories there are commendable features, but the methods are vile.

At the inauguration of the present Board of Education, a committee on "Credentials" was organized for the purpose of examining the credentials and qualifications of all applicants for positions as teachers. After a careful and unbiased computation they were to report the result in open Board, and the candidate favorably reported was elected. Seven votes are necessary to secure an election, and the ring existing at that time controlled that number.

After receiving a nomination what connubiating there was to secure the majority of the committee. It had been vaguely hinted that "gold notes," examined and credited before the candidate was interviewed by the committee, were considered the best and strongest credentials.

After the startling developments of the "Question Frauds Investigations" the members of this committee concluded to examine orally every candidate after his or her nomination, and to award the vacant position to the party receiving the highest percentage.

There was but one oral examination, and nothing to prevent access being had to the questions under the present management. These examinations are held at the Lincoln Grammar School, different members of the Board acting as examiners—and without diplomas. If favoritism existed under the old régime, it was of an abstract quality, but under the present it is so palpably open that one groans in spirit, and calls for the old way even if it is but a form.

Dr. Fiske, chairman of the committee on "Credentials," says, "all teachers are now appointed fairly." I never was particularly good at definitions, but I know what *fairly* is not.

It is not "fairly" when a candidate, who is a member of the City Normal Class—a branch of the Girls' High School—enters the lists with an advantage of fifty credits, for no other reason than being a member of that class. The prestige given this "Normal Class" is absurd. Several of the pupils have admitted to directors that there is no knowledge acquired, or experience gained, and that they simply attend "to have some fun."

It is not "fairly" when a member of the Committee of Supplies of the Board of Supervisors, or a member of the Fire Department, calls on Mr. Taylor and incidentally mentions that several feet of hose is an apparent necessity in the Fire Department, and that the object of their visit was to interest Mr. Taylor in a lady protégé, who has secured a nomination and is obliged to pass the competitive examination. Mr. Taylor frantically snaps up the bait, promises (one of the few of his promises that can be relied on) that he "will take off his coat and do his level best." That lady's position is insured.

It is not "fairly" when Doctor Fiske is aware that one of the members of the household where he is the family physician is a candidate, and, looking through the lenses of a present or a future bill, sees her magnified efficiency, and materially assists her through the trying ordeal.

It is not "fairly" that some daring candidate should have a text-book concealed in her desk, and, while the examiner is busily chatting with a visitor, search its forbidden chapters for the solution of the problems.

It is not "fairly" for Mr. Taylor to have printed questions in mathematics in every stage of contortion, that, without an initiatory benefit, it is impossible to decide what is wanted.

It is not "fairly" for Doctor Fiske to expect answers to abstruse medical questions.

It is not "fairly" that the pupils of the Lincoln Grammar School should examine most of the papers (the examiners not having time to devote to that purpose); nor is it "fairly" that Miss Mary Maddon examine and credit Doctor Fiske's set of physiology papers.

It is not "fairly" when a member who is not on that committee requests a little leniency shown in the case of a worthy candidate, to have her marked down, so as to vent spleen on the interested member.

It is not "fairly" that Mr. Leggett should sit imperious and frowning as some autocrat, freezing and stifling the knowledge in the poor tired brains, and sending the expectations flying out of the finger tips.

It is not "fairly" when the examiner takes an inventory of the way you dress your hair, the amount of powder distributed about your face, and credits you high or low, as the estimate agrees with his fastidious taste.

I advise every and all candidates to pile on every puff, scorn economy with the powder box, and to adorn themselves with the very best their trunks contain; for theirs is a corner's inquest held over the dry-goods on their backs at the same time the inventory of the head is taken.

It is not "fairly" when candidates religiously believe that the one who receives the highest percentage is to be awarded the vacant position, to have the Supervisor's or physician's protégé marked up and appointed.

One can not fail to see that Webster's definition of "fairly" and Dr. Fiske's are diametrically opposed.

Frantically yours, A REDHEADED SCHOOLMARM.

We have had our Centennial Exposition—one hundred years from the Declaration of Independence. That wasn't enough; we are to be blessed with another in 1885, one hundred years after Great Britain formally acknowledged that the Declaration would stick. Where is this thing to stop? There will be centennials henceforth all the time—something occurred every year in the good old days; and in 1976 posterity will have the happiness to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the first centennial celebration. All this comes of setting the earth pottering around the sun in the same old track, instead of making it go booming right along, as it ought.

A Fort Wayne girl mistook her somnambulistic brother for a burglar, and fractured his skull with a base ball club.

Some people are so constituted as to be unable to thing beautiful in this life—not even in a mirror.

"Married, in Dresden, March 24, 1879, George I. to Annie Luning. 'No cards.'"

ASSOCIATIONS.

While waiting one day in a railroad station, trying to beguile time by reading the gorgeous advertisements on the walls, I observed that a certain panacea was warranted to cure "wandering pains;" and I thought there could be no more appropriate place for proclaiming this virtue. Yet, alas! there are wandering pains and wandering pains, and for the latter where is the panacea? Do not hope to avoid them. You may shut your heart up as in a fortress strong, and vow there shall be no regrets to pierce it, when you have to leave some wayside station on the grand route; but, when the time comes, you will find that through tiniest crevices of the stronghold the fine, outreaching tendrils of love have found their way and are clinging fast to many an object. Yet the divine law of compensation gives a pleasure for every pain, and the recompense for the wanderer's woe is found in pleasant memories, the dear associations that gild common things with glory. It is surprising to see what homely and otherwise disagreeable objects may give you joy when touched by a ray of this beauty; they have only to remind you of home, or some sweet passages in the story of your life, and the glory is upon them. Of this order is "The Cane-Bottomed Chair," of which Thackeray writes with such whimsical tenderness:

"'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worn-out seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

"It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

"When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

"She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks, as she then did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair!
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair."

There certainly is no grace or beauty in a collection of dirty old freight cars at a railroad crossing, "yet," says a friend, "I remember when I was returning home from a long visit far away, where I had been ill and home-sick, that when I reached a certain city and saw the long trains of Central Pacific Railroad cars in the station-yard, my heart leaped up, and a rainbow in the sky would have looked dull in comparison to those dingy old freighters. If "C. P. R." had been done in fire gilt and vermilion, those letters would not have looked more splendid to me; and I turned my face to hide the joy that was making it glow, that my fellow-passengers might not think me growing idiotic all at once. Those cars had passed before my home. Every engine had shrieked in at our door, and sent its smoke wreaths curling over the roof and floating and fading away across the meadows and the ferny hills. Only a few hours before some of them had passed through the dear valley, and it seemed almost as if they might speak to me, they were so radiant with association."

I knew a charming little country girl who was soon to be married to her city lover; taking her last turn at the churn one day, she said, setting it down with an emphatic thump: "There, that's the last time I'll wash you!" and she looked as if she were rolling off the burden of years. Her lack of sentiment was refreshing, yet I could not help wishing she had shown a little more tenderness for the poor old churn, since around even that homely and unromantic thing must have clustered many associations, and I dare say that now, if she ever sees it when she visits the old home, she regards it with a kind of affection, remembering the old careless days when stood over it singing like a meadow-bird as she tossed and shaped the golden rolls in her little brown hands, with the scent of the red clover coming in at the windows and doors. Prosper and grow rich, my Margaret, and adorn the little hands with jewels, yet as Mammon's gold drops into your purse, and Time's silver creeps into your hairs, will there not be days when you would like to slip out of your grandeur into youth and calico, with your sleeves tucked above your elbows, your bright hair rolled in a simple knot, with the curls breaking out and blowing over your laughing face, and—with father and mother, brothers and sisters somewhere within sight or call—to wash the old churn again? Even that. Not long ago I noticed a peculiar trade mark on some article. It bore a mysterious look of familiarity. It was one of those Chinese landscapes so remarkable as to perspective. The pagoda had a homelike air, as if I had inhabited it in some far off time; the high-flying birds, the boats sailing straight for the roof of the pagoda, even the tops of the trees that bent not with willowy grace above the droll little men fishing from the curious little bridge—all wore a particularly knowing look, like the smile of a long-absent friend who gazes half quizzically, half pathetically, in your face, waiting the dawn of recognition.

At last I had it! That was the pattern of some old china at home, long since gone back to its original clay; but its memory still lives, and with it sprang up that day a whole panorama of scenes from my child life.

There are no associations to which we cling more fondly than those of childhood. That is why we love "old-fashioned flowers," as the phrase goes, as if there were modes from Paris in Nature's grand realm! The gorgeous hollyhocks with their "cheeses," the poppies that we converted into dolls, with their sashes made of the "striped grass," over which we spent hours trying to find two blades that were alike. The columbines with their little bags of honey, the nasturtium about which Helen Hunt writes so beautifully, the marigolds, the glowing red peonies with whose leaves were made little air sacs to be "cracked" upon the back of the hand or on the forehead, the great double roses that grew under the windows, whose leaves we gathered for our mothers to dry, the daisies, the buttercups, and the blessed, bright old dandelions! How the green meadows glittered with these last in the spring days; how they bordered the roadside! And can you remember, you, who were "brought up" in the Eastern country, how your little heart swelled with happiness some warm Monday morning, when, for the first time in the season, you started for school in a new dress and a sunbonnet? You began then to feel cer-

tain of spring, and when you found the path bordered with those golden blossoms that seemed to be lifting their bright little faces out of the grass, and begging you to take them up—then you knew it was spring!

Oh, beautiful spring-time of life! Oh, happy morning of childhood, set thick with the bright blossoms of hope! But was there no care, no pain nor grief, in those sweet days that we should cling so fondly to their memory?

Alas, yes! even on that very spring morning you lingered so long with the dandelions that you were "tardy" at school, and passing under the awful doorway, weighed down with a sense of disgrace, were ordered "to throw those things out." Away went the dear blossoms out of your little warm hand, and the sunshine out of your indignant heart. How, in those days, you suffered in trying to bring your spirit down to the multiplication table, or some other dreary task that your soul abhorred; how the fetterless thing would fly away to the meadows, to the birds and the bees, the sunshine and the crowds of dandelions that you had left ungathered. But oh, how your soul would quake with guilty fear when the awful voice of the mistress called "class in Colburn's Arithmetic." What was bound between the covers of that "Colburn's Mental?" And was there not envyings and strife and bitter wrongs in those days? Had they not their misfortunes? Were not our pets always coming to grief, and did we not daily spill ink on our pinafores, and tear our dresses on the fences, or fall from giddy height of swing or "teeter," and so on, and so on?

We can afford to laugh at the trifles now, but they made up the woes of our childhood and were hard to bear. So it goes on through every stage of life; yet the dark days lose themselves in shadows, while the bright ones stand out from the some background fresh and golden; and the lightest touch may open the treasure-house where all these happy visions lie.

Music is strongly allied to memory. What melody has not its cherished associations? The lover hears his sweetheart lilting a merry tune as she sits at her window unconscious of his coming. How, in after years, when he hears that tune, will the whole scene repeat itself in his memory! Again he will hear the fresh young voice, will see the quick flush of surprise, and the bright smile of welcome. And there will be the songs they sang together in those rosy days of trembling hope, and that song of songs through which his heart poured out its sweet secret long before he dared otherwise to give it voice.

The heart of the wanderer far from home melts as he listens to some song of *la patrie*. The old soldier, sitting idle in the sunshine of quiet days, waiting for the summons which shall call him before the Great Commander, weeps at the sound of a martial air that is associated in his mind with the old days and fields of glory. He sees again the bright, waving colors, the glittering arms, the nodding plumes, and prancing steeds. He hears, like the rushing of many waters, the noise of the advancing hosts, and above it the voice of their leader urging them on to victory or glorious death. He remembers how comrade after comrade fell at his side, and could give him but one brief word, one appealing look, to take back to the beloved ones. How clear and sweet, above the glare, and din, and battle smoke, like a spirit too pure to receive a stain from sin and death, the

"Music pours on mortals
Its beautiful disdain."

His heart is wrung with emotion as these scenes come upon him like a flood while he listens to the familiar air.

How thickly the associations gather about the old hymn tunes that seem to have tangled themselves in with our existence. Though they may lie sleeping in some corner of our brain, mute as the harp on Tara's walls, let but a chord of them be touched, and heart and soul respond. There are some that will take us back to village choirs and still Sabbath morns, sweet as those in Longfellow's poem; some to city churches, with softened light, and illumined walls, with swell of organ, and voices trained for earthly praise—paid worshippers, yet the music is free, and soars like an unbound bird into the sky, bearing on its wings the praise and love of the true worshippers. There are other tunes that take us far back into the little country schoolhouse, where we used to "go to meeting" "at early candle lighting." Those early candle lighted evenings! My drowsy head falls once more upon the desk before me, in some dimly-lighted corner. Could I have been such a sinful child as to select that nice, secluded place with a view to nap?

At any rate, there were such corners in the old schoolhouse, where the candles were seldom very close together, and there in fancy my head droops once more, while the minister reads the hymn in a voice that may have been appalling to older "worms," but to a sleepy child was fatally soothing. Oh, the dear old voices that quaked and quavered, and the young ones that flatted and blundered, through "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing," "A charge to keep," and "Come, ye that love the Lord." How the lights would grow dimmer, and the voices fainter and further away, until my neighbor would bestow a gentle "nudge" upon me, at which I would sit bravely up, trying to look as if I never, never! But that preacher's tone, to say nothing of the sentiments that soared to realms too high, or sunk into depths too profound for me to follow! How thankful I would be when the *nudger* became so absorbed in the discourse that I was left sleep in peace. But that dearer hymn tune with which my mother used to sing me to sleep. Once more I seem to feel her arms close around me as my tired head sinks upon her gentle breast, and I fall asleep to her singing, her voice so sweet and cheerful that it made melody of the duldest tunes; it was as if she filled those old dreary strains with the sunshine of her bright nature. Even "Hark from the tombs" came from her lips joyously, overpowering the doleful words, or wedded to other and happier ones. How softly came that other sweet old hymn, to which I can hardly listen without tears, so dear are its associations:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood."

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering soul to thee."

Sankey's sensational version, beautiful and poetic though it

be, can never touch my heart like the quaint homeliness of this old one, wrapped in the tender music of my mother's voice. Ring out, dear voice, in the heavenly chorus, beautiful and perfect; but it seems to me it would be heavenly enough as I heard it then, between sleeping and waking, at rest in her dear embrace.

Here lies a little book; it was the gift of a friend, long ago and far away. I suppose I shall never see her again, yet how vividly her bright face rises before me when I touch her gift! And that piece of gypsum, with its soft, flesh tints; that was broken from a rock in the Garden of the Gods, among the Rocky Mountains. What a jolly carriage-full we were that day! As we drove back to camp the baby kicked off his shoe and stocking, and we held the piece of gypsum beside the little pink foot, and wondered to see how like they were in tint. Dear, bright-eyed, laughing boy, can it be true that while this fragment of stone still is lying in our sight those little rosy, restless feet have gone down to the shadowy valley and out of our sight forever? Poor father and mother, who have had to let those precious babies go out from your clasping arms while I hold my little ones close, I grieve to think of your anguish. Oh, put away this souvenir—it is too full of heartache.

From every land the traveler brings souvenirs, and in the quiet days at home, as his eyes rest upon them, scattered through his rooms, he lives over again the scenes and adventures of his wanderings. That little Alpine flower, what visions are shut within its withered petals! This bit of stone brings him again within the shadow of the Pyramids; these pictures are solemn with the awful splendors of ruined Rome, or bright with the glowing sunshine of her Campagna, her flowery environs—they

"Tell of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers."

In these shells he sees again the blue waters of the Mediterranean; he hears "the deep sea music" of its quiet waves breaking against the shore; the twilight comes and deepens; and from the rocky banks the great black shadows creep out and lie in awful shapes upon the water. Then this bit of hether is fragrant with memories of the spot—

"Purple heath profusely strown,
And throatwort, with its azure bell,
And moss and thyme his cushion swell;
There, spent with toil, he listless eyed
The course of Greta's playful tide;
Beneath her banks, now eddying dun,
Now brightly gleaming to the sun,
As, dancing over rock and stone,
In yellow light her currents shone,
Matching in hue the favorite gem
Of Albin's mountain diadem."

And so in fancy he revisits each place of interest, through the medium of these charmed treasures.

I have already spoken of old-fashioned flowers as associated with the memories of childhood. Each individual flower has also its associations. A little child loved garden violets because his absent sister loved them, and came in one day with his hands filled with them, broken off—child fashion—close to the blossom. "Here are some violets for Dodo, mamma; Dodo loves violets." When the sister is hastily summoned home, the little blossom-sweet boy is just fading out of life, while his violets lie fresh and smiling where he had begged mamma to put them for "Dodo's" home-coming. Down at the foot of the little casket she lays a freshly-gathered bunch of the precious flowers. Now it is for his sake that she loves them, and, when the summer comes around, in their gold and purple bloom she seems to see the face of the lost darling. A mother has a vision of her dead child's face in a bunch of water-lilies, and since that time they are sacred to her. Another turns from the sight of heliotrope because of some sad or bitter memory. To others mignonette has its special significance; and another loves bridal roses because she carried them on her wedding day.

To me, the sight of wood violets, blue or white, brings a vision of my father's wood, with its maples, elms, and beeches, its wonderful mosses and ferns and sweet "spring beauties," its vines and berries and lichen-covered rocks. As I lose myself in the vision, I seem almost to smell the fresh fragrance of that green retreat; I hear the tapping of the woodpecker, and from farther depths the wild, sweet notes of some shy bird pouring out his heart in the solemn hush of the hemlocks and cedars. As to the associations which lovers find in flowers—there is no end to them! Who that has read Owen Meredith will not remember this verse from "Leoline?"

"There's a blue flower in my garden
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I we love it both,
Though it is frail and small;
She loved it, too—long, long ago!
Her love was less than mine—
Still we are friends, but only friends,
My lost love, Leoline!"

Another thus apostrophizes his faded flower:

"What thought is folded in thy leaves!
What tender thought, what speechless pain!
I hold thy faded lips to mine,
Thou darling of the April rain!"

And what a world of innocent, heart-breaking reproach is in Ophelia:

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

The seasons also, and the days, are thus brightened or saddened. The birthdays, the anniversaries, and Christmas, that brightest, dearest, and holiest of holidays, all are set apart by the memories that crowd and cling, and still gather, year by year. So it goes ever on, till there is hardly a sight or sound in this great world that is not a reminder of some pain or pleasure.

There are some people who walk the streets and fulfill their daily round of duties as in a dream, and whose real life seems to be only in the world of associations. Though such are surely not to be envied, barren indeed would be the life that knew nothing of such joy—or even such halcyon sadness. Take courage, then, ye who are drifting about with adverse winds; from each point where your barque touches you will carry some memory to brighten the placid days when you shall have reached a quiet and perhaps monotonous port.

But association has a still deeper power than its sentimental one; it has a formative power. Our association of

ideas with certain forms and customs, and the different types of natural scenery, may influence our labors and our spiritual life. All genius gives proof of this: the poet and the painter reproduce the scenes and forms that are dear to them through association, and give them the coloring which they wear in their own loving memory. Ruskin describes the birthplace of Turner and the surroundings of his youth in the dismal and prosaic world of Covent Garden, and shows how they influenced his art and lived again in his pictures.

"None of these things," he says, "were very glorious; yet such as they are he loves them—never, indeed, forgets them. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of green grocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and gildings of red sails, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon—by Thames' shore we will die. * * * * * He attaches himself with the faithfulest child-love to every place that bears an image to the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is, has it anything like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure ugliness which no one else of the same sensibility would have borne with for an instant."

Scott, reared among the wild and picturesque scenery of a land thrilling with romantic tradition, had an intense love for all that was bold and free, and for those old legends set forth in the ballads of the acient minstrelsy. He visited the Border district, and gathered stores of them from the old peasants; he pored over Percy's collection of old English ballads; and thus laid the foundation for those poems—as rich in coloring, as wild and free as his own loved mountain landscapes—and for that long and brilliant series of prose poems, filled with the weird lore in which he was so rich.

Burns, the peasant-poet, throws all the tenderness of his warm heart into pictures of rustic life, while Wordsworth, dwelling amid the calm beauty of English lakes and mountains, sees true sublimity, not in passion and strife, but in the reverent, quiet love of Nature, meditation, and worshipful thought. To give his own words:

"The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone, in summer shade,
To pipe a simple lay for thinking hearts."

Mark his genius—clear, cool, and pure as a mountain stream in quiet days, flowing with constant music down its rocky path, in glint of sun and murmur of pines; then turn to the glowing beauty, pathos, and sublimity of Byron—defiled, alas! by selfishness and vulgarity, morbid melancholy and unbridled passion. But, while we turn again in sorrow and disgust, and wonder that a soul so gloriously endowed, so keenly alive to beauty, should sink to such depths of all that is unlovely, we must remember the sad story of his birth and neglected childhood, that had not even the comfort of a calm and steadfast mother-love, and that over his ancestral home, though placed in the midst of rich natural beauty, hung the gloom of debt and desolation. It seems as if he had hardly an experience that was not mixed with the very gall of bitterness. Considering all that went to form the character of this "wandering star," we must pity rather than blame him.

But if we begin this sort of analysis, where will it end? I have strayed into a field so wide and rich that I must turn about and leave it by the shortest path, shutting my eyes to its temptations, as we walk with overflowing hands out of a garden crowded with blossoms; and, in the words of the immortal Bunsby: "The bearin's of these observations lies in their application." J. H. S. BUGEIA.

CALISTOGA, April, 1879.

Mr. L., a member of the Northern Circuit, well known for his joking propensities, was, after much persuasion, induced to join the Inns of Court Volunteers. While drilling one day with the Devil's Own the order was given to "double." When "halt" was ordered, this gentleman's rear-rank man slightly prodded him with his bayonet. Mr. L. threw himself on the ground and roared for the ambulance, declaring that he was "wounded." His corporal in vain attempted to soothe him, and to induce him to regain his legs. His only answer was that he was "wounded," and he demanded to be carried off in the ambulance. Then up came the captain of the company to see what the hullabaloo was about. To the plaintive request for the ambulance he gave an angry and contemptuous refusal. Whereupon Mr. L., with solemn and virtuous indignation, rose to his feet, threw down his rifle, and thus unburdened his mind: "I came here to play soldiers, and if you won't play the game properly, I won't play at all." And he marched off amid a roar of sympathizing laughter.—*London Truth.*

She tore the azure robe of night and set the stars of glory there. She did, for a fact. She is a young and careering genius of Portland, Maine. She has written a story, she has. She has drawn it mild—very. Here is the mildest passage in it: "And even as she mused the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard along the labyrinthian avenues of the outspreading park. It was Juanita's Alphonso de Cassa Blanca and his retainers. Reining in his prancing steed beneath her casement window, he cried in oleaginous and farinaceous tones, 'Juanita, appear!'" Wow!

Concerning the allegation that Californians "loathe the Chinese," William Lloyd Garrison writes to a friend in New York that, if that is so, it is very odd that they insist upon employing one hundred and twenty thousand of them, and using them in occupations where loathesomeness is particularly not desirable, as those of cooks and chambermaids, and paying them from \$25 to \$40 a month—more than whites would get for doing the same work.

There is very little difference between a man who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad oyster, so far as looks are concerned.

A barber refused to color the moustache of an intoxicated customer because he did not want to dye a drunkard.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The King's Picture.

There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection—some one place where, as we may fancy, the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it.—*Confucian Classics.*

The king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff, the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and slaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave of a race of slaves!"

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good,
Endowed with the strength of heroes
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither when I retire
It may fill my soul with grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly bore strange meaning
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb,
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smiles which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him.
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

"Then learn, O king," said the artist,
This truth that the picture tells—
How that in every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning the living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the god within."

HELEN B. BOSTWICK.

The Statue in Clay.

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow.
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand;
The niche is waiting. Go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble, but he went,
With willing hands and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his Master's will.

At last his lifelong work was done—
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the King,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But, lacking that, what could I do
But mould in clay instead."

"Thou shalt not unwearied go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win—
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands—
An angel pure as snow!

ANONYMOUS.

Unfinished Still.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled and soft;
Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here,
When first I went to sea
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small, soft hand,
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over. I came ashore.
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

'The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

ANONYMOUS.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Look in the mirror all you please, girls, for reflection is good for the mind.

Girls suck their lips to make them thin—
A case of sweetness long drawn in.

There's no special style of engraving engagement rings. A spider's web with a fly in it is a very pretty device.

Lydia Thompson calls the bald-headed row of old men in the front seat "Kind Werds," because they never dye.

In Michigan etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves—precisely the way she handles her husband.

Modjeska says that Wilhelmj is a terrible flirt and is more renowned in Warsaw for his gallantries than for his musical accomplishments.

A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery, and when they gave it to her she innocently and injuredly asked: "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

Sings a poetess in the *Pittsburg Telegraph*: "What shall we get for the baby's neck?" Get a strip of red flannel, about an inch wide, Geraldine.

Love is a game of pitch and catch. He "throws" his affections, and she generally catches them on the first bounce. In the end both fetch up at the "home base."

"A man owes his success in his life work to the woman who walks beside him," says a philosopher. This remark, no doubt, refers to the husband of Madame Anderson.

A young lady ate half a wedding cake, and then tried to dream of her future husband. Now she says that she would rather die than to marry the man she saw in that dream.

The Countess de Trobriand, who is an American, is also very patriotic. At her recent reception in Paris she furnished her refreshment table exclusively with American viands, and made her guests all sick.

Camilla Urso is almost the only woman who has ever attained eminence as a violinist, and yet the art of drawing a beau is innate with the sex. They all do it; only they don't make the same noise about it.

A newly-married lady was telling another how nicely her husband could write. "Oh, you should just see some of his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk." Tableau.

There is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man whom she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

We are to have Lorne and his wife this year without doubt. The *London Queen*, semi-official authority, says they will come to New York in May, and will reside in twelve rooms at the Windsor Hotel, especially decorated for their reception.

At Bristol a lady was sued by a dressmaker for the price of a dress. Defense, misfit. Two dressmakers as judges disagreed. The presiding justice of the court went, therefore, with the defendant and the witnesses to see the dress tried, and he decided that it was a misfit.

The sister of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who left that country secretly about ten years back, after being converted to Christianity, and who married a Hamburg merchant named Ruete, recently became a widow. She has now settled at Berlin, where she intends giving lessons in Arabic.

A Southern paper informs us that "Mary Brown burst her boiler on Tuesday last," and we were just about making up our mind that perhaps Mary had been lighting the fire with kerosene, when the paper informs us that three of her deck passengers were instantly killed. This last statement leads us to infer that Mary was a steamboat.

A Yorkshire trainer lately revealed his method of meeting a conjugal storm. His plan, he said, was to keep silent and nod his acquiescence to everything—no matter what—said by his spouse. "Yes," remarked one of his friends; "but then she has it all her own way." "Just so," replied the Tyke, with satisfaction; "and nothing annoys her so much. There is nothing women hate like a walk-over."

A Nevada surgeon is in trouble through trying to improve a woman's nose. She had broken it when a child, and the mishap had left it in a slightly crooked condition. The surgeon bargained to straighten it, and attempted to do so by breaking it anew. The operation left the nose in a worse shape than it was before. The woman sues for \$10,000 damages, and threatens to break the bugles of the whole court and county if she don't get it.

The breath of spring is in the air,
Take care, take care;
Your wife for you has laid a snare,
Beware, beware;
She meets you when you come from town,
She sweetly smiles as you sit down,
She gits your shippers and your gown,
She drives away each care and frown;
Take care; beware;
She wants a new spring bonnet.

The *Carson Appeal* tells this story: A young gentleman who is very fond of children, while playing with a little two-year-old girl in the parlor of one of our hotels Sunday evening, said:

"I wonder how much your mamma would sell you for?"
The mamma answered for the daughter, saying:
"Tell him I would not take \$100,000 for you."
The young gentleman replied that he would sell her for \$50,000. An old gentleman who was present remarked:
"Young man, if I were you I would not sell my babies 'short.'"

"Why?" asked the baby fancier.
"Because," replied the old gent, who evidently knew the ways of the world, "because when you get your 'shorts' you might have to do it with your own stock."

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1879.

This will be our last opportunity to write upon the question of adopting or rejecting the new Constitution. Our readers will be glad when the election day shall have passed, and we shall be glad that the ARGONAUT may drift away from the discussion of this passionate and angry controversy to questions more in harmony with its original purpose. We look back over the history of the last two years with surprise. When we remember the prosperity of our early period, and the kind and genial feeling that characterized the intercourse with all classes of society, and contrast it with the present depressed condition of affairs, the despondent, almost desperate feelings entertained by many, we do not at all recognize the California of the earlier and better time. We were steadily progressing; in a healthful way everybody who confined himself to his legitimate pursuit was improving his position. We were recovering from the effects of our first gambling mania; we had recovered from all our scares, and everything gave promise that California had entered upon the home-stretch of a winning race. The demon of political discontent whispered into the ear of the Democratic party to give the State a new Constitution. A municipal election gave a few crazy aliens an opportunity to form what is known in the slang of our party politics as a "piece club," and from this club developed a noisy, brawling agitator, ignorant, insolent, and audacious, who became the leader of a vicious, idle, and discontented element of society. He gathered to his following all the drunken, the worthless, the demoralized of all classes. He managed them by appeals to their passions, and fired them with an ambition to accomplish by violence such a political ascendancy as would enable them to acquire a living by some less laborious means than daily toil. The *Chronicle*, for an independent and selfish business purpose of its own, gave to the sand-lot the support of a daily journal. The *Call*, through jealousy, and fearing the loss of business, became a rival in the same direction, and thus a criminal uprising had the support of the two most widely circulated journals of the coast.

A Constitutional Convention was seized as a political opportunity, and to send working men as delegates it was made the occasion of a party organization. Demagogues and adventurers sprung up on every side. Every disappointed politician, every man of desperate fortunes, every element of the social organization that had a war with God, society, or civilization, every broken stock-gambler, every bankrupt, everybody who had nothing to lose and everything to gain, precipitated themselves into the movement. Kearney led all of the mob which had no sense of shame on a Thanks-giving parade, and all of his silent supporters stood by on the sidewalk to see the dirty stream flow by, and on election day it polled thirteen thousand votes. It sent to the Constitutional Convention a mass of ignorant men, who developed no leader of intelligence, no single man of mind or thought. The farmers caught the inspiration, and to the ignorant and vicious agitators of the town was added an honest but unintelligent delegation from the country. There were a few men of culture and honest purpose, who, finding themselves utterly overwhelmed by the Granger and the Workingmen's delegates, only endeavored to act as a regulator to control the eccentric movement of this ill-contrived machinery. The result is an organic law of tricks, of conspiracies, of legal conundrums, of curious reforms; a law to punish rich men, curb corporations, filled with promises that can not be performed, hopes that can not be realized. Some things it does accomplish. It makes new offices in every department of government, and this gives the demagogues a chance of place. It destroys and unsettles all law, and this gives the lawyers the promise of a rich and plementous harvest of litigation. It gives a new deck, a new shuffle, and a new deal, and thus every desperate gambler of fortune, hold neither ace nor trump, has a chance for a new hand. It does more than this. It organizes into a compact party all the desperate adventurers and all the vicious malcontents of

the State. If they can carry the Constitution, the same organization can elect the entire administration of a State and municipal government. It will give us either David Terry or Denis Kearney for Governor. It will give us Clitus Barbour or Bob Ferral for Chief Justice. It will give us a defaulting ward club treasurer to keep the funds of our State. It will elect for Mayor some blooming loafer of the sand-lot; a police force chosen from the hoodlums of Tar Flat; Supervisors from the dives of Barbary Coast; a judiciary from the Police Court; small salaries, to be supplemented by ample stealings. This is the feast to which we are invited by this strangely compounded political organization.

This is the first time in the history of American politics when such a combination has either been made or attempted, and only because it is the first time it is dangerous. It is the first time when criminal and political elements have successfully struck hands. We do not believe there is a convict in this State, nor an individual who belongs to the criminal class, who does not vote for the new Constitution. We do not know of an idler and vagrant who will not cast his vote for it. We do not know of an utterly debauched and worthless American, an utterly benighted and ignorant foreigner, who is not prepared to give his support to the new experiment. We know of some few gentlemen (?) who avow themselves for it—men who have better sense, and ought to have better morals than to be found in the bad company they are in—but there is not one of them that we can not put our finger upon his raw spot. They are soured, disappointed, unappreciated, and bitter men, who have made mistakes in life, or who have some selfish purpose in view. These men are in an association they despise. They are doing that which they are ashamed of, and that which, if it succeeds, they will deplore; if it fails, will prove to them a self-inflicted death wound. These men—we might name twenty of them—would be ashamed to be seen in the procession of that mob to whom by their political action they are giving countenance. Yet they are encouraging them to seize the reins of political power; they would allow this vile, ignorant mob of criminals and mendicants to become the governing authority in order that they might attain some honor in its leadership, some revenge against the society that has not appreciated them; and, what is perhaps most strange, that of the twenty we would name the greater part are Southern men—men who are proudest of their good name, their family descent, and the most particular in their personal association.

Out of this episode there comes an inevitable result. It brings our community into a new alliance. It tends to destroy political parties, and if the coming Presidential election was out of the way, here in California now, and elsewhere later, party organizations would be broken up, and society would reorganize into new political combinations. The intelligent, the property-owning, and the well disposed would in self-defense band themselves together against the ignorant, the idle, the vicious, the mendicant, and the demagogue. Into such party lines must republican government marshal its citizens. It will be under this organization that property and social order will make its defense against the dangerous majority of "have nothings" that will endeavor to destroy by force the laws protecting property; a party that when it outnumbers the "have somethings" will invoke the principle of majority rule to the division of property. When this lawless and impecunious minority becomes a majority, then practical agrarianism is enforced, and society either passes into anarchy, or through anarchy and revolution to an imperial government. That this dream is now in the minds of men is indicated by the almost unanimous desire for one great national party to reflect, and for a third term, to the Presidency one whose sole qualification for the office is that he can lead armies, and does not faint at the sight of blood. The times are pregnant with suggestions of alarming possibilities, and it becomes every rational and thoughtful mind to well consider his political action in the presence of what we deem a great crisis to California, and the beginning of a great possible political revolution to the Government of the United States of America, and a possible solution of the problem of self-government in a manner that shall not fulfill the expectations of those who love liberty, or who have confidence in the permanence of a republican form of government.

A "professional man" who makes the damaging and cowardly admission that "he dare not write over his own signature lest it should injure his business," and who is "compelled to dissemble and pretend to oppose a measure he will do all in his power to advance," draws a four-column parallel in Monday's *Chronicle* between the people of California of to-day and those of Europe from the second to the fifteenth century. He finds the freemen of this, our Pacific empire, in a condition not dissimilar to the oppressed communities of Europe during the dark and feudal ages. To all the destitution, oppression, ignorance, servility, and moral degradation of that barbarous and fearful epoch of history he finds our community fast hastening. The strong baron, the robber chief, the imperial ruler, the insolent patrician, the domineering priest, the feudal lord, all have their counterparts in the corporations and wealthy men of to-day. By all

the laws of knighthood and chivalry of the period he discusses we are not compelled to set a lance in rest with this unknown combatant. Were he a brave knight he would enter the list with his visor up, and, looking us in the face, would give assurance of his right of challenge to the field. We would not extend the mailed hand to this disguised foe if his communication did not contain a threat which brave men never make and brave men never fear. From the sand-lot we hear the muttered threat of violence, if this appeal to the electoral urn shall fail. We refer these cowardly and vulgar miscreants to the police authorities, but we assume that this "professional man" is a gentleman and a scholar, and we take his threat as a challenge which just at present we do not choose to decline. We reproduce his concluding words, and interpret them to mean that, unless the tangled mass of political conundrums styled a new Constitution, which passion and hate has instigated and ignorance produced, is adopted, the only alternative is violence. In other words, unless a propertyless and ignorant mob can succeed at the ballot-box it will essay the bayonet. Hear the unknown: "I say, away with this condition of affairs. Away with servile labor, with aristocrats, with monopolies, with bad laws, with corrupt officers, with the whole damnable system of seigniorial finance. Away with it now, while reform is offered in a peaceful mode. Recall what happened in France, where peaceful reform was denied and it had to be obtained by force. Remember that we are a highly nervous and sensitive people, as yet not subverted by a long course of oppression and misery, and that pin scratches are apt to irritate our body politic as festering wounds pained our European ancestors. Observe that peaceful relief is impossible by any other means than the one now offered, and that the only alternative is violence."

The italics are ours. The threat is unmistakable. We are to be treated to a reign of terror as in France, if we vote down this constitutional monstrosity. The alternative of violence is offered to us if we do not obey the mandate of this monster of agrarianism and social disorder. This land of freedom and of unrestrained liberty of personal action; this State, where free churches, free schools, free lands, invite to freedom of conscience, freedom of expression, and freedom in the acquisition and enjoyment of property, is to be drenched in blood, lighted by incendiary fires, homes desolated, government overturned, authority usurped, unless this Constitution is adopted. This is what this writer means. It is what he threatens. It is what the sand-lot mutters. It is what the *Chronicle* is driving at. We say, let it come. Let it come now. Let it come here. If our institutions demand for a third time the baptism of blood, let us welcome the combat with ready hands and resolute hearts. In defense of our homes, properties, lives, and laws we stand upon the defensive—not seeking, not shrinking the conflict; not provoking the fight, but not turning our back upon the foe. When that time comes, and this "professional man" must lay down his pen to take up that more powerful and open weapon, the sword, he must also lay aside his mask and look danger in the face. We propose to look squarely into the eyes of this monster; and by "we" is meant all men, native and adopted, who love the land they live in and who love constitutional liberty and social order. And when the conflict comes, this disguised and hooded hero of the pen, who threatens under a *nom de plume*, will not be in the arena. We are almost impatient with ourself that we have been provoked into a serious reply to this most cowardly menace of one who has not the moral courage to openly vote his convictions, and who is compelled to "dissemble and pretend," and to bide his name in discussion of the rejection or adoption of an organic law. So abject and pitiful a moral coward is not dangerous either with pen or sword. It must rejoice such as him that a secret ballot gives him a safe vantage ground for stabbing republican government in the back. In event of a popular disturbance, this "professional man" (?) would doubtless be found lighting secret fires. Against open and disguised treason, against bold men who fight and cowardly assassins who stab, we must be equally prepared.

It seems to us that the wives, mothers, daughters, and sweethearts of the sand-lot have not received that degree of attention to which they are entitled in this discussion over the adjustment of the difficulties between labor and capital. We hope they will take as kindly as it is meant some words of advice to themselves. Those women who bear to workmen the relations indicated by the appellation of wife, mother, daughter, and betrothed, have a deep interest in this question under consideration—deeper indeed than the men themselves. If any disaster occurs to the working class it is first felt within the domestic circle. If any evil happens that brings want, poverty, care, or anxiety, that want and poverty come first to the wife and mother; that care and anxiety first deepen the lines and furrow the face of the anxious working woman. It is the wife and mother who first feels the diminishing resources that lessen the comforts and reduce the supply of those things necessary to the maintenance and support of the family. She is the first to recognize reduced wages, and the first to feel that the financial supply is inadequate to the provision of all the comforts she demands

for her home. She sees the first holes at the knees of the boys' pantaloons, and first realizes by the shortening frocks of her growing girls that they need new clothes. She sees the first pale streak that insufficient food paints on her baby's face. It is the wife who is the cashier and banker of the family, and when the deposits run low she is the first to perceive it. She keeps the commissary store, provides and issues the rations to the hungry mouths that clamor to her for food. If the husband or son goes wild, takes to drink or politics, or spends his money or his time upon the sand-lot, it is over the threshold of the home that the first shadow is cast. If boys go astray and become arabs and hoodlums, or girls lose that love of home and cut loose from that parental restraint that keeps them in the path of rectitude, it is the poor mother's heart that is wrenched and that weeps over them. Is it not, then, appropriate that in all this discussion an occasional word may be said to the working women? May not religion, civilization, society, and government safely appeal to them, and ask their co-operation to adjust the differences we are now considering? We know the influence of good women over all kinds of men, and recognizing the important stake they have in this business, they should not be neglected.

And first we ask of the wives of the sand-lot that they recall their own conditions and the conditions of their sex in their native lands; that they recall the wage of labor that they were enabled to earn, and the kind of labor they were called upon to perform in the old country before they emigrated to this. If they came at tender years they may remember the tales their mother told them, of hardship, toil, suffering, poverty and destitution; of the kind of home in which they lived, and the degree of plenty that surrounded them in their youth; of the dresses they were enabled to have, the shoes they wore, and compare their physical comforts and conditions in the land of their birth with the land of their adoption. Let them remember that in that old country their husbands were not, as here, voters, making laws and entitled to hold office; that the political honors now within the reach of their husbands and sons were not possible in Europe. Let them understand that the two things which gave to their native places an aristocracy that enabled them to live at ease—namely, land and education—are here within reach of their own families; that land is given away and education is free; and that when their husbands come home from the ward meeting, or the convocation of the Sunday sand-lot, where God has been blasphemed by an apostate Catholic, and the Holy Mother of God insulted by a blasphemous English heretic, and where infidel Germany alternates in harangues with atheistic Americans, let these intelligent women catechise their husbands and sons, and cross-examine them upon the causes of their dissatisfaction toward this country. Let them ask the male members of their family what they expect to accomplish by following Denis Kearney.

Two years ago, when Denis was driving his dray, times were good, money was plenty, wages were higher than now. The women know this. Now times are hard; money is scarce and wages are low, and while things have been going from bad to worse Denis has been living at his ease upon the donations of his followers. He has visited with wife and family the Eastern States in a palace car. He has been down to Santa Ana. The whole burden of his song is against the rich. Now let the women ask their husbands what the rich have done to them; what particular rich man has done them a wrong? Let each wife ask the bread-getter of the family from whom do they get their wages, and from what class comes the profitable and steady labor that gives bread and meat, luxuries and comforts, to their homes? Does employment come from the sand-lot? Did any body ever make any money out of Clitus Barbour. Does Judge Terry or Volney E. Howard ever give employment to labor? Let those wives ask their husbands whether it would be more profitable to live upon the declamations of Beerstecher, or the poetry or the songs of the Wellock child, or the windy vapors of Kearney, or the passionate editorials of the *Chronicle*, than upon the twenty-dollar pieces of the most extravagant rich man or the meanest millionaire that lives in town? Do the men that do daily labor, that shovel earth, carry the hod, drive dray, coach, or carriage, that find labor in any position, from the lowest and most menial employment up to the highest—do they get this work from the sand-lot? In other words, does labor come from politicians, idlers, demagogues, and sand-lot orators?—or does it come from business men, and brains, and capital? Does the woman that works for a living get her best labor from her poorer or her richer neighbors?

And now, then, comes a new code of laws to be set up in place of the old and tried instrument. We can not go into an argument with women upon this subject further than to say, the old Constitution was made by able and learned men, modeled after older States, and has been our organic law for thirty years. Under it we have prospered and had good times; and never was there a time of want, or a time when labor could not find employment at good wages, until a set of politicians conceived the idea of destroying the old law

and setting up a new one in its place. From that moment, and the point of time when Denis Kearney and a set of ignorant declaimers began to howl on the sand-lot, we have had hard times. They have proposed to give us a law that will enable all the old out-at-elbow political demagogues to get back to office; a law that destroys the schools, that withholds money from the orphan asylums, that gives us cheap and ignorant judges, that taxes money in savings banks, and that will so frighten everybody that they will hide their money or send it out of the country; that will multiply law suits, and set labor and capital by the ears, and finally turn all the work over to the Chinese by making the rate of wages so low that none but Chinese can live upon them. We do not expect our working women to understand a legal instrument like the new or the old Constitution. But they do know that we had good times until the politicians and agitators began to talk about destroying the old law and adopting a new one. They do know that labor comes from rich men and enterprising men, and not from beer-drinking, whisky-swilling politicians. They do know that riot and disorder accomplishes no good result. They do know that this country is free and liberal in its laws; that it is better than any other; that here their children can be educated; that sons and daughters of the poor become rich and prosperous; that if they are having a hard time themselves their children have as good a chance as the children of the wealthy; and they also know that poverty and want does not come as much from the law as it does from the beer keg and whisky barrel.

They know, by a sort of intuitive knowledge, that there is no real class distinction in this country, and the real working, toiling woman and mother has a conscious realization of the fact that if her sons are intelligent, industrious, and honorable, there is no position to which they may not attain; and that to her daughters, if well educated and virtuous, there is no social position to which they may not be called. The laboring women know that most of the troubles, anxieties, and cares of their lives come from the dissipated habits of workingmen—that it is from the groggery and the gin-mill that her troubles flow; that the money squandered for beer and whisky if spent for bread and meat would bring plenty to the home, and that with prudence, economy, and industry, want is impossible. There is not a workingman's wife in San Francisco who has a good, industrious husband, and who is herself a good wife, that has any serious cause of complaint. She knows that all this agitation at the sand-lot is a political one, and that her husband is better away from it. She knows that to the rich men and prosperous men her husband must look for work, and she knows that any agitation that leads to strife or contention between the rich and poor, between labor and capital, only makes her lot harder and her burdens heavier. We commend our workers to consult with politicians less, and with the women more. A wife is a husband's best adviser. Women's intuition is better than men's brains. We wish the women could vote on this question. In such an event the new Constitution would be rejected, and the old one retained.

There is no class of men for whom the ARGONAUT has a more tender regard than for those who labor at honest manual toil. The man who is willing to do an honest day's work for an honest day's wages is entitled to the honorable regard of every intelligent and decent person. He is justly entitled to have continuous employment provided for him by organized society. To this end we would be willing to be taxed down to the level of working beside him for our daily bread. This mode of division we will submit to until our crusts are broken in the middle. But the vicious tramp who comes from a foreign land, and sets himself down upon our doorstep and demands unearned bread, or who threatens to burn our house because we will not let him in and steal the property that in our youth we worked for, because we will not provide for him—we will fight. He shall not by threats or menace save himself from starvation if we can help it. We say to Denis Kearney and his kind that if they desire employment and wages, they are entitled to it if they ask for it. If they prefer politics, agitation, riot, and starvation, they shall have it; they shall have the conflict first, and it shall determine whether it is easier to get a living by fighting for it than working for it. This is in answer to Mr. Denis Kearney's vulgar and cowardly threat that if the new Constitution is not adopted there will be trouble.

The burden and cry of the Constitutional campaign is that "the new document will reduce taxation." Yet it is a curious fact that nearly all the owners of real property in San Francisco, and all that class of foreigners who are out of debt, or ever expect to be, are opposed to its adoption. The anomaly is presented of the sand-lotters, tramps, and vagabond politicians who have no property, never did have and never will have any, shouting for reduced taxation, while the men who own the city and the State are willing to support the old Constitution and all the burdens it entails.

"I am going for the new Constitution," said an Irish drayman to us the other day, "because it will reduce taxation." "How much do you now pay?" we asked. "Twelve dol-

lars." "How many children have you?" "Five." "How many at school?" "Four." "Then you get four children educated for \$12, that is \$3 each. It costs \$18 dollars per annum for each scholar—4 times 18 equals 72. So that for \$12 you are getting the general advantages of organized society—a fire department to protect your house, a hospital to which you may go if sick, police to preserve order, streets over which you may drive your dray, and \$54 worth of schooling; and you want your taxes reduced. Don't you think," said we, "that you had better sell your homestead and your dray, take your money out of the Hibernia Bank, and go back to Ireland, and thus avoid the tyranny and oppression of this infernal country?" This Irishman is now scratching his head. He ought to be furnished with an iron garden rake at public expense.

Another defalcation of a Deputy City and County Treasurer has sent the criminal to square his accounts in the bankrupt court of death. Mr. W. F. Cassebohm has stolen \$20,000, gambled it away in stocks, and killed himself. Mr. Hubert, the Treasurer, must make some better statement to disentangle himself than by cowardly innuendo endeavoring to implicate Mayor Bryant with any knowledge of this criminal defalcation. Andrew J. Bryant is an honorable and honest man. He is capable, and has done his entire duty as Mayor. He will not be damaged by any insinuations of Hubert, by any assaults of the press, and he will not be indicted by the Grand Jury under the perjured testimony of Mr. H. S. Tibbey. Future investigation will disclose that he has been guilty of neither negligence, carelessness, nor crime in his office as first executive officer of the city of San Francisco.

If on election day there should be any citizen undecided as to the casting of his ballot, let him stand for a moment and watch the runners for and voters of the hoodlum ticket. He will see the line of demarcation, the boundary between respectability and the mob, as clearly defined as the hand of ignorance and hate can trace it in the sand of suffrage. On the one side will stand the wealth, the intelligence, the property, the decency, the well dressed and well behaved of all classes—the merchant, mechanic, and laborer; and on the other, poverty, and ignorance, and villainy—the tramp, the demagogue, the Ishmaelite politician, the mob with scowling brow and short-cropped hair. Let him choose, then, his position, and step to his following. It is a question that can be instantly settled. It is a test that is beyond the contradictions of newspapers, or the explaining tongues of politicians, or the pressure of friends or business acquaintance. It is an appeal to one's self-respect, a sight draft on the deposit of principle within the manly man, the citizen, and the sovereign. It is an experiment that should be tried at every election; it is one that never fails to convince.

Said a gentleman the other day: "If I could neither read nor write; if the old Constitution and the new Constitution were alike as inscrutable to me as the works of Providence, it seems to me my eyes alone would show me the way to 'vote.' This remark has meat in it. You need not read the old document; you need not read the new one. You have only to notice the *kind of men* that are going to vote in favor of the new, to make up your mind at once and forever to vote against it. Independence of thought is a beautiful thing; it is to be encouraged; but if your mind does not come down to conviction with the weight of reason that will be brought to bear upon it, there is a vacuum somewhere that this common-sense suggestion will fill.

"No husband can rely on the honor of his wife while all classes of our people are swept into the whirlpool of stock 'gambling.'" These italics are from authority—the San Francisco *Chronicle* of Wednesday last. These are specimen words and specimen sentiments of this fight from the beginning. It is an argument straight from the source that knows nothing of honesty in man or honor in woman. It is an insult that could only come from a blackguard and outcast pen. It is a vicious thrust from a palsied hand and a bloodless heart. It is a thing that you men with wives, and daughters, and sweethearts, and homes to protect, are asked to throttle to death with a majority at the ballot-box.

The tide of European immigratinn, bearing its flotsam of ignorance, crime, and incapacity, is again rolling into the port of New York in a volume that promises finally, and once for all, to pauperize and barbarize the continent. This is good news to the statesmen who believe it the heaven-ordained mission of this country to serve as "an asylum for the oppressed of all nations," and will correspondingly displease those who perceive that the oppressed of other nations are the oppressors of this. Communists, Socialists, Nihilists—God bless us, what a crew the crimps are bringing us for the Ship of State! Seven hundred and fifty-eight came alongside on Monday last, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand will board us during the summer—we to be during the remainder of their lives. Take the qu gentlemen, take the quarter-deck; Americans will walk.

THE VORTEX RING.

An Old Scientist Tells all About It.

It was some years ago when me, and Charles Darwin, and Bill (afterward Sir William) Thompson, and Hanky Helmholtz, and many others of the boys, was a studying physics at the University of Heidelberg, and Max (which his right name is Maximilian) Müller was grubbin' at the languages, and one night we all went kneiping together, and smoked and drank till all was blue. Even then Helmholtz was working at his theory of vortex rings, and Thompson was trying to steal his thunder. You don't know what a vortex ring is? Why it's as easy as tying a knot in the end of all things. All you have to think about is a perfect fluid like the ether, the existence of which ain't no more settled as a truth than the law of gravitation is, and imagine a movement set up in it which occasions a ring precisely similar in its turning upon itself to a smoke-wreath like this which now I blow from my mouth while waiting for you to order the boy to set up two more glasses of hot whisky. When once they are set a-going, bless your heart, they can't stop; they may be little or they may be big, but whatever they are they are bound to stay rings forever. Bill Thompson, when he became a swell and was called Sir William, made a theory to the effect that atoms are nothing but these rings and as there weren't reason to contradict him, half of the scientific world fell in with his notion. You know you don't never find any such rings, but then you don't find no atoms either, nor molecules, too, for that matter, and so, as scientific things go, all is in fine trim for any ingenious man who wants to make a theory, and the only requirement is that it shall be consistent with mathematics, which, so far as I have observed, hain't got nothing whatever to do with nature as it stands. However, we were talking, at the time of which I speak, of these vortex rings swishing and swirling on forever in a vast hypothetical fluid, and we came to the conclusion that there weren't no good reason why some of them shouldn't be big enough to hold a man as well as some be small enough to hold only of an atom. There was a big blacksmith in the room, and Helmholtz at once got up when the idea was suggested, and by simply changing a "b" in an equation to a "c," showed not only that this was possible but that it was inevitable. A big vortex ring he showed, also, must spin with a velocity some ten thousand times greater than that at which light travels, while its progressive motion couldn't not by no means be less than fifty thousand times as great. Helmholtz's room, at which we was kneiping, was furnished with an excellent arrangement of scientific apparatus, by means of which it would be possible to exhaust the air and form a vacuum in a tank big enough to hold a man, but of course this vacuum would be full of ether, for there ain't no means of getting rid of that hypothetical substance. If it was real we could easily pull it out, but seeing as how it were only hypothetical it would be tough work to dispose of it except in a logical way; and logic, you know, ain't science. Now I come to remember, Jules Verne was there, and at once constructed a tank of the proper size; Helmholtz then filled it half a dozen times with carbonic acid, which he expelled by means of an air-pump, and then chucked in potash to absorb the remains of the acid, and so we got an absolute void full of ether. By tapping then at one end of the tank a vortex ring was expelled from an orifice at the opposite end, at which I was sitting. It was a big ring, and I was engulfed in it, so that in an instant I was whirled through the walls of the house and sent off into space with a velocity of which you can't, by no means form no adequate notion. And now, sir, if you will only tell that boy to fetch on some more cold applejack for to wet my whistle, I will continue for to spin this yarn. Thank ye kindly, sir. Now, I want you to think about light for a few minutes. Ye know light travels, as I said, at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, there or thereabouts. Now, if a man with pretty good ordinary eyes was situated 200,000 miles from the earth he would see an event just one second after it occurred on the earth. If he was 400,000 miles away he would see it in two seconds after it happened, and so on. When I found myself swallowed up in this vortex ring, I saw that my eyes, being freed from the burden of gross matter and being, so to speak, at the very interior of nature, could see what was going on almost anywhere. Of course I fixed my peepers on the old planet as long as I could, but as I went blazing off among the stars and comets and meteors and star-dust and floucci and forming worlds, to say nothing of those as was bustin' up with old age, of course my attention were diverted. By and by, however, after going all over the universe, I found myself approaching the solar system. How did I know it? Well, I knew the earth by the mark I had made on it, and then there was a sort of home feeling in the ether easy enough for anybody to understand who has once been in my predicament. When I first spied the earth I were quadrillions of miles away, so many that the light which I met had started from the earth about one hundred thousand years ago, so that I saw what had taken place on our planet just so many years back. As I came nearer, of course I saw what had gone on at a less remote period, so that at last I began to twig the paleozoic age when there weren't nothing but monera and amœbæ and such small deer on the globe, and a powerful deal of trouble I had for to spy them out, and I wouldn't never have seen them at all if I hadn't long before heard Emy Hæckel blow his horn about them. When you are so high above the earth you can easily see to the bottom of the ocean, and of course I observed the life there. Great coral reefs was a buildin', and generation after generation of the little animals appeared and disappeared under my very eyes. It weren't long either before I saw monkeys a jumpin' and climbin' in the trees, and throwin' coconuts at each other just like human beings. You would hardly believe it, but I saw the first appearance of man in the forests, and it were a most interestin' sight to observe how they gradually sloughed off their tails, and the abliest of the maimed beings that was left scampered off immediately to the Aryan plateau and began to show signs of human civilization. In short, I watched the whole course of the world's history up to date, and I were satisfied that all that the evolutionists and Darwinists say is precisely as true as this here yarn. And now I don't care if I do take another of them hot brandies. How did I get back? Well now, it shows what profound ignorance the human mind is capable of for you to ask such a question. It is mathematically the very nature of vortex rings to return

to the place from which they started; all their motions are fixed and defined from the very moment when they comes into existence, and what they was at first to that they must return. So it happened that arter goin' through the material universe in this way I were vortexed exactly back through the aperture of the tank from which I started, only that as I should have been I dropped outside into my chair, and the ring was whisked into the tank and snuggled down into the hole in the ether which had long been achin' for it; in the words of the hymn, it were, indeed, an aching void. Perhaps you may be inclined to doubt this here yarn, but it's as true as any that you will hear from a scientist for many a long day, particularly if the scientist is of a speculative turn of mind.

A Western man lately called at the Chicago *Tribune* office to show the editor a patent corset that he said was bound to revolutionize society. "You see," he said, "it's just the same as the ordinary corset in all its essential particulars. But there are several attachments not found in the ordinary corset, and which form the particular charm and merit of my patent improved corset—"The Absent Friend Recalled," as I poetically call it. Round the central section of the corset there extends, as you will see, a hinged clasp—a curious and yet very simple arrangement of powerful springs, so arranged that the pressure they exert can be graduated at pleasure, and as instantaneously exerted or removed. The compression varies from that of a timid and unaccustomed friend whose muscle is imperfectly developed, or who has a boil on the side of his elbow, up to that exerted by a Hercules when engaged in strangling a boa constrictor; on the scale they are marked, you see, from G 3 up to AA 11, the equivalent in pounds being given, so that the young lady can set her corset so as to squeeze her precisely so much and no more, when she has discovered by experiment—as she can easily do—her betrothed's hugging power. Thus, if a woman has no lover, or her admirer has gone to the lodge, or to see another, or is out of town, all she has to do is to put on her automatic corset, touch the spring, and, with a little exercise of the imagination, recall the absent one."

A Shot.

Quoth a wise-man to a youth one day:

"Tell me your aim in life, I pray."

"A mighty general I'd be,"

Replied the youth, ambitiously.

Then quoth the stripling to the sage:

"Tell me your aim in your old age."

Then said the sage, a little tired:

"Aim? Oh! I have no aim; I've fired."

—Harvard Crimson.

A dress woven from the webs of the large spiders common in South America has been presented to Queen Victoria by the Empress of Brazil. It exceeds in fineness any manufactured silk known, and is very handsome. Spaniards, nearly two hundred years ago, endeavored to make gloves, stockings, and other articles of spiders' webs, but they yielded so little profit, and necessitated so much trouble, that the manufacture was abandoned. In 1710 the calculation was made that the webs of 700,000 spiders would be required for about forty yards of silk. Such dresses are occasionally seen in South America.

At Monaco and Nice the gambling season has been good. Many noble amateurs lost their fortunes, and a few made theirs, among the latter being an Englishman, who won three hundred thousand francs one evening at *Trenta et Quarante*, and was arrested just after the bank closed. Two days afterward he was released, and it was proved that he had made believe to commit a petty theft, so that he could be arrested and kept two days from playing.

Two old Texas rangers, who had just helped bury a neighbor, were talking about religion, and one asked the other how pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world if he was in real earnest. "Waal," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so 't he can swop steers or trade horses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the better land afore he has a relapse."

X. is the most furious of advocates of equality.

The other day his valet brought him a letter, saying: "A gentleman left this and said to give it to my master."

"Your 'master,' you blasted aristocrat," yelled X., with a frightful whack on the nose, "can I never knock it into your head that all men are born free and equal? What did I hire you for if you're going to talk about 'masters'?"

A handsome young woman steps out of a coach and says to the driver: "What do I owe you?"

"Three francs, your ladyship," says the coachman.

"Keep the change," says his fare, handing him a five-franc piece.

"Bully for you, old gal!" says the jarvey, relapsing into naturalness.

It seems that even the blessed bees have learned to adulterate. Some parties took the trouble to place a quantity of glucose at the doors of their hives, and the insects actually made use of it to sophisticate their honey. It is to be hoped that it won't occur to anybody to put cotton within reach of the silk worms.

An old negro woman once prayed: "O Lord, let there be a full heaven and an empty hell."

LXXVII.—Sunday, May 4.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup—Kile, with Curry.

Fried White-Bait.

Lamb Chops. Saratoga Potatoes.

String Beans. Spinach.

Roast Goose, Onion Dressing.

Cucumber Salad.

Bavarian Cream. Orange Cake.

Fruit-bowl of Apples, Cherries, Oranges, and Bananas.

To MAKE RICE SOUP, WITH CURRY.—Melt in a stewpan two ounces of butter, with a small chopped onion, half a slice of ham cut in very small pieces. Add three table-spoonsful of curry powder and one teaspoonful of flour. Mix well, and stir into two quarts of melted stock; boil one hour, skim, add some rice cooked in broth, boil five minutes, skim again, and serve.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—See Vol. I, No. 34, November 10, 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

VOLCANO, AMADOR COUNTY, CAL., April 21, 1879.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—The crops of Kearneyism which has rooted firmly in the rankest and foulest soil of our prosperous State are rapidly maturing worthy of the seed. The community of Volcano and vicinity is largely composed of Italians, the greater number being an illiterate and unskilled people, equaling in clannishness the Chinese. This town is situated upon both sides of Sutter Creek—wide, with but little grade, gathering a large volume of water from distant water-sheds during the rainy season. The creek proper had been diligently worked in former years by horse-power and other machinery, especially above Volcano, the Italian population owning the larger interest. A portion of that ground was never bottomed on account of the strong flow of water beneath the surface, and the necessarily extensive mode of hoisting gravel to a point above the surface requisite to obtain sufficient grade for the extraction of the gold. The Volcano Mining Company purchased some two hundred acres of this ground, and ditches conveying water for working purposes, from the many different owners, to whom the ground was practically worthless. The company, as an experiment, erected hoisting and pumping machinery, with water as the motive power; renewed and built extensive aqueducts, consisting of fluming and iron pipes. The cost so far has been probably \$25,000. All claims for labor done or otherwise were promptly paid on demand. Americans and a larger number of Italians were employed. A contract to load the cars with gravel was let to an American, who employed from five to fifteen Chinamen. The company have had no returns for their outlay as yet, as all the necessary dead-work has not been completed. On the 7th of this month, 7 o'clock P. M., a strong charge of Giant or Hercules powder was exploded on or under the iron pipe leading the water to the hoisting works with a pressure of one hundred and fifty feet. Four feet of the pipe was torn to ribbons. Prompt action repaired the damage in three hours. On the 17th inst., after dark, some one thousand five hundred feet of new fluming, one and a half miles above the mine, was thrown down, and the lumber torn with axes, picks, and crowbars so as to be worthless, and a large iron pipe carrying water from one side of Pioneer Creek to the other mutilated by punching it full of holes for two hundred feet in length. The damage to the aqueducts, including the filling of the mine with water, is heavy. The company suspended all work, which will be permanent unless the perpetrators are brought to justice. Previous to this frequent threats to injure the company's property were made by a number of the Italian population here, and all prominent citizens of all races firmly believe that the practical miscreants were Italians, incited by a number of their countrymen. Every one of those will vote for Mr. Kearney's Constitution. A large and unanimous meeting, attended by all Americans who were cognizant of the circumstances, was held last Saturday, at the town hall, condemning in plain but eloquent terms the atrocious acts of the foreign villains, and pledging themselves to exhaust all lawful means to illuminate the dark deeds of communism destructive of the recently revived prosperity of a not wealthy country. Go To.

The Donovan Exodus.

"BENEFIT FOR MIKE DONOVAN.—This well-known boxer will take a benefit, tendered by his admirers, at the Standard Theatre, to-morrow evening. The benefit is given in conjunction with Mr. Zahn, the pedestrian. An excellent bill is offered, and the sparring of Donovan himself will be the principal feature of the evening. Mike deserves a good house, for he is a clever and genial man, and well liked by all who have had friendly companionship with him. He is very anxious to make sufficient out of the affair to enable him to return East and give McClellan another show, which the latter, we understand, so much desires. Donovan intends, after meeting McClellan, to return to this coast to permanently reside."—Pacific Life.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—From the above it will be seen that California is about to lose, at least for a season, one of its estimable and much-loved citizens. Would you not in your earnest zeal for the defeat of the new Constitution, and your admiration for the noble, self-sacrificing endeavors of Mr. Kearney, induce Mr. Mike Donovan to forego his apparent rash intention? Is there no way to prevent this exodus of our useful and valued citizens. Shall our loved state be depopulated, and no voice raised against such fearful loss? I have despaired of inspiring the efforts of the *Chronicle*. It turns aside from my entreaties on behalf of the poor, industrious, and deserving, and ruthlessly permits such patriots and pillars of the State to shake the mud off his brogans and go East, or to the devil should he choose. "The Chinese must go!" Let 'em go, but in the cause of humanity, progress, civilization, and advancement, in fact in the cause of the bright future of our State, the national emblem—eagle—stars and stripes, Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, and every other high and lofty consideration, step right in with the ARGONAUT and prevent, I beseech you, the fearful sacrifice contemplated by Mr. Mike Donovan, and the dire effects that will be produced upon our State and the nation at large. Stop this—it must be stopped. X.

A Reminiscence of the Convention.

Who that sat under the heavy affliction does not remember the never-ending homilies of those members of the late Constitutional Convention who would have ejected the delegate Fawcett from his seat? Certainly none but the philosophic mind which is determined to live in peace and cast all disturbing pictures out as devils from the sanctuary. Yet how soon does it appear to have been forgotten that, at the time we speak of, another attack was scarce less openly spoken of, and arguments were in every one's mouth in defense or antagonistic to the tenure of the Honorable Dave Terry, who, as was generally conceded, would be the next subject of attack by the belligerent element of the body. Why is it so soon forgotten that this matter was heard no more of from the time that the cooked-up letter from Stockton was followed by the apostasy of the Honorable ex-Chief Justice? and why is the memory of this matter, which was regarded by many of the members of the Convention as a most corrupt bargain between the gentleman named and those with whom he had not the slightest sympathy, allowed to rest unpublished, while the honorable gentleman is playing the rôle of leader to those who bought him, with the privilege of remaining unmolested as a delegate in a body where many people think he had no right to sit. M. F. M.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

There was a frog and a ephalant, and the ephalant it sed to the frog: "Were wude you be if I wude step onto you?"

The frog it sed: "You must be a mity big fool if you think sech a act as that wude make me go away."

The ephalant sed he ment wot wude be come of the frog, wich thot a wile and then said, the frog did: "Wel, I wont deny that if you done it a purpous, and bore on hard as you cude, it wude make me hoppin mad!"

Then the ephalant made a figger 8 out of his proboscus, wich is their way to smile, and wocked a way like he was tickle to deth, but wen I tickled Missy, thats my sisters, nose with a gras wile she was a sleep she snoze and rubd it with her fofinger, and her feets is ticklish, too, on their bottoms.

Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, he says: "One time a frog and a hop tode they met, and the frog sassed the hop tode cos it was clumsy, but the tode it sed: 'If you wil come here on this flat stone, were we can start even, Ile beat you jumpin high, best 2 out of 3.'

"So thay done it, and the first time the tode it only jest cleered the stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself comin down, and cudent jump no more at all, and the tode beat it the 2 uther times."

Then Billy he spoke up and said: "So the tode won the rubber!" and Mister Pitchel he sed: "William, I dont kno wot you mean by rubber, cos its a word wich isent in the Bible, and is the speech of the worldly and the sinfle; but, William, it is true that it was ordained by Providence that the tode got a way with the od game."

Marbles is the game for me, yes in deed, but no snatch up, and tit, tat, to is mity good fun too, wen I can git 3 in a ro.

An now Ile tel you a story about a bear. One day the bear he went a mung a flock of sheeps and picked out a nice little labm, and cot it, and the labm it said ba-ba-ba! cos it kanew it was a goin for to be et evry little tiny bit up. But the bear took it up in his fore poze, like it was a baby, and set up ful lenth and rocked it, and said: "There, there, never mine, my preshous darlin, were does it hurt you?"

But the labm kep a hollerin louder and louder, cos wile the bear was a smilin, and singin hush a boy, he was a skaweezin titer and titer all the time. Bime by the ole ram he seen wot was up, and he dropped his hed, the ole ram did, and come like he was shot out of a gun and let him have it in stumach of his belly, and dubbed him up like he was a razor, and sent him a rolin over an over with out his preshous darlin. And wen the bear had puld hisself to gether agin and shuke the dust out of his hair, he sed: "I hav obserfed that labms tails was quickern litening, but I didnt kanow thay was powerfuller, too."

Jest then he see how it was, for there stood the old ramb a holdin down his head ready for to let him have it agin, and shakin it, like he said: "That little shaver wudent make more than a mouffe for a feller like you, I gess you better serve up the ole man."

But the bear he wocked off a shakin hisn, too, much as to say: "I dont hanker after a dinner wich gose aginst my stumack like that!"

Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Injy and evry were, he says one day he see a grisly bear a settin on a log pickn his teeths with his cloz, like he had et a nice dinner, and a mitionary preacher was with Uncle Ned, and the mitionary preacher he said: "You wudent spose there was any thing in this barren country for sech a great beest to live on, woud you? But Providence cares for all His creeters, and gives em the means to sustain life."

Uncle Ned he sed: "Bout how much, now, does it take for this fellers board by the week?"

The preacher he sed: "They are mity big eaters. Mebbey he cude git on with about a haf dozen cafs, and a pig or two, with a small flock of sheeps, and a horse team, or when the berry seasen is good, jest a saddle horse."

Uncle Ned he thot a wile, and then he sed: "Wel, that seems a hily curious way for Providence to sustain the lifes of His creeters, dont it?"

Then the preacher sed: "Yes, it does require a goodeal of slotterin, thats a fact, but the animals wich is kill blong to the natif niggers, wich dont reely need so much of this world's goods if they hav lain up treshers in heven."

Wen the bear had gon thay went to were he had et, and found Providence had been sustainin the pore creeters life with the preachers sadle horse, and that mitionary preacher he acted jest like he haddent lain up any treshers in heven his ownself, you never seen sech a fewrious mitionary preacher!

I ast my father: "Is there any tribes of sabbidges wich eats worms?" and he spoke rite up and said: "Certainly, the Demmicrats eats em."

Then I sed I thot Demmicrats was wite fokes, but my father he jump up and kicked over his chair and said: "Wite fokes be dum busted! Do you think all fellers wich ain't Niggers and Chinymen and red Injins is wites? Dont you spose that some thing depends on how a man votes? You ben readn that Xammer agin, that wot ails you! I tel you, my son, and you must bleef a man wich, like yure Uncle Edard, is a grate travler and has ben to Jackous Canyon and evry were—I tel you it aint enoufgh for a Demmicrat to have a wite skin, wen it is wosh, and a wite livver, wen he aint drunk, for to make him a wite foke; he has got to be wite all thru, like a turnip. No, Johnny, dont let their noose papers deceef you; the Demmicrats is stil a barbarous tribe."

Then I ast him a other time did thay reely eat werms, and he sed: "Wy, I spose so, of course. It stans to reason that a Demmicrat wil eat enny thing, cos peeples is Demmicrats and Republicans with their stumackses. Sho me the contence of a fellers belly and Ile cast his plitiche harrowscope like a litenin calculator. Its the stumack, Johnny, wich is the man, and if this new Constution is a dopted it wil be the biggest vctry for Denis Karny's Chinees cook wich that sportsman has ever won by wipin his nose on the pudden bag and spittin in the hash!"

Two sad cases have recently occurred out West: One was that of some road agents who tried to rob an insurance agent and were met with a request to be allowed to take their lives. The other was the case of a book agent, who was knocked down by some ruffians and sold a bible to the leader.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

An Epitaph.

Dearest uncle, thou hast left us,
And thy loss we all lament;
In our lives you took an interest—
Every month—of two per cent.
—*Utica Observer.*

Had he Vertigo.

I have vertigo, go for the doctor quick,
Of my sudden illness he should quickly know,
He lives 'round the corner—I am very sick;
So the young man didn't have vertigo.
—*Claude De Haven.*

Belly vs. Kelly.

A maiden named Eleanor Kelly
Got sick eating oysters and jelly;
And now at her ease
She says, if you please,
No oysters and jelly for Nelly
—*R. N. Munckittrick.*

A Little Mixed.

There was a young man from Dundee,
He went on a terrible spree;
He wound up the clock
With his ancient sock,
And then put his foot in the key.—*Unidentified.*

That Hand.

We sat alone; your little hand
Lay on the table by my own.
Only a little hand, and yet
I can not, while I live, forget
The tremor of profound regret
When I saw how your hand had grown.

We parted; but your little hand
Lay on the table, cold and fair;
Wide was the scope its numbers spanned;
Three bright-robed queens, serene and bland;
Two rampant jacks—a happy hand—
While I had only one small pair.
—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Mary's Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
But Mary's lamb (it was a ram)
Was bad—it butted so!

It went with her to school one day,
But 'twas against the rule;
For, when at school, it butted Ma-
ry, and all the rest at school.

And so the teacher turned him out—
To stop the school's alarm;
But the way that rammy butted her
Was a lesson to that marm.

He butted right, he butted left,
He butted front and rear;
He floored the marm that did him harm
Till Mary did appear.
—*Unknown.*

Ulysses.

I was so good a general that I was sent
By a grateful country to be President;
I never got caught in any ring or scrape,
And I never let a single guilty man escape.
What, never!
No, never!

What, never?
H-a-r-d-l-y ever.
So carefully I piloted the ship of state,
That now I hope to be a third-term candidate.—*Puck.*

A Strange Device.

The morn was very bright and clear,
When on Broadway there did appear
A youth in suit of checkered gray,
Well suited to an April day.
('Twas April, though she just had burst
Away from March—in fact the first.)
And on his hands—hued like the doves—
He wore a pair of brand-new gloves;
And around his neck a blue cravat,
And on his curls a tall, silk hat,
And in his button-hole there hung
A bunch of violets, sweet and young.
But ah! alas! alack! alack!
Upon a card pinned to his back,
In letters large and most precise,
Appeared this very strange device—
"Please kick me!"

As on he went rose laughter gay,
"How jolly people feel to-day,
And / a pleasant sight must be,
For all who pass look back at me,"
He thought. And then his cane swung,
And softly to himself he sung:
"Tra-la-tra-la, 'tis well, 'tis well,
To be a handsome Broadway swell."
And little recked he the unkind
Request some friend had pinned behind
In capitals. Oh! yes indeed,
So huge that all who walked might read,
(How of in life we journey thus,
No vexing thought accompanying us;
With smiling front and in the rear
Some mischief clinging close and near.)
"Please kick me!"

A Dissyllable Tragedy.

A fat	Tom whined	When that
Buck rat	And pined	Tom cat
Lived in	For that	Crawled in
A bin;	Buck rat,	That bin
Tom cat	And grew	For that
Saw that	Thin, too.	Buck rat,
Big fat	The trap	Lot drap
Buck rat;	That way	On that
"Ah, me,"	A man	'Ere cat—
Said he,	Once ran—	He died
"I'll store	Did slap	Inside
His gore	A trap	The trap—
Within	Right in	Sad hap!
My skin!"	That bin,	But that
But that	Buck rat	Buck rat
Tom cat	Stole corn	Stole corn
Could not	Each morn.	Next morn.
Him spot.		— <i>St. Louis Times.</i>

PLAIN TALK FROM A MERCHANT.

It has been stated very frequently by the pro-Constitutionalists and their organ that our savings banks have merely figure heads to manage them, and that this great evil will be done away with provided the new Constitution is adopted. Let us look into this matter. The Hibernia Savings Bank is certainly a representative institution, founded many years ago, and no one will gainsay that it ranks all the other banks of the same kind on this coast. This banks is mainly the depository of all the earnings of our Hibernian laboring population, in amounts ranging from \$500 to \$5,000—this latter sum being the most that it will receive from any one depositor. Can it be denied that this bank is almost a national one with the Irish born and American Irish? Why do you then deposit with this bank if your managers are but figure-heads, and not entitled to your confidence? Can you be so foolish as to deposit the result of the sweat of your brows, and upon what depend all the comforts of your homes, with an institution that is doubtful, and conducted by straw men, who merely give their names to sustain it? If such is the case, then you must all be insane; but if insane you are, there is method in your madness.

For many years past, ever since its incipency I may say, the Board of Directors has been composed of the following gentlemen, viz: Myles D. Sweeney, President; C. D. O'Sullivan, Vice-President; Edw. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer; Joseph A. Donahoe, M. J. O'Connor, John Sullivan, P. Donahue, P. McArar, G. Touchard, R. J. Tobin, Consulting Board.

All these gentlemen, but with one exception, are Irishmen by birth or American-born Irish; one, Mr. G. Touchard, is a Frenchman. There isn't a native-born American in the Direction. From a very small beginning this bank has grown into the most prominent one in the State, its transactions taking the lead, not only in fixing the percentage to be loaned on city property, but also in establishing the rate of interest. You will not pretend to say that all this prominence has been brought about by figure heads—by men of straw. What nonsense. And how can you listen to men who will tell you such trash, or how can you place any reliance on papers the main object of which is to cram such stuff into you, and then ask you for your suffrage against wrongs that have no existence, and that are as false as hell itself? The gentlemen mentioned, and who invest your hard earnings for you, have been long and most favorably known to you all. They once were poor working or laboring men; commenced at the foot of the ladder; but, after years of honest and indefatigable toil, they have reached a point where they command your entire confidence, and justly, too. It is for this reason that you are perfectly willing to place implicitly in their custody your all. Whether the new Constitution passes or not, you will continue to act as you have done in the past, as you are doing to-day. Being perfectly satisfied in this respect, why will you allow yourselves to be influenced by those in whom you have not the slightest reason to confide, and who will persist in preaching to you sentiments so strongly opposed to your knowledge and convictions? Will you please answer this?

Having demonstrated to you that you are ever willing to trust these gentlemen with the management of everything you have in the world, the result of years of hard labor and economy, can you not trust them to guide your actions in times of such momentous importance, by their sound experience and disinterested advice? You certainly can not suspect that these gentlemen are controlled by any obnoxious corporation, or influence, because if you did think so, you certainly would not be so foolhardy as to thrust your heads in the lion's mouth. However, should any of you entertain any such thoughts, then be advised, give immediate notice to the bank that you desire to withdraw your deposits, call a meeting of the discontents, form another institution of safe deposit investment, and appoint for its President Denis Kearney; Vice-President, Wellock; Secretary, Dr. O'Donnell; and for directors such men as you can choose out of the following list: The De Youngs, Terry, Howard, Downey, Pratt, Beerstecher, etc., etc. Will you then be better satisfied? What is said of the Hibernia Savings' Bank will apply to almost every other similar institution in the State. Any humbug, that starts in to defraud the public, will succeed for a short time, more or less, in proportion to his brazen effrontery and cheek, and you will all acknowledge that in every community there are a vast number of innocent ones to be "gulled." There are black sheep in every flock, and so there are dishonest men in every community. If you think that the new Constitution will make men more honest than they are now, or more honest men, you are much mistaken, for the reason that honesty is inborn, and can not be legislated into any individual. We have had breaches of trust, defalcations, robberies, etc., from the beginning of the world; we are having them to-day, and we shall continue to have them just so long as this globe revolves. I repeat, you can not legislate honesty any more than you can pump the waters of the Pacific into the Atlantic Ocean, or vice versa. This is only one instance where you are being deluded. Rest assured that there are many, many more. Open your eyes, and be no longer led by the nose to your perdition, for the benefit of calculating political tricksters and falsifiers.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24, 1879. T. P.

A sort of colored Talmage trial has been proceeding in Georgia, a colored preacher being tried before the dusky ecclesiastical court for stealing bacon. The verdict was that "the Rev. Moses Bledsoe am ackwitted of de situations dat he actual did stole de pork, and 'twas not shode dat somebody else miten't have been wearin his cloze; but de brudder is hereby fectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

A cartridge is said to have been invented which floats on the water, tastes good to ducks, and blows their heads off when they chew it. It is suggested that they should eschew it.

"I've got a frightful cold," someone said to "Cham," "and I don't know what to do to arrest it."

"Swallow a policeman!"

Perspiration is about the only honest sweat from a mean man.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 3, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE.—We are not in the tumultuous state of excitement which you might imagine, with the great Boucicault in town, and a noble detachment of prima donnas beside. I refuse to say *prime donne*, George Augustus Sala notwithstanding, for the prima donna has become so almost exclusively an American article that it is high time the word were pluralized according to the rule of English spelling. We have had no new operas during the week, although *Mignon* is to be produced to night, with Cary as "Mignon." The subscribers, naturally enough, are not very enthusiastic over the week's performance, but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. I like to go on an off night sometimes just to see a lot of people made happy who have been stopping at home on the big nights, longing and yearning for three dollars which they could afford to invest in a seat at the opera. They are the brothers and sisters, the clerks, the cousins, the poor relations, if no one represents the term, or the bosom friend of the more fortunate subscribers who give away their seats for the night. The house, naturally, is not so brilliant. One does not see such toilets, such bonnets, such jewels, but there is just as much enjoyment. Why, then, does not every one who does not go give their seats to some poor, longing, music-hungry one? Everybody knows somebody who would like to go and can't. Those little white iron backs loom up like miniature tombstones behind an empty seat, and the singers, sing they never so sweetly, like nothing less than an echo in an opera house. Yet Litta, they say, was never in such voice nor sang so charmingly as on Wednesday night in *Lucia*, when nearly all the subscribers stayed at home, when very few gave their seats, and very few outsiders paid to get in. It was originally the intention to repeat *Faust* this week, but the management began to realize their obliquity of vision and wisely withdrew it to offer one new opera this week, and have only repeated *Il Trovatore* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*. *Un Ballo* and *Rigoletto* are the best things they have done this season, and if they would allow people breathing time between there would be really no objection to repeating the delightful music once and again. On *dit* that Strakosch is having a bad time every day throwing oil upon the troubled waters of discord, which surge up now and then over the footlights from the orchestra to Signor Pantaleoni. I wish you could hear the various pronunciations and interpretations given to this name, Madge, which upon the face of it invites comments, jokes, and most atrocious puns. But then, they call Lazzarini lazzaroni, much to the little fellow's disgust, I trow, and Pantaleoni gets off rather easily after all. What a temper he has! He interpolated a lot of Italian billingsgate in a recitative the other night, and did not stop to put it to music either. Now

"I love that language, that soft, bastard Latin, Which melts like kisses from a female mouth, And sounds as if it should be writ on satin, With syllables which breathe of the sweet south, And gentle liquid accents gliding all so pat in, That not a single accent seems uncouth;"

But when it comes to a big irate Italian burling it in full force to buffo style at a discordant orchestra, it really interferes with the harmony of a perfect operatic performance. The musicians have been retaliating upon him ever since. The pitch, in any case, is higher than the singers have been used to, and, as Jack says, they "just love to lift Pantaloon's." In point of fact, it is a very interesting little quarrel among themselves, but rather hard upon the public; don't you think so? Under the circumstances it is to be hoped that Max Strakosch's cruse of oil will hold out like the Bible widow's, and quiet the troubled waters as soon as possible. We are not to have Pantaleoni in *Mignon*, but Mr. Gottschalk. Mr. Gottschalk is about as tame a young man as ever walked the stage. He has rather a good presence, and not altogether a bad voice, but he should never be set before the public except under the influence of a galvanic battery. Mr. Westberg sings the part of "Wilhelm Meister." He is the third of the three little tenors with the three little voices. I should hardly say that, for Adams' voice is not little; but his huskiness is like Mrs. Oates' cold, we shall not witness its convalescence. Westberg's voice is very sweet, and smooth, and small, and if he is not frightened into seven fits by the importance of the undertaking—for he seems a modest, bashful boy—his "Wilhelm Meister" may be very good. Little Lazzarini quite excelled himself in *Un Ballo*, more especially in the first part, for his voice does not last well; but anything more absurd than the embrace of the lovers on that wild, gibbon-decorated scene you can not think. Madame Roze in moments of emotion—and she really seems to feel what she can not sing—rises to her full height, as the novelists say; looms up in all the majesty of her rich beauty until she towers yards, it would seem, above the little tenor, who meanwhile grapples with his high notes like a little major. He has a fashion of sisking down (to get under the note, Jack says) and rising with the swell of sound with a glance of sublime triumph which is quite irresistible. You should see Marie Roze's domino in *Un Ballo*. To quote an ardent little lady, she looks in it like a "gilt-edged angel." It is of white lace—Spanish lace, I should think—and as a disguise is a filmy thing of beauty it is superb. She is as large as Titians herself in the dark

maroon velvet which she wears in the first part, but the gossamer web conceals her too full outlines, and she is as beautiful as a dream. How I do long sometimes, when she begins to sing, to go out somewhere and buy some high notes for her. What a magnificent *prima donna* she would be if she only had a voice. Cary as "Ulrica" has only one short scene, but as "Mignon" and "Amneris" we shall have more of her. The fates be thanked for so much at least. I supposed Litta will be at her best in "Fillina," with its embroidered music, for she has something of the Di Murska style in that sort of thing. Poor Di Murska! I thought of her often as the story moved on in *Un Ballo* the other night. She made a very shadowy-looking "Oscar," but she sang its music for all there was in it, as the writers say. Miss Lancaster, by the way, did so very much better than was expected that the audience accepted it quite good naturedly, but it will be many a long day before she can be fairly billed as a *prima donna*. Why did not Litta sing the part. It is not unworthy the young artist. Ah! perhaps we are yet to have a grand coup with the three when stagnation seriously threatens. We must wait.

Arrah na Pogue has been reconstructed once more with Boucicault as "Shaun." I have seen better "Shauns," for, although the great Dion is inimitable as the rollicking Shaughraun, "Shaun" is a graver and deeper fellow, and sentiment, I take it, not even the extravagant Irish sentiment, is much in Boucicault's acting line. If we were not over-familiar with it we should all think *Arrah na Pogue* a far better play than the *Shaughraun*. There is more light and shade, there is more of that truest pathos where the smiles chase the tears, and the tears the smiles. For some reason—perhaps a deep admiration for his genius, his versatility, his industry, his fertile wit, his plagiaristic talent, if you like—I never lose sight of the authorship of Dion Boucicault when I see one of his plays, whether or not he be there to interpret it. There is so much the mark of the skilled workman in everything he does that even when my feelings are wrought upon I say to myself a moment afterward, "How cleverly that was done." How really odd it seemed to see our old friend, the "O'Grady" in other hands than those of Harry Edwards, and yet I have seen Harry Edwards himself play "Shaun," so there must have been another "O'Grady" on that occasion at least. Comparisons are invidious. Harry Edwards played it his own way, and nobody else played it just like him, even although they played it quite as well. What an aristocratic "O'Grady" he made of him, too, a touch, I fancy, that would suit Boucicault, for I know he likes to mark the class distinctions of the Green Isle. Frank Lawlor makes him very much more of an Irishman and in that is not far wrong. He plays it well, too, when he once gets in earnest, but he is very palpably ill at ease for a time, and he needs to cultivate his stage walk. What is the matter with Jeffries-Lewis this week. Where is the high-spirited, somewhat defiant "Miss Fanny Power" of Cabintely. I scarcely recognized our old friend in the half-petulant, half-indifferent young woman into which Miss Lewis has transformed her, and I do not fancy the change. I liked better the old "Fanny" with all her various moods, for she was very much in earnest in any one of them, and her love was not "a cowlip ball to fling a moment's pretty pastime." Such sentiment as this young heroine bestows upon "Bemish McCool" would not be flattering to one of those swallow-tailed young popinjays who seem so plentiful this season. Miss Lewis' change of style is too abrupt, and in this instance ill advised. Miss Ada Gilman is quite as delightful a little "Arrah" as she was "Moya." As a cantatrice she does not shine, for that song up on the battlements had a very vague and undefined sort of a tune, but she is really a nice little actress. She seems to have an infinity of stage tact, and, like Dion Boucicault himself, she takes time enough for everything. I observe that when she has a serious speech to make, it never loses a shadow of its meaning. She has a trick of waiting a second or two for stillness to fall, and people involuntarily stop their chatter to see what is going to take place. The setting of the play is fine, but if the town keeps up its percentage of unemployed talent they might have found a couple somewhere to do the barn-door jig. The man in this instance seemed to have been visited with a severe attack of melancholia, and his partner, like himself, did not know how to dance. It is a little thing, and of but minor importance, but when they saw fit to give us one scene—that of the Castle Cliff—painted in two different lights, and handsome pictures they made, too, we began to think we had a right to be fastidious. We have not been told what follows *Arrah na Pogue*, but we have been told that Fanny Davenport follows Boucicault. Poor girl! I hope she will reverse the first decision which followed her first appeal to our public. It was in the heyday of her time at the Fifth Avenue, and she was the American high-priestess of dry goods. She was a spoiled darling in New York and elsewhere, but we would none of her. "What do they want?" she asked, when she had given us marvel after marvel in pink, and blue, and white, and yellow, and whatever else was the rage of the moment, which had conquered New York. "What do they want?" In terror she spoke, letting sink her plumes till they trailed in the dust—till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust, as it were. It finally dawned upon her that we wanted an actress. She was very good-natured about it, too, I must say, for she is said to have remarked sorrowfully: "San Francisco likes me, but I like San Francisco." But the lady has studied, traveled, and worked since then, and comes back perhaps with something of the same fascination which haunts the Rice Brothers. However, I am looking too far ahead, and no one in this life should count for longer than a week. That is quite enough time to take care of in advance. We are to have *Aida* on Monday night at the Grand Opera House. Every man, woman, and child who has been interviewed on the all-absorbing opera subject has been waiting for *Carmen* and *Aida*. So the stampede will begin; music, "Haste to the wedding," or to that effect.

Yours, hopefully,

BETSY B.

A CARD.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE

Hibernia Savings & Loan Society

TO ITS

Depositors and Borrowers.

We have carefully considered what would be the effect of the adoption of the proposed new Constitution upon your interests and upon the trust confided to us; we have been aided in our examination of the question by men of tried ability and integrity, and we are now constrained by a sense of duty and responsibility to state to you the conclusion we have reached. In thus addressing you we have no private or personal objects in view. This Bank has no capital stock. All its earnings, in excess of its necessary expenses, are divided equally among all its depositors, without any preference or distinction whatever. The average amount to the credit of each depositor is only seven hundred and eighty-two 14-100 (\$782 14-100) dollars, and the earnings of its sixty-seven thousand three hundred and seventeen (67,317) depositors, since the Bank was established, amount to twelve millions eight hundred and seventy two thousand five hundred and forty-two 63-100 (\$12,872,542 63-100) dollars. Our depositors, collectively, own a large capital, but individually they are not capitalists nor monopolists. They are respectable working people, by the use of whose money this Bank has largely aided in reducing the rate of interest on money, within twenty years, from two per cent. per month to seven per cent. per annum. Borrowers at this Bank are chiefly of the same class.

Our relations with you, hitherto, whether as borrowers or depositors, encourage us to hope that what is here stated may have some force in determining your action. We are bound by the obligations of race—bound by every tie—to sympathize with you, and we deplore the unjust and unfortunate competition with which you have to contend; we know that times are hard, but we also know that an unwise decision of the pending question will make times harder. Your condition is not so bad that it may not be made worse, and we are as confident as men can be of anything in the future that the adoption of the new Constitution will only aggravate the evils of which you now complain.

In part it is so confused, inconsistent, and absurd, that it must lead to protracted controversy and litigation. Its scheme of taxation is arbitrary, unjust, and impracticable. It proposes to tax (1) depositors on their pass books; (2) to tax the Bank on its mortgages; (3) to tax the coin secured by the mortgages; and (4) it authorizes the taxation of dividends. It provides for taxing all contracts and obligations of every description as so much property, and it gives the Legislature power to increase or diminish the rate of taxation upon any particular property—power to make one kind of property pay nearly all the taxes required by the State—a power which must lead to infinite strife, contention, bribery, and corruption.

It is our deliberate judgment that the new Constitution would tend to make money scarce and dear; to fetter industry; to discourage enterprise; to prevent the establishment or continuance of factories and workshops; to diminish the value of property, and to hinder the construction of buildings and other improvements which go to develop the State and give employment to workmen; that it is revolutionary and destructive in its spirit and purpose, and tends to create discord and hatred between classes, and that it would do more harm to working people than to any other class.

We, therefore, earnestly and respectfully advise you that you would promote the welfare of the State and your own interests by voting against the adoption of the new Constitution.

San Francisco, April 24, 1879.

MYLES D. SWEENEY,
C. D. O'SULLIVAN,
M. J. O'CONNOR,
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD,
ROBERT J. TOBIN,
JOHN SULLIVAN,
PETER DONAHUE,
P. MCARAN.

TO OUR DEPOSITORS.

On the eve of an election which must decide whether the new Constitution is to be the supreme law of the land, it seems to us, Directors of Savings Banks, entrusted by you with the safe keeping and investment of the fruits of your labors, that it is our duty to give you our views on this important subject.

Under the old Constitution the State has prospered and its varied resources have been developed to a large degree. This could not have been the case if its provisions had been unsuited to our material progress. It has been attained under the operation of a fundamental law which it is now proposed to set aside for an experimental Constitution, full of crudities and dangerous innovations.

The rules by which the rights of persons and property are governed have been laid down with unmistakable accuracy by Courts created by the people, and enjoying the public confidence. We do not think it wise to accept the uncertain for that which is established and understood.

The elaborate discussions elicited by the present contest confirm the impression that a few amendments will bring the old Constitution into harmony with the necessities of the times; these changes can be accomplished without giving a shock to the entire business interests of the Coast, or running the hazard of destroying the confidence hitherto reposed in us by Eastern and European communities.

Incidentally, the adoption of the proposed Constitution will also hinder the operations, and therefore impair the usefulness, of Savings Banks, affecting not only the depositors, but also the borrowers, who have hitherto profited by the large aggregation of funds available for loans, in competition with those of private money lenders.

These Savings Banks owe their existence to you. Your deposits have built them up. An injury to them is an injury to you.

As Directors of your Savings Banks, as conservative

members of this community, as citizens who have sincerely at heart the welfare of the State, we have given to these question the attention they deserve: we have carefully weighed the arguments adduced for or against the new Constitution, and we view with grave apprehension the possibility of its adoption. We feel bound to say to you that we are decidedly of the opinion that it should not be adopted. We therefore most earnestly advise you to VOTE AGAINST the new Constitution.

The San Francisco Savings Union,

By JAMES DE FREMERY, President.
ALBERT WHITE, Vice-President.
C. ADOLPHE LOW,
DAN MEYER,
ERWIN J. CRANE,
CHARLES PAGE,
CHARLES BAUM,
WASHINGTON BARTLETT,
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, SEN.
(Mr. Denis J. Cliver is absent from the State.)
LOVELL WHITE, Secretary and Treasurer.
JOHN ARCHBOLD, Surveyor.

The German Savings and Loan Society,

By L. GOTTIG, President.
F. ROEDING, Vice-President.
CHAS. KOHLER,
DAN MEYER,
NIC. VAN BERGEN,
GEO. H. ZEGERS,
E. KRUSE,
H. L. SIMON,
(Mr. Claus Spreckels is absent from the State.)
GEORGE LETTIE, Secretary.

The Security Savings Bank,

By JOHN PARROTT, President.
JEROME LINCOLN, Vice-President.
WIL. ALVORD,
S. L. JONES,
D. O. MILLS,
CALVIN PAIGE,
WINFIELD S. JONES, Secretary.

The Humboldt Savings and Loan Society,

By ADOLPH C. WEBER, President.
DAVID PORTER, Vice-President.
CHARLES LEMME,
HENRY LUCHSINGER,
RUDOLF JORDAN,
ADOLPH HARTMANN, Secretary.

San Francisco, April 24, 1879.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 30, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT.—Dear Sir:—In your issue of Saturday last a statement is made that the Weber Piano Company have lent their assistance in publishing a seven-page pamphlet to convince the citizens of San Francisco that Marie Roze is a *prima donna*, etc. As representatives of the Weber Piano on this coast, permit us to say that your statement has no foundation in fact, as the pamphlet in question contains only the opinions of the leading Eastern papers on Marie Roze, a general endorsement of the Weber Piano from the great musical authorities of the world, and a copy of a letter addressed by Madame Roze to Albert Weber, wherein a handsome tribute is paid to the excellence of his pianos. This warm commendation on the part of Madame Roze Mr. Weber justly considers to possess unusual significance, hence his reason for publishing it—the reason obviously being that Madame Roze, as *prima donna* of Her Majesty's Opera, London, the Grand Opera, Paris, and the Academy of Music, New York, has tried all the leading pianos of the world, and consequently thoroughly tested their respective merits. Madame Roze's claims are too firmly established to need defense at our hands—her reputation being world-wide; her laurels having been won in the leading opera houses of Europe long before she ever thought of visiting the United States. If any further evidence on this point were necessary, it is afforded by the unanimous praise bestowed upon Madame Roze by the daily press of our own city. Respectfully,

SHERMAN, HYDE & Co.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

At T. H. Boyd's Yosemite Gallery, 26 Montgomery Street, can be seen the latest styles and novelties in photographs and photography. With the spring times comes a beaming of the features that looks well in a picture, and a thing of beauty, you know, is a joy forever. Boyd is the boss photographer, and it would be a good idea for you to bear this fact in mind. It may save—not your life but—your reputation as a beauty.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

I have a darling little wife,
With eyes of softest brown;
I love her as I love my life,
And at her never frown.
At morn before I leave her sight,
She says to me, "My dear,
Be sure to bring me home to-night
Some Falk's Milwaukee Beer."

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

Dr. E. O. Cochran, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

WANTED

Copies of ARGONAUT of January 25, 1879 (No. 4, Vol. IV.); March 22, 1879, No. 12, Vol. IV.)

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

In the midst of all this competition among the photographers as to which can take the best picture, it will be borne in mind that the old and well known firm of Bradley & Rulofson stands square to the front, with the best reputation and record of any photographic firm in this country. Their pictures have a favor and a preference in the East that comes from a recognition of superior work and finish, and, therefore, to be aristocratic in the eyes of your friends abroad, your carte should bear the imprint of Bradley & Rulofson.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

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PATTERNS—MAY STYLES.

Send stamp for catalogue. AGENCY, 124 POST ST., San Francisco.

STORAGE.

Furniture, Pianos, Pictures, Trunks, Carpets, etc., carefully stored in large, airy lofts.

Families leaving the City,

Or declining Housekeeping, are requested to call. Facilities the best possible. Terms moderate. Advances made. J. H. MOTT & CO., 647 Market Street (Nucleus Block).

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSER.....ACTING MANAGER.

This (Saturday) Afternoon, May 3, at 2 o'clock, grand gala Matinee.

IL TROVATORE.

Mme. Roze, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, and Sig. Panteleoni.

Sunday Evening, May 4, grand extra night of Italian Opera

First appearance of MISS AMY SHERWIN.

LA TRAVIATA.

Messrs. Westberg, Gottschalk, and Lafontaine.

After this week the Opera Season will continue at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,

Mission Street, between Third and Fourth.

GRAND ITALIAN OPERA.

MAX STRAKOSCH.....DIRECTOR.

The Management has the honor to inform the subscribers and the public that in consequence of the great scale required on the stage for the production of the grand scenic operas now in preparation, it has been determined to open at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, on

MONDAY EVENING.....MAY 5

With Verdi's Grand Spectacular Opera,

AIDA,

Which will be presented on a grand scale of magnificence, new costumes, gorgeous scenery and appointments. Band on the Stage.

Sale of Seats at the box office.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

BARTON & LAWLOR.....MANAGERS.
BARTON HILL.....ACTING MANAGER.

Monday, May 5, 1879, last week of

DION BOUCICAULT.

In order to gratify a generally expressed desire, Mr. Boucicault has consented to appear for a few nights only as the Aged Irish Retainer, in his dramatic gem, entitled

KERRY,

OR NIGHT AND MORNING. On the same evening he will also appear as

CONN,

IN THE SHAUGHRAUN, the two characters forming a wonderful dramatic contrast.

Monday, May 12th,

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"AGAINST THE NEW CONSTITUTION."

BUSH STREET THEATRE.

CHARLES E. LOCKE.....PROPRIETOR.

For a short season, commencing Monday, May 5, every evening, including Sunday, and Saturday matinee, engagement of the American Comedian, Mr.

B. MACAULEY,

.....AS.....

UNCLE DAN'L,

(Deputy Sheriff of Jarvis Section, high onto fifteen year), supported by his own company, in a new and typical American Comedy, in four acts, abounding in quaint humor and peculiar interest entitled

A Messenger from Jarvis Section.

BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.
F. LYSER.....ACTING MANAGER.

Benefit of Mr. John Sherman,

PROPERTY MASTER.

This (Saturday) Evening, May 3, a

WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE

—AND—

MOSE IN SAN FRANCISCO,

Introducing the Great Fire Scene, and a Grand Miscellaneous Entertainment.

Monday Evening, May 5—

A FAST FAMILY,

Cast with the full strength of the Baldwin Theatre Company.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

TO THE PUBLIC.

THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF GOOD

eating should call on MRS. WILSON, 420 Kearny Street, and get some of her old-fashioned MUFFINS and CORN BREAD. All orders may be left in the box at the door, 420 Kearny Street.

H. L. DODGE.....L. H. SWEENEY.....J. E. RUGGLES.

DODGE, SWEENEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale Provision Dealers,

.....AND.....

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 406 Front Street, San Francisco.

FILIPPE'S ACADEMY OF LAN-

guages, 120 Sutter Street, S. F. French and Spanish personally taught by Prof. de Filipe, by his practical and easy new method, enabling the pupil to read, understand, and speak in a very short time. Classes and private lessons.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."



MANUFACTURERS OF JEWELRY & DIAMOND WORK

We are prepared to furnish designs and manufacture to order any article of Jewelry desired at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

WATCH REPAIRING AT THE LOWEST RATES BY SKILLFUL WORKMEN.

GEO. G. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"AGAINST THE NEW CONSTITUTION."

WHERE TO

SPEND THE SUMMER.

IF YOU WANT A THOROUGHLY enjoyable place, go to the

GEYSER SPRINGS.

Medicated Baths for the sick; Swimming Baths, Bowling Alleys, Shooting Gallery; pleasant Picnic Grounds for the well. In remodeling the Medicated NATURAL Steam Bath, due regard has been observed to give special privacy to ladies. This Bath removes TAN-FRECKLES, SALLOWNESS, BLOTCHES, and all IMPERFECTIONS from the skin, and is recommended by many physicians who have tested its value. A magnificent Swimming Bath has been constructed at a large outlay.

The house has been completely remodeled since last summer, and now is not surpassed by any in the State. The stage ride to this glorious mountain resort can not be surpassed in the world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel, stimulates the senses like old wine.

For tickets and all information call at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, and 214 and 426 Montgomery Street. Rooms may be engaged by letter or telegraph.

Special arrangements can be made by the week and for families.

W. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

NOOK FARM.

THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY

HOME is now open for the reception of visitors. Important additions and improvements have been made since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The same good cheer and home surroundings will be found in the future as in the past.

Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the country is the spring and early summer.

For particulars, address E. B. SMITH, Rutherford, Napa County.

TO THE GEYSERS!

Via Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.

W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.

CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT-

URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P. R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

FARE:

San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....\$10 00

Healdsburg to Geysers and return, only.....4 00

KNABE PIANOS.

THESE ARE CONCEDED BY THE

best representatives of the musical profession to be unexcelled in all the essential requisites of a first-class Piano. BRYANT ORGANS, superior instruments of moderate cost. Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise. Free Music Circulating Library of over 100,000 pieces. Pianos to Rent. BANCROFT'S MUSIC DEPARTMENT, 721 Market Street.

FAMILIES LEAVING THE CITY.

FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS,

Pictures, Carpets, etc., stored and taken care of (not necessary to pack them). Parlor Sets, Carpets, and Blankets aired and dusted to keep out moths. Trunks stored for twenty-five cents per month. We have the best facilities for storage, having been in the business for sixteen years, and having built our warehouses expressly for it. Don't pay rent or interest, and can afford to store goods low. Advances made, insurance effected, and reference given. Please send postal card, and we will call and give estimate for storage, etc. H. WINDEL & CO., Principal Storeroom, 310 Stockton St., bet. Post & Sutter, Corner Stockton Place, San Francisco.

THE VERTICAL FEED.

THE ONLY POSITIVE SUCCESS IN

all departments of sewing. Lightest running shuttle machine in the market. The NEW DAVIES VERTICAL FEEL SEWING MACHINE, 130 Post Street.

MARK SHELTON.

P. S.—Howe, Florence, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Domestic, Weed, Willcox & Gibbs, for sale at \$1c each.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.

Stationers and Printers

Agents for

Arnold's Inks, Gillott's Pens, Faber's Pencils and Rubber Bands, Stephen's Inks, Dickson's Carame, David's Carame and Mucilage, Crown Brand Mucilage, Esterbrook's Steel Pens, Farnett's Zinc and Steel Pens, Metal's Paper Fasteners; also, a full line of STATIONERY, PAPER, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO and SACRAMENTO.



MULLER'S OPTOMETER!

The only reliable instrument for Testing Defective Vision.

135 Montgomery Street,

Near Bush, opposite the Occidental Hotel.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"AGAINST THE NEW CONSTITUTION."

NEW STATIONERY.

A large variety of new styles of Visiting and Correspondence Cards just received. Stationery of all descriptions on hand. Particular attention given to Wedding and Party Invitations.

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NOS. 3 AND 5 MONTGOMERY STREET, OPEN EVENINGS.

FLOWER POTS AND VASES.

A house without flowers is not homelike.

FLOWER POTS of all sizes, GARDEN VASES at the Pottery Depot,

22 California Street, S. F. JOHN B. OWENS.

SPRING STYLES

Ready for Sale

T O - D A Y !

IF YOU HAVE MADE UP YOUR

mind to pay \$10, we can please you for \$8.

If you think you can pay about \$12, we can suit you, we believe, for \$9.

If you are proud and rich, and willing to pay \$20, we can suit your fancy for \$15 or \$16.

If you have spent your last half million for four-per-cents, and therefore feel poor, we can sell you a Spring Suit for \$8, and we have them for less.

PALMER BROS.

Square-dealing and only strictly One-priced Clothing House in San Francisco.

726, 728, and 730 Market St.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MALISSA KING, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

(SEAL.) THOS. H. KEYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.

SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome Street.

H. A. WEAVER,

(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS.)

PRINTER,

SACRAMENTO, CAL.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

214 Market Street near the Baldwin

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"AGAINST THE NEW CONSTITUTION."

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.

SHIPPING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

212 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.

Co., Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard
Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China
Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance
Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The
Glasgow Iron Co.; Jashton & Son's Salt.

HUNTINGTON, HOPKINS & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

**HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,
COAL, ETC., ETC.**

**MINING, MILLING, AND RAIL-
way Supplies.**

Function Bush and Market Streets.

SACRAMENTO. SAN FRANCISCO.

GEO. W. GIBBS & CO.,

IRON, METALS,

NOS. 33 and 35 FREMONT STREET
and 38 and 40 Beale Street.

IRON—Bar, Band, Hoop, Plate and Sheet, Norway Shoe
Shape.
PIPE—Morris Tasker & Co.'s Boiler Tubes and Gas Pipe.
STEEL—Naylor & Co.'s best Cast Steel; also, Spring Tire,
Toe, and Plow.

SHOES—Burden's and Perkins Horse and Mule.
RIVETS—Burden's Boiler; Carriage, Tire, and Shutter.
HORSE NAILS—Graham's, Globe, and Putnam's.
Anvils, Vices, Files, Rasps, Nuts, Washers, Bellows,
Axles, Springs, Bolts, Cumberland Coal, etc.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

TABER, HARKER & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

OLD

LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,

Port Wines, Sherries,

And all the choicest brands of

CHAMPAGNE,

APPLE JACK, PISCO, ARRACK,

CORDIALS, LIQUORS, ETC., ETC.

329 Montgomery and 511 California Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

SHIPPING

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET
LINES.

204 and 206 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

SAN FRANCISCO.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR
Street.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-
chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, bankruptcy
and all cases attended to.

WILLIAM M. PIERSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA-
mento Street.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,

OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.
Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,
located to 200 STOCKTON ST., cor. Geary, S. F.

ARGE. DENTIST, 313 Kearny Street.

JENNINGS S. COX.....OLIVER TEALL.

COX, TEALL & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS, 303 Montgomery Street, under
the Nevada Bank, San Francisco.

Auction Salesroom, H. M. NEWHALL & CO., 309, 311
and 313 Sansome Street.

J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.

ANDREW ONDERDONK, Civil Engineer.

**ARMY AND NAVY GOODS,
REGALIA AND LODGE SUPPLIES.**

A. J. PLATE & CO.,

No. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET.

**ELOCUTION, ORATORY, AND
THE DRAMA.**

MARY J. BRADLEY, 510 ELLIS
Street. Ladies and gentlemen fitted for the Plat-
form, Stage, or Teaching.

ELECTRIC BELTS,

A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay, ex-
haustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed
free. Address J. K. REEVES, 43 Chatham Street, N. Y.

THOMAS BOYSON, M. D.
(University of Copenhagen, Denmark),
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office
and Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11
A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Tele-
phone in the office.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.
HACKETT & DEAN,
DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126
Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

**ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.**

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**MILLER & RICHARD'S
EXTRA-HARD METAL
SCOTCH TYPE**

Is used upon the ARGONAUT exclusively.

Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.
And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

**S. P. R. R.
NORTHERN DIVISION.
REDUCTION IN RATES.**

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL-
road Company is now prepared to issue Regular,
Special, and Excursion Tickets at GREATLY REDUCED
RATES to the following

Well Known Summer Resorts.**REGULAR UNLIMITED TICKETS.**

To Pescadero\$3 50
To Gilroy Hot Springs..... 5 00
To Aptos 4 75
To Soquel and Santa Cruz..... 5 00
To Monterey 7 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs..... 14 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs and Return..... 25 00

SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS,

(Good if used within two days).

To Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz\$4 25
To Monterey 4 75

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.

To Pescadero and Return.....\$6 00
(Limited to September 30, 1879).
To Paraiso Springs and Return..... 12 50
(Limited to October 31, 1879).

SPECIAL LIMITED EXCURSION TICKETS.

SOLD SATURDAYS ONLY.

(Good for Return until following Monday, inclusive).

To Aptos 7 50
To Soquel and Return..... 57 50
To Santa Cruz
To Monterey and Return..... 8 50

PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE:

Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.

A. C. BASSETT. H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

JENNINGS S. COX.....OLIVER TEALL.

COX, TEALL & CO., Real Estate Agents
and Auctioneers, No. 303 Montgomery Street.
J. O. ELDRIDGE.....AUCTIONEER.

THE FINEST**PRIVATE RESIDENCE**

Ever offered at public sale in San Francisco.

FRIDAY.

FRIDAY.....MAY 9, 1879,

At 12 o'clock noon, on the premises,

FOLSOM STREET,

BETWEEN SECOND AND THIRD,

We will sell, on a liberal credit,

ELEGANT GROUNDS

....AND....

FAMILY**RESIDENCE**

....OF THE....

HON. MILTON S. LATHAM,

AS A WHOLE.

TERMS OF SALE—One-half cash, balance to be se-
cured by mortgage on the property. Interest on the mort-
gage at the rate of eight per cent per annum.

This magnificent estate comprises all that finely located
property described as follows: On the north line of Folsom
Street, between Second and Third Streets—having a front-
age of 137 1/2 feet on Folsom Street by 355 feet in depth,
running to a Tehama Street rear entrance to grounds and
stable on Hubbard Street—having a frontage of 80 feet on
Hubbard Street. Enclosed on Folsom Street by an elegant
iron fence, and on three sides of the property by substan-
tial 24-inch brick wall, from 6 to 15 feet high, with marble
walks, carriage drives, fine garden shade trees and four
figures in marble.

The improvements consist of a modern built mansion, 65x
50, and addition, 50x40, all on solid brick foundation, with
mansard roof and tower, three stories in all, built in the
most substantial manner, and with every possible modern
improvement.

First floor—Large drawing-room with bay windows, re-
ception room, dining room, spacious halls and staircase,
magnificent library and conservatory finished in most elabo-
rate style.

In second story—Four large chambers, with rosewood
plate-mirror panel folding doors, two bathrooms, ten bed-
rooms.

In the third story, main building—four large bedrooms,
with large tower room above.

In basement—Billiard room and ten pin alleys, finished
with inlaid panels, floors, and ceilings; large supper room,
water closets, servants' bathroom, wine rooms, laundry,
storerooms, porters' room, linen room, and housekeeper's
apartments.

The main portion of the building, including all the prin-
cipal rooms, the halls and billiard room, are elegantly fin-
ished in the highest style of the art and regardless of expense.

Five French plate-glass mirrors, fixtures in alcove, in rear
of parlor and billiard room; elegant Italian carved mantels
and low English grates; rosewood square and corner wash-
stands, and all conveniences in plumbing work, finished in
detail in the best possible manner.

Adjoining the spacious dining room is a large butler's
pantry, containing burglar-proof vault for silverware and a
lined silver closet.

Unusually large Library, with skylight and bay window,
opening from one side into a large semi-circular Conserva-
tory. This room, for size, light, and ventilation, is not
equaled in the State, and was pronounced by the late Hon.
Wm. H. Seward to be the handsomest Library-room in Amer-
ica.

Stables and Carriage House,

Very large and roomy; built of brick, two stories, with
cupola; finished above and below alike, with every possible
convenience; paneled siding and ceiling in both stories;
fitted up elegantly with ten stalls and two box stalls; ven-
tilated all around the building, with separate stable for three
cows.

Large Carriage House, 22 feet in the clear, light and airy,
with large cases, with plate glass fronts, for harness.

Four large rooms finished in the second story of the stable
for coachman, porter, watchman, and gardener.

Hay-loft, Granary, Stone Water-troughs, Carriage-wash,
Driveway; Water and Gas all over the premises.

Also large Barn-yard, Coal-house, Tool-house, Store-
room, and Hot-house, all enclosed with a substantial brick
wall, and accessible in front or by private entrance on Hub-
bard Street.

This estate covers nearly an acre and a quarter of land in
the very heart of the city, and surrounded by the private
residences of John Parrott, Esq., A. J. Pope, Esq., J. O.
Eldridge, Esq., A. H. Forbes, Esq., and other fine proprie-
ties. Folsom Street, between Second and Third, is one of
the finest blocks in the city, paved and sewered, and ac-
cepted by the city. Drainage perfect.

This property is on the north side of the street, having the
sun all day on its front side. With its beautiful lawn,
choice shrubbery and shade trees, garden ornaments, and
inlaid marble walks, it is every way desirable for the resi-
dence of a gentleman of taste. It is complete in all its ap-
pointments, and ready for occupancy. Folsom Street cars
pass the property, and the Omnibus Railroad is within half
a block.

To appreciate this property, go and see it.

The property will be sold in one lot, including Land,
Mansion, Stable, and appurtenances—excepting only the gas
fixtures and three wood mantels.

For permission tickets to examine the property, apply to
undersigned, or at the office of H. M. NEWHALL &
CO., corner of Sansome and Halleck Streets. The house
may be examined by parties desirous of purchasing, any
day previous to the sale, between the hours of 12 M. and 3
P. M.

The sale will take place on the premises on the day ad-
vertised, rain or shine.

COX, TEALL & CO., 303 Montgomery Street.

J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,
Plaintiff, vs. **EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-
GUIRE,** Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in
the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that
the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.

L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE

Is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix
of the Estate of JOHN A. MAY, deceased, to the credi-
tors of, and all persons having claims against, the said de-
ceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within
four months after the first publication of this notice, to the
said Administratrix, at 429 Montgomery Street, Room 8, the
same being her place for the transaction of the business of
the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco.

MAGDALENE M. MAY,
Administratrix of the Estate of John A. May, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, March 10th, 1879.

PAUL NEUMANN, Attorney for Administratrix.

SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.

Location of principal place of business, San Francis-
co, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey Coun-
ty, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of April, 1879,
an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was
levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable
immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at
the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street,
Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the thirteenth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent,
and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless pay-
ment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third
(3d) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—East

Branch Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California. Location of works, East Branch Mining Dis-
trict, Plumas County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 12) of five cents per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the 22d day of May, 1879, will be delinquent and
advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.

Office, Room 6, No. 313 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Francis-
co, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey
County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Direct-
ors, held on the seventeenth day of April, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 1) of one (1) dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of May, 1879,
will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY,
the tenth (10th) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.

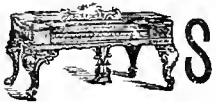
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees,
held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment
(No. 57) of two dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the twentieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-
ment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F.
MILLER CELEBRATED



Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
WOODWORTH, SCHELL & CO.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.



P
I
A
N
O
S

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE public are informed that we receive the genuine

Louis Roederer Carte Blanche Champagne,

Direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAV & CO.,
Sole agents for the Pacific Coast.

The legal ticket to be voted for on the 7th of May—
"Against the New Constitution."

WAKEFIELD
RATTAN CO.

38 Geary Street, San Francisco.

RATTAN MATTING



RATTAN MATTING

Just received from our Factory an invoice of

RATTAN MATTING,

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BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

Perhaps we are wrong. We do not think we are, and if we did we would not admit it. It is a favorite idea of ours that we do not have half as much fun in this world as we are entitled to when we consider the very doubtful outlook in the next. If there is a hell—and there ought to be—it certainly follows that all who have not a pretty good assurance of a good time in the next world ought to lose no opportunity of innocent enjoyment in this; and if there should be no next, then of course it is a dead give away not to make the most of the present. Impressed with this leading idea, fond of the country, and possessing but little poetry or sentiment that does not associate itself with brooks and trees, with grassy banks and primal forests, with ocean views and mountain scenes, we never look upon a landscape painted by Hill or Keith that our imagination does not run away from the oil-smelling canvas and the narrow gilded frame to the boundless vista of field and forest. We never hear opera or concert song that we do not contrast the artificial piping sounds of brass and cat-gut and the narrow-chested *prima donna*, with her false teeth, hollow smile, and painted face, with the music of babbling brooks, breezes whispering through pines, birds singing in their leafy cover. The roar of ocean, storm-lashed, beating its rocky shores, sounds more grand to us than trombone or bass drum. The woods and fields are not only God's temples, but they are His opera house, His gallery of painting, His museum of natural curiosities, His Jardin des Plantes, His Zoological Gardens, His Bois de Boulogne, His Hyde Park, His Champs de Mars. And when, in the full completion of the creative period, He looked upon His work and pronounced it well done, we do not believe that He said to the lonely pair, nor through them to their progeny, "the seventh day thou shalt keep holy, by not looking upon the wonderful creation I have wrought; thou shalt keep it holy by closing your eyes to the splendid creations I have produced; thou shalt keep it holy by closing your ears to the music of my myriad instruments, chanting melodies from stream, and tree, and bird, and insect; thou shalt keep it holy by singing psalms through your noses in pent-up, ill-ventilated buildings you have reared; thou shalt keep it holy by not listening to the sermons of mine that come from stones and plants, but by listening to the angry and passionate contentions of small-minded men groveling over dogmas, articles of faith, and formulas of church belief." And because we believe in this worship of the beautiful, this freedom of the fields, we do not accord to the beer-guzzling and gin-drinking the right to make God's sabbath-day hideous with the din and racket of military and turn-verein displays. We would tame the wild hoodlum who would set at defiance the amenities of life by a Sunday's debauch with the chastisement of the law.

All this preface is to introduce a description of our enjoyment of May-day at Healdsburg, on the banks of Russian River. We were invited there to deliver the May-day oration, and we hope our readers have forgotten our descriptions of other parts of our State, when we called them the most beautiful spots we had every seen, for we intend in this article to place ourselves deliberately on record by saying that the Russian River Valley at Healdsburg is the most beautiful spot on God's earth. We hope we are not irreverent when we hint that the good God made a mistake when he located Paradise somewhere on the Euphrates, or the plains of Babylonia, instead of Healdsburg, and we are not altogether sure that this is not the spot where the original Eden was planted. Its location has never been settled. The Vale of Cashmere, Toorkistan, and Armenia have claimed it, and at none of these places are the four rivers spoken of in the Biblical narrative. At Healdsburg we have Russian River and Dry Creek, and there are two other excellent places for rivers, the water of which may have entirely disappeared. And then we have the very highest evidence of the possibility that the serpent wriggled himself into this spot of primal innocence in the progeny he has left of Pike County farmers, who are there now in great numbers—indeed they compose a majority of the people, as indicated by the recent Constitutional election. Our oration, which was a very good one, and full of poetry quotations, and some gems of literature (stolen), strung out in fanciful words, was well enough adapted to a May-day frolic, where there had gathered from forty miles around the honest yeomanry—for Pike County is honest—and their families; but we should have been very much delighted if the amenities of social life had permitted us to have dealt these honest, unintelligent, prejudiced American farmers some sturdy blows of Saxon speech, for their abuse, and neglect, and lack of appreciation of the magnificent country they possess, the unspeakable privileges they enjoy, and to have denounced them, in firm, bold, but courteous language, for their abuse of their splendid heritage of republican liberty.

For here, amid these people, linger regretful memories that in the recent civil strife liberty did not die and slavery live—regret that the American Union was not destroyed and the bright banner of the stars and stripes was not dragged down and dishonored. Here, too, in this land of plenty, there festers and foment a jealous, angry feeling of the poor against the rich. Out from amid these homes of plenty, cottages clad in vines and climbing plants of clematis and of rose; farm houses embowered in flowers nestling in vine-

yards and hid in orchards of fruit; farms of fat valley lands valued at \$300 per acre; a community in which for a generation no man or woman ever went supperless to bed; where there is abundance, plenty, health, wealth, and freedom; where every white man of twenty-one years of age is a free-man and a sovereign; here where on the faces of well-clad matrons and well-dressed children there is every evidence of God's bounty, this demon of jealousy has found root. Here at Healdsburg these Pike County farmers said: "Give us a change; any change of our organic law will improve our condition." We wish we could, by the wand of the necromancer, have taken them to the squalid huts of Ireland, where in squalid poverty children and pigs root together; to Scotland, where in the hovels of the peasantry there is a common bed for both sexes; to the plains of Lombardy, that fruitful and bountiful land nestling at the foot of the Julian Alps, where the haggard wife and mother swings the heavy mattox to cultivate the fruit and grain she may not dare to pluck; to Belgium, where women are worked with dogs in hand-carts; to Austria, where they drag the plow; to France, where young girls, with paniers on their backs, gather with brush and basket horse-droppings off the streets to bear it upon their weary shoulders to the summit of the hills to fertilize the vine, of the fruit of which they may not eat, and of the wine of which they may not drink. We would take them to Holland, where house and cow-stable is under the same roof; to Switzerland, where children are sent with goats to mountain pastures; to the great cities where gaunt-eyed, hopeless poverty sits enthroned, and where famine stalks abroad with its skeleton frame; and then we would bring them to San Francisco and show them the immigrants from these God-forsaken lands—these lands where men are slaves and women starve, where none of them vote, where for themselves, their wives, and children was the hopeless heritage of ignorance, poverty, and toil. We would have them listen while those aliens curse God and the American Constitution and the American laws, denounce rich men, and threaten a forcible appropriation of all our accumulations, in order that they might enjoy unearned beer, and gin, and bread, and live a life of idleness, debauchery, and crime—a wicked, devilish, alien mob, lead and hounded on by demagogues and knaves; and then we would send to their homes in Russian River Valley those native-born American farmers, and if each and every man of them did not get down upon his knees and kiss the sod, and thank God that he was a native-born American citizen, we would invoke the Genii to convert all the feet in the world into one great foot, covered with one great boot, that we might kick the ungrateful Missourian farmer from off the American continent.

But we had a jolly day notwithstanding these unnatural allies of the sand-lot would not let us talk politics to them. From among the country gentlemen some score or more of excellent riders, well mounted on good stock, clad in armor, rode in joust at the bugle's call, tilting for the ring. All the knights of good King Arthur of the Table Round, Sir Galahad, Lancelot, Gawain, and all the others of that mystic hero band, had their representatives in bold riders, and the victor crowned the queen. A mountain girl so sweet, so pretty, and so young that this mention of her name in the ARGONAUT will not spoil her innocence—a Miss Toombs—was crowned on the throne of roses by a diadem of flowers by Harry Truitt—Sir Lanval—the victor choosing her the Queen from other beauties. Chosen by other victorious knights—Bierce Litton, Sir Hector; George Seawell, Sir Morolt; Charles Brumfield, Sir Galahad, and Ed. Haight, Sir Denadam—were maids of honor to her youthful little majesty. Then came the banquet under the oaks, where we wandered from group to group, and ate and drank. It was a basket picnic, with enough of ambrosia for a banquet of the gods if the gods had been never so plenty, and enough of nectar to have made all Olympus drunk. Then came the Calathumpians, a Motley Crew of Comus. Such fantastic costumes; such fanciful equipages; such unearthly music from such uncouth instruments; such sorry Rozinantes of steeds—both horses and mules; such queer mugs of pasteboard faces, and such a joust at barrel hoop; such fun, and frolic, and jollity, we have seldom seen. After the banquet we strolled away from the Park to the burial ground, where, embowered in trees, festooned with flowers, a marble shaft marks the resting place of a dead friend, one of the heroes who gave his young life for his country—poor Rod Matheson—killed upon the battlefield of South Mountain. Let us keep him in kind remembrance—he died for us. The evening previous we had dined, a merry party of country and city folks, at the "Magnolia Farm"—a summer resort near the town, and a beautiful place it is; cherry trees seven feet in girth, and cream that came from cows. At early evening we attended at the theatre the operetta of *Little Bo-Peep* and *Little Boy Blue*, a charming pastoral, where the orchestra and actors were of the country and to the manner born—a play in which modesty was not an affectation, virtue a borrowed costume, where the roses of complexion were not imitated by French cosmetics, and in which Miss Katie Madeira, Susie McGilvray, Maude Moore, Cora Blackington, and Braxton Hyden carried off the honors—Angie Osborn, and Louisa Groves playing "Cockle Shell" and "Silver Bell;" and then the theatre was cleared of its benches and converted into a great dancing hall—the band, boys and young men native to the town—and the dance went on till

the sun, glancing over the eastern hills, lit up the whole valley, every leaf and shrub and blade of grass sparkling as the rays of the morning sun reflected the rain drops that had fallen in the midnight shower.

"And never yet, since high in Paradise
O'er the four rivers the first roses blew,
Came purer pleasures unto mortal mind."

We came home—back to the turmoil and tumult of the dirty town; back to money-grubbing and politics; back to the scowling bandits of the sand-lot and to the beery faces and stinking breath of the demagogues who agitate them; back to wield the weary quill—

"Forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen;"

Back to chase phantoms and fight fiends; all the time toiling for pelf, the pursuit of which will bring softening of the brain, paralysis of the limbs, and, if there is a hell, will entitle us to a good long purgatorial residence in its warm and sulphurous atmosphere before our earthly stains and worldly taints are so purified that we may enjoy a forgetfulness of all this devilish greed and scramble for useless and unprofitable gain.

And now that this election is passed, and in the reorganization of political affairs we are called upon to elect a new administration, it is not improbable that we may be allowed to address the Pike County farmers in advocacy of one of them for the highest position on our State ticket. Our friend, John F. Swift, whom we hope may receive the Republican nomination for Governor, is a native of Pike County, Missouri. He is a farmer's son, a workman in the broadest sense of the term; an educated, intellectual, thinking, honest man. He is not rich enough to be dangerous and oppressive, nor poor enough to be discontented and agrarian. He has opposed corporations when they were wrong and exacting. He will not oppose them when they are working benefits to the people. He has sense enough to discriminate between great financial combinations that do unjust things, and those that enable wealth to aggregate itself for the accomplishment of beneficial results. There are corporations for railroad building, for gas, and water, for steamship navigation, and banks; there are eleemosynary and religious corporations, corporations for building dwellings, fruit drying, and irrigation. Some are oppressive, and some are not; some are well conducted, and some are not. A corporation is an artificial person in law. It is managed by individuals, some honest and some dishonest. It is through corporate organization that many persons of moderate means may compete on equal terms with the very rich.

To destroy and tear down corporations, to inordinately tax or annoy them, is a movement that aids the wealthy copartnership or individual, and makes a healthy competition impossible. Hence the man who says, "destroy corporations, send them all to a judicial massacre," is an unwise person; not to put too fine a point upon it, he is an idiot. Because, without corporations the Comstock mines would not have been developed, and the hundreds of millions that in the few past years have been distributed throughout the world would still remain locked in the great rock-ribbed fissure of the Comstock lode. The railroads in this State would not have been built; there was no individual or firm that had wealth or credit enough to have spanned our continent with iron; nor would we now be crossing the Sahara of Arizona, reaching out for the commerce of the southwest, if road-building had been confined to individual exertion. The same is true of the great steam lines that navigate the Pacific or engage in our coast and inland trade. Our church, school, and charitable organizations are incorporations. We hope now to have an opportunity for rational discussion of all these important questions, and we shall be sincerely grateful if this storm over the Constitution shall have so purified the political and party elements that we can calmly consider what is for the benefit of all and for the welfare of the State.

At last it would appear that sitting in a neat "roly-poly," behind a natty horse, driving hubby to the train, and bringing him home again on his return, has ceased to be the only occupation of the Oakland lady. There is a great spirit of industry abroad in the land, its wave has touched the Alameda shores, and the household divinities are full of its enthusiasm. Madame Ferrier, a French lady, who resides on Telegraph Avenue, has opened a school of flower painting on porcelain, silk, and china, and the maids and matrons of the metropolis trifle with the pigments, and paint for themselves and for their friends tea and dinner sets, satin casings for toilet bottles, etc., etc. Madame Ferrier is an experienced teacher, an artist herself in the true sense of the word, whose accomplishments are not confined to this branch, but who, remembering its popularity in her own country, has introduced it with success here. Her pupils improve rapidly, and after a few lessons are able to make a very fair effort at this method of decoration. Taking a common set of dinner ware these ladies paint on it flowers, borders, etc., and when the plates are baked the surface assumes a glossy appearance, and the colors are definitely fixed. Already have the mutterings which precede the exodus of Oaklanders in camping parties been heard, and the duster and luncheon dress have been drawn forth from the closet, and the most possible and picturesque places discussed for the week or two of

MISS THATCHER'S SUMMER AT THE SEA.

Miss Thatcher—Miss Melissa Thatcher—was fond of the sea; she sat and dreamed over it for hours; she would have taken it in those small white hands of hers and patted it if she could—only in that case it would have splashed and spit back at her like a cat. That strange, wild odor of brine; that strong, wet-fish, weedy, queer old smell was born in her nostril, she declared; and so of a summer, while others went into the mountains among the woods and lakes, she came down by the sea to mate the perfume that quivered upon her nerves and shook its wings in her throat.

So she sat one warm afternoon under the shade of a high rock, with the waves coming in and breaking softly at her feet, carrying up with them certain stray straws and bits of stick and laying them before her. She had been poking out with her sunshade some baby crabs from a cool nook they had found in a crack in the rock; but after she had tormented them a while she had idly allowed them to scabble away, and now with her hands limp and listless in her lap, her feet crossed, and her head tipped over against the black, sea-stained wall behind her, she was burying her gaze in the purple haze that hung upon the horizon and dipped into the water afar off.

"Sir!" she said, suddenly starting; then she colored a bit and looked over at a person quite a distance off who had a book in his hand. For a week and more, as she wandered on the sands, she had had the conviction borne in upon her that this person was watching her. Just now it had absurdly seemed as if he were standing by her side; but there he was, half lying on the beach away yonder, and, yes, he was watching her; but what did she care, who was quite accustomed to be looked at when it came to that? Still, she thought, uneasily, no one really liked to be stared at steadily, and, with a little flirt and angry shake of its fringe, she put up her parasol and guarded her face with it. Then she looked off upon the purple horizon again, and the gentle, soothing calm, and her mind wandered away into that dreamy doze which keeps the eyes and the body awake but sets the thoughts upon the silver edge of cloud-land. A tangle of weed gathered at her feet, the shadow of the rock lengthened and grew paler and paler, the sea turned to ashes in her eyes, and then Miss Thatcher rose, shivered a little, and thought she would go home.

As she walked fleetly across the open sands she wondered if some one called her. Perhaps it was the wind twisting her ear into a shell and making hollow sounds in it. She turned, and a man stood on the rock she had left like a black pillar against the sky. He waved his hat and gesticulated, but she paid no heed to him, and the next thing here he was running after her.

"Miss Thatcher," he called, "Miss Thatcher, it's so late you'll get your feet wet if you go that way. You'll have to come back and climb over the rock." He held his straw hat in his hand with a sort of deference, though he looked at her brightly with his blue eyes; and, why he was only a boy after all!

Something in his face was a little unusual, too. It was as though it had been stamped with something out of the common line. A wrinkle marred his forehead, an old line or two was round his mouth, and a few crow feet about his eyes. The blood flashed over his face for an instant, showing how quick it was wont to come and go, and went as suddenly as it came, leaving a tint behind it that showed plainly a lack of health. Miss Thatcher observed this much at a glance, and then turned back and he followed her. When they came to the rock he said:

"I don't believe you can get over it."

"Yes," said she, "I can climb; though I don't know but I'd rather have gone on and had my feet wet. Now, stoop down and make a step out of your hand and I will spring for that crack up yonder, and get my other foot on this knot of rock a little further up." By which means she was soon on top without a great deal of exertion, for she was strong of limb action. But he climbed weakly and slowly, and once he fell back a little way into the sand.

"Why don't you get up?" said Miss Thatcher, sharply.

"There's something the matter, ma'am," he answered.

"Folks say it's consumption, and I expect it is; it has eaten all my strength up."

"Oh! Give me your hand," she cried, in contrition, and with that help he laboriously, and with effort that took his breath, reached her side.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times," she said sweetly. His face was brown, quite brown, and burned with the sun beating back from the water, but a yellow pallor underspread it and his lips were bloodless. He had fine, light hair, quite long, and he was very young and boyish; impulsive he must have been with that hair and those eyes—light blue, but with an inside glint, and their rim or circle of pale color darkened into deeper blue as she spoke so graciously.

That was Miss Thatcher's first meeting with the boy John Van Brant. Not her last, for thereafter when she walked upon the sands in the early morning when the crystal shimmer was upon the water, there was the boy beside her; at noon, when it lay like a sheet of gold under the sun, again it was John Van Brant; at sunset, when the whole was like a ripple, still it was he. No matter where she turned her steps, he found her and fell in with her mood.

"I don't know how I lived before you came," he said one day, half lying in the sun and sand while she sat in the shadow, and the words came into her dream and played about it and drifted in and out, and then she started and looked at him curiously. His hat was over his brows, and his eyes, deepened and glowing, were watching a distant sail. By and by his lips moved.

"What are you saying?" she asked.

"Only a bit of verse," was the low answer.

"Then say it to me," she demanded; and it was a love poem of the purest, tenderest sort, which he repeated scarce above his breath, the blood hurrying into his lips and a scarcel-blown flame into his voice as he told over the much-meaning rhymes, but his eyes with the shooting glint in them followed the sail. "Now, what a strange boy," she thought, and went off into her doze again.

She did not sleep very well that night, and the verses haunted her, coming up to her like ghosts and beating about her in the dark. Young Van Brant came to her and looked at her with a look she had never seen, and a creepy sting

tingled at her finger ends. "Don't, John, don't," she thought she said. Next morning she laughed it off over her toilet-table. "The idea of me with nerves!" she said, ridiculing herself.

When she met him he was paler than usual. "Not so well this morning?"

"Oh, well enough, but I dreamed all night," was the answer.

"So did I. Those verses ran through my mind from dark to dawn. There must have been something in the rhythm," she added after a bit.

"Perhaps if I say them again it will make them down." He half smiled and turned his hat brim over.

"Yes, may be," she replied, and put a pin in her cuff.

He began, but broke short off. "The fellow that wrote those verses was too much in earnest to have me saying them over carelessly to you," he said, in explanation; then she opened her book and read to herself, while he sifted the sand through his thin fingers.

He broke out again into talk by and by. "I am nothing but a boy, am I?" he asked, smiling up at her.

"Nothing but a boy," she echoed. "Only twenty, didn't you say?" She put her finger on the line she was reading, and looked up, then added: "And I am twenty-seven—so much older than you. Why, I feel like a mother to you."

"What is age, any way?" he went on. "I feel as though I had lived a hundred years. I don't care." And his tone was half defiant. "I'd as lief be twenty as thirty. I am quite poor, too, as I've told you before, and as you may see by my coat, but I'll have more than I need—ever so much more. See here, I got this set the other day, and I want you to wear it on your chain if you will."

He held toward her a green, smooth-worn pebble that had been cast up on the beach, which he had found, and Miss Thatcher had exclaimed over for its beauty. It was inclosed now in a rim of gold, with a tiny ring attached. It was a dainty little charm, and she was fond of pretty things, but she put it away with her rosy-tipped, trim-nailed finger. "No, no, John," she said; "I can't let you do that. Why, don't you know, if you are poor, I am rich. I can have everything I want—jewels, and journeys, and dresses, and carriages, and every luxury. I like to leave it all behind, though, and come off by the sea alone. I am so gay all winter that the whole season is just like a spiced fruit. When you see me so quiet here, you never dream that I am like that, do you, John?"

"Yes," he answered, quietly, "I know you have money; that's the reason I dared to get this little thing for you. Rich people never have cheap things, and you'll prize this all the more because it's the only cheap little jewel you have. If you had been poor, now, I should never have dared to offer you anything less than a glittering diamond." He reached out a decided hand, a hand that trembled a bit, and snapped the ring on her chain. She never took the trouble to notice it, but he always had his way with her. She laughed a little, and looked down at it admiring it.

"You're a strange boy, John," she said.

"Strange? Why? I don't feel strange toward you." He glanced up at her with a happy smile on his lip, and a dancing light in his blue eye. "I'm sure, somehow or somewhere, I've known you for a long, long time. This is the very happiest time of all my life, being here with you, within sound of the waves day and night. I lie awake nights just because I am so happy. I feel like a little child, Miss Thatcher, I'm so lighthearted." He looked up at her, his eyes shining almost as if with tears.

"Yes, the sea affects me that way, too," she smiled back at him, frankly. "Down here close by it I put away all my frettings, and my frivolities, and my ribbons, and I feel deep-hearted and up-buoyed beyond all selfishness and vanities."

"I haven't a care left in all the world," he said, after a sigh of full content. "The dearest happiness I could wish for would be just to lie here on the sand, with that lap and little roar of waves in my ear, and you sitting just beyond there saying a word now and then. I'm glad this is my last year. I don't want another day after you go."

"Why, what are you talking about? What is it you mean?"

"Don't you know? I'm going to die some time before the very heaviest of this winter. I surely thought I'd made you understand it. I can't live, you know; it's an impossibility." He said it without a shade of feeling passing over his face, and his hands went on filtering the sand.

"Why, John, how can you lie there talking in that absurd way? And it's dreadful, too—perfectly dreadful. You make me cold to hear you. Die? Of course not." She was startled by his saying it, and being so queer and quiet.

"No, not at all dreadful; all the doctors have told me so, and I know it myself. My life and strength are going together, and my veins feel as if they were running dry. I have an odd, pulling, tugging sensation as if my soul were being dragged out of my body, and the body is gradually getting weaker, and before long—snap!—the two will part. Not while you're here, though, Miss Thatcher; don't be afraid of that." Not a shake nor a quiver disturbed his voice, but Miss Thatcher was very much impressed. The tear of ready sympathy rose to her eye, and her woman's heart was deeply touched, for she liked him beyond all other boys.

"John," said she, stretching out her hands, "I have a real motherly feeling for you, and you hurt me when you talk that way. I know you're sick; indeed, you are very sick, but you may live many years, and you may get entirely well after all."

"No, Miss Thatcher," he said, earnestly; "I tell you the truth. I went to see one of the best physicians, and he confirmed me in my own conviction. I shall draw my last breath in the early winter; no fear but I shall." His hat went over his eyes again, and a flush went up to his cheek. "I'd like to tell you something if I may," he went on, "but I want to take advantage of your sweet sympathy beforehand, and remind you that I'm living out my last days, and that I'm way below you in my station in life, probably in my birth, and most certainly in my years. It would not be worth while getting angry with such a small object, would it, Miss Thatcher?" His thin lips shaped a smile intended to be amusing, but in Miss Thatcher's eyes it was pathetic as well as eager.

"No, John, how could I be angry with you after that?"

"Well, I want to tell you what you are to me, then."

You're not a saint, to be set up in a niche and worshipped all day, but something far dearer than that. You are to look at every hour, to talk to, to think with, to smile at, to be gay, and joyous, and silent, and calm with, just as the great ocean way out there lies in a calm. That's my feeling for you—so deep, so undisturbed; way down, without end or fathom."

"Ah! John, it's something to be that to even one soul." She was deeply in sympathy with him, and she felt a twang of pity go all over her.

"I think you'll have to stand it if I tell you how much more, how very much more you are to me. You are mother, sister, friend," he rushed on as if the words raced with the blood dashing past his temples; "mother, sister, friend—nay! I will say it, *wife*—all in one."

"John, John! hush! do hush!" She stood up, alarmed, conscience stricken, ashamed.

The color rushed back from his face, and he gasped a little for breath. "Pray forgive me, Miss Thatcher; pray do. It isn't much to ask that you'll give me a month or two more of your friendship. Besides, it can't hurt you that you are the only woman I ever had an intense feeling for; and it will be such a comfort to me if you'll let me keep it till there's an end of me. Here, it is the last of August now, and you will be going back before October. It will be something to think of among your jewels, and your journeys, and your ribbons, that you made a boy content to die once." He turned his eyes away from her and looked out to sea, but his lips shook, and he thrust his white fingers absently about in the sand.

"John, John!" she repeated, amused at his audacity, vexed at this complication, touched by his pale face and the boyish tremble on his lips. Then betraying a half yielding tone she said: "Though, to be sure, you are only twenty."

"Oh, yes! only twenty, or ten, or five!" and at her tone of relent he turned joyfully about with radiant eyes; "what matters it? I will study my primer again if you say so. Keep your mother feeling for me, Miss Thatcher—oh! thank you for it a thousand times! nothing could be sweeter to me. And in return receive all the humble reverence of my heart. It is pure goodness in you to bear with what must seem to you so very, very foolish; but believe me, it is my very last whim. Give me your hand on it, my mother; your hand, that is used to jewels, and perfumes, and delicate, tender touches," and when she looked at him with pitying gaze he caught her hand and kissed it eagerly.

"Nay!" and she snatched it away and carried it behind her. "This winter I am to be married to a man who has a million."

"I don't care for that," he said gleefully. "Married, or to be married, or heart-free, it is all one to me. I haven't a spark of vulgar jealousy in my breast. A thousand may love you, and I can love you in spite of them all. And then what difference does one man make!" A joyous abandon was in his face, a reckless shine to the blue glint gleaming under his black lashes.

Cruelly careless she went on: "I shall have the grandest wedding, in the most magnificent church, with the longest train of loveliest bridesmaids, gorgeously costumed, and a wedding dress fit for a princess," then she drew her shoulders up like a queen; "and my bridegroom is such as I shall be proud to give myself away for."

"Oh, yes, yes!" he exclaimed, catching her words; "how proud I should be to see you there! What a bride you will look! I can see it all in my mind—flowers, and flashing eyes, and flushed faces, and yours the loveliest of them. When will it be?—December, January, when?" He asked it ecstatically.

"December," she answered, nodding her head.

"Oh, I shall be gone then!" His tone was disappointed.

"Oh, what a boy!" she exclaimed, an indulgent smile breaking over her face. "Who ever saw such a boy before! Adoring, yet not jealous; lofty, bumble; sublime, ridiculous!" She stood and laughed at him, his own happy laughter accompanying her.

Suddenly she ceased. "You look pale, John," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I feel pale."

A cold puff of wind came in over the water, and a great tangle of sea weed went up and down with a serpentine motion upon the waves. He looked at the wind and shivered. "You are cold, John!" she cried.

He replied: "No, I shiver with happiness!" and his looks bore him out in it.

"Nevertheless, we will go home." She said it with a maternal accent, as one might coax a child.

"Yes, let us go home," he answered cheerfully.

Afterward they met much as usual, though occasionally referring to their half compact—she lightly, often ridiculingly; he soberly, almost tenderly. She began to tell him once about her home, its surroundings, its situation, when he interrupted her:

"I've seen it many a time on the outside, and I know that by heart; tell me of the inside."

She looked toward him with eyebrows askew.

"Yes," he repeated, "a hundred times. I knew you, almost, long ago. I counted it a lucky day when I saw you at the window, or coming down the marble steps, or driving away in your carriage. I'm from the city, too, you know; and I took to you the first glimpse I had of you. I came here because I knew you were here. Oh, no! Don't think that of me. I never presumed so much as to dream of your friendship. I wanted to spend these weeks near you. If you had stayed at home, I should have stayed, too. I never counted on your speaking to me, though."

It was remarked that he grew paler and more shadow-like every day. His breath came shorter and shorter, and his step was slower. It was she who read aloud now, and he liked to lie in the warm sand at her feet watching her. He began to repeat again one day the love poem he had said among their first weeks.

"Is that Keats, or Shelly, or who?" she asked, idly.

"That? Why that's mine!" he said, looking up.

"You write poetry? Why, John!"

"Oh, that's all! I put you into verse, you know. I like to say it over because it means you to me. I like to read all poetry because it seems like you."

In all her life of whirl and gayety Melissa Thatcher had never heard of so pure, and fresh, and boyish a love, so simple and revealed an affection as this of John's. She was thankful for it by and by, as every woman is grateful for every earnest love, and she would have liked to do him good. She

could think of only one way, and she put it as delicately as she could.

"You said you were poor, John." She edged round the subject, coming to it carefully.

"Yes, poor at your estimate, I suppose. I have not much it's true, but more than enough. I looked out for that."

"And I'm rich," she suggested, trying to feel her way along.

"How kind you are," he interrupted, seizing her thought. "I have more money than ever I shall use. You see, I put by enough, reckoning until spring, if by any chance I should live so long, but I shan't. As near as I can reckon I shall die about your wedding day. Look at my hands and cheeks, the veins and bones stand out plainer every day."

She nodded her head that it was so, and two tears fell over into her lap.

"Oh, don't do that! I don't care, and why should you? I have made arrangements to die here comfortably, paying the woman extra for it. I've made a will—think of that, will you!—and what's left over, which will be a hundred dollars—a hundred dollars!—if I last no longer than I reckon on, is to go to a fellow I know who has made an invention and wants to get a patent on it. It's something about a motion in wheels."

Days he lay on the sand, grown too weak to walk far, his face turning whiter, as if bleached by the sun, and his fingers, long and blanched, lying idly at his side.

"I can never bear to say good-bye, John," Miss Thatcher said, breaking out once as the wind was turning colder, and the gulls flew screaming past.

"It must be pretty soon, I know, I've been counting the days lately. Thank God, I shan't last much longer, anyhow! How very, very happy you've made me! What am I that such as you should be hurt to take good-bye of me?" His eyes were luminous, and hers were wet and drooping, and a sob choked a moment between her lips. "I should prize the last touch of your hand beyond everything," he added.

The tears began to rain over her cheeks, and she sat with her head turned away. Suddenly it had come over her how simple and sorrowful it all was—the story of his long-enduring passion, a sick boy with no home and no family ties, and nothing but that impossible love to uphold him to his death, reckoning even into the weeks upon the shortness of his life, providing for his last breath, and almost putting on his shroud, and preparing his own body for death. Ah, what a story it was!

He seemed to be watching the wreaths of spray fantastically tossing themselves into shape out of foam as the water struck and dashed up a little way against the side of the rock. The waves were running and creeping everywhere like a dog hunting eagerly about with his nose. All the old lappings, and tiny roarings, and mimic shouts were there, and the old witching, never-failing perfume flinging itself from the sea. The water beyond gleamed in the distance like the gray breast of a gigantic sea-bird, the light glancing in streaks across it, and Miss Thatcher saw it through the tears that ran over and dripped upon her clasped hands.

She put her foot toward him as if to take a step, waited a moment as if to still the quiver of her face, then with a sudden motion she stooped over him and kissed him on the mouth, and walked swiftly away with her own peculiar grace, never stopping once nor inclining a look back toward him, leaving him lying alone in the sand with his radiant face upturned to the sky.

His eyes deepened into dark, vivid blue, and he smiled and laid his hand reverently upon his lips, but he did not turn his head to look after her, nor did he try to rise and follow her. The sails went across the sea, and the sails came, and the water birds flew with their cries across the beach; the day waxed and waned, and foam and brine washed and washed, and threw up its damp, wild odor; a pebble turned and tossed, and was drawn back, and thrown nearer, and a little nearer, till finally it touched his foot gently, and lay there. And there some one found him lying, gone before his time, one long, white hand softly covering his mouth.

When she who was Melissa Thatcher came down to that very spot again she was thirty years old.

"He was poor and sick, and nothing but a boy," she cried out to herself, "but I've never since seen a love unselfish and pure and tender just like his."

It was as if something like longing for what was good and far above had come into her heart, but she smothered it away and hid it even from herself. KATE HEATH.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1879.

In Ceylon they have a nice pleasant way of recovering bad debts. They will sometimes go to the house of their debtor, with the leaves of *neungala*, a certain plant which is rank poison, and threaten him that they will eat that poison and destroy themselves unless he will pay him what he owes. The debtor is much afraid of this, and rather than the other should poison himself, will sometimes sell a child to pay the debt. Not that the one is tender of the life of the other, but out of care for himself; for if the person dies of the poison, the one for whose sake the other poisoned himself must pay a ransom for his own life. By this means also they will sometimes threaten to revenge themselves of those with whom they have any contest, and do it, too. And, upon the same intent, they will also jump down a steep place, or hang, or make away with themselves, that so they might bring their adversary to great damage. Now, if the carpenters and builders of the new Constitution will take this means of collecting the debt of gratitude we owe them, we shall just howl with appreciation.

A drosky driver of St. Petersburg asked his customer, who appeared to be a nobleman, what the Nihilists were. "Nihil means nothing," was the reply, "and people who have nothing in the pocket, nothing in the way of land, nothing in the shape of property, and nothing of the nature of a title, are called Nihilists." "Yea, yea," said the driver, "then Russia is full of Nihilists, and even I also am a Nihilist."

A few days since the important information was telegraphed over the country that Sam Tilden had walked six miles before breakfast; and now Grant's managers go one better, and tell the world of Grant riding an elephant in India, and sticking a couple of boars on a hunt. It is going to be a hard campaign.

OUR OWN POETS.

Manzanitas.

In lonely mountain forests,
Amid their hush and gloom,
Are beauteous isles of sunshine
Where manzanitas bloom.

Upon the dark, stern hillside
Their clouds of sweetness rest,
Like a rosy infant smiling
Upon a warrior's breast.

O rare, brave manzanitas!
Beneath the dark fir tree,
Like palest rose of sunset,
Your dainty blush I see.

The wild bees know your coming—
They seek you from afar;
With musical sweet humming
They fill the drowsy air.

The wild bird in your branches
His morning hymn has trilled;
Yours were the swinging censers
With holiest incense filled.

How softly falls the sunshine!
The blue sky smiles above,
The great oaks spread their branches
In fond, protecting love;

The young ferns wave their greeting
From greenest mossy dells,
And all its murmured secrets
The babbling brooklet tells.

O blustering, ruthless Winter,
Grim tyrant of the North!
Naught care I that your forces
Are sternly marshaled forth;

You can no more affright me,
Nor reach me with your gloom,
On God's great sunlit mountains,
Where manzanitas bloom!

CALISTOGA, May, 1879.

J. H. S. BUGEIA.

His View of It.

I've been to a prayer-meeting, Sam;
The folks seemed good and true,
And they told how different they acted now
From what they used to do—
How the pleasures they used to like the most
Disgusting had come to be,
And they looked with wonder and scorn on those
Who delight in such things could see.

They all told their experience, Sam,
Since their Christian life began,
And the theatre and dancing, Sam,
Got the heaviest share of the ban.
Of course, if any people there
Ever gambled, or drank, or swore,
I can easily see, though I'm not a saint,
Why they couldn't like that any more.

But I've thought of their talk considerable since,
And a doubt on my mind will lay
As to whether the good folks there, friend Sam,
Really meant just what they say.
For those concerns where the young folks, Sam,
Dress and sing like old women and men,
And charades, and tableaux, and the theatre, seem
To be chicks of the same old hen.

And the fish-pond, and grab-bag, and all that sort
Of church contrivances, where
You pay your money, and trust to luck
To get of the chips your share,
Seem a near relation to gambling, Sam,
And I hardly think it's true
That these brethren really hate the thing
As much as they think they do.

I'm only an engineer, Sam,
And as rough as the work I'm at;
But I think "Be ye separate from the world"
Means something more than that.
They were mighty hard on us sinners, Sam,
Who take stock in this world's affairs.
Do all members pay church "debts of honor" as quick,
I wonder, as gamblers pay theirs?

Do they always excuse a brother's mistakes,
And help him again up the hill?
Will their purse-strings open as readily
As actors' and actresses' will?
I ain't much of a church sharp myself, friend Sam,
But it seems to me that the Lord
Meant more than the theatre, and such like things,
When He said in the Holy Word,

"Come out of the world!" For I really feel
(Though I 'low I myself don't do right)
That the tricky bargain, the untrue word,
The bitter sneer, and the slight
Of the rest of His church that don't walk just their way,
Helps the devil's side of this fight,
And mixes them up in the world quite as much
As the theatre would of a night.

OAKLAND, April, 1879.

FANNIE M. PUCH.

To a Lady of Oakland.

A slave to Beauty, though despoiled of Love,
Thine eyes compel poor tribute from my pen;
For they have caught some magic from above,
For good or ill, to stir the hearts of men.
Not violets, nor blue-bells, moist with dew,
Can give the hue of such bright eyes divine,
But sometimes Tahoe Lake reflects a blue
From morning skies like those clear orbs of thine.
As tender tints of sunset in the skies
Thy cheeks are tinged with color, and thy face,
Fair as Ret for such liquid gems of eyes,
Is loveliness, a model for thy race.
Fair lady, know thy might and use it well,
For beauty makes on earth a heaven or hell.

OAKLAND, April, 1879.

A Fragment.

Existence is a novel in two parts:
We take up Life presuming it complete,
Its preface childhood, and its pictures hopes;
And pondering on the plot, now vague, now clear,
We find "To be continued" at the end,
For Death has closed the book. Its other part,
Eternity, unread, is in another sphere,
Where we shall solve the mystery (yet sealed
To mortal eyes) for what men live.

MARYSVILLE, May, 1879.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

A young woman, who had never learned the gentle art of cookery, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to have the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip, and just as her lord comes in from the office exclaims loudly:
"Hurry up, Eliza, do! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me; where's the soap?"

From the "Princess of Babylon," a story by Voltaire:
"A multitude of people followed on foot, in periwigs, and in silence." Which reminds one of Crabbe's description of the housekeeper falling—

Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

Before a civil tribunal, occupied with the case of the degenerate son of noble sires cast off by his aristocratic and long-suffering family. The game-keeper, an old soldier, is duly sworn.

Q. Is it true that the Dowager Marchioness was bitterly opposed to her nephew? Did you ever hear her use severe language in speaking of him?

A. No, never. All she said is what any one might have said in the privacy of the family circle—she may have called him "the son of a sea-cook," or "a blank, dash, blank, ad-jec-tive blank," or "a howling ass," or "a knock-kneed, slab-sided ne'er-do-well," but never anything that was not familiar and ladylike.

"Thank you, but I am sick as ever. For thirty years I haven't known a well day."

"Humph! Well, I've known you all that time, and I don't recollect the time when you were not the very picture of health."

"That just proves the obstinacy and malignity of my complaint, which sticks to me in spite of my apparent robustness."

The janitor enters the apartments on the first floor like a whirlwind, and shouts angrily to the occupant of the suite:
"Madame, look here now, I give you fair warning that if you keep carrying on this way any longer I'll complain to the boss, and he'll fire you out." (*Je me plaindrai au propriétaire et il vous fera dehors.*)

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? O, you know what I mean. What I mean is your pounding away on that piano last night until twelve o'clock, that's what I mean."

"But there is some one up stairs that plays the piano regularly every night until two o'clock in the morning, while somebody accompanies her on the French horn."

"Oh, that is very different—that's my daughter and her young man!"

They were trying a case in which several criminals were engaged, and one of the prisoners—as prisoners often will do—endeavored to lead the jury astray by putting himself forward as the principal actor in the tragedy.

But the vigilant and experienced counsel for the people is not to be humbugged by any such shallow pretense. "No, gentlemen," he cries in summing up, "you will not suffer yourselves to be imposed upon. Look at those dull features, that stupid eye, and tell me if there you can perceive any indication of the energy, the courage, the fertility of resource, the intelligence, the fire of genius necessary for the conception and execution of the masterly murder we are discussing."

"Well, what do you think of this play?"

"What do you think of it?"

"No, I asked you what you thought of it."

"Never mind; give me your opinion first."

"Ah, I see we're both of one mind."

"Oh, come now; positively you're too hard on him; the play isn't quite as bad as all that."

Calino—Calino is the French Mme. Malaprop or Mme. Partington—goes to the theatre.

"How was the play?" asks his wife.

"Very interesting—a new piece."

"What was it—a tragedy, a comedy, an operetta—what?"

"How can I tell? I couldn't get a programme."

A young dramatist with more pretensions than talent meets on the evening of the first performance of one of his plays a friend.

"It went well, don't you think?" he says, swelling visibly with pride. "I guess I can go ahead and order the champagne supper for the hundredth night."

"Yes," replies his friend, timidly, "but wouldn't it be being on the safe side to give it this week?"

At each returning Christmas, New Year's, birthday, and festal occasion, a kind but prudent father presents his little daughter with a valuable gift of the useful variety—a dress, a hat, or a pair of boots.

"Pa," finally said the little one, "my birthday comes next week. If you love me and think I have been a real good girl you might give me something that's useless."

Indignant father to his son, whose picture has not even been skied at the Academy:

"You're a nice artist. Here you are forty-five years old Christmas week, and yet no picture of yours has ever been received."

"But, sir—"

"Silence, sir! Don't you presume to 'but, sir,' me. Sir, at your age Raphael had been dead for ten years."

When Paul de Kock was accused of catering to the literary taste of cooks and laundresses he philosophically replied:
"There must be no end of cooks and laundresses, for I notice that my books sell immensely."

"What?" says a lodger to the *concierge*, "the proprietor increases my rent? Why?"

"My dear sir," replies the *concierge*, "he is about to commit a crime which will give life to the neighborhood."

PRATTLE.

It is not of the nature of the literary Briton to let yesterday take care of itself; he will not endure an hour's injustice, and the sun shall not go down upon a clouded record. Nevertheless, there are signs that he is growing thick-skinned in his leisurely way, and may some day "draw near to the complexion" of a rhinoceros. An encouraging symptom of abated sensitiveness I note in the *Edinburgh Review*, which, replying to an accusation of Mr. Spencer Walpole, uses the following dignified and patient language: "Against the charge that the outspoken rather than unjust notice of *Hours of Idleness*, published in this journal, 'made Byron declare war against society,' it is scarcely necessary to defend ourselves." Quite right, brother; it is too soon to justify the stand you took in 1807. Let Time have a chance at the matter, and if he do not acquit you take an appeal to Eternity.

There is a certain touching pathos, a suggestion of martyr-like resignation, in the way in which the Reviewer deprecates the injustice he will not resent. "Every one," he continues, "knows that Byron was the spoiled idol of society from the morning that *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* appeared. He might have remained so had he not chosen to set the world at defiance by quarreling with his wife." This is quite in the spirit of the reply made by the convict to the prison chaplain, who, to test his religious intelligence, asked him if he knew who killed Abel. "Maybe I knows all about it," said the beetle-browed ruffian, affecting an air of impenetrable mystery, "and maybe I didn't have nothin' to do with it; and maybe he hurt hisself a shinnin' up a lightnin' rod for to catch a saw-mill."

"*Wilhelm Meister*, from which the opera of *Mignon* is taken, is not a remarkable work."—*Theatrical Reporter of the Call*. Not very; but then Psalm Williams, Frank Soule, and The Other Barnes (the *Call's* triumvirate of censors *literarum*) never said it was. Isn't it rather beneath you, my good man, to notice the work of this fellow Goethe at all?

The Emperor of Germany will celebrate his golden wedding next month, and it is hoped that the festivities will be attended by the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Spain. There will be fine shooting at Berlin; socialist sportsmen ought to make a pretty good bag.

At the Olympic Club party on Friday evening of last week, the customary athletic feats in filmy costume were omitted, and the young women went away as wise as they came.

O sturdy Musclemen, anew
Display thy wealth of brawn and thow:
Stand forth like Hercules, and clad
The same—no, he did never pad.
But wore (his knotty pate within
Its spanning jaws) a lion's skin—
A garb that Esop, all agree,
Hath made impossible to thee.
Stand forth, and dare the searching ray
Of interdigital survey,
And eyes that, mounted on barbette,
Blaze from the fan's high parapet,
To hide thy light if thou dost dare
Again, sack-cloth shall be thy wear,
And ashes; for by all the gods!
I'll scourge thy skin with certain rods
I've boned a corset to obtain,
And which since Friday week have lain
In pickle saltier than the sneers
Of men—an injured virgin's tears.

A letter from a person in Ireland has been received. It was addressed intelligently thus: "The Governor of San Francisco, and Clerk of the Divorce Court, America." The first half of the epistle was handed to Denis Kearney, the last found its way to somebody having clerical relations with Judge Wheeler.

The local "poets" must have a care of their fame. I call Apollo to witness that for more weeks than any one of them has sound teeth I have abstained from persecuting them, in the hope that they would do better if let alone—at least they thought the experiment worth trying, and I had other fools to fry. But what has come of it? 'Pon my soul! the matchless idiots have done worse than before; the more respectfully they are treated the more contemptible they become. And now Joaquin Miller is coming back from the East, his brows bowed with victorious wreaths and his face shining, and they have nothing to show him that he couldn't have written better with his hair cut.

Even the poets whom Miller made his fame by beating are beating ours. Have the goodness to consider this single stanza from the New York *Herald*, under the somewhat irrelevant title "Like Rosebuds in the May-Time":

"There's not a lady far or near,
Let her be poor or wealthy,
But now can keep, from year to year,
Her teeth pure white and healthy."

I confess this is part of an advertisement of a dentifrice, but it is set to the air of "Yankee Doodle" (with a view no doubt to concert purposes, though I should hardly think it would be very popular), and that entitles it to a place in the lyric anthology. Even retaining the repeated typographical error of the "y" in the third line, the verse is conspicuously better than anything that has been done out here since Stoddard shook his muse and Dan O'Connell laid for her.

The position of Chinese interpreter in a court of justice is apparently not a couch of roses. While undergoing an examination the other day before United States Commissioner O'Beirne, on one of four charges of defrauding the revenue, Mr. Chin Foong, a gentleman in the cigar-manufacturing interest, interrupted the flow of his own testimony in order to explain that in case of his conviction it was his intention to kill the interpreter. The power at such a time to concern himself with the future of another instead of his own evinces a certain unselfishness in Mr. Foong that is encouraging, as implying a moral soil tolerably well prepared for the seeds of the Christian religion, which teaches to take thought of others,

The "missionary element" of our population will not be slow to perceive this admirable rock upon which to build their church, and the court before which he is held for trial may deem it right to convict in order to remove him from the importunities and exhortations of the zealous. Still, it is seldom expedient, and not altogether fair, to kill the interpreter.

Said Mr. Black: "If I'd a man
To start me (and supply a plan)
In business, I would lead the van."

Said Mr. Smith: "I wish I knew
Some enterprising person who
Would set me up and rush me through."

A fool o'erheard and shouted: "Stop!
Of fortune's tide you ride atop—
Why don't you start a Black-Smith shop?"

They did, grew rich, and fought about
Who set the other up, without
Resolving that important doubt.

Each knocked the other, with a sledge,
Far colder than an iron wedge:
Men reared their headstones edge to edge.

There, from afar, the fool did see
The names BLACK SMITH, cut large and free.
"Get thy Pale Horse shod, Death," said he.

The report of the Advisory Board in the case of General Fitz-John Porter is both gratifying and unsatisfactory: gratifying in that it will result in restoring to a brave and capable soldier the rank and honors of which he has for sixteen years been unjustly deprived, unsatisfactory in that it can not dispose from high station his worthless and malicious accuser.

This fellow, General Pope, is a bad lot. He once took command of the Army of the Potomac, and straightway issued a flaming proclamation announcing that the *régime* of retreat was at an end. This document, with characteristic folly, he dated at "Headquarters in the Saddle!" The suggestion of hind-quarters was inevitable, irresistible, contagious; and a blaze of inextinguishable laughter ran along the hostile fronts, by land, and sea, and river, till it had circled and swept the whole armed continent. But afterward, when

The soldier turned his seeking eye
To catch that crest's ascendancy,

And invariably saw the famous "quarters," "round as the shield of my fathers," presented to the enemy and rapidly diminishing to an indistinct point on the northern horizon, the peal of amusement subsided into the silence of contempt. It was at this time that the buffoon was lost in the maligner, and the brave Porter, loaded with his commander's sins, was chased into the desert of disgrace—another proof that a fool is the most dangerous of created things.

By the way, the dispatches have recently made repeated mention of charges of cowardice preferred by General Stanley against General Hazen. It was my fortune to serve during the greater part of the civil war under the immediate command of General Hazen, most of the time as a member of his staff. I have seen him under fire a hundred times. How often he led with alacrity where I followed with reluctance I ought not to be expected to definitely state; it was a good many times.

On one occasion his entire staff preferred to exercise a wise discretion—with which by nature they were certainly endowed, but which according to the scheme of military subordination they did not possess—by not following him at all. In truth we remained among certain trees which had thoughtfully grown where they were most wanted. The General—a tolerably fair mark—rode on for fifty yards or so before perceiving that he was unattended; then, wheeling about, he thundered: "Where's my staff?" No doubt he was agreeably reassured when one of us took the trouble to cheerily sing out: "Here we are, sir—all safe!" But Hazen, may the Lord forgive him! did not act as if he had a spark of gratitude in his composition.

The Stanley-Hazen trouble grew out of a newspaper controversy. The Northern Pacific Railroad was endeavoring to get heavy subventions from the Government, and General Stanley published roseate accounts of Northern Montana, the country which it was to "open up." General Hazen, who was then stationed at the mouth of the Yellowstone, wrote to the New York *Tribune* the cold truth about that region. (It is the very barrenest and most forbidding on the continent; I explored and surveyed it with Hazen in 1866, and I know.) But Hazen accused Stanley of improper motives. The latter retorted by publishing his accuser as a liar, *plus* a coward. He embodied these views in a pamphlet for gratuitous distribution; you could have a cart-load of them for the asking, and if you would take enough of them Stanley would give you a chromo—which somewhat resembled Hazen. Stanley was all business.

When Hazen was sent by the Government to observe the Franco-German war, and later the Russo-Turkish struggle, the Stanleyan view of his veracity and courage met him in black and white at every European capital and every military headquarters. Naturally he didn't like it, and recently brought the matter to an issue by preferring formal charges of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," etc., and on these charges Stanley was being tried at last accounts by a court-martial of tremendous military swells, and had a whole Falstaff's company of Hazen's personal enemies in attendance as witnesses for the defense. I know them very well, and the circumstances concerning which they testified, and they did lie royally—nay, imperially!

By the way, the Army is, I think, the only community in this country in which one can be tried, and if convicted punished, for not being a gentleman. It is plain that it would be pretty difficult to define, by statute precisely what ungentlemanly conduct is, but it is easy enough to say with a good deal of certainty what is ungentlemanly conduct. In this respect I think the system of military justice preferable to the civil, as also in respect of simplicity. You make your accu-

sation and the commanding general, if he wishes, details as many officers as he sees fit, to form a court, one of whom, the Judge Advocate, is both prosecutor and counsel for the accused. Anything is evidence that the court chooses to hear, and in case of conviction it fixes such a punishment as it deems deserved. This the commanding general affirms or doesn't affirm, according to his judgment of the matter. It is very simple, and entirely superior to cutting for the highest card. I think throwing round for the first ace beats it a trifle.

Mr. Kiddle, the New York Superintendent of Public Instruction, has bloomed as the rose into a full blown spiritualist, and publicly avers that he receives daily communications from the illustrious dead. And now the gross material beings whose eyes, "purging thick amber and plum-tree gum," have not been miraculously cleared of their clouds and can not distinguish spiritual beans when the supernatural bag is open, clamor for the gifted one's removal. To an observer who has been but economically endowed with the useful quality of omniscience it appears that a man with his ear in heaven and his tongue on earth ought to be a rather exceptionally good Superintendent of Public Instruction, though of course it all depends on what the illustrious dead are giving him. The late Mrs. George Washington, whose present address is Paradise, has recently been favoring Mr. T. B. Clarke, of Oakland, with a reasonless quantity of unmistakable taffy.

When any athlete in the agonistic games at Olympia was convicted of foul play he was compelled to propitiate heaven by erecting a bronze statue of Zeus, on the pedestal of which his own name and infamy were inscribed for the execration of posterity. Pausanias described sixteen of these penitential memorials, of which the bases alone remain, and even the inscriptions are effaced. Yet the authors of the new Constitution cherish the ambitious hope that through having appended their names to this monument of their shame they will be ever remembered in connection with the foul play that reared it!

"A well known politician was recently expelled from the green-room of a New York theatre for taking liberties with the ballet girls. Served the wretch right."—*Theatrical Journal*. Great Scott! I should like to know what kind of a circus performance a ballet girl would esteem a "liberty." Did they keep the villain's clothes.

Charleston, South Carolina, has celebrated the 147th birthday of General Francis Marion by eating baskets of roasted sweet-potatoes in remembrance of that revolutionary hero's meagre fare and famous hospitality to the British officer, as related by Horry.

Marion, this morning of thy birth
Thy sons renounce their jelly-cake
To emulate, if not thy worth,
At least, great Shade, thy belly-ache.

Mr. Gibbon, a tolerably well-known English, or rather Scotch, novelist, and a very good fellow, has recently had a handsome bequest from a wealthy gentleman who admired his work, and at the death of the widow will have the whole estate. Mr. Gibbon doesn't write a word of truth, yet I, who write nothing else, never get a bequest from a reader in all my life; indeed, the more truth I write the more the gentlemen of whom I write it leave me out of their wills. To be sure I have admirers enough, but the gallant Widmer will not die if he can help it, and the gorgeous McComb has no property, and the eloquent Kearney can not write, and the royal Stuart is not of sound and disposing mind, and there is always something to keep modest worth out of its own.

Perish the truth! and perish the wills!
And perish the dead who indite 'em!
I'll write all sweet lies and collect my bills
From the living of whom I write 'em.
By the sweat of the brow the best way to earn bread
Is to butter its owner from heel to head.

Speaking of wills, I am reminded of an Irishman who, learning that a relative whom he hated was down in an uncle's will for a thousand pounds, swore he would keep him out of it if he had to swing for it. It was no idle threat either, for next day he executed it by shooting the uncle.

The latest Captain-General of Cuba makes proclamation that he will endeavor to perpetuate the glorious peace established by his predecessors. He appears to mistake decomposition for disaffection.

A religious journal cites the case of a burglar who was moved by Mr. Moody's preaching to restore some of his booty, as proving that Mr. Moody is "eminently fit to preach the gospel." Yes, to men eminently unfit to plunder a house.

This is fame: John A. Dix is dead, and every newspaper published in the country of this illustrious man reminds us that he was the author of the words: "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot." But not one reminds us that he was the author of one of the noblest translations of the *Dies Irae*. Really, it is hardly worth while to die.

A lady of this city had long suspected her cook of occasionally carrying more provisions out of the house at night than she brought back in the morning, and one evening detected her with a pretty intelligently selected assortment filling a rather large basket. "Dade, mum," explained the offendress, "I did not think you wud begrege a bite now and then to me pore husband in the hospital." "O no, Bridget, we must provide for our husbands, certainly; but remembering whose has the superior claim, I am thinking whether it would be unreasonable to send *mine* to the hospital and let *yours* come here."

Marysville exults in a man with two noses. What a nice man to affront: one for each hand! If the poets hereabout were so copiously gifted it would be a greater pleasure—as it is now a greater profit—to pull their noses than to pick their pockets.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

When a lady has served her manager as faithfully as Miss Cary has Mr. Strakosch, singing for him an average of five times a week with never a cold or indisposition to mar the even tenor of his *repertoire*, I suppose she is entitled to some little privileges not set down in the calculations of opera composers or audiences, especially when what she asks happens to be likely to bring money into the house. And so Miss Cary sang "Mignon." That it is a soprano part, and that in consequence of its being assigned to the contralto of the company, "Federico"—written for a contralto—had to be sung by a light-weight soprano; that the character is one that no more suits Miss Cary than it would Signor Pantaleoni or little Mr. Barberis; that she can neither look, act, nor sing the part, nor anything in the remotest degree approaching it—does not seem to have any weight with either the manager or herself; it is Miss Cary's caprice to exhibit her ignorance of every aesthetic and artistic propriety, and she must be indulged. And so we have had in these two performances one of the most absurdly farcical attempts at opera that I have ever beheld; with a stout, hard-voiced, and unsympathetic contralto singing a rôle that calls for a youthful dramatic soprano, and a thin-voiced, immature, and awkward soprano endeavoring to fill the physical and musical requirements of a part that she never ought to be able to fill, since if she were she would be manifestly no soprano at all. Without going back to Goethe for his conception of "Mignon"—which has evidently had only the slightest influence upon the librettist who prepared the text for Mr. Thomas—this outrage of the musical proprieties brought its own revenge: the performance was abominable. The orchestra was worse than on almost any previous occasion—coarse, noisy, and out of tune almost throughout. The clarinets began below the pitch and held out manfully through the entire overture; then the strings took it up (some of them down), and squabbled away for a time over the diapason; now it was the bassoon that was flat, and now a flute alternately flat and sharp; the horns got shaky, and even the tympani unsettled—the devil was in it but the thing would not come in tune. And during it all the conductor sat placidly there, serenely banging away at his inflexible *tempo*—which in the first *ensemble* as well as several other numbers he managed to get almost twice too fast—probably laughing in his sleeve all the while at the set of good-natured dolts sitting behind him, at \$3 a seat, fondly imagining that what was going on before them was a performance of Thomas' *Mignon*. A performance it certainly was, but not much more like Thomas' *Mignon* than Offenbach's *Grand Duchesse*.

In this opera Miss Litta did some very nice singing—for her. Her entire treatment of the part of "Filina" was raw and awkward, and only served as additional proof that she has a long and difficult study before her if she really aspires to become an artist of more than second rank; she has well nigh everything to learn. But vocally she is evidently learning it, and what can be made of such a voice as she has I have no doubt she will make. Some little bits were very nicely sung; the *Polacca*, with its difficult intervals and effective trills, was quite a brilliant performance and made a great success. Much of this, however, must be laid to the account of the music, which, throughout the opera, is so dull and spiritless, so evidently the result of calculation and *finesse*, that the two tunes, the *Polacca* and *Gavotte*, are always welcomed with positive relief, and make their effect if at all passably sung. The *Gavotte* was not passably sung; it was croaked. For this, however, Miss Lancaster is not entirely to blame. The part is out of her voice and she did with it all that could be expected of her.

Mr. Westberg's "Wilhelm" was, barring his unconquerable stiffness of action, thoroughly satisfactory; his beautiful voice and artistic singing formed altogether the pleasantest feature of the performance. Mr. Lafontaine also carried himself well, especially in the first act—and Mr. Conly made a good "Harper." Mr. Gottschalk was—*nil*. Chorus ditto, only noisy; *mise en scene* contemptible.

The transfer of the opera to the Mission Street house has been signaled by a decided improvement in almost every direction; the chorus and orchestra have been augmented to very respectable proportions, and put through a series of extra rehearsals; some new and beautiful scenery has been prepared, extra supers and ballet (?) engaged, and considerable care and expense devoted to accessories, etc. The performances of *Aida* have been so much better than those of any of the preceding operas that one is almost disposed to gush a bit over them; for once there has been an *ensemble* that in some degree represented grand opera, and, for the first time this season, Mr. Strakosch may be said to have fulfilled the promise made at the beginning. Whether the giving of the same opera three times in one week out of a subscription of twenty nights is quite a fair proceeding or not is a matter about which there may be some difference of opinion; that several others were promised that can not possibly be given is only a part of the usual tactics of this most unscrupulous of managers. The performance of *Aida* has served to show our public that the miserable makeshift of the first three weeks was simply what Mr. S. chose to give, not what he was compelled to, since the material for a respectable performance has been at his command from the first. The performances have been mean simply because they were to be gotten through with at the slightest possible expense, the subscription, novelty and *clout* of the first nights being supposed to carry for a time. Then, when the houses began to thin, the subscribers to growl, and a new deal became absolutely necessary in order to avoid financial disaster, the first decent performance was given. *Carmen*, promised for next Tuesday, will probably be put on in good form; *Don Giovanni* and the *Huguenots* will be quietly dropped out of the promised *repertoire*, or, if given at all, out of the season for which the subscription was paid in advance, and so out of this promised brilliant twenty nights and ten operas, we shall have had some half dozen performances of two decently mounted operas to balance against fourteen of the shabbiest conceivable ones. Then will probably come the *real* season; then come *Linda* and *La Sonnambula*, possibly *Don Giovanni*, and even *Lohengrin*, and then if the subscribers care to hear anything fresh or

well done they may pay extra for it. This is the way Mr. Strakosch manages his Grand Italian Opera and the San Francisco public.

Aida is really a very enjoyable performance. Madame Roze, although she lacks both the register and force for the part of the heroine, is so thoroughly artistic and sympathetic, and is so intensely earnest in her personation, that she becomes the life of the opera and infuses into it a warmth and richness of color that, to those who only heard it last year with Miss Kellogg in the title rôle, makes a new thing of it. I can not imagine a more beautiful performance than this; if Madame Roze had but more voice she would be a great "Aida." Mr. Adams, also, throughout his performance of "Radames," has made amends for his continual hoarseness by his delightful singing and acting. After all, to be a fine artist is something better even than to be constantly "in voice;" the singing of one with the thorough culture of Mr. Adams is worth more—even at his worst—than the best that can come from an ignoramus with a throat of silver; and the best advice that I can give to youngsters with tenor voices, who think they know something about singing, is to go and hear what this artist does with what there is left of his once royal organ, and learn that beautiful singing consists of something besides yelling out a B flat or a C in chest.

I am not a fervent admirer of Signor Pantaleoni, and like him least when he forces his upper notes and sings abominably sharp, as he does in *Aida*. But he gives the part of "Amonasro" with great *verve* and acts it beautifully. I suppose there was a time when he sang it finely, as well; but it has passed. Miss Cary I have never liked as "Amneris;" she is hard, unsympathetic, and, at times, vocally coarse. She undoubtedly carries the part with great *aplomb* and sings it like an artist of "good stuff," but in none other that I have seen from her—excepting, perhaps, *Mignon*—do I so much miss the intellectual quality. Her love for "Radames" does not seem to have any softening influence upon her character—at no moment does the voice betray the passion that is supposed to be consuming and driving her to desperation. She is simply a healthy young woman with a fine voice and good clothes, who occasionally reminds us of a lady whom we met once among the Spanish gypsies somewhere, and, perhaps, once again in a hut not far from Boston, where she was entertaining Madame Amelia Roze and Signor Riccardo Lazzarini. Miss Cary has but one color in her voice, and this one, excellent as it is, one grows very tired of hearing in all situations.

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz, who made his *début* in this city last Tuesday evening at a *Soirée* to which Mr. Gray had invited a large number of *dilettanti*, is a pianist with such exceptional individuality of style that anything like a correct or exhaustive estimate of his playing is very difficult, if not quite impossible, to arrive at after only a single hearing. Eastern as well as foreign accounts had prepared me for much of it that was novel and interesting; the straight-laced classicists have found fault with him as inclined to a too purely subjective style, while the ultra-romanticists took umbrage at a certain reïcence in his playing of the older compositions—Bach, Handel, and others of that period—and would not recognize him as fully belonging to their school. But wherever he has played he seems to have eventually overcome the first impressions of even his most adverse critics, who have generally ended by conceding him very high rank as an interpreter of even such music as they were at the outset convinced was entirely out of his range. From what I heard on Tuesday much, if not all, of this is quite clear to me. The fact is, that with a technique that seems entirely adequate and under complete control, Mr. Boscovitz seems to me to have a vivid and picturesque conception that is at times, so to speak, not well in hand, and that occasionally takes the reins and drives him into what seem to the listener to be a series of fitful, capricious, artistic vagaries; he lets himself go with what he supposes to be the spirit of the composition, but is not always quite sure that it is really the *right* spirit nor certain that his momentary conception is not under the influence of something like caprice—what the Germans would call *laune*. Out of a long and varied programme some things were delightfully played; noticeably the *Concerto* of Ph. Em. Bach, the *Barcarolle* of Raffi, and—this especially—his own charmingly graceful *Menuetto*. To me the *Concerto* was his more beautiful performance; it was exquisitely colored (the new sustaining pedal of the magnificent Steinway Grand enabling him to make a fine effect in the organ points) and phrased throughout in a masterly manner. The lighter numbers afforded Mr. Boscovitz the opportunity to display a lovely, delicate touch and crisp, clear staccato, and, I think, made the best impression on the audience generally. In the heavier ones—*Tannhäuser* March and A flat *Ballade* of Chopin—he seemed not quite in his element. But we shall hear him again in his public Recitals, when there will probably be enough said, *pro* and *con*, and I can have my say about his playing of Chopin. S. E.

Jules Tavernier has put the finishing touches to his large panel painting, "A Moorish Castle," and it is ready for its place in the Hopkins mansion on the hill. It is a picture—not a panel really—that artist and owner will always be proud of; a thing of beauty, an artistic interpretation of an intelligent and well conceived idea—a work as careful and painstaking in its execution as it is rich and picturesque and poetically pleasing in appearance. It is one of the best things that Tavernier has given us from his brush, stunning in effect, and an effort in decorative art that would command the compliments of the Continent.

Keeping Watch.

He who his watch would keep, this must he do:
Pocket his watch and watch his pocket, too.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

The following is a good one—told upon an Irishman as a matter of course: "What the devil's the use voting for the new Constitution! If it passes Hayes will veto it—and be damned to him."

The fat boarder called the mould on the pie an nasis—a green spot on the dessert.

MARK TWAIN'S APOLOGY.

Mark Twain was recently at a dinner of the Stanley Club, in Paris, and, being called upon for a speech, is thus reported by the *Continental Gazette*: "Mr. Ryan said to me just now that I'd got to make a speech. I said to Mr. Ryan, 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' It is sad to know that some things always come too late, and when I look around upon this brilliant assembly I feel disappointed to think what a nice speech I might have made, what fine topics I might have found in Paris to speak about, among these historic monuments, the architecture of Paris, the towers of Notre Dame, the caves, and other ancient things. Then I might have said something about the objects of which Paris folks are fond—literature, art, medicine (then taking a card from his vest pocket as if to take a glance at his notes) and adultery. But the news came too late to save Roger McPherson! Perhaps you are not as well acquainted with McPherson as I am? Well, I'll explain who McPherson was. When we sailed from New York there came on board a man all haggard—a mere skeleton. He wasn't much of a man, and on the voyage I heard him say to himself, 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' 'How too late?' I asked. 'About three weeks too late,' he replied, 'I'll tell you how it happened: A friend of mine died, and they told me I must take his body on the cars to his parents in Illinois. I said I'd do it, and they gave me a card with the address, and told me to go down to the depot and put it on a box I'd find there, have the box put on the baggage car, and go right along with it to Illinois. I found the box all right, and nailed the card on it, and put it on the cars; then I went into the depot and got a sandwich. I was walking round eating my sandwich, and I passed the baggage-room, and there was my box, with a young man walking around, looking at it, and he had a card in his hand. I felt like going up to that young man and saying, 'Stranger, that's my corpse.' But I didn't. I walked on, ate my sandwich, and when I looked in again the young man was gone, but there was the card nailed right on the box. I went and looked on that card. It was directed to Colonel Jenks, Cleveland, Ohio. So I looked in the car, and there was my box all right. Just before the train started, a man came into the baggage-car and laid a lot of limberger cheese down on my box. He didn't know what was in my box, and I didn't know what was in his paper, but I found out later. It was an awful cold night, and after we started the baggage-master came in. He was a nice fellow, Jackson was; he said: 'A man would freeze to death out there; I'll make it all right.' So he shut all the doors and windows, built a rousing coal fire in the stove, then he took turns fixing the car and poking the fire, till I began to smell something and felt uncomfortable; so I moved as far away from my corpse as I could, and Johnson says to me: 'A friend of yours? Did he die lately? This year I mean.' Says I, 'I'll fix it.' So I opened a window, and we took turns breathing the fresh air. After a while Johnson said: 'Let's smoke; I think that'll fix it.' So we lit our cigars and puffed a bit, but we got so sick that we let 'em go out again—it didn't do any good. We tried the air again. Says Johnson: 'He's in no trance, is he? There's doubt about some people being dead, but there's no doubt about him, is there! What did he die of?' We stopped at a station, and when we started off again Johnson had a bottle of disinfectant, and says: 'I've got something now that'll fix it.' So he sprinkled it all around over the box, the limberger, and over everything; but it wouldn't do, the smells wouldn't mix well. Johnson said: 'Just think of it. We've all got to die, all got to come to this.' Then we thought we'd move the box to one end of the car; so we stooped over it; I took one end and he took the other, but we couldn't get it far. Johnson says, 'We'll freeze to death if we stay out on the platform; we'll die if we stay in here.' So we took hold of it again; but Johnson, he couldn't stand it; he fell right over. I dragged him out on the platform, and the cold air soon brought him to, and we went in the car to get warm. 'What are we going to do?' asked Johnson, and he looked ill. 'We are sure to have typhoid fever and a half dozen other fevers. We're pizen, we are!' At last we thought it was better to go out on the platform. In an hour and a half I was taken off that platform stiff, nearly frozen to death. They put me to bed, and I had all them fevers that Johnson spoke about. You see the thing worked on my mind. It didn't do me no good to learn, three weeks later, that there had been a mistake—that my corpse had gone to Colonel Jenkins, Cleveland, and that I'd taken his box of rifles for decent burial to Illinois. The news came too late to save Roger McPherson—about three weeks too late.' Amid roars of applause, Twain closed by saying, 'When I'm not prepared to speak, I always apologize, and that's the reason I've told you so much about Roger McPherson.'

In a late German story the hero gives a rhapsodical description of "the first kiss" in these ebullient words: "Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes; she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars; the earth went from under my feet." All of which is very pretty and very poetic, but very indefinite. What the practical reader wants to know is, if that is the transcendental German way of saying that he was at that particular moment lifted clear out and above himself by the toe of the old man's boot. It sounds very like a wail.

Man who is endeavoring to strike the other man for \$10 bill Saturday, at one o'clock—"Now, old-fel, let's have the X. You know what the Bible says? Help one another."

His friend, with a sad, sweet smile—"Oh, yes, I know, but, I say, you know, you're always the 'another,' you are."

Governess (desirous of explaining the word "enough").—"Now suppose, Freddy, that you give pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweet cake she cares for, what will she have?" Freddy (with surprising alacrity).—"Kittens."

About all the satisfaction a rich man derives at struggle for wealth, is the thought that he will be a tombstone placed over his grave, at a time when with his name marked in chalk on it, would satisfy

THE MYSTERY.

Translated for the Argonaut from the French.

Nathalie de Hauteville was twenty-two years old, and she had been a widow for three years. She was one of the prettiest women in Paris. Her large, dark eyes shown with remarkable brilliancy, and she united the sparkling vivacity of an Italian and the depth of feeling of a Spaniard to the grace which always distinguishes a Parisian born and bred.

Married at eighteen to a man three times her own age, Nathalie thought only of the delight of having so many new dresses, of carrying a bouquet of orange flowers, and of hearing herself called "Madame." Monsier de Hauteville was rich. He loaded his young bride with handsome presents. But, alas! scarcely a year had elapsed when he was carried off by a short illness, and Nathalie was a widow.

Considering herself too young to live entirely without protection, Nathalie invited an uncle, M. d'Ablaincourt, to come and live with her. He was an old bachelor, had never loved anything in the world but himself, was an egotist, too lazy to do any one an ill turn, but at the same time too selfish to do any one a kindness unless it would tend directly to his own advantage. He accompanied his niece when she mixed in the gay world, but when he felt inclined to stay at home he would say to her:

"My dear Nathalie, I am afraid you will not be amused this evening. They will only play cards—besides I do not think any of your friends will be there; but of course I am ready to take you if you wish to go; you know I have no wish but to please you."

And Nathalie, who had great confidence in her uncle, was easily persuaded to stay at home, and would reply, "I believe you are right."

In the same manner M. d'Ablaincourt, who was a great gourmand, would say to his niece: "My dear, you know that I care nothing for eating, and am satisfied with the simplest fare, but I must tell you that your cook puts too much salt in everything; it is very unwholesome! And the dishes are never well arranged on your table. The other day we had six people to dinner, and the spinach was very badly dressed. What will people say of your house-keeping when they perceive such things?"

"You are right, uncle; I wish you would be so good as to look out for a good cook for me. I am very much obliged to you for reminding me of these little things which escape my notice."

The cook who dressed the spinach was sent away, and replaced by another who knew how to prepare many of the old gentleman's favorite dishes.

Nathalie was a coquette. Accustomed to charm, she listened with smiles to the numerous protestations of admiration she received, but sent all who aspired to her hand to her uncle, saying:

"Before I give you any hope I must know uncle's opinion."

It is probable she would have answered differently if she had ever felt a real preference for any one; but heretofore she preferred her liberty, and M. d'Ablaincourt being now master in his niece's house was for his part anxious for her to remain as she was. A nephew might be less submissive than Nathalie, therefore he never failed to discover some decided faults in each of those who sought an alliance with the pretty widow.

Besides his egotism and his epicurism, the dear uncle had another weakness: it was a passion for backgammon; but he was often annoyed at the difficulty of finding anyone to play with. If by accident any of their visitors understood it, there was no escape from a long siege with the old gentleman, but most people preferred cards.

Things were at this crisis when one evening, at a ball, Nathalie was introduced to a M. d'Apremont, a captain in the navy. She raised her eyes, expecting to see a great sailor with a wooden leg and a bandage over one eye, when, to her surprise, she beheld a man of about thirty, tall and finely formed, with two legs and two arms. Armand d'Apremont had entered the navy at an early age, and, although still young, had arrived at the dignity of a captain. He had amassed a fortune in addition to his patrimonial estates, and had now come home to rest after his labors. As yet, he was a single man, and, moreover, had always laughed at love. But when he saw Nathalie, for once his ire was aroused.

"Who is that pretty woman who dances so well?" he inquired.

"That is Madame de Hauteville. Is she not handsome?"

"Oh, yes, she is—appears—perfect."

"Yes, and the graces of her mind equal those of her person. Ask her to dance the next set, and you will find that I am right."

"Ah! but I do not dance;" and for the first time in his life he regretted he had never learned to dance. But he kept his eyes constantly fixed on the lady. Nathalie perceived this, although she pretended to take no notice of him.

"What fun it would be," thought she, "to make that man, whom they say scarce ever speaks to a lady, fall in love with me."

But a few weeks passed when his attentions to the young widow became a subject of general remark, and several of his friends said to d'Apremont:

"Take care. Madame de Hauteville is a coquette. She will amuse herself for a while and then cast you off."

At last the report of Nathalie's new conquest reached the ears of her uncle, and one evening when she mentioned to him that she expected the Captain to spend the evening with her, the old man grew almost angry, and exclaimed, rather hastily:

"Nathalie, you act entirely without consulting me. I have heard the Captain is very rude and unpolished in his manners. To be sure I have only seen him standing behind your chair, but he has never even asked after my health. Of course I only speak for your interest, as you are so thoughtless."

This amiable niece immediately begged his pardon for her inconsiderateness in acting on her own responsibility, and even offered not to receive the Captain's visit if he so desired it; but this he wisely forbore to require, secretly resolving, however, not to allow his visits to become too frequent. But how frail are all human resolutions—overtured by the merest trifles. In this case the game of backgammon was the unconscious cause of Nathalie becoming Madame d'Apremont.

The Captain was an excellent hand at backgammon. When M. d'Ablaincourt heard this he proposed a game, and,

understanding how important it was to gain the uncle's favor, he readily acceded. This did not please Nathalie, as she preferred he should be occupied with herself. So, when the guests had dispersed, she turned to her uncle, saying:

"You were right, dear uncle, after all. I do not admire the Captain's manners, and see now that I should not have invited him."

"On the contrary, niece, I find he is a very well-behaved man. I have invited him to come here very often and play backgammon with me—that is, I mean, to pay his addresses to you."

An idea dawned upon her mind. She saw that he had found the way to her uncle's heart, and she forgave him for being less attentive to herself. He soon came again, and often, and, thanks to backgammon, increased in favor with the uncle while he was captivating the heart of the pretty widow also. One morning Nathalie came to the old gentleman and blushing said:

"The Captain has asked me to marry him. What would you advise me to do?"

He reflected for a few moments. "If she refuses him, d'Apremont will come here no longer, and then no more backgammon; but, if she marries him, he will be here always and I shall have my game," and the answer was:

"You had better marry him."

Nathalie really loved Armand, but she had no mind to yield too easily. She sent for the Captain.

"If you really love me—"

"Ah! can you doubt it?"

"Hush! do not interrupt me. If you really love me you will give me one proof of it."

"Anything you ask. I swear—"

"No, you must never swear any more; and one thing besides, you must never smoke. I detest the smell of tobacco, and I will not have a husband who smokes."

Armand sighed, sighed deeply; but he answered: "I will submit to anything you require. I will smoke no longer."

The wedding was soon celebrated. When they appeared in the gay world afterward, the surprise was great that the coquette had really married the sailor. The first months of their marriage passed very smoothly, though the Captain was at times thoughtful, restless, and grave. For a while Nathalie scarcely noticed it, but as time passed on these fits of depression became more frequent. One day, to her surprise, she saw him stamp with impatience.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Why are you so irritable?"

"Nothing; nothing at all," he replied, as if ashamed of his ill-humor.

"Several times I have seen you appear out of humor without cause. Tell me if I have displeased you in anything."

Armand assured her in the most ardent manner that he had no cause to be anything but delighted with her manner on all occasions; and for a time no signs of impatience escaped him, but soon the moody spirit returned. Nathalie was distressed beyond measure, and imparted her anxiety to her uncle, who replied:

"Yes, my dear, I understand what you mean. I have often remarked it myself at backgammon; he is very inattentive, and often passes his hand over his forehead, and starts up as if something agitated him."

"My dear uncle, what can be the matter? I wish he would confide in me!"

"There are some things a man can not confide even to his wife."

"Not even to his wife! My husband must conceal nothing from me. I can not be happy otherwise."

M. d'Ablaincourt promised to endeavor to discover the mystery, but contented himself by playing backgammon every day.

Summer now came, and they all left Paris for a pretty country seat belonging to the Captain in the neighborhood of Fontainebleau. There affairs assumed a new phase. D'Apremont seemed very happy in the society of his wife, and always anxious to please her, but he left her every afternoon for about two hours, and upon his return appeared unusually gay and lively.

Nathalie was not satisfied. She said to herself: "My husband is certainly happier than he used to be in Paris, but where can he go every day in that mysterious way, all alone and without ever mentioning upon his return where he has been? I can never be happy until I fathom this to the bottom."

Sometimes she thought of following him when he left the house, which he regularly did at the same hour, sometimes even when the house was filled with company, but then she must place the servants in her confidence, and to do this, and act the spy upon the husband who was so kind and devoted to her—no, she could not do such a thing!

One day a young man, who was a visitor at the house, said, laughingly, to d'Apremont, "My fine fellow, what in the world were you doing yesterday, disguised as a peasant, at the window of a cottage about a quarter of a mile from here? If I had not been in haste I should have stopped my horse to inquire if you had turned shepherd."

"My husband disguised as a shepherd!" exclaimed Nathalie, in astonishment.

"Edgar is mistaken; it could not have been me that he saw," replied Armand, turning away in evident embarrassment.

"How was the man you saw dressed? Where is the cottage?" asked Nathalie, hurriedly.

"Oh, madame, I do not know exactly. I am not well enough acquainted with this part of the country, but the man wore a blue blouse. Why I should have taken him for the Captain I cannot imagine as we are not yet in the carnival" was the rather unsatisfactory reply from the young man, who felt he had committed a *faux pas* somehow.

Madame d'Apremont said no more, but she was fully persuaded the person mentioned was her husband. But why disguise himself? He must be engaged in some very dreadful affair; and Nathalie shed tears as she thought, "Oh, how unfortunate I am to have married a man who is so mysterious!" She now became very anxious to return to Paris, and her husband, always attentive to her wishes, made no objection. But once in town his old moods of impatience and irritability returned, and one day he said to her:

"My dearest, I think I must have my afternoon walks again as I used to take in the country. An old sailor like myself can not sit all the evening after dinner."

"Yes, sir, I see how it is—gr."

"Nevertheless, if you have any objection—"

"Oh, no, what objection could I have?"

He went out, and continued to do so day after day, at the same hour, just as he had done in the country, and as before he regained his amiability.

"He loves some other woman," thought Nathalie, "and he must see her every day. Oh, how wretched I am! But I will let him know that his perfidy is discovered—no, I will wait until I have some certain proof wherewith to confront him." Then she went to her uncle, saying: "Ah, I am the most unhappy creature in the world!"

"What is the matter?" cried the old man, leaning back in his arm-chair.

"Armand leaves the house every evening after dinner, and comes back in high spirits and as anxious to please me as on the day of our marriage. Oh, uncle, I can not bear it any longer. If you do not assist me to discover where he goes, I will separate myself from him."

"But, my dear niece—"

"But, my dear uncle, you who are so good and obliging, grant me this one favor. I am sure there is some woman in the secret."

M. d'Ablaincourt wished to prevent a rupture between his niece and her husband which would interfere with the pleasant life he led at their house; so he promised, and pretended to follow Armand, but soon came back, saying he had lost sight of him.

"But in what direction does he go?"

"Sometimes one way and sometimes another, but always alone; so your suspicions are unfounded. Be assured he only walks for exercise."

But Nathalie was not to be duped in that way. She sent for a little errand-boy of whose intelligence she had heard, and said to him:

"M. d'Ablaincourt walks out every evening."

"Yes, madame."

"To-morrow you will follow him, observe where he goes, and come and tell me privately. Do you understand?"

"Yes, madame."

She then waited impatiently for the next day, and for the hour of her husband's departure. At last the time came; the pursuit is going on. Nathalie counted the moments. After three-quarters of an hour the messenger arrived, covered with dust.

"Well," she exclaimed, "speak, tell me everything you have seen."

"Madame, I followed M. d'Apremont at a distance as far as the Marias in the Rue Vieille du Temple, where he entered a small house in an alley. There was no servant to let him in."

"An alley? No servant? Dreadful!"

"I went in directly after him, and heard him go up stairs and unlock a door with a key he held in his hand."

"Open the door himself without knocking? Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, madame."

"The wretch! So he has a key. But go on."

"When the door shut after him, I stole softly up stairs and peeped through the key-hole."

"Well? You shall have twenty francs more."

"I peeped through the key-hole and saw him drag a great box along the floor—"

"A box?"

"—Then he undressed himself, and—"

"Undressed himself?"

"—Then for moment or so I could not see him, but directly he appeared again in a sort of gray blouse, and a cap on his head."

"A blouse still! What in the world can he do with so many blouses! Well, what next?"

"I came away then, madame, and made haste to tell it to you. But he is there still."

"Well, now, run to the corner and get me a hack, and direct the hackman to the house where you have been."

Whilst he was gone for the hack Nathalie hurried on her hat and cloak, and ran to her uncle's room, saying:

"I have found him out. He is at his mistress' house now, in a gray blouse. He had a blue one in the country. But I will go and confound him, and you will see me no more."

The old man had no time to reply before she was gone with her messenger in the hack.

They stopped at last. "There is the house," said the boy. The lady got out, pale and trembling.

"Shall I go up stairs with you, madame?" he asked.

"No; I will go alone. The third story, is it not?"

"Yes, madame. The left door at the head of the stairs."

Nathalie mounted the dark, narrow stairs, and arrived at the door almost fainting. "Open the door," she cried, "or I shall die!"

The door was opened, and Madame d'Apremont was received in her husband's arms, who was alone in the room, and in a gray blouse, and smoking a Turkish pipe. "My wife!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, sir, your wife, who suspecting your perfidy, has followed you to discover the cause of your mysterious conduct."

"How, Nathalie, my mysterious conduct? Ah-h! I see! Look, here is the cause," he said, showing his pipe.

"Before our marriage you forbade me to smoke, and, anxious to please you, I promised not to do so. For some months I kept the promise, but you can not know what it cost me. You will remember how irritable and sad I became. It was my pipe, my beloved pipe, I was regretting. One day while in the country I came across a little cottage where a peasant was smoking. I asked him to lend me a cap and blouse, for I should like to smoke with him, but it was necessary to conceal the smell of the smoke, as it was odious to you. It was settled between us, and I repaired thither every afternoon to indulge in my favorite occupation, and with these precautions deceived you. After we returned to Paris I hired this little room at a distance from home, and here I kept this box in which I always put my coat before I get out my pipe so that no odor may offend you. This is all the mystery."

C. E. S.

RICHMOND, IND., May, 1879.

A Nevada tramp applied to a doctor for some work, and the doctor asked him what he could do. "Well," said he, "I could dig graves."

ARCHERY NOTES.

There is no doubt now but that archery will attain to as much, if not greater, popularity in California than it has in the Eastern States. The enthusiastic reception which the ladies have given this fascinating sport is a reliable indication of its permanent success. During this week no less than thirty archers are known to have joined the ranks, and the army of the great unrecognized will treble that number. The "dark horses" in archery are very numerous. There are lots of males and females who have gone along quietly, practicing at thirty and forty-yard targets in their back premises until they have achieved a degree of skill which makes them formidable antagonists on the field.

Talking about "dark horses" suggests the name of Miss H. T., a young lady who religiously devotes an hour every day to shooting at the twenty-yard range, whose bow is of the neatest trim, string looped up with green ribbon, and whose quiver is ornamented with surpassing taste and skill. She is a San Francisco toxophilite, and, as the legend goes, intends to confine herself to solitary practice until she feels confident of her ability to vanquish all comers.

The American bowyers are going to push their English cousins pretty close for the trade on this continent. Their first attempts were crude and unsatisfactory, it is true, but that they have now learned the art of making good bows is evinced by the opinion of Mr. Will Thompson, of Indiana, who is probably the champion shot of the United States. He gives his experience of a number of American-made bows in a lengthy article in *Forest and Stream*, the sum and substance of which is, that the American manufacturers are going to turn out the finest bows in the world. But the bows of which Mr. Thompson speaks range in price all the way from \$20 to \$75, and it seems that a man ought to get a pretty good bit of elastic wood for that figure. Not content with giving us a severe turn at the quotation of those prices, Mr. Thompson coolly assures us that of course the imported Spanish and Italian yew bows can be had at from \$200 to \$250, which, although it seems a high price, assures the purchaser of the possession of a weapon the very perfection of the bowyer's art. Think of that, ye archers who growl at paying \$6 and \$7 for bows which only cost \$2 50 in England, and then dream of owning an Italian yew.

Although Mr. Will Thompson is enthusiastic in his praise, first of one bowyer, then of another, he is withal a magnificent archer. Not long ago he planted three successive arrows in a circle ten inches in diameter, at one hundred yards. This is a pretty fair example for those fellows who scorn to loose an arrow at any mark under sixty yards.

The grand national archery tournament which comes off in Chicago in August is going to be something worth seeing, for all the crack shots of the country will pull a string at that gathering. Nor is it a settled thing that the Thompsons, Will or Maurice, will carry off the leading prizes. There may be, and undoubtedly are, many "dark horses" who, with the assistance of a little luck, may push those fine shots to prove their mettle. One of the prizes is offered by an American bowyer. It consists of a beautiful silver-mounted case—value of about \$135—containing six of the best bows that the manufacturer can produce.

One of the most enjoyable pastimes connected with this sport is roving archery, or shooting at rovers, as some choose to call it. A party of archers sally forth to the fields, one chooses a mark, all shoot in turn, and the nearest scores one, and has, moreover, the privilege of selecting the next mark, and so on until ten, fifteen, or twenty points are scored, whatever the game has been set at. But this involves the loss of sundry arrows, and when an archer pays \$9 or \$7 per dozen for the same, accidents of this sort are apt to disturb his enjoyment of the game. To avoid this, he has to take the home-made arrow; and I have found in Oakland a man who makes an excellent shaft of seasoned pine, straight, tough, and well finished. Mr. Wight has furnished a number of archers with shafts for roving archery, and indeed for target practice for that matter; but they must feather them themselves, an art which is very easily acquired. His address is Valley and Twenty-fourth Streets, Oakland; and, being himself an archer, he understands precisely what a good arrow should be.

Those purchasing new bows, and reading in works on archery, published Great Britain, of how bows should be cared for, must remember that those writers speak of a moist climate. The wood we receive here has been seasoned in England, and the archer who wishes to preserve his bow for any time should not be sparing of linseed oil before putting it away after the day's shooting is over. Here is a case in point. A gentleman bought a few days ago a lancewood bow. The first time he pulled an arrow to the head, he shattered it, so dry and parched was the wood. He bought another bow at the same store, rubbed the varnish off with sandpaper, oiled the bow for several days before using it, and he has now a piece of wood that won't crack if he attempts to tie it into a double knot. I will conclude this paper with some useful hints to beginners in regard to the rudiments of the bow, which may prove convenient to those who have no experienced archer to give them a first lesson.

Place the target at a distance of say ten yards, and brace your bow. Put the arrow-nock on the string at the place marked for it, with the cock feather to the left. This is done with your right hand, the left holding the bow in a nearly horizontal position. Now, with the nock thus on the string, hook the tips of the first, second, and third finger under the string, taking the arrow between the first and second. Now extend the bow toward the target, draw the arrow to the head, bringing the hand as high and to the ear; look straight and hard toward the centre of the target, but do not even glance at your arrow; blindly direct your arrow by your sense of feeling; there is no such thing as taking aim with an arrow, and he is a bungling archer who attempts it; shoot from the first by your sense of direction and elevation. Study your bow and the flight of your arrows; notice the defects of your shooting, and consider how to mend them. If you shoot continually on one side of the centre, note if your string is straight on the bow, and see if you don't twist your bow with the left hand just at the point of losing the arrow with the right. It is a common mistake with beginners to place the target at the start too far distant. Eight or ten yards is sufficient, and move it back when you begin to get all the arrows in the gold. QUIVER.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Vision of Life.

Death and I,
On a hill so high,
Stood side by side;
And we saw below,
Running to and fro,
All things that be in the world so wide.

Ten thousand cries
From the gulf did rise,
With a wild discordant sound;
Laughter and wailing,
Prayer and railing,
As the ball spun round and round.

And over all
Hung a floating pall
Of dark and gory veils;
'Tis the blood of years,
And the sighs and tears,
Which the noisome marsh exhales.

All this did seem
Like a fearful dream,
Till Death cried with a joyful cry:
"Look down! look down!
It is all mine own,
Here comes life's pageant by!"

Like to a masque in ancient revelries,
With mingling sound of thousand harmonies,
Soft lute and viol, trumpet-blast and gong,
They came along, and still they came along!
Thousands, and tens of thousands, all that e'er
Peopled the earth, or plowed th' unfathomed deep,
All that now breathe the universal air,
And all that in the womb of Time yet sleep.

Before this mighty host a woman came,
With hurried feet and oft-averted head;
With accursed light
Her eyes were bright,
And with inviting hand them on she beckoned.
Her followed close, with wild acclaim,
Her servants three: Lust, with his eyes of fire,
And burning lips, that tremble with desire,
Pale sunken cheek; and as he staggered by
The trumpet-blast was hushed, and there arose
A melting strain of such soft melody
As breathed into the soul love's ecstasies and woes.

Loudly again the trumpet smote the air,
The double drum did roll, and to the sky
Bayed War's blood-hounds, the deep artillery;
And Glory,
With feet all gory,
And dazzling eyes, rushed by,
Waving a flashing sword and laurel wreath—
The pang and the inheritance of Death.

He pass'd like lightning—then ceased every sound
Of war triumphant, and of love's sweet song,
And all was silent. Creeping slow along,
With eager eyes, that wandered round and round,
Wild, haggard mein, and meagre, wasted frame,
Bowed to the earth, pale, starving, Av'rice came:
Clutching with palsied hands his golden god,
And tottering in the path the others trod.

These, one by one,
Came, and were gone;
And after them followed the ceaseless stream
Of worshipers, who with mad shout and scream,
Unhallow'd toil, and more unhallow'd mirth,
Follow their mistress, Pleasure, through the earth.
Death's eyeless sockets glared at them all,
And many in the train were seen to fall,
Livid and cold, beneath his empty gaze;
But not for this was stayed the mighty throng,
Nor ceased the warlike clang or wanton lays,
But still they rushed—along—along—along!

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER.

The Butterfly's Funeral.

Oh, ye, who so lately were blythe and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away,
Your feasts and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly, 's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance;
For see his thin form o'er the favorite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend.

And hark! to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle, who follows as solemn as he;
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winned his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body and silently kissed her.

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And inclosed in a case which the Silkworm had spun;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarves came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glowworm soon frightened him back.

The Grub left his nutshell to join in the throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along,
Who wept his poor neighbor's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on her tomb:

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallowed the mound which her ashes had made.

And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning his friend, shall the Grasshopper sing.

W. ROSCOE.

Despondency.

The thoughts that rain their steady glow
Like stars on life's cold sea,
Which others know, or say they know—
They never shone for me.

Thoughts light, like gleams, my spirit's sky,
But they will not remain;
They light me once, they hurry by,
And never come again. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ABOUT WOMEN.

A Rockland female calls her husband mucilage, because he is such a stick.

Court-plaster covereth a multitude of (ladies' unscratched) chins.

One of the most interesting sights in life is that of a spirituelle young lady sharpening a lead pencil with a table knife.

Eve was the first and we reckon the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

Man may love his wife with the fervor of a clear-draft blast-furnace, yet he will not smile when she trumps over him at euchre.

Women were never cut out for professional base ball players. A woman can do most anything, but she can't slide in gracefully on the home base.

It is said that Kellogg dresses with Quaker-like simplicity. That's nothing. Pauline Markham nearly attains to the simplicity of the South Sea Islander.

A lady in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes pin under her pillow, and when his snoring begins she puts it on his bugle and then sleeps in peace.

A dear little thing remarked that the first time she was embraced she was so afraid that she was going to die, and was going right to heaven; but after a while she hoped she wasn't.

An Eastern exchange says: "Senator Booth, of California, who has withstood the wiles of woman's smiles for more than half a century, has been captured at last by a lively little widow of Washington."

And now Eve is accused of having married too early. We have frequently thought she took the first offer she received, but she was a young and giddy thing, and she knew she was not going to have any mother-in-law.

She placed the hat upon her head
And, glancing at the blue-jay wing,
She puckered up her lips and said:
"Tis just too sweet for anything."
And then she took it off—twas in a store.

The Boccaccio stocking is out in Vienna. The peculiarity of a pair of Boccaccio stockings is, that one is black and the other white. Pretty stockings and low shoes have become a too apparent fact as a part of young ladies' toilets.

A Fairhaven lass, with visions of a bridal trousseau before her eyes, has recently given the gentleman who is paying his addresses to her a gentle hint, by presenting to him a neatly worked card, upon which is inscribed, "I need thee every hour."

A Vassar College girl challenges any girl of any institution in the United States to chew gum with her. She offers to chew a hundred bits' worth of gum in one hundred consecutive quarter days. Gum to be clear of hair and not mixed with shoemaker's wax.

The sun is softly beaming
Upon the mignonette,
And on the snowy cottage.
We see the sign, "To Let,"
Upon the rippled lakelet
The gay Muscovies quack,
While Angelina Minnie
Doth wear upon her back
A porous plaster.

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I had vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, and then it didn't take long to arrange matters."

No fashionable bride of the period neglects to have her picture taken in her wedding robes, and—strange to say—in almost every case the photograph is made before the marriage takes place, notwithstanding the fact that there's many a slip between the church and the ceremony.

A woman may revel in silks and satins; she may make her beauty resplendent with diamonds and opals; she may attire herself in the most delicate colors, until she looks sweeter than the burst of dawn on paradise; but at the same time she will condescend to tie her hair up with the fag end of a shoe string.

There is a common belief among the vulgar as to the presence of a man in the moon. Whatever the disgraceful facts may be about the actual queen of night, there is one kind of luminary that must have a man in it, and that is the honeymoon. Any one who is in doubt on this point should confer with the proper authorities.

The little girl prayed, "God bless papa, and mamma, and Uncle John, and Aunt Jane, and sister, and brother, and baby, and everybody." But the little sister offered a criticism. She said: "If you'd said 'everybody' to begin with, you'd have got 'em all in and wouldn't have had to make so long a prayer." A clean cut hint to our gospel sharps.

Her eyes seemed like two violets;
Indeed she looked benign,
While holding in her snowy hand
A piece of cotton "twign."
She looked like a crimson rose
Which fragrant zephyrs kiss,
As she remarked, the morning glory
Can shortly now on this
"Hump" itself into beauty and perfection.

There was an elopement from Camden, and they came back to beg the pardon of the stern parents of the girl. The father was not in the least ruffled. He told Salie, that is the name of the young lady, that he was very glad indeed she was married, and that if she had asked his permission, he would have given it at once, and she would not have had to risk her neck by climbing out of a three-story window. He was somewhat surprised though that anybody should marry her, and he hoped now that she was married she would endeavor to curb her temper and reform her habits. The bridegroom listened to a part of this, but when it was finished he had disappeared. In fact, eloped again, this time by himself.

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The new Constitution was adopted by a decisive vote of the people of California. It was accepted after a very thorough analysis, and if demagogism has operated upon the minds of the ignorant, and prejudice has stirred the passions of the vicious, it is nevertheless in accordance with the theory of American government that the majority must rule and the minority must submit, so long as the acts of the majority are legal and the burden endurable. The sun will continue to shine, and the grass to grow, the seasons will follow in their courses, our mines will yield precious ores, our vines will pour forth their purple floods, and great ships with their bellying sails will seek our harbors for grain and wool. We are deeply solicitous lest the result of this election should work to our State an irreparable injury. That it will temporarily derange our industries and disturb our financial condition we do not doubt; but laws are flexible, and the common interest we all have in the welfare of the State and in questions of social order will enable an intelligent people to harmonize what now seems irreconcilable, and adjust what appears to be inharmonious. The most painful feature of this recent election has been the character of the men and the motives that have been called into prominence. It has been the first and only election within our personal experience where class prejudices have been invoked—where it seemed necessary to stir from the bottom all that was bad in the human heart in order to secure a class victory. The whole conflict has been one of strong personal feeling. It has been used to avenge personal wrongs. Every man in the State who has had a grievance against an individual or a corporation, who has gone through the bankrupt court, who has become the victim of bad habits, bad associates, or bad luck, who has had a quarrel with himself, or fate, or God, is out of office when he thinks he ought to have been in, or poor when he thinks he ought to be rich, has somehow thought to get even by listening to the outspoken discontent of the sand-lot.

And now comes a State administration to place this new machinery in motion, a new Legislature to breathe into it the spark of vital life, a Judiciary to interpret, and a Governor to execute its mandates. Already the order goes forth that those who passed the Constitution must administer the government under it. This means that Terry, Howard, Kearney, and the *Chronicle* must become the fountain-head of justice, law, and social order. This destroys all old party lines, and forms a new political organization to which the others must bend. To talk about a Republican party or a Democratic party in the face of such an organization as now confronts us is suicidal folly. This is no time for party leaders to crack their whips over the heads of their fellows, nor is it a time for intelligent men to wrangle over the non-essentials of politics. For intelligent men, who are property-owners, and who are engaged in business pursuits, to now divide upon questions of party would be impolitic and most unwise. This is one of those periods that sometimes occur to all governments when it is imperatively necessary that all lesser considerations be merged in the greater one of self-defence and self-preservation. When France was threatened by a foreign invasion party differences and personal jealousies were forgotten, and nowhere in the world had party feeling run so high as in Paris. When our Union was threatened, we ignored party estrangements at the North, and united in defense of the nation. This is not an armed invasion from abroad. It is not a warlike insurrection against civil authority, but it is a most dangerous departure when in a government controlled by majorities the ignorant and the propertyless are allowed to have the encouragement they have received in this conflict. We desire it by no means to be understood that men of intelligence and integrity, men who have property and who love social order, have not cast their votes for the new Constitution. There were many in it well calculated to attract the attention of those who are sincerely anxious to work needed reforms. There are those who see to correct in this community as elsewhere, there

are wrongs that demand to be righted, and there are oppressions that must be relaxed. Our wealthy men have not been justly mindful of their relations to the community in which they have lived, and from whom they have made their fortunes; they have not correctly administered the trust reposed in them; they have been cold, exacting, heartless, and unconscionable in their personal dealings, and they are, as a rule, guiltless of any sympathy with those among whom they live. Corporations have been greedy, tyrannical, and oppressive, swelling their gains with exactions that, if not illegal, are at least unconscionable. The average corporation is not only soulless, but is heartless and unprincipled.

It would be unwise for any intelligent person to close his eyes to the facts disclosed on Wednesday last. There was a great silent vote that indicates a discontent that had not better be allowed to pass unheeded. It is idle to say that only the ignorant, and the vicious, and the demagogue voted for the new Constitution; this would be an admission that the people of this class are in a majority in California, which is not true. It would be admitting too much; the people of this State are intelligent, thoughtful, earnest, honest people; they have been carried off their feet by circumstances. The farmer, usually the most staid, reliable, and sensible of all our classes, has, by a strange combination of events, been thrown into party alliance with the very worst, most dangerous, and most vicious of our alien population. The farmer has not grasped the situation nor intelligently acted. He has felt himself swindled by an unjust discrimination against him of the land tax, and he is in a measure right. Our taxes are not, and never have been, equally assessed. The working farmer, looking out from under the trees and from among the vines he has planted, and upon which he pays a tax proportioned to the labor he has placed upon his land, sees over the fence or hedge that marks his boundary an almost untaxed estate, kept uncultivated by some great land speculator, and he feels doubly injured—first that the discrimination is made against his industry, and, second that improvement is kept from his neighborhood because this greedy land monopolist will neither sell nor improve. This feeling is not mollified, nor are his resentments softened when he reflects that in a very large number of cases the estate has been fraudulently acquired. The relation of railroads to the farming population has been ungenerous, and the management as a rule has not only been impolitic but unjust. We read the other day that the Southern Michigan Railroad out of an earning of \$14,000,000 had made five and a half millions profit. We understand the Central Pacific makes nine millions of annual dividend. Not stopping here to question whether it is legal to place such a burden upon the productive energies of an industrious people, or to what extent the sovereign authority may exert itself to control the business relations of corporations with the communities with whom they do business, we may at least be permitted to hint that the community is entitled at least to courtesy and to fair treatment at the hands of railroad officials.

Let us illustrate by a personal incident. We gave to the North Pacific Coast Railroad a right of way through our farm in Marin County. Mark the fact, we gave the company a right to use the land for railroad purposes. When our tenant went within the lines to cut grass he was driven away with insolence and threats. The policy of that road is to litigate every claim for damage; every animal overrun by them and every damage done is an invitation to a lawsuit. The farmer has the alternative of submitting to a wrong or seeking an expensive remedy. Mining stocks are so handled by our leading operators that dealers are confirmed in the opinion that to the casualties and chances of mining they have the added dangers of fraudulent manipulation. While this contest was pending, Mr. Lloyd Tevis made a combination to advance the price of ice from one cent per pound to two and a half. It costs \$5 to manufacture a ton of ice which sells for \$50. Now, it would not be surprising if, when a gentleman takes his glass of ice-water or his iced punch, that he should silently toast Mr. Tevis to that future where the manufacture of ice is altogether impossible, and he might perhaps be justifiable in wishing himself a monopolist of the commodity upon the other side of the great gulf. To vote for the new Constitution for such reasons is illogical and unreasonable, but it is not perhaps so unnatural.

The new Constitution promises to punish corporations; it promises to equalize taxation. It was craftily prepared to catch votes, and it has succeeded. It will disappoint those honest-minded idiots who anticipated the coming of the millennium upon its adoption, and will, we believe, disappoint those who think that any very serious or permanent evils are likely to result from it. The whole thing was utterly illogical; there was no sense in it from beginning to end. It began with one class of demagogues and ended with another. It illustrates that we are not impressed with the importance, and do not properly value the privileges, of republican government. Like health, pure water, and fresh air, we are too accustomed to them, and do not appreciate their value till we are deprived of them. Our old Constitution was a good one. It defined and limited the principles that underlie a government like ours. It was modeled after that of older

States. It was well enough. It may have, and doubtless did require some amendments, and the instrument provided a rational manner of making these amendments. But the Democracy, flushed with power, having both branches of the State Legislature and the Executive, lusting after a convention, in which every Democratic Senator and Legislator hoped to spend his summer, and to acquire an office out of the new thing he should create, without thought or reflection determined to hold a Constitutional Convention. Governor Irwin, Lieutenant-Governor Johnson, Senator McCoppin, and indeed, the whole staff of party leaders, some for one reason, some for another—none of which were statesmanlike or honorable—pushed the thing through in the very shadow of the storm they saw brewing. The sand-lot mob was then muttering its threats against society; times were hard; people discontented; corporations exacting; wealth was insolent; a dry winter had been followed by a pinching summer; labor was scarce, wages low, and every man of sense in the State saw with great distinctness that it was no time to ordain an organic law. But ignorant, selfish, blatant Democratic demagogues thought they saw an opportunity for earning ten dollars a day by a summer sweat at Sacramento, and saw in the distance the possibility of another and a better office. The average Democrat will willingly live in the Penitentiary, and do hard labor all his life, if you can convince him that he is in office. Once in the early days there was an *emancipator* in San Quentin, in which General Jim Estell made a speech to the convicts, and threatened to turn every d—n man of them out if they did not behave themselves. Order was at once reestablished, for there is always a Democratic majority among prison convicts.

After the convention was called another class of Democratic demagogues came to the surface, and the tramps and vagabonds of the sand-lot, in association with the more honest but not more intelligent granger, came to the top, and the result was the bungle of conundrums called the new Constitution—a code of laws in every part of which the demagogue, the criminal, and the idiot disclosed his handiwork. Then came the election, and still another class of demagogues and disorganizers came to the surface. Governor Johnson, Frank McCoppin, Senator Evans, and all the other peanut statesmen dodged the issue, or, like Governor Irwin, endeavored to correct the error of the original call by opposing it. Then came forth all the played out old fossils of both parties. Kearney and Wellock gave way to Terry and Howard; dead men formed the processions; ghosts came out upon the platforms; the damned were resurrected; at the trumpet of the archangel of the Constitution political sepulchres gave up their long buried and bad smelling corpses. Ex-Governor Downey and ex-Senator Cole walked forth. Samuel Soule and William A. Piper, emaciated spirits of a long forgotten past, came straggling out. O. C. Pratt and Nathaniel Bennett, like long buried toads, from the riven oak hopped blinking to the sun. John Lord Love, Tompkins, and other small deer came wriggling out like angleworms in a shower. Estee and Campbell, representing the remains of an early Republican formation, struck hands with Burch and Wozencraft, and such like of the old rebel guard. The native-born American farmer was cheek by jowl with the *sans culotte* of the sand hills. Hibernia, Teutonia, and Pike County arranged themselves in battle line under the leadership of a drayman, a barber, a coak, a corset-maker, half a dozen pettifogging lawyers, and a score of rebels, and good society held its nose while the ragged regiment went reeling and bowling in triumph by.

And now, in accordance with the rules of honorable political warfare, Denis Kearney is justly entitled to become the candidate of the new party for Governor; he has fairly earned it by his patriotic devotion to the cause and his unselfish personal sacrifices. He is a fair representative of the rank and file of the party, and great injustice will be done him and his associates if the old chivalry element is permitted to have the post of honor in the new organization. The slogan and rallying cry of the new party should be "Saint Denis and Ould Ireland." The Honorable David S. Terry should be accorded the second place. Without Denis there had been no Constitution—without Terry there had been no Constitution. The third position belongs to the *Chronicle*, for without the *Chronicle* there had been no Kearney; without Kearney no Terry; without both no new Constitution. We would accord to the Honorable David the position he vacated in order to kill Senator Broderick, and would make him Chief Justice. To Volney E. Howard we would also give position upon the Supreme Bench. We would make John Lord Love Attorney-General; Estee should have the pound, and Bob Ferral should be retained as special counsel to prosecute all dogs found estray. Bonnet should be assigned to curl O. C. Pratt's hair; Clitus should have some secondary position. Freud, Vaquerel, Beerstecher, Piper, Senator Cole, ex-Governor Downey, Samuel Soule, and the others who have kindly allowed themselves to be tied to the tail of Kearney's kite for the *Chronicle* to fly, we would give some very small place—something corresponding with their respective abilities and claims. We shall be curious to see the outcome of this new party combination. We prophesy that it will not long continue a happy family.

It is not so much the new Constitution—that we can stand; it is the devilish residuum of ignorance and crime that has been stirred from the bottom, and now comes to the surface of society to exhibit its arrogance and insolence; it is the whisky-drinking and the beer-guzzling that taints the political atmosphere with its foul and stinking breath. It has been a conflict in which ignorance and vagabondism has striven for mastery. It has brought to the surface all that was bad and dangerous in our community. The discussion on the part of the order-loving has been an appeal to the better sense of the people, and reason and intelligence have not prevailed. It brings us face to face with agrarianism. It shakes our confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the American people, and makes us doubt the permanency of republican government. It convinces us that the United States has committed a great error in inviting to our country so much of foreign ignorance and vice. It suggests to us the necessity of revolutionizing our laws of naturalization, and is suggestive of the formation of a native American party that shall invite to its affiliation only the intelligent and respectable of the foreign-born. However, forewarned, forearmed, and we will be prepared to deal with this element in the future. We must disfranchise the ignorant and the vicious. The absurdity of allowing the man who can not read, or the vicious rascal who hopes to eat his bread in idleness, to form our organic law and to have equal voice with the man of property and intelligence is apparent. The mob thinks it has gained the ascendancy, and will probably never be convinced that it does not dominate society until it endeavors to make its agrarianism a practical success. There is a large class of idiots who indulge themselves in the luxury of thinking they would like to have a little brush with decent people in the way of a riot. We sincerely hope they will not start any commotion in this direction, for riots are dreadful unpleasant incidents in the end to a mob.

And now what becomes of the Democracy—that grand old party with all its splendid traditions? It seems to us as though it is in a bad way. After going to pieces as a national organization—splitting upon the rock of slavery, foundering in the sea of civil war—its wreck had begun to come ashore in fragments, and it was hoped that it could have been so reconstructed as to have attempted another Presidential trip. Indeed, it was patched up, and put together, and fastened, and copped, and strengthened, and painted, and furnished with new masts and new sails, till it begun to look like the old thing. It had secured men for the quarter deck and after deck—volunteers from the rebel army. It had the Senate and the House, and it was just looking for a captain preparatory to taking a crew on board for the voyage. And now comes this insurrection—chivalry and Ireland strike hands away off here in California, and there is danger that no portion of the crew of the great Democratic ship will be allowed to enlist for the Presidential voyage from California. This is important, when it is considered possible that upon the electoral vote of California depends the Presidential election. The *Chronicle* announces its determination to keep up the present movement till a State administration is chosen to inaugurate and operate the new law. This is logical and consistent. The new party is the majority. It will naturally cohere for the purpose of electing a State administration in harmony with the new Constitution. There can be but one party in opposition to the "Kearney party," or perhaps we should say the "*Chronicle* party," for to the *Chronicle* alone is this Kearney attributable. It will rally all to the support of the new organization. Whether it can keep its forces in hand for another conflict time will determine. The Honorable David S. Terry is a strong man, and of strong influence with all Southern men who are not yet prepared to allow the gulf of civil discord to be closed, and can, we think, be relied upon to keep the Pike County farmer and the "Arkansas traveler" in line of battle for another fight. Kearney will be sure to retain a strong following of blatherskites of his own nationality, and, unless the party shall meet with unexpected antagonisms in its nominating convention, it will present a bold front. New parties are zealous, and are apt to be both united and harmonious. The Democracy is utterly demoralized and destroyed as a party. It has lost some leaders and nearly all its rank and file. It is not an exaggeration to say that nearly the whole party has deserted and occupies a resolute attitude against coming back.

The Republican party is intact in its organization; neither dismayed nor demoralized; but it is in a hopeless minority. There are enough Democrats left out in the cold to give it victory, if their cooperation can be secured. The best part of the Democracy, the most intelligent part of the German and Irish people, and all those gentlemen of foreign birth who have property to preserve, are now placed in such a position as that they can, by proper exertion and judicious management, be brought into harmonious cooperation with the Republicans. But it must borne in mind that a Presidential election comes next year, and it is doubtful whether Democratic party leaders will consent to abandon their party organization. If they can become the allies of Republicans against a common enemy, and in such a way as will not compromise their party standing, a victory can be organized.

We reserve to ourselves the privilege of keeping our mind upon the proposition how best to organize for the next gubernatorial election for another week, that we may have time to consider what is best to be done under the peculiar circumstances of our present condition. It is apparent that a few Republican ward politicians, in the interest of men plotting for office, must not be permitted to forestall the action of men who are entitled to lead in party matters; and it must not be forgotten that there is a very large and very respectable number of Democratic voters who are willing now to cooperate with Republicans, if they can do it on honorable terms; and without that alliance the Republican party is in a hopeless minority. This is a time for the exercise of sound judgment by cool and unselfish men.

This Constitutional election has definitely disposed of the Chinese question. It has put a quietus upon its agitation that will not soon be removed. Men of influence, and gentlemen who have given very earnest attention to the business, and have endeavored to arrest Chinese immigration, are so utterly disgusted with the conduct of workingmen that they will let them work out the solution of the problem in their own way. The farming population is in favor of Chinese immigration, and will not become allies of the city workingmen nor aid them to oppose it. If it comes down to a conflict between Asiatic and European foreigners—one with ballots and the other without; if Americans are to have as enemies the ignorant Europeans, and are to be outvoted by them at the ballot-box, then the foreigner must expect and will get but little sympathy. It will take years to reinstate the Chinese question where it was before the laborer arrayed himself against capitalists. Hundreds of men are now saying that as between the Irish, German, foreign, ignorant voter and the Chinese non-voting population they prefer the Chinese. Hundreds are now saying that the Chinese are less dangerous and more desirable than any other class of foreign labor, who, before the election, were earnestly opposed to Chinese immigration. It will be very strange indeed if the workingmen and women of San Francisco do not find they have made a serious mistake in following the demagogues of the sand-lot and the *Chronicle* into an opposition to the interests of their best friends.

We hear inquiries from all sides as to where the money came from used by the *Chronicle*. It is our opinion that the Messrs. De Young furnished it themselves from their own resources. It was their opportunity to make a bold dash for journalistic supremacy and party power. They had the sagacity to see that in this conflict of classes was their opportunity to ride a winning horse. We do not accord to the *Chronicle* any controlling or directing influence of results; those cities and leading towns where the circulation of the *Chronicle* was largest did not bring majorities. The farmers took the bit in their teeth, and ran without spur or guidance. Kearney is the only real leader the contest has brought forth. The *Chronicle*, Terry, Howard, and other men of desperate political fortunes saw the coming wave and had the prudence to mount it. We do not agitate ourselves overmuch as to this result. The sober second thought of the people will give a different complexion to affairs, and in a short time the business industries and finance of the country will settle down to legitimate and healthful channels.

Those who are ignorant of party management and unfamiliar with the details of conducting political contests can not readily appreciate the difficulties that surround an election conflict like that we have just passed through. The Great Register of our city contains the names of 47,823 voters, and the election discloses the apparent fact that several thousand abstained from voting. Yet this is not true. The gentlemen to whom the management of election was confided ascertained that nearly seven thousand names upon the register were those of dead men, absentees, and others who would not be present at election day. It was also ascertained that there was a conspiracy on the part of the new Constitution people, fully perfected in all its details, to vote these names. This was detected, exposed, and defeated. Difficulties presented themselves upon every side. There was no party machinery to put in motion; personal difficulties had to be arranged among jealous party leaders; indifferent men had to be driven to the Register's office; information had to be distributed throughout the country; prejudice, ignorance, passion, and jealous discontent had to be met and combated. As it was necessary to disburse money for certain legitimate purposes connected with the election, the *Chronicle* purposely caused the impression to go abroad that there was a vast corruption fund for the purchase of votes. Such a rumor stirred the cupidity of the class that was naturally for the new Constitution, and when it found there was no such fund it emphasized their antagonism to the old law, because fortunes acquired under it would not be used to bribe them. Messrs. Stow, Coleman, Low, and other gentlemen found upon their hands the most important election that our people have been called upon to contest. They were embarrassed at every step of their advance by meeting new and unexpected obstacles. And although the election has gone against us, we are not disposed to underrate the difficulties of the conflict nor question the prudence, wisdom, and hon-

est purpose of the managers. The money expended in analyzing this Constitution is not wasted; the seed sown in this discussion will bring forth good fruit at the gubernatorial election. Every intelligent man of honest purpose will be impressed with the necessity of securing in the September election an intelligent and patriotic Legislature, an honest and learned judiciary, and a firm executive. With such a Legislature, Court, and Governor, this new Constitution will be placed in operation under favorable circumstances; what is good in it will be utilized and preserved, and what is bad may be amended.

There is no truth in the rumor of a movement to test by judicial decision in the Federal courts the legality of the new Constitution. No such movement is contemplated. It would not be possible if contemplated, and ought not to be attempted if possible. The new Constitution has been adopted by a majority of the people fairly, and in accordance with law. Any attempt to defeat the expression of popular will by technical evasions would be unwise and unjust.

Mayor Bryant was, in our judgment, clearly wrong in endeavoring to strike the name of Stewart Menzies from among the election officers. When a man kills another in a duel or by a premeditated murder, he ought to be forever disfranchised from holding office; but this disability is only worked out by a judicial finding of the crime. So Menzies may have killed his friend, and Terry may have stepped down from the bench to kill a Senator of the United States, while neither are disabled from political position by reason of the duel unless tried and convicted for the murder. We can understand and excuse Mayor Bryant's petulance if it is true that Mr. Stewart Menzies, smarting under party blows, is mean, ungenerous, and cowardly enough to carry a personal resentment into the Grand Jury room—if, as his Honor the Mayor states, he has suppressed testimony and lied about him. Believing, as we do, that A. J. Bryant is a truthful, honest, and honorable gentleman, against whose official record there is neither the stain of crime, incompetency, nor carelessness; knowing the difficult rôle he has been called upon to perform in this time of popular commotion and almost universal official corruption; and having faith in him notwithstanding all the assaults made upon him by politicians; and recognizing how almost impossible it is for an honest man to bring an honest name out of a four-years' public service, he has our sympathy, he has our confidence, and he has us for a friend to vindicate him against his personal and political enemies. We have a qualified respect for Mr. Menzies. He is an earnest man, and doubtless an honest one; but he has an unlovely disposition, and a most unenviable temper—one that makes friends impossible and acquaintance uncomfortable. Life is not long enough for the indulgence of such animosities, and the man who carries personal resentment to the grave will be apt to find himself upon that side of the gulf where the deepest place is the hottest.

The Hon. Carl Schurz, in a recent speech in Boston, discussed this question of the growing antagonism between the rich and poor most ably. He said: "To excite the hatred of the poor against the rich has in all ages and in all countries been the last resort of a most desperate demagoguery. But in a country like ours, where no barriers of privileges separate the different classes of society, where honest individual effort is hampered neither by legal obstacles, nor by prejudice and customs; where every day we see millions of fathers of paupers, and merchant princes who were rocked in a poor man's cradle; where fortune and station, social and public, are equally open to the intelligence, virtue, and energy of all—in this country such appeals should be met with contemptuous ridicule, as well as abhorrence. Such a cry is blasphemous calumny on our political institutions and our social order. Within the memory of the youngest man before me you have seen a rail-splitter from Illinois and a tailor from Tennessee in the Presidential chair of this great republic. You have seen walking in the streets of Boston a cobbler of Massachusetts Vice-President of the United States. You see today a man who commenced his career as an operative in a woolen mill the Republican candidate for the Governorship of this noble Commonwealth. Go over the list of your merchants and manufacturers most envied for their prosperity, of your men most eminent in the professions, in literature and learning—how many do you find of an origin so humble and obscure that you can scarcely trace it? There is no workingman within the reach of my voice who knows whether one of his children will not in thirty years overtop them all in wealth or public eminence. There is no millionaire who is sure whether one of his children may not, before this waning century is out, have to black the boots of the poor man's son for a living. And in a country like this, with its resources and opportunities, where the survival of the fittest is the order of the day; where a measureless field of labor and enterprise never ceases to encourage every honorable ambition—in such a country we must hear appeals to the hatred of the poor rich! Truly, the man who makes such appeals to the people, and the man who listens to them, are both basely serving themselves."

THE MEN GIRLS LIKE.

It is, we believe, commonly understood to be a fact that women are less affected than men by mere personal beauty. And to some extent we incline to this opinion also. Yet what are called "beauty men" have their worshipers and dispense their little favors with as charming a sense of their own condescension and affability as their rivals of the opposite sex. But, after all, a man who has beauty, and nothing more, is apt to fall, and we doubt if he comes under the category of the men that girls like. His serene belief in his own perfections, and his secure conviction that every woman who comes under the charm of his soft eyes and elegant features must fall a victim to their fascinations, have an irritating effect. And the consequence of widespread search after admiration makes such a man difficult, almost impossible, to fix. A girl, as well as a man, may feel with Touchstone that "a poor thing, but her own," is preferable to a thing of beauty shared among her friends. Beauty, vanity, brutality, obstinacy, effeminacy, folly, and selfishness are all in their turns adored by women of all classes. Therefore let us take a typical girl—one who has seen more than one man in her life, who does not live in the country all year round, or in a watering place where a man is a man he never so little of one. Our typical girl shall be intelligent, healthy, good, and fairly well educated. And we need not concern ourselves with the men whom, under pressure of circumstances, such a girl might be induced to marry. The question is, What sort of a man does she like? Is it the young man, turned out by the dozen from our public schools and universities—without an interest in life but his own amusement, whose whole talk is of himself and his own proceedings? Of this young man there are two types, the effeminate and the manly. They are equally uninteresting; but of the two, if she has a preference, our girl will incline to the latter. If such soul as a specimen of the manly type possesses is absorbed in cricket, athletics, yachting, hunting, shooting; if he never opens a book, and can only discourse of his own feats of prowess on land or sea, he is upon the whole less objectionable than his brother, who sits and talks "like a girl," of the balls he has been to, the balls he is going to, the new dances or the old dances, the cut of his own coat, which is so good, and the cut of his friend's coat, which is "much too awfully disgusting"; the division of his hair, the "very, very nice people" he meets (by which, *par parenthese*, he means people who are "in" society—the higher placed the "nicer"). But we may with confidence say this is not the man our girl likes. Nor do we think she takes much to the lout who finds a type in all classes. He is the man who has no conversation, who professes to despise "worldliness," because the world rejects him; who comes into a drawing-room covered with mud, often with his trousers rolled up over his ankles, if he had been walking, and a general air of here-I-am-and-be-thankful-to-have-me-at-any-price about him; who sits still while his tea is handed to him, and never even offers to help with the kettle and the bread and butter. Nor will the "shoppy" man attract our girl; the lawyer who always lapses into cases and courts; the parsons, who can not rise above schools and districts; the author who quotes his own words; the musician who perpetually airs his special passion—be it Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, or Bizet; nor the painter who is in a continual state of heartburning at somebody else's success. Not one of these men satisfy her requirements. Of course we refer to the time in her life before fate has, it may be, caused her to love a man the very opposite of what her nature tells her to admire. Her man will be neither an Adonis nor a Caliban. He will have some slight power of sympathizing with her, as well as of expecting her to sympathize with him. He will be good tempered and obliging, and the less selfish the better. Being a sensible girl, she will not look for the impossibility of an entirely unselfish man. He will be educated and intelligent, able to talk to cleverer people than himself without appearing a fool, but he will not, as a rule, be a distinctly learned personage. He will be in the habit of paying to all women pretty little helpful attentions, which, because they are done only out of kindness of heart, will not detract from his manliness. And here, we believe, we have made our best guess at the quality dearest to our girl's heart. Manliness is her requirement: by which we mean that she likes a man to be so thoroughly brave that he can not be brutal; so true and strong that she may trust to him, instead of having to be the guide, consoler, comforter, and friend of his uncertain steps. That he should be physically manly is of less importance to her than that he should have a manly mind, broad and fair, and free from littleness. At the same time we believe she would prefer that he should ride and shoot, and be able to enjoy himself honestly in the country, always provided he will not bore her with continued talk of game and bags. To uncommon natures other things are necessary, but with them we have no concern at present. We wish only to convey to our readers our distinct impression that a bright, intelligent, pure-minded girl is by no means so anxious to know what are the types of "girls men like" as to find a type of man she likes herself. And, as a rule, we believe she knows true metal when she hears it ring.

It's no use. These love differences can not be settled by peaceful arbitration. Two young men went into the woods near Aurora, Ill., to play a game of cards. As they were rival lovers, and had not previously spoken to each other for months, it is conjectured that the girl in dispute was the stake that they played for. The winner, however, was not permitted to gain the prize, for his opponent instantly shot him through the heart. An effort to settle rivalry by chance had a not less sad result in Texas. The two suitors were convinced that the young woman would accept either if the other would let her alone, and they agreed to throw dice to decide which should give her up. The loser honestly endeavored to keep the compact, but the woman refused to be disposed of in that way, and wrote to him that she would marry nobody else, and would not even see the winner. The latter would not believe that his competitor had tried to retire from the contest, and so murdered him.

A Camden man read in a paper that a woman's arm had been paralyzed by a pinch. Now he has a paralyzed hand. He tried to pinch his wife's tongue, but she shut down on him. He is a believer now, but not an investigator.

THE PAWN PARTY.

We remember, not long ago, being with a crowd of girls in a country farm-house, some twenty miles from San Francisco, telling each our experience, when a black eyed bundle of mischief, who shall be known as Mary Bowers, rather astonished our weak nerves, by relating an adventure which once occurred to her. We will let her tell it in her own words.

"I never *did* like Lew Parker anyhow!" She always got mad when she talked about Lew. "I'd as leave be kissed by an orang-outang as a fellow with a bushel of hair over his face. He was just as handsome as he could be, only he wore his trousers so tight that he looked as if he had been melted and poured into them."

"Well, there was a pawn-party at our house last Fourth of July, and of course, Lew was on hand looking as slick as a new beaver. Pawn-selling time came at last, and Nelly Williams was chosen 'pawn-seller,' and Ned Halifax the 'judge.'"

"Heavy, heavy, what hangs over you?" said Nelly, holding a jackknife which had been forfeited by Lew Parker.

"Fine or superfine?"

"Fine. What shall the owner do?"

"He shall lead the girl he loves the best to the centre of the room and kiss her."

"Every eye was turned on Lew, and the girls began to giggle. Lew stood up, and walked toward me, and I began to run. Round and round the tables and chairs, out of the door and down the stairs, into the garden, and under the grapes, with a dozen mad-cap girls at our heels, went Lew and I, until we were stopped by the barn-door, a rickety, crazy thing that was full of splinters and broken nails. There he caught me, and though I struggled like a good one, the fellow nearly kissed me! When I think of it now, I have to laugh; first he was slammed against the door, then I was; but, I knew about the splinters and twisted myself loose, when, biff! he went against the door, winding both arms around me so tight I could hardly breathe."

"Wait a moment," I cried, and his hold relaxed.

"Don't let her go!" cried the girls.

"No; kiss her, Lew, she's only playing you," bawled that wiry-haired old Scruggs, the grocer, and as the moon was shining bright as day they could see everything going on.

"Of course, I didn't like it, so I dropped on one knee in the grass, when down came Lew after me; then, oh, then there was a rasping sound, a momentary pause, a smothered groan, and a rather profane compliment to the *barn door*. Lew's bands grew suddenly cold, and trembled violently, and as I didn't know what to make of it I raised my eyes to see what was the matter, when he looked straight down into my face, and—but I guess I won't tell the rest."

"Oh, go on," cried Carrie Foster, whose cheeks were like winter apples; "what are you afraid of?"

"Nothing."

"Well, why don't you go on?"

"Why, the rest of it *isn't nice*!"

"Pshaw! What of that? Ain't we all girls together? Go on."

Well, then, he, turned just as white as a sheet, and you can imagine how I felt when I saw him fold the tails of his coat together behind and make a bee-line for the gate.

"Hold on, Lew, we'll let you off," cried the girls, in a breath, but he never answered them; he just ran like a deer straight up the road till he was clear out of sight."

"Why, what in the world was the reason?" I inquired, demurely.

"Oh, nothing; only he took his meals from the mantelpiece for more than a week afterward, and slept leaning against a rail."

OCEANA.

*Under the reign of the first Caliph there was a merchant in Bagdad equally rich and avaricious. One day he had bargained with a porter to carry home for him a large basket of porcelain vases for ten *paras*. As they went along he said to the man:

"My friend, you are young and I am old; you can still earn plenty; strike off, I beseech you, a para from your hire."

"Willingly," replied the porter.

This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went up the stairs the merchant said:

"If you will resign the last para I will give you three pieces of advice."

"Be it so," said the porter.

"Well, then," said the merchant, "if any one tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him. If any one tells you it is better to walk than to ride, don't you believe him."

"My good sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before; but if you will listen to me I will give you such advice as you never heard."

The merchant turned round, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said to him:

"If any one tells you that one of your vases is unbroken, he's a liar, you betcherlife."

LXXVIII.—Sunday, May 11.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Mutton Soup, Egg Dumplings.
Deviled Crabs.
Sweetbread, with Green Peas.
String Beans. Cauliflower.
Roast Beef, with Potatoes in Gravy.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Strawberries. Fruit Cake.
Italian Cream.
Fruit-bowl of Cherries.

TO MAKE MUTTON SOUP.—Take a shoulder of mutton; put it in four quarts of cold water, shred three or four leaves of cabbage, chop one onion and a small bunch of parsley, cut in squares two small turnips, slice one carrot, and add a few leaves of thyme (a little ground will do), plenty of pepper, and salt to taste. Place on a slow fire and boil two hours, when the mutton may be removed and warmed for a side dish. Boil two hours longer. To make the egg dumplings, take the yolks of two eggs, beat well, add three tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt; thin with cream until the mixture will drop readily from a teaspoon, then drop and boil fifteen minutes, keeping the pot covered. This is an old-fashioned soup, but it is excellent and economical, as the shoulder can be warmed in hot water and served with caper sauce, making a very good dinner.

In last week's paper, in curry and rice soup, read three teaspoonfuls, instead of three tablespoonfuls, of curry powder.

JAPAN AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

I know of no country upon the globe where a person may so thoroughly enjoy life as in the Land of the Rising Sun—the Emerald Isle (or isles) of the East. Here he may build a snug dwelling and defy the cold winds of winter, and in the delightful summer occupy a *yashiki* (gentleman's residence), so exactly adapted to the climate of that glorious country, and bid defiance to the heat. Nor is it at all requisite that the foreign resident in Japan should possess a *fortune* in order to live *comfortably*. Any one with moderate means may set up and maintain quite a stylish establishment, if managed judiciously. Especially is the climate adapted for consumptives. Here, if a person be at all moderate in his cups, it is next to impossible to fall sick. Many invalid friends have I known who came to Japan for change of climate, and, finding the country so agreeable, remained far beyond their original calculations, and long after they had recovered their health. The winters are not unbearably severe. In the latitude of Yokohama and Tokio tolerably cold winds prevail, with a fair sprinkling of snow, and a corresponding share of frost; but the atmosphere is very dry. Fogs are almost unknown. Of course dampness prevails during the short rainy season in spring. Nor, on the other hand, is the summer unbearably hot. If you wish, you can go and pass that season among the mountains, amid magnificent scenery, five thousand feet above the sea. At Nagasaki—one of the most beautiful harbors in the world—the whole of the town is built upon the hill-sides, and exposed to the summer breezes, while sheltered from the blasts of winter. In summer ice and fruits are cheap and plentiful. If the foreigner so wish, he can keep his table according to the most foreign style, and have every delicacy which is procurable elsewhere. In short he can, if he has money, gratify every desire, and move in as select society in Japan as at home. For a summer residence I unhesitatingly recommend a native house, as the rooms are merely divided by sliding doors in place of our ordinary walls, and by taking these away two or more rooms may be thrown into one, leaving nothing but the posts supporting the ceiling, and allowing a free passage of air throughout the house. The floors are covered with thick mats (*tatami*), which are softer than any carpets, and delightfully cool to recline upon. What a sociable, hospitable, and intelligent people are the natives! Not a foreigner in Japan but has frequently received proofs of their good will, and kind, unselfish nature; and in many cases how poorly have these been required! How little are these people understood by many residents of the treaty ports. Let them be treated with the courtesy to which every stranger is entitled, and they will vie with each other in kindness toward you. I do not allude so much to the native residents of the foreign settlements, who have been irretrievably corrupted by contact with some unprincipled representatives of Europe and America, but to people of Tokio and the country towns. To visit Yokohama, and even to reside there for five or six months, is not to see *Japan*. Many persons take a trip there, go round the neighborhood in a desperate hurry, examining places of note, and come away under the impression that they know all about it. In order to see *Japan* properly, and to learn something about it, one must live *among* those people who have no direct dealings with foreigners, study their customs and ideas; and in order to do so the more easily, and with greater comfort, endeavor to adapt one's self, as far as convenient, to their habits. I know of several foreigners who have resided in Yokohama for years, and who have had large business transactions with the natives, yet know little more about Japan and its people than those who had only read of them in books. When I first visited Japan, about six years ago, I was in delicate health; and, thinking that a trip across the Pacific and a change of climate would benefit me, I took a passage in one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers. I can scarcely describe my first impression of Japan, save that it was one of pleasure and surprise. Acting upon previous advice, I proceeded to Tokio by the stage coach (a railroad runs there now), and established myself at the house of a friend who resided in the native part of the city. I remained with him six months, at the expiration of which time, thanks to the salubrious climate, I was completely restored to health. But, feeling loth to quit such a pleasant spot, I invested a little capital in my disposal in a business, and remained in the country. At this time of the year how beautiful is Japan! The trees are bursting into leaf; the weather is delightful and invigorating. The swallows are returning to build their nests in their accustomed nooks *inside the rooms* of the houses and under the protection of the inmates. The whole country is clothed in green; indeed, it never ceases to present this appearance, for, throughout the winter, the pine, fir, camphor, camellia, and a host of others give to the whole landscape a delightfully verdant aspect. Every city and town, if viewed from an eminence, offers to the eye a pleasant picture of a somewhat rural character, owing to the large number of trees and shrubs; for every Japanese householder, be he never so poor, has at least one shrub, and perhaps one or two bamboos, growing in his back yard. The gardens of the better class of merchants and the upper classes are arranged most tastefully in the "landscape" style—rocks, streams, bridges, hills, temples, in miniature, but never is any grass seen. In a gentleman's dwelling the principal apartment, or that into which the honored guest is introduced, is usually in the rear of the house, looking into the garden, while the front part is given up to retainers, domestics, armory, etc. Just now the cherry trees, of which the people of Nippon are so justly proud, are in full bloom at Ueyeno, Asakusa, and Mukojima (Tokio). What a magnificent sight! Thousands visit these and other famous spots for the purpose of feasting their eyes on these beautiful trees, which are not valued at all for their fruit (indeed few of them bear any), but are planted and maintained solely on account of their delightful fragrance and the beauty of their appearance, many of them bearing both white and pink blossoms on the same branch. But to *know* Japan one must visit it; and in order to study it at one's ease, and to thoroughly appreciate it, must live *among* the Japanese, away from the foreign settlements, and endeavor to understand them—a very simple task to those who do not go there previously bent on finding fault with and grumbling at everything.

SENSEI.

What ye do not wish done to yourselves do not do to others.

INTAGLIOS.

In the Cathedral Close.

In the dean's porch a nest of clay
With five small tenants may be seen—
Five solemn faces, each as wise
As though its owner were a dean.

Five downy fledglings in a row,
Packed close as in an antique pew
The schoolgirls are, whose foreheads clear
At the Venetian shine on you.

Day after day the swallows sit
With scarce a stir, with scarce a sound;
But dreaming and digesting much
They grow thus wise, and soft, and round.

They watch the canons come to dine,
And hear the mullion bars across,
Over the fragrant fruit and wine
Deep talk about the redwoods.

Her hands with field flowers drenched, a child
Leaps past in wind-blown dress and hair;
The swallows turn their heads askew—
Five judges deem that she is fair.

Prelious touches sound within;
Straightway they recognize the sign,
And, blandly nodding, they approve
The minut of Rubinstein.

They mark the cousins' schoolboy talk
(Male birds flown wide from minstrel bell),
And blink at each broad term of art,
Binomial or bicycle.

Ah, downy young ones, soft and warm,
Dethroned a stillness mask from sight
Such swiftness—can such peace conceal
Passion and ecstasy of flight?

Yet somewhere 'mid your Eastern suns,
Under a white Greek architrave,
At morn, or when the shaft of fire
Lies large upon the Indian wave,

A sense of something dear gone by
Will stir, strange longings thrill the heart
For a small world embowered and close,
Of which ye sometime were a part.

The dew-drenched flowers, the child's glad eyes,
Your joy inhuman shall control,
And in your wince a light and wind
Shall move from the Maestro's soul.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

To Juliet.

My morning rose in laughter—
A gold and azure day;
Dull clouds came trooping after,
Livid and sullen gray.

At noon the rain did batter,
And it thundered like a bell;
I sighed, "It is no matter—
At night I shall sleep as well."

But I longed with a madness tender
For an evening like the morn,
That my day might die in splendor,
Not folded in mist forlorn—

Die like a tone elysian,
Like a bee in a cactus flower,
Like a day-surprised vision,
Like a wind in a summer shower.

Through the vaulted clouds about me
Broke trembling an azure space;
Was it a dream to flout me,
Or was it a perfect face?

The sky and the face together
Are gone, and the wind-blows fell.
But what matters a dream or the weather?
At night it will all be well,

For the day of life and labor,
Of ecstasy and pain,
Is only a beaten tabor,
And I shall not dream again.

But as the old Night steals o'er me,
Deepening till all is dead,
I shall see thee still before me
Stand with averted head.

And I shall think, "Ah, sorrow!
The night that never was may!
The night that has no morrow,
And the sunset all in gray!"

GEO. MACDONALD.

Woman's Need.

But, after all, 'tis love that most we need;
Love only satisfies our woman's heart,
And even our ambition looks to love;
That given, life is light—denied is death.
Man is content to know that he is loved,
And tires the constant phrase "I love" to hear;
But woman doubts the instrument is broke
Unless she daily hear the sweet refrain.

W. W. STOREV.

On a Wedding-day.

As one who strives to summon from the past
Forgotten shapes that once he knew full well—
The lips, the hair, the eyes, that forged the spell
Which held his heart in sternest bondage fast—
Albeit they seem to him as though time cast
Mere shadows of his youth athwart the dell
Wherein his unripe fancy yearned to tell
To ears beloved the love that might not last;
So I, upon this happy bridal morn,
Seek to unloose the load of ill-spent hours,
The miserable waste of glorious days,
God's moments spurned or used in shameful ways
And in the innocence of youth, new born,
Gaze on the virgin sweetness of white flowers.

—London World.

The Maiden and the Leaf.

A JAPANESE IDEA.

A dead leaf drifted along the snow,
A poor brown leaf with edges torn;
Now here, now there, blown high and low,
An outcast and a thing of scorn!
Alas! Alas!
So life drifts on to hearts forlorn.

Once in a bower, fresh and bright,
Kissed by the sun-rays and the dew,
A maid, to flee the hot sun's might,
Prone on the ground her fair limbs threw,
To sleep, to sleep,
And dream of some one that she knew.

She slept and dreamt a horrid thing—
That she loved from her would stray,
And starting up, deep sorrowing,
Resolved to seek him out that day.

Alas! Alas!

'Twas all too true—he'd fled away.
Her last love token—just a leaf
Of sycamore—love's emblem bright,
She threw away, then prayed that grief
Might bear her off from mortal sight.
Alas! Alas!
Whilst the dead leaf drifted through the night.

—Chamber's Journal.

LANCINET'S LUCK.

A Free Translation from the Fickle French.

"My friend," said the notary to Sigisbert Lancinet, "here are the 6,500 francs willed and bequeathed to you by your uncle. The legacy-duty, stamps, and fees have been deducted. Put the money carefully away in your pocket, be careful not to let any sharp-looking stranger brush up against you, and get home as soon as possible."

"Worthy sir, your excellent advice shall be followed," said Sigisbert Lancinet, squeezing the good notary's hand, and leaving the office with the dignity of a man who does not have 6,500 francs in his pocket every day of the week.

For Sigisbert Lancinet, Bohemian both by disposition and profession, had never thitherto been the owner of ten francs of his own.

When he was in the street Sigisbert Lancinet soliloquized half aloud:

"What an old ass that notary was! To fancy that I—of all people—would be silly enough to let any one get away with my wealth. Suppose I drove home—no, that would look like a cowardly concession to the notary's fears. Besides, I am not sorry at the prospect of showing myself to my acquaintance in my new rôle of a bloated capitalist."

So saying Sigisbert Lancinet approached a shop-window and looked an admiring glance at his image reflected in the great mirror.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, starting back in consternation, "can that ambulatory rag-bag be Sigisbert Lancinet? Lazarus in all his glory was not arrayed like unto this. What a shocking bad hat!—a perfect epic of decrepitude. Let me not lose an instant in shooting this tile."

He went to the hatter's and bought him a hat, and when he came out he respired more joyously and said to himself, "Now that is more like the thing—I do not quite so closely resemble a—but hold on! On letting my gaze run to my other extreme I am horrified to observe that the soles of my boots are not waterproof, and that the uppers are a libel on shoemanship. Let me not hesitate one second—"

He entered the bootmaker's.
"By Jove!" he said, on regaining the street, "that job's off my hands, but oh, the frightful discordance. The immaculate varnish of my boots makes my pantaloons look ten years older by contrast, while beside my dazzling hat my coat loses the few pretensions to respectability which it formerly possessed. To appear in such guise would be ridiculous."

He crossed the street and entered a ready-made clothing establishment, whence issuing robed and crowned he—for he had fasted since getting-up time and had got up unusually early so as to be at the notary's office business—felt the inner man assert itself. He found himself at a moment at the Palais-Royal.

"And to think," soliloquized the nouveau riche, "that not once in my brief life have I set foot in the plate-glass doors of these opulent restaurants in the windows whereof are heaped fascinating trophies of game and fruits of Tantalus! Yet I had always hoped—and, indeed, why should I not gratify myself just for once. One doesn't get a legacy every day. What stunning trifles!"

Just as he put his hand upon the handle of the door someone tapped him upon the shoulder.

"Hi, Sigisbert!"

"Hullo, Adolphe!"

"The same. Where are you off to?"

"Going in to breakfast—don't you see?"

"You! Going in to breakfast there?"

"Certainly. And what if I am?"

"Oh, nothing; only it would be a graceful act on your part to invite me to join you, seeing that you are flush and that my pockets are as empty as my stomach."

"By all means; come along."

They breakfasted. They began with Burgundy and continued with claret, and the waiter waxed so eloquent in praise of a peculiarly fine and dry champagne for which the house was noted that they had a bottle of that. Then they had coffee and liqueurs.

At the third glass of Chartreuse Sigisbert Lancinet was the friend of the whole human race without exception.

Adolphe, with the pilot's wary eye, marked his friend's growing good humor, and whispered to him, gently, "Sigisbert, ole fel, I've always said that if there was a good-hearted chap in Paris, Sigisbert Lancinet was the man. For you are a good-hearted chap, as you know."

"I should hope, old boy, that I wouldn't go back on a friend, if he will allow me to call him so."

"Of course you wouldn't. I know you will stake an old friend of yours who only wants three hundred miserable petty francs till next Tuesday to—"

"Never mind what you want them for; that is none of my business. Here are your three hundred francs. So long as Sigisbert Lancinet has a shot in the locker he will not steel his ear against the appeals of friendship. Take my arm and let us go for a walk."

In the Galerie d'Orléans some one accosted Sigisbert:

"M. Lancinet, I am glad to see you looking so well. About eighteen months ago you promised to pay me a bill—"

"A bill—for how much?"

"Five hundred francs."

"Five hundred francs! Whom do I owe five hundred francs to?"

"To me. I keep the restaurant at—"

"Here's your money. Call on Sigisbert Lancinet at any hour of the day or night for money, and if he owes it it shall be paid instantly."

A little further on he met Cydalis, a piquante little brunette, for whom Sigisbert Lancinet's heart used to beat like one—like forty.

In her society he visited the milliner's shop, the jeweler's, the Bois de Boulogne, the Opéra-Comique, and the Maison d'Or.

It was 2:30 A. M. when Sigisbert Lancinet reached his lodging.

To whom the angry janitor:

"You're a sweet ducker, staying out guzzling and muzzling till all hours. You can bet your new boots I'll let the boss know what sort of a tenant he has in you. There's your bed-room candle and a letter that came for you."

"Here, I'll make that all right; this'll pay you for getting up," said Sigisbert Lancinet, opening his pocket-look. It was empty!

Mechanically he opened the letter which the janitor had handed him. It read as follows:

"SIR:—I made an error this morning in giving you 6,500 francs as the net amount of your late uncle's legacy. That was the gross amount, from which should have been deducted duty, stamps, fee, etc., amounting, as per account inclosed, to 753f. 45c. Be so good as to remit me that sum by bearer."

"Yours, very respectfully, X. Y. Z., Notary."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Tell Us Not.

Tell us not, in more'n full numbers,
Man in life, success can show—
When the empty row of tumblers
Mark the way that man do go.
—Whitcomb Times.

Dietetical.

All bones	All fat	Just right
Was	Was	Was
Jane Jones,	Sue Pratt,	Belle Knight,
'Cause	'Cause	'Cause
She was a hater	She'd eat	She would eat
Of potatoes	No meat—	'Taters and meat—
Vain	You	'Tis
Moans	Fat	Well,
Jane	Sue	Miss
Jones.	Pratt!	Belle!

—St. Louis Times.

An Idyl

There was a young lady named Fanner,
She had a nose like a bananner;
She taught in a school,
An' she rid on a mule,
But she never could play the planner.

She married a feller named Tanner,
That carried the star spangled banner;
But they fell out and fit—
She's a grass widder yit,
An' he drives a dray in Savanner.

—Unknown.

The Onion.

An onion is a little thing,
Yet wonderfully strong;
Its smell will not forsake us
At home or in a throng.
He who eats it is not forgotten
In either spring or fall,
The strongest soldier and greatest
Scent'nel of them all!
—New York Express.

The Scent He Meant.

"Give me a royal sentiment,"
A capricious coquette said
Unto a penny-a-liner bold,
With no sense in his head.

He took some pennyroyal from
A bouquet in his hand,
And gave it to her with a smile
So child-like and so bland.

"This is not sentiment," she cried,
"It isn't worth a cent!"
"It may not be," said he, "but still,
It is the scent I meant."
—Hackensack Republican.

A Zoological Romance.

INSPIRED BY AN UNUSUAL FLOW OF ANIMAL SPIRITS.

No sweeter girl e'er ever gnu
Than Betty Marten's daughter, Sue.

With sable hair, small tapir waist,
And lips you'd get a gopher miles to taste;

Bright, lambent eyes, like the gazelle,
Sheep pertly brought to bear so well;

Ape pretty lass, it was avowed,
Of whom her marmot to be proud.

Deer girl! I loved her as my life,
And vowed to heifer for my wife.

Alas! a sailor, on the sly,
Had cast on her his wether eye—

He said my love for her was bosh,
And my affection I musquash.

He'd dog her footsteps everywhere,
Anteater in the easy chair.

He'd setter round, this sailor chap,
And pointer out upon the map

Where once a pirate cruiser bore
Him captive to a foreign shore

The cruel captain far outdid
The yaks and crimes of Robert Kid.

He oft would whale Jack with the cat,
And say, "My buck, do you like that?"

"What makes you stag around so, say?
The catamounts to something, hey?"

Then he would seal it with an oath,
And say, "You are a lazy sloth!"

"I'll starve you down, my sailor fine,
Until for beef and porcupine!"

And, fairly hoarse with fiendish laughter,
Would say, "Henceforth, mind what giraffe ter!"

In short, the many risks he ran
Might well a llama braver man.

Then he was wrecked and castor shore
While feebly clinging to anoa;

Hyena cleft among the rocks
He crept, sans shoes and minus ox.

And when he fain would go to bed,
He had to lion leaves instead.

Then Sue would say, with troubled face,
"How koodoo live in such a place?"

And straightway into tears would melt,
And say, "How badger must have felt!"

While he, the brute, woodchuck her chin,
And say, "Aye-aye, my lass!" and grin.

Excuse these steers. . . . It's over now;
There's naught like griffe the hart can cow.

Jackass'd her to be his, and she—
She gave Jackal, and gilded me.

And now, alas! the little mix
Is bound to him with Hyman's lynx.

—Detroit Free Press.

Quid Donas Nobis?

Give us the balm
Of a golden repose,
Give us the peace
Of day's amethyst close,
Give us a smooch
On a lily-gemmed lake,
But give us, oh!
Never to see, never a steak
From behind the horns and fried.
—Unidentified.

Piafote Text.

I am called grassy butter-tub,
Bald-headed butter-tub,
And indeed there is good reason why,
For I'm the strong butter-tub,
Scanty-haired butter-tub,
Odorous butter-tub, I.
—Derwick.

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ROBT. C.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I ought to have a budget of news for you, but have not, for, although there have been two theatres extra running this week, the election has kept people so engaged that there has been no chance to get up a *feuilleton* about anything, not even *Aida*, although the people did put on their good clothes and go on Monday night, forming a very respectable-looking crowd as times go. Perhaps as many people have dropped in to see *Uncle Dan!* as could be found anywhere. A fancy has grown up for these quaint primitive old fellows from the rural districts—these Eastern grangers. *Josh Whitcomb* introduced them, and, although *Uncle Dan!* is on the same pattern, he is a different article. How like is human nature the world over! There's an original remark for you; but really when I see these old fellows from Yankee land modeled upon the high-toned heroes of a high-toned English novel, it is the first thought which pops into one's head. Guy Livingstone & Co. are no more *insouciant* in every day life than these old fellows, no cooler in moments of danger; and that seems to be the main idea. Macauley—I forgot to tell you that "Uncle Dan's" real name is Macauley—has none of the traditional thinness of his species. In fact, he looks as if he came from Tennessee, for he is a great, massive giant, and towers head and shoulders above everybody else, to say nothing of extra width, when they stand out in relief against him. As an actor he is not in any way remarkable, but he has procured a dime novel sort of a play, which is strung together so ingeniously that, upon my word, one finds one's self getting interested in it in the strangest manner. Besides the play, he has brought with him a company which is as remarkable in a way as the play itself. There is not much high art in the group, but each one fits so aptly to his part that analysis and criticism and all that sort of thing fall helpless before the stupendous absurdity of the whole affair. There is a villain, whose prototype you may find in five minutes around the corner at the doors of the dives, and a gang of hoodlums, who might have been hired from Tar Flat for the occasion. Then there are two or three meaningless, vapid women of a not unknown type, and a soubrette. She is a small creature, with more vitality than vivacity, and has a little, shrewd Irish face, pretty withal, and seems quite as much at home in a beer saloon as if she were to the manner born. *Voilà tout!* Not much material out of which to make an interesting evening; for the wit is cheap and stale, and yet one does follow the old Yankee through quite a mazy plot with a very genuine desire to see the old fellow come out all right.

It is but a step to the California, when the old man's trials are about over, and not a few drop in about ten o'clock to see Boucicault in *Kerry*. What an exquisite little sketch it is wherever it comes from. It is like a genre painting in its bits of detail, so lightly touched, so perfectly finished. What a charming character is the old serving man with his fealty, his love for the old family, and his unmistakable authority. Boucicault plays it perfectly, and no one knows better than he just how and just when to relieve the tension of feeling when he has worked an audience up to the proper pitch. Jeffreys-Lewis was more like herself than she has been during this Hibernian season, for in neither "Clare Ffolliot" nor "Fanny Power" has she been quite up to her mark. But she makes a very nice mournful widow, and her pretty Irish blue eyes and black locks are at their best under the white cap. It does not come to every one to be mourned as Mr. Gerald Desmond was. It is all very fine to write

"There is a moment when
All would go smooth and even
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven."

In poetry it is a fine thing, but think of the complications it actually came to pass. However, in this instance it gave Miss Jeffreys-Lewis a chance for a very affecting bit of acting, and quite carried Miss Ada Gilman off her feet for joy. She is an awfully nice little actress, but, what unbecoming coiffures she does manage to get up, quite Medusan in their style, and they seem to place an old head on young shoulders. Change your hair-dresser, Ada. You have a pretty pair of eyes that are worthy a more becoming frame. Good-bye to Boucicault for a time. How delightful it must be to know as much about success as that man knows, to sit familiarly at her daily table, to eat always of her palatable salt!

La Famille Benoiton brought the retired Baldwin troupe out once more, but it has not been much of a success. It has always struck me that for a man to run opposition to himself is to do something excessively absurd. Besides, there must be some element in *La Famille Benoiton* which has escaped the company, for it is not a hit as it has been elsewhere. With all its French names and localities, it is one of the most essentially American plays that I ever looked at. Sardou might have made it the coming American comedy by simply transferring the people to this side of the pond. I can not imagine that in France, even among the bourgeoisie, the young ladies of any family, however *parvenu*, could enjoy such boundless latitude as the "Benoiton" girls. But I have known American girls to do such things a hundred and a hundred times again. Filial reverence is an article which has never been imported, although it grows almost rank in the old countries—for perhaps there is such a thing as too much of it—and filial love is almost obsolete. The present feeling is a mild toleration of the old folks, and a high-handed arbitrary authority which keeps the old folks in their places. I think not many will go to see *La Famille Benoiton* who will not recognize a picture of a certain family in California. The reproduction is exact, not only in the eccentricities of dress, but the liberty of action. There is rather a clever youngster in the play, marked on the bills as Master Herbert Jahn. It is so unusual to see a boy with any dramatic talent whatever that the circumstance is worth mentioning. Singular, is it not, that they are, almost without exception, obliged to utilize little girls in these parts. They have the usual old maid in the play, and, as is usual in French plays, she is a perfect old cat. The French never invest celibacy with anything beautiful. In point of fact, all sorts of people are crowded into the play, chief of whom is "the landlady," a young person of whom nothing is explained. I do not learn whether she is maid, wife, or widow. She

has an establishment, but she has no last name, everybody calls her Clothilde, and everybody goes to her in trouble, but they do not seem to be her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts. In short, it is very difficult to locate "Clothilde" at all, but there she is, and she carries the burden of the play. They have cast Miss Olive West as a leader of the *beau monde*, and she really acts wonderfully well for a novice, but Kate Corcoran would have served as well in this instance, and certainly would have carried out the illusion. What a genius they have at the Baldwin for getting up handsome interiors. The stage is always sure to be handsomely set—excepting, of course, for the opera. Where in the world did they hide all their scenery during those three weeks.

They have changed all that at the Grand Opera House, for the scenery of *Aida* alone is worth seeing. I think the management must have walked up to the idea that they had been gulling the people about long enough, for certainly a liberal amount of care and money was expended this time. Old Osiris looms up in the background of that big stage quite remarkably. I was glad to see the old boy once more. He is not pretty, but I like him. He means music, and trumpets, and marches, and all sorts of things. To be sure, he reminded us of our first "Aida," and "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," but then Epicurus was a wise fellow in his day and generation, and it is better to give one's self quite up to the enjoyment of the moment. We would have heard the music, too, had it not been for the orchestra, but the blowers blew and the fiddlers scraped their loudest. The singers tried to lift their voices over this loud bray, but they retired disconcerted each time, and the musicians, exhausted, lay back and took in a fresh supply of blow for the next encounter. Jack murmured *sotto voce* that "he wanted to see Pantaloon's tackle 'em," and the dear boy actually wanted to see the struggle. I could see mischief in the big Italian's eye as he walked down the stage. He looked like an unusually bad case of "Mourzouk," and we all felt for a moment that we must dissemble. He is a fine actor, Pantalooni, and he came to the front with considerable pantomime and let out a note or two. The chandeliers clattered and the house shook; another, another, and we thought there was a Kearney riot outside. Then he began to sing! The orchestra braced up for a while and tried hard to make a noise, but their comparatively faint mutterings were as the murmur of a gentle stream beside the explosion of a chorus of cannons. They braced every nerve, they blew and scraped, and tugged and tried, but fell back collapsed, while Pantalooni gave a final note of triumph—a volume of sound which "split the ears of the groundlings," pierced the doors, and was wafted over the South San Francisco hills, awakened the inhabitants of San Bruno, and finally died away in the San Mateo hills. I can't help admiring Pantalooni after his victory, and I think the orchestra may as well give up that fight. It is much easier to drown Marie Roze's voice than Pantalooni's. Marie Roze, by the way, has been much better received as "Aida" than in any part which she has sung. With all the clang and clash of this *Aida* music, with its weird strains, there is very little pyrotechnic music for the *prima donna*, so that the lady's somewhat inflexible voice is not strained. Beside, she has a happy knack of skipping trills and runs as dangerous snags, and she does not encounter many of them in *Aida*. Then she does sing with some expression, and has a very pretty way of looking unutterably miserable, so that altogether it was an immense improvement upon anything Marie Roze has done before. As for Cary her "Amneris" is good. It makes one forget *Mignon*, which was not altogether satisfactory. The transposition of the *prima's* part naturally involves the transposition of more, so that every one gets twisted and turned around, and everything seems a medley. But what could one ask more than her "Amneris"? In this Cary looks, acts, and sings her best. I love to see her throw her soul into music; it seems such a big soul, and she puts it all into "Amneris." What does she do with it in *Mignon*? It is missing somehow. *A propos*—Gottschalk waked up a little as "Laertes," and sang several notes as if he were not under soporific influence. Westberg, too, sang very sweetly. Perhaps Litta inspired him, for the girl inspired every one else. She sang the *Polacca* like a thrush, as easily, as naturally, almost as sweetly. Then she acted, positively acted a little, and altogether stirred up a lot of enthusiasm. Bravo, American girl!

Next week we are to have *Carmen*, and we shall see all those wonderful blue sashes and gilt fringes which form so important a part. Of course, we shall have *Aida* again. I should not like to think I had beheld that ballet for the last time. I never saw so many different sizes of women in one group in my life, I never saw so many degrees of attenuation, I never saw feet point so many different ways, and I never saw such queer shapes. I take it that it is Egyptian, for it is like nothing in the heavens above or on the earth beneath with which we are familiar. Osiris' stony countenance never moved, so perhaps he is used to it. For the rest the scenery was really beautiful, the costumes were fine, and there were plenty of people on the stage. Adams and Roze sang better, far better than usual, and Adams is dramatic enough for "Radames," which is more than could be said of either of his predecessors.

On Monday Fanny Davenport appears at the California in *As You Like It*, a most injudicious selection, if she has any new plays. I am really curious to see if she has improved as much as they say. Adieu!

Yours,

BETSY B.

The Loring Club announces its fourth concert—second season—for Thursday evening, May 15, at the Grand Opera House.

The new Minister of Statistics and Anthropometry holds his first official reception, and one of the heads of bureaux who fears that his tenure of office is exceedingly slight does not venture to absent himself though it is but three days since he laid his father low in the clouds of the valley.

"Ah," says the Minister, graciously; "shall I not have the pleasure of seeing your good lady to-night?"

"Your Excellency will really have to excuse her—in point of fact she is getting her mourning made for her poor, dear father-in-law."

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, May 1, 1879.

I do not know if the interest which has prevailed here for some weeks back regarding the opening of the Olympic is to be attributed to the public desire to see an old and historic theatre resuscitated, or to mere curiosity as to the play announced. Probably the latter. Certainly, *L'Assommoir*, or "The Assomoir," as Mr. Daly prefers to call it, has been advertised here with an ingenuity bordering on the necromantic. Papers were full of discussions as to whether it was a proper play or not to submit to that delicate organization, the public; arguments pro and con were advanced, pamphlets were written, and even pulpit polemics hurled at its devoted head. Possibly the notes of preparation at the Olympic may have found an echo on the Pacific Coast, for, assuredly, never was a play better advertised, and seldom has there been, since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a play better calculated in its nature to advertise itself. Yesterday evening, accordingly, there was a large audience at the Olympic—essentially male in its component parts, for except a few actresses and habitual first-nighters there was no ladies at all in the audience. The play, as a whole, was a disappointment. It left too much to the imagination. It assumed that every one had read the novel on which it is founded. That is permissible, perhaps, in Paris, where Zola's *L'Assommoir* has enjoyed an almost fabulous sale, but in New York those who knew enough about the story to follow the plot were in a minority.

Again, despite promises of realism, we have only a skeleton given of the dream which set Paris crazy, and is still crowding the Ambigu Theatre nightly with the fashion of that city. The usual defects of a French work in an English dress were very apparent in Mr. Daly's *Assommoir*. French indecency became American vulgarity; French *argot* became American slang; French *verve* became American insipidity. In an effort to observe the *convenances* in a piece whose most salient merit is its daring outrage of them, *L'Assommoir* has lost its color, and what it has gained in morality it has lost in interest. The play is simply a picture of the effects of drunkenness—a temperance lecture upon the stage. M. Zola draws his example from the lower classes of Paris. He shows us the Paris of the exterior Boulevards—a world of which the society drama knows little. The vice of intoxication is put before the audience in all its revolting reality. Not a degrading detail is lacking. Woman fight, and in the original French use language and proceed to extremities which no stage could reproduce. Delirium tremens is depicted; the concubinage of the Parisian *ménage* is a main feature of the plot. To adapt this successfully, so as to suit the tastes of an American audience, was no easy task, and Mr. Daly is to be congratulated upon even the moderate success he has achieved. It is placed upon the stage with considerable fidelity of detail. The word *assommoir* means the crushing blow with which the butcher in the *abattoir* fells the ox. M. Zola uses it in the meaning of a low drinking shop, where bad liquor is sold.

This production has been the almost exclusive topic in theatrical circles, and has excited an extraordinary degree of interest. *Lost Children* is now running along smoothly at the Union Square, but it has proved a disappointment. It is a play which reads better than it acts. In spite of a cast strong even for the Union Square, and almost miraculously beautiful scenery, the performance seems tedious and, in a word, the play has not "hit 'em." Exactly why, it would be difficult to say. Perhaps it is too melodramatic for the Union Square; perhaps the two children have to sustain too much of the public interest, and are not old enough for such prominent parts; but it is certain there is a lack of enthusiasm, and manager Palmer doubtless regrets that he withdrew the *Banker's Daughter*, which was running successfully in its fifth month and could have finished the season to profitable business. The *Banker's Daughter* goes to Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia with the original cast, excepting Sara Jewett, commencing May 19th. Sara Jewett goes for rest and recreation to Europe, and her place will be filled by Linda Dietz. Aimée's season has been nearly a failure so far—quite a failure, indeed, pecuniarily speaking. *Fatinitza* has been produced at the Fifth Avenue, with Jennie Winston in the title rôle. The opera has become popular, but the distribution is justly anathematized. They speak of a reconstruction. Steele Mackye has opened Daly's old theatre as a comedy house, under the name of the Madison Square. It is designed to run it on the plan of the Comédie Française, which is a cooperative theatre, each artist having an interest in the business and being paid by a percentage of the receipts. The experiment is a new one here, and it remains to be seen if it will succeed.

The *Pinafore* epidemic is constantly breaking out afresh. The child's performance is one of the latest phases, and there is a *Pinafore* at the Globe sung by regular darkies. These latter want it distinctly understood that theirs is no burlesque, but that they sing the opera "in dead earnest, suah." When the Captain Corcoran, however, who is as black as the ace of spades, steps forward and tells you "Au zam de captin ob de *Pinafore*," it is difficult to believe that all is just as it should be.

The *Lost Children* was played at a matinée on Wednesday, and the profits of the entertainment were very appropriately donated to the founding hospital. Madame Modjeska is doing quite a large business at the Grand Opera House. She is followed by Boucicault. Ellie Wilton has been very seriously ill, but she is better and has been out for a few days. The *Snowball* and *Delicate Ground* are playing to nice business at Wallack's, with Coghlan in the leading rôles, *vice* Lester Wallack *en route* to San Francisco. You know, of course, that Rose Coghlan has been engaged as leading lady for Baldwin's. I think she will please the Pacific public, especially if she has an opportunity in comedy. The weather here is becoming almost too warm for the theatre, and approaching indications of a warm summer will speedily bring the regular season to a close.

A LOOKER ON.

A Chinese convict at San Quentin has given a strong and startling definition of fever and ague. Between acts he visited the doctor, who brusquely asked: "Well, John, what's the matter with you now?" John savagely replied: "Eight clock, me too hot; half-past eight, too cold; nine clock, too hot; alle time alle same hell."

One of the most agreeable trips that can be made in this State is from San Francisco to Duncan's Mill, on Russian River, over the North Pacific Coast Railroad. This trip, up and back, is made in the same day. At the Russian River terminus is a beautiful and romantic valley, set in a framework of forest clad hills. The Russian River hotel, large, with spacious rooms, newly built and newly furnished, is now open for the summer tourist. It is especially pleasant for families, and it is a delightful place for excursionists from the city to spend a Sunday in the country. The drives in the vicinity are delightful, the ocean is near, and in ocean, river, and brook good fishing is found. Maiden's hair and other rare varieties of ferns abound in the woods. A pleasant place is Duncan's Mill, and a pleasant trip it is to visit it.

STERLING SILVERWARE.—A large assortment of elegant designs at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

In the vestibule of Baldwin's and the Grand Opera House can be seen some very handsome pictures of Cary, Roze, Litta, Adams, and other members of the Opera Troupe, from the photographic studio of Bradley & Rulofson. This firm appears to be the favorite with professional people, than whom none are so fastidious, or such competent and critical judges of a photographer's work. Nearly all the pictures taken and sent East bear the imprint of Bradley & Rulofson, and orders are constantly being sent in by stars, who are better pleased with their California sitting than any they have been able to accomplish in the East.

Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company have reduced the price of "special limited excursion tickets"—sold on Saturdays, only good for return until following Monday inclusive—as follows: To Aptos and Soquel and return, \$6 50; to Santa Cruz or Monterey and return, \$6 50.

Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

Nature's Revelations of Character, or Physiognomy Illustrated, is the title of a recent work giving a description of the mental, moral, and volitive dispositions of mankind as illustrated in the human form and countenance. Joseph Simms is the author, and his work is the fruit of nearly twenty years diligent observations of nature, and presents a new and complete analysis and classification of the powers of the human mind and body, together with the physiognomical signs by which every faculty is disclosed. Published by D. M. Bennett, Liberal and Scientific Publishing House, 141 Eighth Street, New York.

An elegant assortment of gold watches and chains at Anderson & Randolph's, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

The April number of the **BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW** has been promptly republished by the LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay Street, New York.

The first article, "Christian Theology and the Modern Spirit," advocates a frank recognition and examination of the theological scepticism and unrest of our times; and suggests some of the hints in which the theology of the past will be affected by the critical and scientific spirit of the present day.

"The Ethics of Urban Leaseholds" shows the bad influence of leasehold tenure on metropolitan and urban buildings.

"Wycliffe and his Relation to the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century" gives a carefully written account of the life, opinion, and surrounding of that great reformer.

"Free Trade and Protection" is a timely article, in which a few of the arguments on both sides are briefly examined.

"The Normans at Palermo," a valuable historical article, by Edward A. Freeman.

"The Novels of George Meredith." From the seven complete novels of Mr. Meredith, two, "Emilia in England," and "Beauchamp's Career," have been selected for special notice and criticism. The last named receives warm commendation.

"The Zulu War." A contribution based on some practical knowledge of South Africa, toward the solution of the problem of the permanent settlement of the South African question.

"Contemporary Literature," gives, as usual, a full account of the principal books published during the preceding quarter.

The periodicals reprinted by THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly*, *Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price \$4 a year for any one, or only \$15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH A. HOFMANN, R. F. PENNELL, J. F. BURGIN, and FRANK P. PRAY, for many years with Messrs. A. ROMAN & COMPANY, having formed engagements with A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY, would be pleased to see their friends, and the friends of the late firm of A. ROMAN & CO., at the store of A. L. BANCROFT & CO.

MR. F. B. WILDE, ASSIGNEE OF A. ROMAN & CO., has removed to the store of A. L. BANCROFT & CO., where payments due the late firm of A. Roman & Co. may be made, and all business connected with the settlement of the estate transacted.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THOSE WHO ARE FOND OF GOOD eating should call on MRS. WILSON, 420 Kearny Street, and get some of her old-fashioned MUFFINS and CORN BREAD. All orders may be left in the box at the door, 420 Kearny Street.

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F. LYSTER.....ACTING MANAGER.

REAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This (Saturday) Afternoon and Evening, May 10, and every evening till further notice,

A FAST FAMILY,

Adapted from the great comedy, in four acts, by Victorien Sardou, "La Famille Benoiton."

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Mr. J. W. Jennings,
Mr. C. B. Bishop,
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Miss Rose Wood, Miss M. Revel,
Mrs. Farren,
Miss Katherine Corcoran,
Miss Olive West,
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In active preparation—
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This (Saturday) Afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Grand Matinee,
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Miss Maria Litta as Lucia. Miss Gould as Alice.
Lazzarini, Pantaleoni, Conly, Barberis.

Monday Evening, May 12, seventeenth subscription night,
AIDA! AIDA! AIDA!

Tuesday Evening, May 13, eighteenth subscription night,
FAUST.

In active preparation—
CARMEN.

Evening prices—Admission, \$1 50; reserved seats in orchestra, parquet, and dress circle, \$2 50; admission to second balcony, \$1; reserved seats, \$1 50; gallery, 50 cents; boxes, \$15 and \$20. Matinee prices—Admission, \$1; reserved seats, \$1 extra.

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His motto is: "Sign the pledge, with malice toward none, with charity for all." Come and hear him. Seats free to all.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO., Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, May 6th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 48) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on Thursday, 15th inst. Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVEN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada Block, San Francisco, May 6th, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this day, a Dividend (No. 31) of fifty cents per share was declared, payable on Friday, May 16th. Transfer books closed until 17th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

ARCHERS, ATTENTION!

HIGHFIELD'S CELEBRATED

BOWS,

FROM 10 TO 70 POUNDS PULL.

The Grand Game of the Season.

ARROW POINTS, BOWSTRINGS,

Target Facings, etc.

F. M. L. PETERS & CO., having received a special consignment from London of Highfield's Bows and all Archery Tackle for ladies and gentlemen, are now prepared to fill orders at Santa Claus' Headquarters,

207 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Look out for Lawn Tennis.

COGSWELL'S

SIERRA MADRE VILLA

HOTEL,

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.,

NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

A WONDERFUL PLACE IN THE

foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, eighteen hundred feet above the sea. Climate near perfection, summer and winter. In the midst of an orange grove, with all the comforts of a home, overlooking San Gabriel Valley, twenty miles from the sea. Not equaled by any place in the State for a summer or winter residence. The way to get there is by carriage, twelve miles from Los Angeles, or rail to San Gabriel Mission, and four miles by carriage to the Villa. Send notice to San Gabriel Post Office, Los Angeles County, one day in advance.

W. P. RHOADES, LESSEE.

C. P. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON.

PACIFIC

SAW MANUFACTURING CO.

17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's Files.

Repairing of all kinds done at short notice.

COOS BAY

COAL.

\$7.50 per Ton; \$4 per Half Ton.

MIDDLETON & FARNSWORTH,

Office and Yard, 14 Post Street. Store Yard, 718 Sansome Street. Branch Office, J. MIDDLETON & SON, 419 Pine Street, opposite California market.

MANUFACTURERS OF
JEWELRY & DIAMOND WORK
We are prepared to furnish designs and manufacture to order any article of Jewelry desired at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
WATCH REPAIRING AT THE LOWEST RATES
BY SKILLFUL WORKMEN.
GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE

INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPANY.—Dividend No. 72.—The monthly dividend for April, 1879, will be paid on May 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218 and 220 Sansome Street.

CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.

San Francisco, May 5, 1879.

NEW BOOKS

The King's Secret. By the Duc de Broglie. An important work relating to the reign of Louis XV. \$5 00
Renaissance in Italy. The fine arts. By J. A. Symonds. 2 vols, 8vo. 3 50
Bismarck in the Franco-German War. By M. Busch. 2 vols, cloth. 4 00
Rudder Grange. A genuine bit of humor. By Frank R. Stockton. 1 vol, cloth. 1 25
Moses the Lawgiver. By Rev. W. M. Taylor. 1 vol, 12mo, cloth. 1 50
The Secret of Success, or How to Get on in the World. By W. D. Adams. 1 vol. 1 50
Italian and French Composers. By George T. Ferris. 1 vol, paper, 30 cents; cloth. 60
Dourmof. A new novel. By Henry Greville. 1 vol. 50
Wanderings in Patagonia. By J. Burckhardt. Leisure Hours Series. 1 vol, cloth. 1 00
Thoughts on Religious Life. By Joseph Alden, D.D. With an introduction by Wm. Cullen Bryant. 1 00
Artists of the Nineteenth Century. By Clara E. Clement and Laurence Hutton. 2 vols, cloth. 5 00

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,
NOS. 3 AND 5 MONTGOMERY STREET,
OPEN EVENINGS.

FLOWER POTS AND VASES.



A house without flowers is not homelike.

FLOWER POTS of all sizes,
GARDEN VASES at
the Pottery Depot,

22 California Street, S. F.
JOHN E. OWENS.

FAMILIES

LEAVING THE CITY.

FURNITURE, TRUNKS, PIANOS,

Pictures, Carpets, etc., stored and taken care of (not necessary to pack them). Parlor Sets, Carpets, and Blankets aired and dusted to keep out moths. Trunks stored for twenty-five cents per month. We have the best facilities for storage, having been in the business for sixteen years, and having built our warehouses expressly for it. Don't pay rent or interest, and can afford to store goods low. Advances made, insurance effected, and reference given. Please send postal card, and we will call and give estimate for storage.
H. WINDDEL & CO.,
Principal Storeroom, 310 Stockton St., bet. Post & Sutter,
Corner Stockton Place, San Francisco.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE public are informed that we receive the genuine

Louis Roederer Carte Blanche Champagne,

Direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side, "Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast."

MACONDRAV & CO.,
Sole agents for the Pacific Coast.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

For rates to well-known Summer Resorts, see special advertisement in this paper.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

The Company have arranged with the Pacific Transfer Company, whereby baggage can be checked at the various hotels, also at private residences. Orders may be left at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, or at the office of Transfer Company, No. 110 Sutter Street.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5:30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7:15 A. M.), 9:00 A. M., and 4:15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9:00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9:00 A. M. and 4:15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7:45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15:30, 16:40, 7:45, 9:00, 10:30 A. M., 12:00 M., 1:30, 4:15, 5:30, 6:40, 8:30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15:40, 16:45, 7:50, 9:07, 10:35 A. M.; 12:05, 2:40, 4:20, 5:38, 6:45, 8:32, 9:35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1 75; Santa Clara, \$1 65; Congress Springs, \$2 75; Santa Cruz, \$4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3 25; Santa Clara, \$3 05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2 50; to Los Gatos and return, \$4 25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4 25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3 65; to Wright's and return, \$4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, \$6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1
Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5:30 A. M. (leaving next Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, G. H. WILSON,
Superintendent.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.SHIPPING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

218 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard
Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China
Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance
Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The
Glasgow Iron Co.; J. Ashton & Son's Salt.**HUNTINGTON, HOPKINS & CO.**

IMPORTERS OF

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

COAL, ETC., ETC.

MINING, MILLING, AND RAIL-

way Supplies.

Function Bush and Market Streets.

SACRAMENTO.

SAN FRANCISCO.

GEO. W. GIBBS & CO.,

IRON, METALS,

NOS. 33 and 35 FREMONT STREET

and 38 and 40 Beale Street.

IRON—Bar, Band, Hoop, Plate and Sheet, Norway Shoe
Shapes.

PIPE—Morris Tasker & Co.'s Boiler Tubes and Gas Pipe.

STEEL—Taylor & Co.'s best Cast Steel; also, Spring Tire,
Toe, and Flaw.

SHOES—Burden's and Perkins Horse and Mule.

RIVETS—Burden's Boiler, Carriage, Tire, and Shutter.

HORSE NAILS—Graham's, Globe, and Putnam's.

ANVILS, VICES, FILES, RASPS, NUTS, WASHERS, BELLERS,
AXLES, SPRINGS, BOLTS, CUMBERLAND COAL, ETC.NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco**W. W. DODGE & CO.,**

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

TABER, HARKER & CO.,**IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE**

GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

OLD

LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,

Port Wines, Sherries,

And all the choicest brands of

CHAMPAGNE,

APPLE JACK, PISCO, ARRACK,

CORDIALS, LIQUORS, ETC., ETC.

329 Montgomery and 511 California Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,

SHIPPING

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET

LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - - - San Francisco.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

SAN FRANCISCO.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR

Street.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

FRANK KENNEDY,**ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-**chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, bankruptcy
and all cases attended to.**WILLIAM M. PIERSON,****ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA-**

mento Street.

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,**OCULIST, 313 BUSH STREET.**

Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,

removed to 200 STOCKTON ST., cor. Geary, S. F.

VIRGE, DENTIST, 313 Kearny Street.

JENNINGS S. COX.....OLIVER TEALL.

COX, TEALL & CO.,**REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND**
AUCTIONEERS, 303 Montgomery Street, under
the Nevada Bank, San Francisco.Auction Salesroom, H. M. NEWHALL & CO., 309, 311
and 313 Sansome Street.

J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.

JAS. T. STRATTON, Civil Engineer.

H. L. DODGE.....L. H. SWEENEY.....J. E. RUGGLES.

DODGE, SWEENEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale Provision Dealers,

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 406 Front Street, San Francisco.

ELOCUTION, ORATORY, AND**THE DRAMA.****MARY F. BRADLEY, 510 ELLIS**Street. Ladies and gentlemen fitted for the Plat-
form, Stage, or Teaching.**ELECTRIC BELTS,**A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay, ex-
haustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed
free. Address J. K. REEVES, 43 Chatham Street, N. Y.**THOMAS BOYSON, M. D.**(University of Copenhagen, Denmark),
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Officeand Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11
A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Tele-
phone in the office.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,**DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126**

Kearny Street, San Francisco.

Office hours—from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

ALASKA**COMMERCIAL CO.**

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.**MILLER & RICHARD'S****EXTRA-HARD METAL****SCOTCH TYPE**

Is used upon the ARGONAUT exclusively.

Address No. 529 COMMERCIAL STREET.

And 205 Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

S. P. R. R.**NORTHERN DIVISION.****REDUCTION IN RATES.****THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL-**road Company is now prepared to issue Regular,
Special, and Excursion Tickets at GREATLY REDUCED
RATES to the following**Well Known Summer Resorts.****REGULAR UNLIMITED TICKETS.**

To Pescadero.....\$3 50

To Gilroy Hot Springs.....5 00

To Aptos.....4 75

To Soquel and Santa Cruz.....5 00

To Monterey.....7 00

To Paso Robles Hot Springs.....14 00

To Paso Robles Hot Springs and Return.....25 00

SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS,

(Good if used within two days).

To Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.....\$4 25

To Monterey.....4 75

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.

To Pescadero and Return.....\$6 00

(Limited to September 30, 1879).

To Paraiso Springs and Return.....12 50

(Limited to October 31, 1879).

SPECIAL LIMITED EXCURSION TICKETS.

(Good for Return until following Monday, inclusive).

To Aptos.....\$7 50

To Soquel.....and Return.....\$7 50

To Santa Cruz.....and Return.....8 50

PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE:Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES

—OF THE—

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.**FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-**

ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness

of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of

Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood

to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these

symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic

Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which**HELMBOLD'S BUCHU**

Does in every case.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
nent physicians all over the world in

Rheumatism,

Spermatorrhoea,

Neuralgia,

Nervousness,

Dyspepsia,

Indigestion,

Constipation,

General Debility,

Kidney Diseases,

Liver Complaint,

Nervous Debility,

Epilepsy,

Head Troubles,

Paralysis,

General Ill Health,

Spinal Diseases,

Sciatica,

Deafness,

Decline,

Lumbago,

Catarrh,

Nervous Complaints,

Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour

Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation

of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a

thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to

healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and

imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single

trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating

of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE.

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients"

may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by

calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents.

All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on

each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.**IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE**

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,

in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,Plaintiff, vs. EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-
GUIRE, Defendants.Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in
the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by
said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three
thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note,
payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assess-
ments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount
found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises
conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds
applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that
the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.]

THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.

L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.**DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF**the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, Cal., May 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board
of Directors of the above named company, held this day,
Dividend No. 3, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared,
payable on MONDAY, May 12th, 1879, at the office in
this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San
Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.**SILVER HILL MINING COMPANY.**Location of principal place of business, San Francis-
co, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey Coun-
ty, Nevada.Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the seventh (7th) day of April, 1879,
an assessment (No. 6) of fifty (50) cents per share was
levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable
immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at
the office of the company, Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street,
Cosmopolitan Hotel Building, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the thirteenth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent,
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-
ment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the third
(3d) day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

W. E. DEAN, Secretary.

Office—Room 8, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.**NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—East**

Branch Mining Company.

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California. Location of works, East Branch Mining Dis-
trict, Plumas County, California.Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 12) of five cents per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the 22d day of May, 1879, will be delinquent and
advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.

Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.**BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.**Location of principal place of business, San Francis-
co, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey
County, State of Nevada.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Direct-
ors, held on the seventeenth day of April, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 12) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of May, 1879,
will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on TUES-
DAY, the tenth (10th) day of June, 1879, to pay the
delinquent assessment, together with cost of advertising and
expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.**SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING**Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees,
held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment
(No. 57) of two dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the twentieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-
ment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.

Office, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4.30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, commencing May 3d, the notice of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive, as follows:

Baden.....	\$ 50	Fair Oaks.....	\$1 50
San Bruno.....	65	Menlo Park.....	1 00
Millbrae.....	65	Aptos.....	1 75
Oak Grove.....	90	Mountain View.....	2 00
San Mateo.....	1 10	Lawrence.....	2 25
Belmont.....	1 25	Santa Clara.....	2 50
Redwood.....	1 40	San Jose.....	2 50

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday inclusive.

SECOND CLASS FARE

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....\$1.00

A car with Sleeping Accommodations, constructed expressly for this travel, is attached to Freight Trains, leaving San Francisco at 4 A. M., and San Jose at 8:30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For rates for well-known Summer Resorts, see special advertisement in this paper.

A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1879.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landings, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, Yuma, and MARICOPA (156 miles east from Yuma).

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED TO 25 cents.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1879.

Between San Francisco and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). 7.10 and 9.20 A. M. 1.45 and 4.45 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry). 5.45 P. M.

Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry). 8.00 and 11.00 A. M. 3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry). 7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry). 8.15 and 10.15 A. M. 12.50 and 4.35 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry). 8.00 A. M.

8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from Sausalito Ferry, for all points between Sausalito and Junction.

9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Sausalito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Returning same day, arrives S. F. (via Sausalito) 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, \$2 00; Tomales, \$3 00; Duncan Mills, \$4 00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 5,

1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles.

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), LOS ANGELES, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (156 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Phoenix, Prescott, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

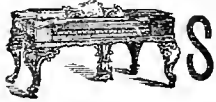
5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Feriside .		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Stockton Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
B 6.10	12.30	7.00	B 7.00	6.10	7.00	B 6.10	7.00	7.00	7.30	B 6.10	7.00	7.00	7.30
7.00	1.00	8.00	B 8.00	7.30	8.00	7.30	8.00	8.00	8.30	8.00	8.30	8.00	8.30
7.30	1.30	9.00	B 9.00	8.00	9.00	8.00	9.00	9.00	9.30	9.00	9.30	9.00	9.30
8.00	2.00	10.00	B 10.00	8.30	9.30	8.30	9.30	10.00	10.30	10.00	10.30	10.00	10.30
8.30	3.00	11.00	B 11.00	9.00	10.00	9.00	10.00	10.30	11.00	10.30	11.00	10.30	11.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	B 12.00	9.30	10.30	9.30	10.30	11.00	11.30	11.00	11.30	11.00	11.30
9.30	4.00			10.00	11.00	10.00	11.00						
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	12.45												
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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING, defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MALISSA KING, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

(SEAL.) THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STENSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome Street.

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UNDER THE
BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 20.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 17, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

A COMSTOCK CORONER.

John Mangus, the Public Administrator and Coroner of Storey County, Nevada, was sitting in the bosom of his family one bleak December night, indulging in the melancholy reflections which so often cloud the mind and sour the temper of men who imagine that a heartless providence has singled them out as a special target for its frowns.

Mangus had a wife and five children depending on him for provender.

Before his elevation to public office he had been an industrious miner, and well to do in the world. He had gone before the people as a candidate, spent all he had in the First Ward, got whipped in the Second, was drunk in the Third, and being unable to circulate in the Fourth was elected there by a sufficient majority to pull him through.

Mangus was a little sore after election day to think that the First Ward had cleaned out his pockets and done so poorly for him. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that he had maintained the customs of the country by settling down on election day to a coin disbursement basis.

Jones had come down with a million before he could don the Senatorial toga; and Sharon had scattered about a million and a half (being less popular), and (being less scrupulous) gave his constituents a stock deal after his election, and got it all back again.

Mangus was turning over in his mind how he could, on a small scale, imitate the example of the latter, and recover his money.

As he sat gazing into the fire, which was feeding on coal at twenty-five dollars a ton, and ruminating sadly over the past and present, his wife stole softly to his side and tried to cheer him up.

"John, is anything the matter?"

"Everything's the matter. Do you believe in a Providence—a Providence that punishes the wicked and cares for the good?"

"Of course."

"Well, I don't! Look at me. I go to church on Sunday, live at home with my family, don't gamble, and seldom drink. Now, ain't that pretty good for a man livin' in Virginia City? Well, does Providence smile on me? I've been Coroner of this county for months, and look at the death record during that time: one man blown up in Crown Point, brought up here with nothin' on; man shot on C Street, nothing in his pockets but a plug of navy tobacco and an old jackknife; one man scalded in the Savage. Think of that, Betsy. Then look at the Administrator business: two old women pegged out, and I had the handling of some old rickety bedsteads and some pots and pans. Do you call that sort of thing a provision of Providence?"

"I know, John, it's hard, when you come to figure it up; but the Lord will provide yet."

"The Lord ain't on my side, Betsy. But look how Providence stood in with Billings, my predecessor. The first week after he was sworn in there were four men blown to splinters in the Yellow Jacket; then came a cave in the Con. Virginia shaft that panned out two more. His official career was a regular triumphal march. Everything stood in with him. Buildings fell down, blasts went off before their time, plenty of engineers got drunk, everybody was on the shoot, cut, and fight, and teams went crashing through the streets every day or so, running over children. Why, his fees from children alone amounted to more money than I have seen for six months."

"Providence *did* smile on him, and no mistake," said the wife sadly.

"Then look at the estates he had the handling of. Hundreds of thousands passed through his hands, and about half of it stuck to his fingers, and yet you say it was all the doings of Providence. Look how wicked he was: he gambled, drank, kept a mistress in every town, and was a born thief all the while. How can you reconcile these things to a belief in Christianity?"

"Trust in the Lord, John, and in the end you will be happy."

"Betsy, you make me tired."

Just then Barlow, the undertaker, came in, and his presence cheered the disconsolate Mangus. Barlow was a man who was never cast down and always hopeful for the future. He was warmly welcomed, and when he drew up his chair

to the fire he pulled a bottle from his pocket and sang in cheery tones the refrain of the old song that was howled in the hall at Delhi when the great plague was devastating the city:

"Here's a cup to the dead already;
Hurrah for the next that dies!"

This beautiful and touching melody caused a smile to play over the stolid features of the Coroner, and in his enthusiasm he threw a lump of coal in the grate worth at least forty-five cents.

"Bring out some cake, and let's have a hot-schotch at once," he said to his wife, who began to move about quite briskly. "It isn't every night we enjoy the company of Mr. Barlow. How are things with you, Mr. Barlow?"

"Business immense," said the undertaker, rubbing his hands warmly. If the measles in the Second Ward keeps up another week I'll be able to pay the Belcher assessment and have considerable left. For a good, reliable, money-making disease give me measles; of course I mean where you can't get small-pox. The elevation here is too high for small pox, but every country has its little drawbacks and I don't complain. If I couldn't have measles, I'd worry along on diphtheria; but measles is the thing because it takes the children. Take a well fixed family who have just lost a child and they come down handsome for a toney funeral. If it's their only child, of course I charge 'em more. At a child's funeral I make a good spec on flowers. I raise 'em all in my back yard, but I make 'em think they come from Sacramento with big express charges. Now, for instance, when they are droppin' off pretty thick, I make the same flowers do for two funerals. I plant one in the morning, and of course they leave the flowers on the grave; then I take 'em and cover the coffin of the one I bury in the afternoon with 'em, see?"

The Coroner and his wife laughed heartily at these business revelations of Barlow, and highly commended him for his shrewdness.

"Of course," continued Barlow, accepting their compliments modestly, and lifting a fresh glass of hot-schotch from the table, "there are tricks, or rather strokes of business, in most all trades. Now, I often make people think they are gittin' solid rosewood, when it is only varnished black walnut. Take a woman whose husband is dead, and she takes on so that she don't inspect close; if I make her think I'm furnishin' rosewood, it makes her feel better, because she thinks she's doin' the square thing by the corpse. Well, here's at ye."

Mangus lifted his glass and drank with Barlow, and remarked: "That's all well enough for *you*, but in my business I can't play those dodges; I must take what Providence gives me. You git a regular thing, and my business is spasmodic."

"That's all because you lack brains—brains, my boy," replied Barlow, squeezing a little more lemon into his liquor. "People all seem to think that any damn fool can be a Coroner, but that's where they're wrong. Of course any fool can hold an inquest, but it takes intellect to be able to hold half a dozen inquests on the same man. I was once a Coroner in Frisco in the early days, and with proper care I could make a corpse last for months." Here Barlow looked over his glass and winked knowingly at Mangus, whose face brightened up as if a new light was dawning.

"D'ye see it?" quoth the undertaker, chuckling merrily.

Mangus burst into a laugh, and his wife smiled in sympathy. There was a knock at the door.

"Come in."

As the door opened a gust of wind brought in a shower of snow, likewise a man.

"There's a man killed at the Curry. We've got him here in a cart."

"Take him round the back way, and we'll put him in the dead house," said the Coroner, starting up. The man closed the door, and went back to the cart.

"There's no cloud without a silver lining," said the undertaker pouring out some more liquor.

Mangus knew there was a twenty-dollar fee within reach, and, putting his head out of the door, called to the man with the cart:

"How many was killed?"

"Only one."

"Don't expect to be a millionaire in a minute. One's a blamed sight better than nothing," said the undertaker, smiling blandly at Mrs. Mangus. "Miner is he? Well, there's

a hundred dollar funeral at the least, perhaps more, and seventy-five per cent. clear profit. Let me see," he continued, as he buried his mind in mathematics. "Imitation rosewood, size six, eight dollars. Wont need any ice this cold weather, seven dollars saved. White muslin inside, and the stuffing, three and six-bits. Plate with inscription, ten dollars; handles, three on a side, four and a half. If he belongs to a society I can put it up pretty high."

"What have oo dot now?" cried a childish voice from an inner room.

The mother went in and kissed the child. "Father's got a dead man outside; now go to sleep, pet."

"Oh doody, I'll dit a doll, Billy," continued the child, calling out to a neighboring bed. "Wake up, dad's dot a dead man sure."

In a few seconds five curly heads reared up from their pillows, and began discussing the joyful news. The fond father promised each one some trinket or other, contingent upon the arrival of a subject. The corpse had arrived, no mistake, and its coming brought a joy unto that household equal to what the fleshly advent of a live Santa Claus might have produced.

"Now, you 'ain't foolin' us?" asked one, in tones which implied he thought the news too good to be true.

It was over an hour before the happy and excited youngsters could sleep, and by that time the dead had been laid out, cold and stiff, in a building in the rear of the Coroner's.

The little Mangus brood were up quite early in the morning and stole out in their night-gowns to see the corpse.

Little Billy touched the forehead with his finger to see if it was cold, and, finding it came up to his expectations, communicated the fact to the rest, in a terse, "Dead, you bet!"

One could hardly imagine a pleasanter sight than these smiling children, whose hearts were filled with joy at the arrival of the "stiff," and no wonder, for it was the first that had come on to the premises for four months. It being Saturday they did not go to school, and so played their blithesome games all day as only happy children can.

That night the Coroner and the undertaker had a private confab, and the result of their deliberation soon became manifest.

Inside a week a body was found in an old deserted prospect hole, and a few days after another, and the inquests came on thick and fast.

The Mangus family began to assume more importance. The wife was a shrewd woman, and one night she said:

"John, isn't this the same old corpse you are inquesting about once a week?"

"Hush, don't talk so loud; it's the same corpse, but I always inquest him under a different name, and I find him always in different clothes. If Providence won't provide for me, I'll do it myself. I don't propose to wait like Micawber for something to turn up. I'll go and turn it up myself."

"How long will the old fellow last?"

"If this cold snap keeps up he's good for about a month or six weeks more, and when he goes to pieces I may have a fresh one."

"The Lord will provide, John, the Lord will provide," said the wife, cheerily.

Mangus and the undertaker kept their pet corpse in good condition for weeks, and it was inquested pretty often. It was a perfect bonanza for fees, etc., and they looked upon it as a regular member of the firm.

"I begin to like this man," said the undertaker one day. "If ever we had a faithful friend it's this same man."

"Death only can separate us?"

"That is if *we* die."

"I've got him lying down in an old shaft near the hospital, and somebody's sure to find him in a day or so."

"What shaft? You don't mean the Lee Consolidated?"

"Yes."

The undertaker started to his feet in horror, and exclaimed: "You infernal fool, that old shaft is nine hundred feet deep, and two hundred feet of water at the bottom."

"Great Cæsar, do you mean it? I supposed it had been bulk-headed to within a few feet of the top."

"We've lost him; we never can get him up, and now we're dished unless we can get a new one, or take a dead pauper into the firm. We were just getting him along with us so well."

"We'll never see his like again," answered the Coroner. The poor Coroner seemed to take the loss very

heart, and was never the same man afterward. He seemed to lose all enthusiasm in his business, which got duller and duller, and one day an old friend of his, who was blown up in the Belcher and lay four days insensible, came to, with the remark:

"The Coronor will never get me."

This was carried to Mangus, and the expression cut him to the quick; such ingratitude from an old friend, a man whom he had mined with for years, he could hardly believe it. His suspicions of his old friend's treachery were, however, confirmed when he saw him walking about the streets alive and well a few weeks after—not only alive, but going on a big spree as if exulting over his victory in depriving the Coronor of a subject.

No wonder Mangus became a misanthrope.

One day he was missing, and some of the miners passing the Lee Consolidated mine, where the foolish Coronor had thrown his dividend paying corpse, found tracks in the snow leading to the mouth of the shaft, and near by was the Coronor's unmistakable bad hat.

Poor Mangus had committed suicide doubtless, but the more charitable held that he rolled in by mistake.

It was impossible to get the body up at once. Meanwhile the citizens got up a benefit for the widow—the usual balm for bereavement on the Comstock.

The musical, dramatic, and vocal talent of the ledge combined. The receipts of the affair were \$350, and the expenses in the neighborhood of \$400. By repudiating the bills of the newspapers for printing and advertising the managers were enabled to balance accounts.

Meanwhile the story was circulated that the old shaft was haunted, and such was indeed the fact. Miners who passed the spot after sundown heard strange noises, and at midnight the voice of Mangus calling a jury together was frequently noted. Soon afterward it was said that a ghostly procession of men would file to the mouth of the shaft and disappear. Those who took the pains to stop and listen declared that they could hear the taking of testimony for hours.

One night some men coming off the three o'clock shift heard these words ring out clearly in the frosty air of morning:

"We find the deceased forty-three years of age, a native of Cornwall, England, who came to his death by a cave in the Gould and Curry mine on the seventeen-fifty level, and we believe that nobody is to blame."

A few moments later a crowd of spectral witnesses and jurymen came up from the shaft and melted away into the darkness. Such were the stories which passed current in the city, but I must confess that I never met a man who would vouch for them of his own knowledge.

About three months after the disappearance of the Coronor a skeleton was dragged up from the bottom of the shaft, duly inquested and buried as the remains of John Mangus.

The undertaker a few months after received a letter, which was as follows:

"DEAR BARLOW:—I suppose you attended my funeral on the 17th. The accounts in the papers amused me considerably. I am alive and well in Lima with my family, who have recently joined me. I made some tracks in the snow one night at the mouth of the Lee Consolidated shaft, then threw my old hat there, and stepped backward in my tracks until I reached the road. The rest you know. The body or rotten bones they inquested was the poor devil we did so well with last winter. Poor fellow, he is at rest at last. I wonder if they have overhauled my accounts yet! They'll do devilish well if they ever straighten them. I am running an undertaker's establishment down here. People are dying right and left, and business is splendid. Betsy and all the children send regards. Yours, JOHN MANGUS."

Not long after the books of the Public Administrator's office were overhauled, and there was a deficit of \$10,000.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., May 10, 1879. SAM DAVIS.

The Detroit *Free Press* gives currency to this monumental but interesting lie:

On a train coming East over the Central Road the other day was a Californian bound for New Jersey, and the train had scarcely left Chicago behind when he stopped the conductor, and said:

"On which side of the car can I best see the mountains?"

The conductor told him: there were no mountains along the route, and the man indignantly replied:

"What in blazes did you build the road for? What do you suppose I'm traveling for? This must be a one-horse road if it don't take in at least one mountain!"

He cooled down after a while, but in half an hour he tackled the brakeman with the query:

"Does this road pass any old ruins of interest?"

The brakeman couldn't remember any ruins except an old log house here and there, and the Californian was mad in a minute.

"Do you think I shipped on this road as freight or live stock?" he called out. "If you don't run past any old ruins why don't you say so on the time-cards, and not be deceiving people?"

When the conductor next came along the Californian was looking from the window to catch sight of the bridges, and he turned and said:

"If we come to any bridges over eight hundred feet long just give me the word. I don't care about seeing any shorter ones."

The conductor had to admit that the road was trying to get along with a few short bridges, and the passenger bobbed around in his seat and replied:

"What did you build your old road for? If you haven't any long bridges on the line why didn't you hunt for a new one?"

About thirty miles west of Detroit the Californian caught sight of a lake afar off, and, going out on the platform, he asked the brakeman:

"Don't we run along the shore of that lake over there?"

"No; we are as near it as we shall go."

"You are, eh? Then that settles this road with me!"

When I come back I'll ride in a lumber wagon! You can take your confounded old railroad and eat it, but you can't fool me again. Looks to me as if the folks who built it simply wanted to connect Detroit and Chicago, and didn't care a cent for scenery."

Tramps would be more numerous than ever were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men.

OUR OWN POETS.

Too Late.

It grew beside the way, a blossom blue,
That matched its color with the azure sky;
And once a careless traveler, passing by,
Half stooped to grasp the treasure where it grew—
Then left it, pondering on its lovely hue,
But thinking, "No, not now; some other day
I'll claim the treasure when I pass this way."
And so he bade the dainty thing adieu.
One day, long after, came the traveler back,
Seeking the flower with eager look and tread.
In vain. No blossom smiled along the track—
The little flower that he had left was dead.
Are themes like this, then, worth the poet's art?
What if the little blossom were a heart?

SANTA CRUZ, May, 1879.

S. E. A.

Free Will.

He clambered to a jutting point of rock,
And up and down the coast on either side
The breakers thundered, and beneath his feet
Broke into showering spray. He stood and laughed,
And met the pride of inward-rolling seas
With greater pride of man—for he was young.

"O mighty, restless, forceful sea,
That all along thy shore
Art shaking hoary locks at me
With threatening roar!
O leagues of helpless liquid there,
Drawn back and forth by law alone,
As passive as the dumbest stone,
Moved by each motion of the air,
How weak a thing art thou to me,
Who walk about the world, the one thing wholly free!
For human will is king,
Nor yields to anything.
And he who will may laugh at Fate's most mighty sea,
As here to-day I laugh, thou type of Fate at sea."

And as he spoke a towering wave swept on,
And bore him lightly from his place; and 'mid
The jagged rocks his limbs, like bits of straw,
Were tossed and beaten by the breaking wave.

NILES, May, 1879.

MILICENT W. SHINN.

Beyond.

Long is the flight and lonely the way
As the bird flies home at close of day,
But calm is the sleep and sweet the rest
After it reaches its downy nest.

Damp is the mould and dreary the tomb
Before the fair bud bursts into bloom,
But sweet the fragrance and rare the hue
When first it is bathed in morning dew.

Rough is the road and long seems the day
As life's pilgrim struggles on his way,
But bright is the joy and sweet the peace
After this troublesome life shall cease.

PETALUMA, May, 1879.

CLARENCE U. THOMAS.

Sea-Shore Sentiments.

Towering rocks, rugged and grim,
Storm-beaten, surf-stained, and grey,
Ages come, linger, and die,
And yet ye pass not away.

Solitary, wave-eaten,
Inhospitable and bold,
Warm wavelets may caress thee,
Still thou'rt stern, frowning, and cold.

Seam-marked, dark-creviced, and chill,
Weird in storm, harsh in sunshine,
Softness ne'er marks thy stony brows,
Yet some wild quaint beauty's thine.

DUNCAN'S MILL, April, 1879.

RICHARD RULE.

I.—Anticipation.

At some sweet, sudden thought my pulses thrill
With secret forecast of a time—
A coming day—which will its measure fill
With unalloyed delight and bydomel.
What is it I shall find? I can not tell—
I would not live within a rhyme.

I only know that hope is wondrous sweet
With promise that the stagnant calm
Of this monotonous life will break and beat
Around my way in waves bold strong and high.
I do not know where safer paths may lie,
I only wait with outstretched palm.

I know that love's exultant clasp is sure
To guide its treasure to some land
Where faith endures and passion still is pure,
And no wild storms of doubt may change our bliss
To hate's wide fire-struck desert. More than this,
'Tis not for me to understand.

The deep, divine blue of the heavens above
Will fade to pearl beside the hue
Of the empyreal in our heaven of love
If the deep need within me be not sent
As sign of Love's perfection and content,
How could I know that this were true?

II.—Realization.

Is this dull, misty waste the land I sought
With innocent heart in other days?
This keen, white stinging rain the storm I thought
Love's hand would guide me through? Why, at my feet
The broken idol lies, and the sharp beat
Of the wild rain around it plays.

Oh, for one day of the long summer calm,
The measureless content I lost!
One day from the soft-breathing land of balm
The better to endure the years which roll
Deep-flooded with regret before the goal—
Years sorrow-stricken, tempest-crossed.

O Hope! O Love! why failed thou in my sight,
Fainting before we reached the end?
On me alone now falls the bitter blight
Of fruitless years, mocked at by memories
From the fair past; how could I know that these
Would not be happy hours to spend?

Is this the love-hued heaven I prayed to find—
This shrouded, starless, deep-gloomed sky?
Why was the longing in my heart confined,
If not to meet response? How should they
Who ask not life deal with its misery
When all life's hope is but to die?

NORTH COLUMBIA, May, 1879.

MAY N. HAWLEY.

HOW JOE SPROUL GOT HIS DIVORCE.

He had been in camp five days. Where he was from, who he was, or why he came, no one could tell. But that he was in camp and had come to stay, there was no doubt. He was quiet and seemed feeble, and he had about him an indefinable air of refinement and cultivation that commended him to the inhabitants of Nimshew as a somewhat pleasant innovation on the class of unpolished miners who then constituted the society of that aristocratic burg.

Nor was this all which had been noticed by the camp. As he stepped from the Oroville stage, everybody observed that he held almost convulsively the little girl whose tired head rested on his shoulder. They saw, too, that, though not old, his forehead was seamed with wrinkles, that his lips drew and twitched nervously at the corners, and that through his eyes looked out a patient, waiting heaviness, that gave an almost pitiful expression to his whole face.

By that delicate sense of perception which often lies hidden under the coarse exterior of uncultivated natures, the rough miners of Nimshew understood instinctively that the stranger was suffering from some mental as well as bodily illness. Their sympathies were enlisted in his favor from that moment, and every person in the camp immediately constituted himself his protector and friend. A day later, when he had quietly leased and occupied the old Lewis cabin standing somewhat back from the street and apart from the other houses, without a word to any one as to his intentions for the future or experiences of the past, the interest became stronger, and they began to speculate how to more substantially show their sympathy and at the same time more fully gratify their curiosity. But little was seen of the object of their interest, however. Only once had he appeared out of doors, and then simply to pace for a brief half hour up and down the walk in front of his cabin, with arms folded and eyes bent down, and look so seemingly abstracted that he did not appear to be conscious of the constant scrutiny of their curious eyes, nor even to notice when genial Hank Ewarts, strolling with well-simulated indifference by the gate, paused to speak to the little girl and coax her to him with flattery and delicate bribery. Beyond this he had not been visible, and at the end of the fifth day the camp knew as little about him as they had known on the first.

The winter was unusually severe even for that district. Three days before the road had washed out on the Diamondville grade, and entirely imprisoned the camp, severing it completely from the outside world. It had rained steadily all day. The depressing grayness of the clouds, which had vested a reflecting tinge even on the sobered complexion of the trees and rocks, gave way, as the sun went down, to still more sombre colors. The tall pines, that stood here and there like sentinels along the sharply outlined ridge of Helltown hill, creaked, groaned, and shivered as they swayed to and fro beneath the fury of the wind, and, bending and waving, lost their naked boldness, mingling more and more indistinctly as the gloom increased. The roar of Butte Creek, turbulent and swollen with the melting snow, came to the ear from the cañon half a mile below the camp hushed and subdued to a hoarse and muffled murmur. The rain pattered drearily on the roofs, and, dripping from the gutterless eaves, trickled off to swell the volume of the miniature river which had gouged out for itself a channel along the one deserted street.

In the spacious bar-room of the Nimshew Hotel a number of "the boys" were gathered around the fire-place, in which a fire of logs was snapping and flickering cheerfully. Male society predominated at Nimshew, and, as a consequence, etiquette often gave way to the exigencies of the occasion. Exposure to the storm had rendered boots, coats, and other exterior garments uncomfortable to their wearers: therefore many had been discarded, and a row of these dampened articles stood drying around the fire. But the picturesqueness of the *dishabille* somewhat overbalanced, perhaps, the lack of modesty in the assembly. They smoked, and talked, and spread themselves to the warmth, utterly ignorant of the fact that there was anything indelicate or even incongruous in the situation. Indeed, it had been resented as an attempt to "put on airs" when Johnnie Garrell ventured to express disapprobation of even so small a thing as the vapor which the heat extracted from their moistened woollen socks and sent steaming through the room, where it attacked the nostrils with a strength and intensity of odor which literally smelt to heaven.

"Well, whoever he is," observed the proprietor of the hotel—a tall, broad-shouldered man, owing to the name of Big Sam McClellan—"whoever he is, he's here, and as far as I can see he ain't got no friends—exceptin' a' course thet young one. He ain't well, neither, and probably needs medicine and nussin'. Now, thet little child can't do it, and what I say is, is this camp agoin' to sit around and see thet man want—is this camp thet in-cheritable?" He concluded hesitatingly, yet thoughtfully, looking into the fire, and fell to scraping the mud from one of his boots with the poker. There was no answer to the question, and after a pause he continued: "I wonder what ails the cuss ennyhow?"

"There's a woman in it now, you can bet on that," observed Hank Ewarts from across the hearth. "You hear me, that man's been chucked by some female or other, or I don't know the signs. I tell you, boys," he added, leaning forward and emphasizing the words with expressive nods of his head, "women is dangerous things. It's them as ruins many a good man. A man don't shet himself up, and look so kinder lunny and foolish, the way that chap does, if ther' ain't some great and overpowerin' grief a tuggin' at his heart-strings. Women is too fickle, boys, too fickle! You feels fur him, boys; but I tell you it's only when a man's actooally ned experience thet he can pint with certainty to the whole devastatin' effects of a blasted hope."

Hank was at once the orator and Adonis of the camp. In the eyes of the boys he was seldom equaled either in eloquence or love. But to-night, with the recent ending—adverse to him—of a love affair with a certain young lady of Dogtown, over the ridge, still fresh in their minds, they felt that his opinion on such matters was one that carried truth upon its very face, and utterly forbade denial. Therefore there was some surprise when, just as Hank was clearing his throat and preparing, with extended finger, to stigmatize more deeply the base frailty of the sex, a small man from the centre of the circle looked up and interrupted with,

"Some folks 'd say thet this chap hed done suthin' queer. It mought be thet he's skeered to come out."

"If this camp," said Hank, slowly, and flushing slightly as he spoke; "if this camp has fell so almighty low as to require a certificate of virtue an' a public investigation of character from every pore devil as comes into it, you ain't got any too much time, Dave Cohn, to pick up your duds an' leave. Perhaps you would desire the proceedings to begin; but I tell you thet if they does they'll be mighty convincin'."

The little man shrank back, and Hank's hand slid slowly round to his hip pocket as he added: "Perhaps there's some other man here as would like to tell me I lied."

Whether there was or not will never be related, for Sam McClellan leaned forward and earnestly exclaimed:

"See here, Hank, do you know thet what you say is true?"

Every eye was riveted on his face, and every head thrust forward in anxious expectation. Hank's face was a study. The expression of anger had given way to a half-foolish, half-hesitating look, which was almost an evidence of modesty. He blushed slightly, but it was only for an instant. Quickly recovering his composure he proceeded to explain:

"You see, gentlemen," he said apologetically, "I was accidentally strollin' by ther' yesterday an' I seed thet little girl a swingin' on the gate. She was a singin' to herself, an' she looked so purty and cunnin' thet I couldn't help stoppin' an' speakin' to her. I will state here," he added, with a touch of dignity, "thet I didn't do it from the actuations of a mere d-d curiosity, but because I felt it was a dooty—yes, sir, a dooty—arisin' from my feelins' of Christian charity towards the poor."

"But did you talk with her?" exclaimed Sam.

"Well, she was a leetle skeery at first, but after a little we got quite acquainted and sociable like."

"But did you find out anything about her?" said Sam; "for God's sake tell us about it."

"Well, yes," said Hank lazily; "yes, she said her name was Nellie—Nellie Sproul; thet thet old cnve was her lather, an' thet he was sick an' didn't have anybody to look after him but her—an' she's only five years old. I asked her about her mother, pore little child, and she said, 'Mamma didn't like papa,' an' thet the old man was wantin' to git a divorce. The little innocent didn't know what it meant, tho', fur she axed me directly 'what was a divorce.' I didn't want to tell her, an' she insisted so on knowin' thet I jest had to git up and leave her to git rid of it. But thet," he continued, "is why I say there's a woman in the case, an' thet we ought to help to pull the old man through."

"Now, gentlemen, what shall we do? I've knowed this camp fur nigh onto two year, an' never knowed it to go back on a good man because he was poor an' in trouble. I don't want to work on your feelins', gentlemen, but I know thet ther' isn't one of you as hes parients or old folks in the East as would like to see 'em turned off to starve an' die, jest because they happened to be livin' among strangers. An' now," he added, rising to his feet and intensifying the oratorical dignity of his air, "I axes you, gentlemen, as the representative of the *a-leet* of these diggin's, an' the conscientious inhabitants of a Christian community, shell them pore unfortunates, who hev'n't got the means to purvide fur themselves, suffer an' starve, while we has a plenty an' to spare? Remember, too, gentlemen, thet this little innocent is the first giurl thet was ever in these diggin's, an' thet her presence lends an added respectability to our society at large. Let's look out fur 'em, boys. Let's foster 'em, an' show thet we aire not dead to the sublime and generous actcoations of vertoo an' benevolence within us. Let's adopt 'em, an' advance their coin till they can see a prospect of better times ahead. I will now proceed to start a subscription."

So saying, the generous orator drew from his pocket and laid on the table a handful of coin. The others immediately followed his example, and when the last man deposited his donation there was a goodly pile of money in the heap. And so the old man and little Nellie were adopted by the camp.

It was not long before the boys came to know definitely of the old man's history and troubles, and learned to feel for him a gentleness of pity that was very near to love. His grief had made him simple, and together with little Nellie wrapped up his whole life. The boys listened to him with respectful and sympathetic attention, and it soon came to be universally regretted that the present facilities of the camp denied the old man the realization of what seemed to be his most cherished scheme—to get a divorce from the wife who had deserted him. Indeed, from the time he had first talked confidentially with Hank Evarts after his arrival at the camp, he had been "going below to get a divorce." He was going right away; he was going when he made money enough from his claim to pay the lawyer's fees; he was going when the rains were over, when the new trail over Helltown should be completed, when Nellie should be old enough to understand, when he should be in better health. And so the days went by, and lengthened into months, the claim gave up its treasure and quietly petered out, the rains gave place to summer droughts, the new trail over the hill became old and plainly broken, Nellie grew apace both in mind and body, the old man grew still more sickly and more childish, but still he had not yet got his divorce.

One Sunday afternoon Old Joe and Hank lay lazily sunning themselves on a bed of fragrant pine-needles, talking, as usual, of the former's hopes and troubles. The old man had fished out from the depths of a well-worn pocketbook a picture, and a small curl of yellow hair tied with the traditional blue ribbon.

"They were hers," he said, simply.

Hank accepted them gingerly on an outstretched palm, and critically examined them. The former was a painting—the likeness of a fair young woman of perhaps twenty-two or three. The eyes were blue, and the features had that peculiar baby-like cast of innocence which so effectually conceal the devilish depths of falsity and shame that commonly lie beneath them. It was a beautiful face, and Hank could not forego an exclamation as he glanced at it. The old man smiled faintly.

"Yes, Nellie was pretty," he said; then with an air of self-depreciation: "I know I ain't handsome nor smart, but somehow I do think she loved me—once. It didn't last, though," he continued, drearily. "I believe, too, that I really loved her, and if it wasn't for little Nellie there—I don't know—but—" His voice faltered, and Hank looking up quickly saw that his eyes were filled with tears. He choked them down, however, and with a half sob that gave evidence of

the effort, added: "But Nellie is here, and perhaps for her sake—it will be better—to get—a divorce."

The hot tears filled Hank's own eyes, and there was a curious surging in his ears and choking in his voice, as he exclaimed:

"By God, old man, the woman as would treat you like that ought to be shot." And without doubt he echoed the sentiment of the whole camp in the words.

And from these and similar admissions the boys came to feel that Joe still loved his unworthy wife, and that it was not for himself alone that he wanted the divorce.

Yet the camp's investment was not wholly unremunerative. As Hank had predicted, little Nellie did add a refining influence to the society of Nimshaw. She romped and played impartially with all the men—riding on their shoulders, nestling in their arms, scolding them for their uncleanness, rebuking them for their profanity, and often presiding over their meals—a pleasure not unaccompanied by disadvantages to some of them, for she tabooed hats and insisted on so far revolutionizing previous table etiquette of the camp as to abolish the knife as a means of conveyance for food. While herself too young to suffer from the contagion of their coarseness, she in a thousand different ways brightened their rough lives, and lifted them to a higher plane of morality and Christianity, and in return they adored and idolized her.

The old man gradually grew weaker and more childish; the shadow on his hair became lighter, the stoop in his shoulders deepened, and the simplicity and garrulousness of his discourse became more intensely and piteously painful. Finally, one day bedrock was reached, and he was laid in the hotel groaning and muttering unconsciously with brain fever. A female nurse was deemed absolutely indispensable, and Hank Evarts galloped off toward Oroville, with instructions to dispatch as soon as possible the best nurse obtainable in that town.

It would be thirty-six hours at least before she could be expected, and in the meantime Sam McClellan was appointed temporary attendant. Nellie refused to leave her father, and sat by him on the bed; but after a day's anxious watching she became completely tired out, and fell into a sound sleep. Sam then carried her off and put her to bed where she would not be disturbed by her father's ravings.

Sam sat alone and watched the old man as he lay there exhausted. Joe's eyes were half closed, and his face was pale as one on the verge of death. He babbled and muttered continually, now and then raising his voice to a higher key, and then dropping again to the old, dull monotone.

There is a peculiar terror for any one in the presence of insanity, and Sam was not an exception to the rule. His dread made him nervous, and from time to time he restlessly paced the floor. But he found his courage in repeated application to his whisky flask, and finally seated himself on the edge of the bed.

The old man's fever was increasing, and in proportion to the increase he became more and more violent. His hands were picking nervously at the bed-clothes. Sam grasped them, and spoke soothingly to him. "There Joe," he said. "Now, don't take on so, you'll—" He did not finish, for, as if the touch had electrified him, Joe raised himself from his pillow till he sat bolt upright on the bed. Wrestling one of his hands loose, he pointed into a far corner of the room.

"Look Sam," he said, in a whisper, his eyes starting from their sockets, "look, don't you see her—there—yonder."

Sam's hair stood on end, but he managed to gasp out,

"No! Where?"

"There! Don't you see her? Nelly, my wife. Look, look—she's coming nearer! Don't let her, Sam, don't let her. See—she's coming—save me—save me! Help!"

He had been cringing and cowering lower and further back as he spoke, and at the last words, threw his arms around his neck, laid his head on his shoulder, and sobbed like a child.

Between his fear and the whisky he had drunk, Sam was almost stupefied. The more he looked into the dimness of the corner the more the conviction forced itself upon him that he actually could see the outlines of the vision that Joe had conjured up.

"I think I do, Joe," he said huskily, "I think I do." He leaned cautiously forward so as not to disturb the visitant, and grasped the kerosene lamp that was burning on the table. Then raising it with the same caution, he threw it with all his strength at the supposed apparition. "Take that, d—n you," he said, and fainted.

The fire from the broken lamp communicated itself to the building. Hank Evarts, coming up the grade, on his return from Oroville, saw the smoke pouring out of the window, put spurs to his horse, and dashed through the town raising so loud a cry of "fire" that in ten minutes the whole camp had turned out, and was gathered about the hotel. By this time it was in a light blaze, the flames shooting and dancing merrily in the darkness. The excitement and stir seemed to have made the camp mad, and they rushed frantically around like a pack of wild animals. There was no fire brigade, and no one seemed to know what to do; all stood stupidly watching the flames as they crept along the eaves, and played in and out of the shakes on the roof. Sam McClellan had come to his senses sufficiently to drag the old man to a place of safety, but that was all.

He was now wandering stupidly among the crowd, indifferent even to the destruction of his own property. Hank met him, and spoke to him hurriedly. "What!" he immediately exclaimed—it was almost a yell. There was a little movement in the crowd, as pale and trembling, he broke through it and sprang toward the burning building, crying frantically, "Water! Water! For the love of God bring water—Nellie's in the hotel!"

There was a piercing agony in his voice, for he had learned to love the little girl as if she had been his own, and he had just remembered that she had been in the building when he left; that she was too tired to easily waken; and even if she did her strength would hardly suffice to master the clumsy locks and heavy doors of the hotel; that the hotel was sure to go; and that the flames were curling and licking down upon the staircase with a speed that baffled hope.

People think quick in times of danger, and Hank thought of all this. But that was all. He forgot that the Cherokee Company had shut off the ditch for the night, that the neighborhood wells were dry, and that there was not a drop of water nearer than Butte Creek, a mile below the camp. He rushed to the watering tank at the north end. There was

about a bucketful of water in the bottom. The crowd pushed and rushed in every direction, screaming for ladders and ropes. But there was not a ladder in the camp, and the ropes could not be used. They had gone perfectly crazy, and crazier than they, as if exulting in their discomfort, the fire burned and roared. Helpless, foolish, scared, dazed, they stood, when suddenly Hank Evarts snatched up a blanket, dropped it into the horse-trough, wound it all dripping around his head and shoulders, dashed through the door and ran up the stairs. There was a yell of admiration from the crowd. Then all sound ceased but the crackling of the fire, and in breathless masses they gathered to await his reappearance. The staircase was now in a blaze, and unless Hank returned quickly he could not return at all. The minutes seemed hours, and yet he did not come. The staircase fell, and a subdued groan went up from the crowd. Suddenly Hank reappeared at a window carrying Nellie in his arms. He beckoned for a rope, but before one could be thrown him he staggered, swerved forward, pitched out of the window, and fell with a heavy thud to the ground. Both were insensible when they raised them, but Hank recovered sufficiently by morning to be up and around town. Nellie was not so fortunate. Hank had wrapped her in the blanket, and this had somewhat softened her fall. But, in spite of all efforts, she could not be roused from her stupor, and lay in that condition all the next day. A doctor examined her, shook his head gravely, spoke of "internal injuries," and, on being pressed, admitted that there was little or no hope of her recovery. Little work was done that day on Nimshaw claims. But all day long a sad and sober group of miners loitered around the door of the cabin where they knew their little playmate and friend lay dying.

Toward evening the old man became rational, and asked repeatedly for Nellie. Gently as possible they told him she was dying. He would not believe it. He could not. He insisted on seeing her; and finally they carried him and laid him beside her on the bed. "She's not dying," he said, "she's sleeping; she'll wake up if I speak to her," and turning himself painfully he said: "Nellie, Nellie, wake up, child." She stirred uneasily, and seizing her hand he triumphantly exclaimed: "I told you so! Nellie, Nellie, wake up, Nellie. Do you know, Nellie, they told me you were dying. They tried to fool your poor old father. Wake up, Nellie, wake up and talk to me." The tender fondness of the tones and the wistful yearning in his voice brought lumps to the throat and moisture to the eyes of many a man unused to such emotions, and the hard, rough miners turned away, and covered their faces to bide the tears.

A rattle of wheels broke in on the quietness, and the stage drew up to the door. It was whispered that the nurse had come, and room was made for her as she entered. The old man had partly raised himself from the bed. He was leaning over the child and did not see her as she entered.

Suddenly his eye caught hers. He sprang up convulsively, extended both his hands toward her, and, with the same tenderness he had just shown toward the child, exclaimed "Nellie!"

The woman started in turn, looked wildly at him, and, exclaiming "Joe! O Joe!" started forward. Then she hesitated, hung down her head, stopped, and almost covered before him. His mood too had changed. A half-nervous, half-fearful expression had taken possession of his face, and he edged cautiously around so as to stand between her and the child. "What do you want here?" he said, querulously, nervously fingering the bed-post, and speaking in a sharp, quick tone, "what do you want here?" "O Joe," the woman said, piteously, "forgive me, forgive me. My child, my child. Let me see her, Joe." She moved as if to come to him. The old man's face was white as death, and his breast heaved excitedly. "It's a lie! It's a lie!" he shouted, "it's a lie! She's not my wife. I know what you want; you've come to take my Nellie from me—go—go—you won't let her, will you, boys? Take her away—away—a-a!" His voice had risen to a yell. He tottered forward as if to ward off her approach, half stumbled, and fell on his face to the floor. A dozen tender hands sprang instantly to his support, but when they raised him he was dead. Old Joe had got his divorce.

MAY L. SHEPARD.

CHICO, CAL., May, 1879.

As an offset to the Monarchs' Anti-assassination Association, it is proposed to found a Grand International Assassins' Revolver Association, with monthly or semi-annual meetings. National "teams" from Russia, Germany, France, Italy, and America, will be allowed to enter. Accurate figures of these royal folk, together with effigies of our popular American actors are to be used as targets, so that firing at either a stage or a genuine monarch will become such an every day affair as to deprive the assassin of all tremor and nervousness. Prizes will be given for the maximum number of shots out of a possible thousand in the cranial as well as the intercostal region, so that those monarchs or actors who are supposed to have no heart will not escape in consequence of that defect. Those who do not care to endure this public method, or because of native modesty or other reasons shrink from attracting attention to their skill and patience in learning marksmanship, can establish a private shooting gallery where they can gain some of the advantages herein mentioned. These establishments are generally provided with figures—an Indian, a hunter, a lion, an owl, and other pictorial targets. They would need only to add a few crowned heads in order to complete the outfit. Of course, in these contests the world renowned assassins from Kentucky, Georgia, Texas, and other States, who have proved that they require no practice, but are already well accomplished in the art of assassination, will not be allowed to compete for the prizes.

LXXIX.—Sunday, May 18.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Wine Soup.
Shrimp Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing,
Fillet of Beef with Mushrooms, Fried Potatoes,
Summer Squash, Green Peas,
Roast Chicken, Currant Jelly,
Orange Ice, Strawberries and Sponge Cake,
Fruit-bowl of Cherries and Oranges.

To MAKE ORANGE ICE.—Take eighteen large or twenty small oranges; squeeze and sweeten; then put in the freezer and freeze as should not be sufficient juice, a little water may be added, if desirable, as it is much richer.

"THE SECOND CARD WINS."

By Emma Frances Dawson.

A house with two doors is difficult to guard.—Spanish Proverb.

I.—THE LOVELY MRS. CLARE SPEAKS.

I read people at a glance, always could; it was born in me, as it seems to have been born in my husband to dispute it, and I don't care what he says, I shall still think there was some strange secret between Mark Dillon and that woman. There was always something queer about him. I saw it at first, when Sam brought him to our rooms in the hotel and presented him to me as his "old friend from India, who joins us for the opera." I thought it was shyness that kept him dumb, for he only bowed and stared.

"Oh, from India!" I cried, warmly, shaking hands; "the one I am to thank for the rare fan sent to Sam's wife! I am so glad to meet you."

"You have it, then?" he said, looking closely at me.

He was plainly struck with Sam's taste in the choice of a wife. He never got over his surprise, but always watched me with a puzzled air as he might look at a strange bird or flower, even turning to gaze after me.

"Yes, indeed, among my treasures," I said. "I was waiting for Sam to take me to the opera to-night. Here it lies with my India shawl."

I took it up, a gay bunch of bright feathers with a picture on one side, mounted on sandal-wood and silver beaten by the patient toil of India into frost-like flowers and leaves, one spray even twisted round the red tassel.

"Now, do tell me the story," I begged. "You wrote in the note to Sam which came with it that it was enchanted. What did you mean?"

He looked startled. "I had nearly forgotten that," he said. "It was a spell cast by an old Hindoo whom I vexed by smiling at his tricks of magic."

"Has it worked?" I asked, lightly, as I drew on my long gloves while we waited for Sam whose man is so slow in the last touches of his toilet.

Mr. Dillon looked uneasy. "In spite of my common sense," he said, "though I thought I was above such delusions, I must confess that the spell is working.—Where will it end?" he asked himself.

"Oh, how awful! What is it?" I asked, adding with a laugh, "I shall look at my lovely fan with a half fear of it." "Well," he said, after a moment's thought, "I will tell you, for it is not you who are to suffer. But, first, please tell me the date of your marriage."

"Why—the fan was among my bridal gifts! Have you forgotten when you sent it?"

"Oh—yes," he replied, with what seemed a painful effort of memory. "Well, this is its story: While I was at the Rajate of Puttiala, a rich and powerful baboo, Lal Chunder, asked his friends to come and see a great juggler show his tricks. Foreigners and natives all went, on elephants, camels, and horses. The baboo's divan was in the centre of his court yard. We sat round him, the natives smoking hookahs. There was a din of tumtum wallahs, and a troop of nautch-dancers. Then, to the sound of gongs and trumpets, came the sorcerer on a gayly-decked elephant. He made gracious salaams to us, and, after sending paper birds and butterflies in long flights chosen by us, calling up from a far off pack any card we named, and other slight tricks often shown, he had a fire made into which he cast fragrant spices, and, while they burned, he put on a robe covered with strange signs; from a pocket in this he took a wooden ball full of holes where long thongs hung out. Grasping one of these, he flung the ball into the air with such force that it passed, unreeling as it went, at once out of our sight and stayed in the clouds. Then he made climb the thong a camel, who quickly vanished in the sky; a boy was sent after, making many trips, and bringing at each descent something for the baboo's guests. These gifts were left in a pile, while the boy was told to bring the rest on the camel. He went up, but the animal, now loaded, came down alone. The conjurer called three times; then, in a rage, snatched a knife and himself ran up the thong. We could see nothing, but heard his fierce threats and the boy's wild cries. He soon threw down one of the boy's hands, then a foot, then the other hand, the other foot, the trunk, and then the head. He ran down, panting, and with blood on his robe, laid the parts of the boy's body all in place, still raging at him, and gave them a kick, when the boy rose and bowed to us and divided the gifts among us, who were in each case chosen by the magician, after making us pass singly behind the vapors of his mystic fire. With each thing he gave some warning. The natives, much excited, call on Brahma, Vishnu, Calle, and all the calendar of Indian gods, but the foreigners smiled at the fine jugglery, and I laughed out. The sorcerer looked at me long and gravely, and cast that fan to my lot. He came to me, spread it, and, showing me the picture on it, said: 'I have put you there. That figure will go away when you leave the world. Though you send this fan straight as an arrow, it shall yet swerve from its course. When her hand holds it, will be when your sun sinks behind a golden mist!'"

"But I don't understand," said I, "about the working of the spell."

"Come, come," said Sam, bustling in, "what are you talking about, Mark? You look too grave for opera bouffe," and hurried us off.

During the evening I overheard Mr. Dillon ask Sam, "Why did you never write how matters stood?"

Sam took his opera glass and looked over the house, and searched all his pockets for cardamoms, before he answered, "Why should I?"

I knew at once what they must mean. Of course Sam would prefer to have his wife seen, to boasting of her beauty.

After we came home Sam asked how I liked his friend. "What makes him seem so queer?" I said.

"How?" demanded Sam, bristling as usual for fear some one may have slighted me. "What did he say?" he asked, anxiously. "What was he telling you here?"

I told him, adding: "He seems so absorbed and odd."

But Sam, who while I was telling him the story was crazy enough to knock over my best cloisonné bowl and break a vase, only said: "Asked when we were married, did the infernal climate of India must have affected his

So I ceased to wonder at Mark Dillon's odd ways, even at his looking troubled at seeing me carrying that fan, and really trying to have me change it for a carved cherry-stone bracelet he brought from China. I did not mind his losing himself in thought when near us, or watching me as if I puzzled him. Sam had explained it all, but he could never set my mind at ease about that woman.

I pride myself on my power to study character and motives. It is simply impossible to hoodwink me. The moment I first set eyes on her on the overland train I thought, "There is a woman with a story." And to think that even now I do not know what that story was is enough to make me let down my back hair and scream, as I did at Aunt Ann's yesterday when the oysters were not cooked to suit me. She looked able to travel anywhere alone, as she was then. I had my maid and man-servant, of course. What with my lovely Skye, and "Ouida's" latest, my shawls, lunch-basket, candy-jar, and writing-desk (for Sam expects to hear every day), I could not travel without; I don't see how any one can, though Babette was half sick and wholly cross, and Alphonse smelled of cheap cigars in the smoking-car, so that really I did have my troubles. She sat in the next seat, and I could not help showing her some kindness in the way of canned turkey, and stuffed olives, and sherry, for she seemed strong in neither body or purse. She had severe, nervous headaches, and I loaned her my vinaigrette. As she returned it just as we were nearing San Francisco, she said:

"You have been kind to me. I am very grateful. May I ask the meaning of that monogram?" pointing to the initials set in brilliant in the side of the little gold flask.

"My name is Clare," I said. "Those letters stand for my husband's name."

"Ah!" she said, "I am also Mrs. S. C. My name is Capel."

"Indeed!" said I; "that is a name in my husband's family. It is his middle name."

"How strange! but my husband has no relatives living," said she.

I wanted to ask about her husband, but feared she was a widow. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"My husband is in California somewhere," she went on. "I am going to try and find him."

"Then you have not lately heard from him?" I asked.

"Not for ten years," was her startling reply.

What would Sam say, I thought, to such conduct in a husband!

"How surprised he will be," I said.

"Yes," said she. "I did not know where to write."

I wanted to ask if she thought he was worthy of such search, but I saw she was poor. Perhaps she hoped he had money. Possibly she was still fond of him. But I thought he had most likely forgotten her, for, though plainly a bright woman, she had none of the dainty curves and fair rose tints that do a man's eyes good—such as I know please Sam in me. I urged her to come to my hotel. I had reached home Thursday night, a week before my husband expected me. I planned to surprise him, but found he had gone on a hunting and fishing trip to San Gregorio. When he came back, I meant to make him help my new acquaintance. I took her under my wing, chose her room, made Babette dress her hair, and we went down to breakfast together Friday morning, when who should sit in front of us but Mark Dillon! He was so amazed to find I had come that he seemed really nervous.

"Bless my soul—Mrs. Clare!" said he, looking as much at her as at me, and then got very red and confused. I never quite knew before how much he admired me. I felt so glad to be at home again I urged him to come to my rooms after breakfast and practice duets. When he came, Mrs. Capel was with me and I presented him to her. I saw then he did not seem at ease.

"This is a new friend of mine," I told him. "Her husband is somewhere in California, and I am going to help her find him."

"You—help her! Good gracious—no—yes—certainly—oh!—of course—by all means," was his strange reply.

He seemed more absent-minded than ever, as if trying to see his way clear for something. At last he said: "Mrs. Clare, I got a letter last night from Sam. Want to hear it?"

"No," said I, "I found one waiting for me in case I got here while he was gone."

"Ah! with a sonnet to your eye-brow?" he asked.

"No. Sam never writes verse to me nowadays," I said.

"He does to me," said he, "and I want you ladies to hear it," with stress on the word "ladies," as he saw Mrs. Capel about to leave the room. She waited. He went on: "Sam has sent up a rare shot of his, a loon, to be stuffed for our club-rooms. Says he has not had very good luck this season, and it seems to have made him down-hearted, to judge from his rhyms:

PORTENT.
No loon-er-on—but wild growth like the fern,
I feel the hidden current's forceful sway,
I must attend to weird cries of the hern,
Must round the marsh with phantom vapors stray,
And pause, breast-high, where reeds and rushes rear
Their flaunting craze, to watch the white gulls' flight,
As, high athwart wide roving clouds, they veer
Through darkening air like vaning flocks of light.
The sluggish water dreads the storm's first dip,
Turns rolling eyes of light toward sullen sky;
The w o d s, as in the codge of a ship,
Through tangled forest wander piping by.

They mock the cries of ship-wrecked sailors; shout,
And wail, and laugh, till I, excited, scream—
Dead silence follows! for the goblin rout
Theo know man's presence in their sylvan dream.

I turn where cypress branches interlace
To arch against the sun's red wane,
Outlining vast cathedral's gloomy space
Half lit by Gothic window's scarlet stain.

Within this holy hush and solitude
Entranced I linger, and forget—forget—
No Past above me here can darkly brood,
Nor Future watch upon my footsteps set.

What voice of hidden Mephistopheles
With scornful echo startles the lagoon?
I feel the current of my life-blood freeze
At dread derisive laughter of a loon!

Alas!—although I shot him—in my dreams
I hear his warning cry, and watch the storm,
Till, where the lightning through the shadow gleams
Upon the marsh, I see my lifeless form!"

"What nonsense!" I began, when the look on his face and hers stopped me. He had handed her the verses to look at, but, with only a glance at them, she was looking at him with a painfully earnest question in her gaze, while his face was that of a culprit who is caught. For the moment I could have sworn they were not the strangers I had thought them. Then she rose, tried to excuse herself, and started to go to her room, but was so faint, I, with Babette, had to help her reach it.

"Worn out from her journey," I explained to Mr. Dillon. "No excuse needed, Mrs. Clare; I saw for myself."

Then he made a series of failures with our duets for flute and piano which were wont to make us sure of being asked to musical parties. In the middle of Druet's "Semi-ramide" he broke down, and turned it off by asking:

"Where did you make her acquaintance?"

"On the overland train. Ah, you are smitten as I was," I said.

"Are you pleased with her?" he asked.

"Sworn lasting friendship, and vowed to help her find her own true love," said I.

To hide his next mistake he said, "How do you know he is her own true love?"

"Oh, I know he must be," I replied.

"The word fickle is unknown to you?" he asked.

"Yes. Isn't Sam my model?"

He failed again, and begged to be excused from further practice.

Mrs. Capel kept her room with a nervous headache all Saturday, but on Sunday I made her drive with Mr. Dillon and me to the Cliff House. I wisely planned it so neither knew the other was going until too late to pause—starting with her and taking him up on the way. There was a warning of coming storm in the black haze that, as Mr. Dillon said, made the air a magic crystal, showing far-off places as if near, and by the time we had finished luncheon and gone out on the balcony, a wall of fog hid the sea but for what seemed a short space before us. Some one in the parlor played a snatch of Wagner's "Spinning-Song."

"Too monotonous," I said.

"The droning wheel," said Dillon, "but you can hear the foot-fall of fate, see the red sails and black masts of the doomed ship, and, in Listz's version, hear the wind whistle in the rigging." He turned to her as if she had asked a question. "But when the captain finds Senta at her wheel she is bound to another."

"What can be done then?" I asked.

"Truly," said he, still looking at her, "what can be done?"

She thought a moment before replying: "There is the decision of Heine's lover:

"As fickle as the wind thy heart
That flutters to and fro;
With black sails sails my ship,
Across the seas to go."

He sprang up and began pacing up and down, when suddenly a full-rigged vessel, looming through the mist, passed within hail, more phantom-like than real.

"Like a dream!" she said.

"And to them," said he, "this shore looks like dream-land."

"Noiseless, ghostly, and swift as the 'Flying Dutchman,'" she said.

"How absurd for people to rave over that opera!" said I. "That old foggy striding along the beach, so many paces to certain orchestral chords, and so on; nothing to get so excited over as folks like you all do."

"It is because he is fated—like the figure on the fan," he said with a sigh, and asked us to excuse him a while. I was glad to have him go, for she had caught his trick of watching me, and I was impatient under the musing gaze of two.

When he had gone she asked: "Suppose it to be Senta who finds the Captain faithless, what ought she to do?"

"You could ask no better person," I said.

"How do you mean?" she asked, looking at me with wonder.

I felt proud of being appealed to. I knew what should be done, and I told her at once: "Make him pay for the ship she sets sail in."

"Money!" she said bitterly.

"Yes," said I. "A man should pay for forgetting me. But such a thing is not possible to Sam."

"One would think you who have all the money you want would not value it," she said.

"Not quite all I want. Sam has promised me a hundred thousand dollars for my birthday, next week, and I am glad to get it."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" she said, as if wrapt in thought; and after a pause went on: "Suppose a woman to have had two lovers, and to have chosen the one who proves least faithful—"

"Don't fancy such things!" I cried. "Wait till he is found. Oh, why don't you advertise for your husband!"

"Lost, strayed, or stolen," drawled Mr. Dillon, who had lounged back unseen, and startled us by speaking.

"How shall I make amends?" he asked.

"By writing some verses about that mirage-like vision of a sail," said Mrs. Capel.

While he wrote, with note-book on knee, the fog cleared, and there was a strange sunset which charmed them, but I was too vexed over the damp the fog left on my crimps to care.

He said: "A poem in colors!"

She quoted: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun!"

"Why was that not said in verse instead of prose?" said he.

"Use it," she hinted.

"It would be no worse theft," he answered, "than 'Sweet By and By,' which is but a poor version of the old Irish air, 'Has Sorrow thy Young Days Shaded?'"

Soon after he read to us:

HAP-HAZARD.
In the balcony jutting above the wild ocean,
Like scene an Arabian Night reveals,
Where oft we linger with gay emotion
To look at the rocks and the sunning seals,
To number the clouds and the gulls, wind-shaken,
And name the crowding white horses whose manes
Flap and flutter to spray as they sink overtaken—
Th' sea reclams—

'Twas here we stood when a mist unbroken
Made the world seem sketched on a vapored pane,

Grey walls surrounded, and blurred all token
Whether sun or moon might arise or wane;
'Twas like a dawning or dreamy gloaming
And a potent spell upon you and me,
For as we paused there our thoughts were roaming
Ships at sea.

As if in conjurer's crystal, looming
Through murky depths, sailed a ship afar,
Like thistle-down in its phantom blooming,
Or a floating film a breath might mar;
As if carved of the moonstone's cloudy sheen
Through the mist it glimmered with softened glow,
And its sails afret with the wind were seen
Intaglio.

And you murmured, "Perhaps in that vessel one passes
Whom we might have adored had we known;
And it may be their view our own so surpasses
Their fantasies shoreward are blown."
"Alas!" I answered, "We have no warning
When the things that almost occur are near—
Or, like our dreams between dusk and dawning,
Disappear!"

Then they fell to talking of omens, second sight, the sway
of one mind over another, and such ghostly stuff, to my high
glee and scorn.

"People who can believe in such things," I said, "are
easily duped."

"Mrs. Clare," he said, "as I have often told you, you must
some time be most completely fooled. It is sure to be."

I had not time to tell him what a vain boast this was,
when Sam, who had reached town, learned where we had
gone, and followed, came out among us. As, nodding to
Mr. Dillon, he rushed toward me he noticed Mrs. Capel, but
he was quite overcome at the sight of me. He turned pale,
his eyes flashed, he could scarcely speak.

"What is it?" I cried. "Are you ill?"

He tried to turn it off with some pretense of a passing
faintness, but he seemed stunned. Of course, I understood
—he was vexed not to have been here when I returned.

"Why didn't I hear from you?" he asked Mr. Dillon,
angrily.

"I sent a dispatch in reply to your letter," said his friend.
"I never got it," said Sam, crossly.

I think Mrs. Capel must have one of the sensitive electro-
plate minds Mr. Dillon talks of, for she said nothing, only
turning red and pale by turns, watched Sam with searching
gaze, as was natural when I had promised her his help. I
hastened to make them acquainted, to tell him about her,
and beg him to aid her to find her husband, but she put up
one hand as if to stop me, vainly tried to speak, and looked
an appeal to Mark Dillon—I shall always think his queer
aspect then was conscious guilt—slid out of her chair in a
deep swoon, from which Mr. Dillon and I had hard work to
revive her, while Sam looked on, frightened and displeased.
He was so kind he would not come to town with us for fear
of crowding us in her faint state. But I knew he was angry
to have our meeting so broken in upon by a stranger. In-
deed, it made him take such a dislike to her that he refused
to have anything to say to her.

"You are prejudiced," I said.

"Perhaps I am," he replied, coolly, and would have noth-
ing to do with her. He seemed all worn out by his trip to
San Gregorio, and in the evening had a severe fit of cramp
in his right arm and shoulder. My head was so full of Mrs.
Capel that I had just burst out about it:

"I believe I know where to lay my hand on her husband."

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A Bill of Particulars.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—I have translated from the French
the following singular document, lately discovered in the li-
brary of Saint Genevieve: Jacques Casquin, a painter and
designer, having done considerable work in the Church of the
Monastery of —, had presented a claim of seventy-eight
florins for his services. The old priest, believing the claim
overcharged, demanded an itemized bill from the artist, which
was rendered, and read as follows:

For repairing and varnishing the Ten Commandments.....	5 florins.
For embellishing Pontius Pilate, and placing a new ribbon on his cap.....	3 "
For making a new tail to Saint Peter's cock, and refitting its comb.....	2 "
For re-nailing the good thief to the cross, and adjusting a new finger to his right hand.....	4 "
For making a new left wing to the Angel Gabriel, and gilding the same.....	4 "
For washing the female servant of the High Priest Caiaphas, and coloring her cheeks.....	5 "
For renovating the Canopy of Heaven, adding two stars, gild- ing the sun, and cleaning the moon.....	7 "
For giving new lustre to the Flames of Purgatory, and re- touching some souls.....	6 "
For a new tail for Lucifer, for repairing his left claw, and mak- ing sundry new things for the damned.....	4 "
For cleaning the robe of Herod, for setting new teeth to him, and refitting his wig.....	2 "
For patching Paul's leather breeches and placing two buttons on his jacket.....	6 "
For new gaiters for young Tobias, traveling with Angel Ra- phael, and a new strap for his traveling valise.....	6 "
For cleaning the ears of the Ass of Balaam and re-shoeing him	5 "
For earrings for Sarah's ears.....	2 "
For a new stone for David's sling, enlarging Goliath's head, and setting back his legs.....	3 "
For setting new teeth to Samson's ass jaw bone.....	3 "
For calking Noah's Ark, and giving that just man a new pair of sleeves.....	6 "
For patching the Prodigal Son's shirt, washing and cleaning the hogs, and putting water in their trough.....	3 "
For setting a new handle to the Samaritan's jug.....	2 "
	78 florins.

The simple-minded style of the artist's recapitulation of
his services softened the heart of the old priest, who ordered
the bill paid. L. H.

Her husband had asked her to just step into the butcher's
on her way home and order a sucking pig for to-morrow's
dinner. Having executed the commission she was about to
leave the shop, but stopped at the door, staring hard and
with evident disapproval at some small and ragged hoglets
which happened to be passing in leisurely pursuit of their
noses. Then she ventured to readress the man of meat:
"Oh, Mr. Butcher, if it isn't too much trouble will you be so
kind as to pick out a very nice one?—a real old one, you un-
derstand—one that is old enough to have moulted."

EDITORIAL NOTE AND COMMENT.

The friends of the new Constitution are right when they
demand for the instrument a fair and friendly test. It has
become a law in accordance with the spirit of our Republi-
can institutions. It is the act of a majority of the electors
of the State, and as such demands to be treated honestly.
When the *Call* says that "the fight has just begun," it an-
nounces a sentiment that is unfair, unjust, and revolutionary.
But we laugh at the *Call*. It balanced itself, with a most
wonderful skill, upon the top of the fence all through the heat
of the conflict, and on the very morning of the election
crawled down upon the wrong side; and now, after the bat-
tle is lost, it announces with owl's and oracular wisdom that
"the contest has just commenced." By this we suppose it
means to say that the contest with the *Chronicle* for small
advertisements has now opened in right earnest. We expect
to see the air darkened with the missiles, and the atmosphere
tainted with the foul smell, of another interchange of stink
pots between these journalistic imitators of Chinese warfare
—a conflict of sound and smell. No party can succeed in
this State, whether Republican, Democratic, or People's, that
will not in good faith and without mental reservation declare
its honest intention to give the new Constitution a fair trial
—a trial in sympathy with the letter and spirit of the instru-
ment; that will not make this open declaration in its party
platform, and nominate for Governor a gentleman whose de-
clarations in this direction will be accepted as sincere, and
whose past life shall be a guarantee of an honorable deter-
mination to honestly do his duty. Members of Assembly
and Senate must be chosen in harmony with the same senti-
ment, and judges must be nominated whose learning and in-
tegrity place them above the suspicion of desiring to defeat
the fairly expressed will of the people by any indirections or
technical evasions. The people who voted for the new Con-
stitution have a right to demand the nomination of assessors
who are in sympathy with the spirit of the new law, and rail-
road commissioners must be designated whose life, character,
and honorable standing in the community will be an absolute
assurance that they will impartially discharge the duties of
their office without fear of the people or favor to corpora-
tions. With a just and liberal interpretation of this new or-
ganic law we shall find its beauties if it have any; and if
there be any incongruities in it, out of which evil may come,
we shall be able to find and amend them.

The secret ballot gives such advantage to the cowardly and
the criminal that we would repeal it as soon as possible, and
until repealed we would circumvent it by all lawful means at
our command. In an election involving constitutional gov-
ernment, one upon which hangs the welfare of the State, and
on which our brains and fortune depend, we would not per-
mit the man who lives upon our brains and our wages to set
himself up in opposition to our political opinions. For the
expression of this sentiment we have no apology. Our prop-
erty was honestly acquired; we are administering it for the
best good of the entire community in which we reside, and
we lay down the proposition broadly that our coachman,
cook, or gardener shall not vote it away from us, or jeopar-
dize it by any crotchets of communism or agrarianism that he
may have brought in his empty head from France, or Ger-
many, or Ireland. We will not threaten him, nor bulldoze
him, nor compel him to vote our way, but if he does not vote
in harmony with our interests we will exercise our right and
our privilege as an American citizen, and we will dispense
with his services, and in his place we will either hire some
one who thinks as we think, or a Chinaman who does not
think at all. We are weary and disgusted with all this sickly
sentimentality that encourages, first, the immigration to this
country of all the paupers of Europe, then clothes them with
political power, and then encourages their insolence and ar-
rogance at the polls. The secret ballot was intended to pro-
tect society against the domination of wealth and political
power; it is used by the mob to stab society by a stealthy
blow. We are in favor of an open ballot, and we would com-
pel every man to come to the polls and proclaim abroad, and
in the presence of his fellow-citizens, his preference for official
positions. If he is not brave enough to do this, if he is too
cowardly to admit his political opinions, and give them open
expression, he is no true American citizen, and he might ab-
stain from voting. The workingman and the farmer had at
least the manliness in the recent election to openly proclaim
their elective rights and openly to exercise them. It was the
cowardly and ungrateful clerk and employee of this city that
lacked the manliness to openly do what in secret they did
do, in opposition to the interests of the employers for whom
they labored, and the industries upon which they depend for
their maintenance. This change can not be immediate, and
we suggest it as an amendment to be engrafted upon the
Constitution at some period in the not distant future.

The Workingmen's party is fortunate in possessing a lead-
er that does not want office. Such a man can be the auto-
crat and dictator of a political organization. The man who
himself is seeking office is always subject to the suspicion of
selfishness. Kearney will have great power so long as he
abstains from seeking or accepting position. Every man in
the Republican and Democratic parties wants a place. All
the honorable bilks are in the same fix.

Let us give the devil his due. Denis Kearney has put to
shame the great oracle of the chivalry by his honest denun-
ciation of a most atrocious sentiment uttered by David S.
Terry. "Steal all the money you can from your party oppo-
nents," said Terry. "Be guilty of taking bribes and then
betraying those who bribe you." Howard and the *Chronicle*
both gave their sanction to the double crime. It was left to
the drayman to rebuke these "honorable bilks" for their im-
moral and indecent utterances.

When the mountain refused to go to Mohammed, Moham-
med wisely determined to go to the mountain. Now, as
Denis has refused to go to David, the only thing David
can do is to go to Denis.

It may be pious that induces you to put money in the col-
lection plate at church, but it is shame that prevents you
from asking for it back, anyhow.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

My Uncle Ned, wich has ben in Injy and evry where, he
says one time there was a feller wich was a lickn his whife,
and evry time he hit her there was a dog, and it hollerd, the
dog did, like a looky motif. Then the feller he sed to his
whife: "Cant you do yure own hollerin?"

Then he thot a wile, and then he went in his house and
brot out a other whife, and licked thain too, and wotched the
dog, and the dog it howld agin. Then the feller he sed:
"Whose whife is this lde like to know, mine or yourn?"

Then he got a other whife, and licked her, and it was the
same way. Then he thot a wile agin, and then he was goin
for a other, but the dog it shuke its head and walked a way,
much as to say: "A feller cant devote his hole life to one
emotion and fore go the chase; the jackus rabbit is forth,
and duty beckns me a way. Maybe the other lads can
scure the serfices of a fresh dog."

Master Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, he says a
scientiffle man was a lickn his whife, and evry time she was
hit there was a ecko, wich sounded jest like a other man a
lickn him, and the scientiffle man he was dlited. Bime by
he stoppt and sed: There is some thing singler bout this
ecko; it seems to repeat the hard licks in a other kee from
the mild ones. Most xtrodinary thing I ever herd. My
deer, we must xperriment further."

But mebbey the ecko wasent nothing but jest sum little boy
lickin his candy. Lickriss is mity nice too, I can tel you,
and one day me and Sammy Doppy was give a stick of it
and we was takn turns a suckn it. Billy he cum a long, and
he sed: "Johnny, yure a nasty pig for to be sharin that thing,
suck and suck about, with sech a dirty face feller as Sammy
Doppy!"

But Billy was a ole smarty for his pains, cos I sucked it
first evry time.

One night me and Billy had sed our pray, and ast for to
be blest, and mother she sed: "Johnny," and I spoke up and
sed: "Wot?"

Then she sed: "Johnny, do you kno wot it is to be blest?"
And I sed: "I gess its tendin in a candy store."

But Billy he says its the preachers hands on yure head and
him a lookin up for to see wot kind of wether it is goin to be,
cos Billy he seen it that way in a picter.

And now here gose for a story bout a cat, cos once a ole
she one and her kitten was lunkn for some thing for to eat,
and ol to once the ole cat she sed: "I ges we ar all rite now,
you se that rats tail stickn out of that weat sheaf."

But the kitn it sed: "Oh, come, now, we cant eat sech a
snaky little thing like that."

The ole cat she sed: "Tru, my chile, it aint jest wot is re-
quired by our kneecsty, nor all wich is demanded by our am-
bission, but if we accep it in a umble and thankfe spirret
mebbey it will lead up to sum thing better."

Uncle Ned he says the morl of this fable teeches that we
must be content with a smol beginin if we want to obtain a
great end, but it seems to me twas jest the other way with
the cat, cos the tale was the end and the rat it was the be-
ginin. Rats eats cheese, and cats eats rats, and sossidges is
et by me and Billy, and Mister Brily, thats the butcher, he is
greesy like a sossidge his ownself.

One time ole Gaffer Peters had bot a long string of sos-
sidges for his brecktas. Ole Gaffer he started for to go home
with his sossidges, but he had ben a drinkn wisky, and there
was a big yellor dog wich kanew it, and the dog follerd him
for to git the sossidges and kep a snappn at em wen they
was carried in his hand, and wen Gaffer put em in his pocket
the dog it tride for to clime in, too. So Gaffer put em in his
vest. Bime by ole Gaffer he was drunk like a lord, and lay
down in a fence corner for to go a sleep. Then the yellor
dog it snook up and snatch the sossidges and ravvled em
out, and ran a way with em, and a man he seen it. Ole Gaf-
fer he woke and hollerd: "There goes my breckfas, there
goes my breckfas!"

The man he looked at his wotch, and then he sed: "Wel,
you gum dasted gluten, its leven o colock, I ges it was prety
near all dijested."

A other time it was lookn like it wude rain, and ole Gaffer
he started for to go down town, and he put up his umbrelly.
It didnt rain, but Gaffer he woked all round with his um-
brelly up, cos he bad for got. So bime by Mr. Gipple met
him, and ast him wot for he had it up. Then Gaffer he took
it down, and looked a long wile up, and then he sed: "Pears
like we was a goin for to have a mity long dri spel, dont it?"

Mister Gipple he sed: "Yes."

Then Gaffer he sed agin: "litle be mity bad for fellers
wich has got to have a damp, yumid annisipere, and aint
got no umbrellys for to keep off the dri."

Some natif niggers in Africy thay had a big wuden idle
wich thay wershopt, cos thay sed it was a god, and one day
thay shet up a pig in the pen wich was bilt a round the idle,
cos thay sed: "To morro we will sacfice that pig and make
a burnt offer to our god."

But nex mornin wen the preests went to kil the pig there
was a mitionary preacher, and the preacher he laft like he
wude bust, and he sed: "I got you now, you galoots, jest
look wot kind of a god you got wich pmits such libbertys as
that, cos he cant hellup hisset."

So thay looked, and there thay seen the pig a scratchn
hissef aginst the idle and gruntn like it was mity nice.

Jest then the pig it stop scratchn and went to routin with
the snoot of its nose, and bime bi it got it under the idle and
up set it in a minnit in the mud. Then the mitionary
preacher he danced, and slapt his leg, and hollerd wild, and
sed: "Wot a all powfle feller yure god is, to be shure, set him
up agin, hooray!"

Then the hi preest was the fieroucest feller you ever saw,
and he jumped in the pen, and kicked the idle hard as ever
he cude, and bust all its bed with his tommyhock, and all the
natif niggers thay sed: "Wot a golly be dum busted ole frod
that idle was, jest like the mitionary preacher sed."

Then the preacher went rite of and held a thanks given
preech, and rote to his biship the joye news a bout the natif
niggerses change of hart. But wen he cum back with a bole
of wotter for to baptize em thay was all down on the their
kances a worshipping the pig.

Pigs tails roasted is splendor than envy the
day scooh book is the feller for me.

SAN RAFAEL, May 15, 1879.

THE SMARTEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

I am indebted for the following facts to my friend Fisher, of Boston, who arrived at Baden the day after Ignatieff, and was duly announced in the official list of strangers as "Herr Doctor Professor Fischer, mit Frau, Gattin, und Bed. Nordamerika." Fisher owed his title entirely to his spectacles.

One afternoon Fisher was standing on one of the little bridges that span the gutterwide Oosbach, idly gazing into the water, when the porter of the Badischer Hof came up to him on the run.

"Herr Doctor Professor!" cried the porter, touching his cap. "I pray you pardon, but the high born the Baron Savitch, out of Moscow, of the General Ignatieff's suite, suffers himself in a terrible fit, and appears to die."

In vain Fisher assured the porter that it was a mistake to consider him a medical expert; that he professed no science save that of draw poker; that if such an impression prevailed in the hotel it was through a blunder for which he was in no way responsible; and that, much as he regretted the unfortunate condition of the high born the Baron out of Moscow, he did not feel that his presence in the chamber of sickness would be of the slightest benefit. It was impossible to eradicate the idea that possessed the porter's mind. Finding himself fairly dragged toward the hotel, Fisher at length concluded to render his explanations to the Baron's friends.

The Russian's apartments were upon the second floor, not far from those occupied by Fisher. A French valet, almost beside himself with anxiety and undivided responsibility, came hurrying out of the room to meet the porter and the Doctor Professor. Fisher again attempted to explain, but to no purpose. The valet also had explanations to make, and the superior fluency of his French enabled him to monopolize the conversation. No, there was nobody there—nobody but himself, the faithful Auguste of the Baron. His Excellency, the General Ignatieff, his Highness, the Prince Koloff, Doctor Rapperschwyll, all the suite, all the world, had driven out that morning to Gernsbach. The Baron, meanwhile, had been seized with an effraying malady, and he, Auguste, was desolate with apprehension. He entreated Monsieur to lose no time in parley, but to hasten to the bedside of the Baron, who was already in the agonies of dissolution.

Fisher followed Auguste into the inner room. The Baron, in his boots, lay upon the bed, his body bent almost double by the unrelenting gripe of a distressful pain. His teeth were tightly clenched, and the rigid muscles around the mouth distorted the natural expression of his face. Every few seconds a prolonged groan escaped him. His fine eyes rolled piteously. Anon, he would press both hands upon his abdomen and shiver in every limb from his suffering.

Fisher forgot his explanations. Had he been a Doctor Professor in fact, he could not have watched the symptoms of the Baron's malady with greater interest.

"Can Monsieur preserve him?" whispered the terrified Auguste.

"Perhaps," said Fisher, dryly.

Fisher scribbled a note to his wife on the back of a card, and dispatched it in the care of the hotel porter. That functionary returned with great promptitude, bringing a black bottle and a glass. The bottle had come in Fisher's trunk to Baden all the way from Liverpool, had crossed the sea to Liverpool from Boston, and had journeyed to Boston direct from Bourbon County, Kentucky. Fisher seized it eagerly but reverently, and held it up against the light. There were still three inches or three inches and a half in the bottom. He uttered a grunt of pleasure.

"There is some hope of saving the Baron," he remarked to Auguste.

Fully one-half of the precious liquid was poured into the glass and administered without delay to the groaning, writhing patient. In a very few minutes Fisher had the satisfaction of seeing the Baron sit up in bed. The muscles around the mouth relaxed, and the expression of intense agony was superseded by a look of placid contentment.

Fisher now had an opportunity to observe the personal characteristics of the Russian Baron. He was a young man of about thirty-five, with exceedingly handsome and clear-cut features, but a peculiar head. The peculiarity of his head was that it seemed to be perfectly round on top—that is, its diameter from ear to ear appeared quite equal to its anterior and posterior diameter. The curious effect of this unusual conformation was rendered more striking by the absence of all hair. There was nothing on the Baron's head but a tightly-fitting skull cap of black silk. A very deceptive wig hung upon one of the bed posts.

Being sufficiently recovered to recognize the presence of a stranger, Savitch made a courteous inclination of the head.

"How do you find yourself now?" inquired Fisher, in bad French.

"Very much better, thanks to Monsieur," replied the Baron, in excellent English, uttered in a charming voice.

"Very much better, though I feel a certain dizziness here." And he pressed his hand to his forehead.

The valet withdrew at a sign from his master, and was followed by the porter. Fisher advanced to the bedside and took the Baron's wrist. Even his unpracticed touch detected the fact that his pulse was alarmingly high. He was much puzzled, and not a little uneasy at the turn which the affair had taken. "Have I got myself and the Russian into an infernal scrape?" he thought. "But no—he's well out of his teens, and half a tumbler of such whisky as that ought not to go to a baby's head."

Nevertheless, the new symptoms developed themselves with a rapidity and poignancy that made Fisher feel uncommonly anxious. Savitch's face became as white as marble—its paleness rendered startling by the sharp contrast of the black skull cap. His form reeled as he sat on the bed, and he clasped his head convulsively with both hands, as if in terror lest it should burst.

"I had better call your valet," said Fisher, nervously.

"No, no!" gasped the Baron. "You are a medical man, and I shall have to trust you. There is something—wrong—here," indicating the top of his head.

"But I am not—" stammered Fisher.

"No words!" exclaimed the Russian, imperiously. "Act at once—there must be no delay. Unscrew the top of my head!"

Savitch tore off his skull cap and flung it aside. Fisher was at once to describe the bewilderment with which he saw the actual fabric of the Baron's cranium. The skull

cap had concealed the fact that the entire top of Savitch's head was a dome of polished silver.

"Unscrew it!" said Savitch again.

Fisher reluctantly placed both hands upon the silver skull and exerted a gentle pressure toward the left. The top yielded, turning easily and truly in its threads.

"Faster!" said the Baron, faintly. "I tell you no time must be lost." Then he swooned.

At this instant there was a sound of voices in the outer room, and the door leading into the Baron's bedchamber was violently flung open and as violently closed. The new comer was a short, spare man of middle age, with a keen visage, and piercing, deep set, little gray eyes. He stood for a few seconds, scrutinizing Fisher with a sharp, jealous regard.

The Baron recovered consciousness, and opened his eyes.

"Dr. Rapperschwyll!" he exclaimed.

Dr. Rapperschwyll, with a few rapid strides, approached the bed and confronted Fisher and Fisher's patient. "What is all this?" he angrily demanded.

Without waiting for a reply he laid his hand rudely upon Fisher's arm and pulled him away from the Baron. Fisher, more and more astonished, made no resistance, but suffered himself to be led, or pushed, toward the door. Dr. Rapperschwyll opened the door only wide enough to give the American exit, and then closed it with a vicious slam. A quick click informed Fisher that the key had turned in the lock.

The next morning Fisher met Savitch coming from the Trinkhalle. The Baron bowed with cold politeness and passed on. Later in the day a valet de place handed to Fisher a small parcel with the message: "Dr. Rapperschwyll supposes that this will be sufficient." The parcel contained two gold pieces of twenty marks.

Fisher gritted his teeth. "He shall have back his forty marks," he muttered to himself. "But I will have his confounded secret in return."

Then Fisher discovered that even a Polish countess has her uses in the social economy.

Mrs. Fisher's *table d'hôte* friend was amiability itself, when approached by Fisher (through Fisher's wife) on the subject of the Baron Savitch of Moscow. Know anything about the Baron Savitch? Of course she did.

The Baron Savitch was not of an old creation. There was a mystery about his origin that had never been satisfactorily solved in St. Petersburg or in Moscow. It was said by some that he was a foundling from the Vospitatelni Dom. Others believed him to be the unacknowledged son of a certain illustrious personage nearly related to the House of Romanoff.

Rapid and brilliant beyond precedent his career had been. He entered the diplomatic service of the Czar, and was attached for several years to the legations at Vienna, London, and Paris. Created a Baron before his twenty-fifth year for the wonderful ability displayed in the conduct of negotiations of supreme importance and delicacy with the House of Hapsburg, he became a pet of Gortchakoff's, and was given every opportunity for the exercise of his genius in diplomacy.

It was even said in well-informed circles at St. Petersburg that the guiding mind which directed Russia's course throughout the entire Eastern complication, which planned the campaign on the Danube, effected the combinations, and gave victory to the Czar's soldiers, and which meanwhile held Austria aloof, neutralized the immense power of Germany, and exasperated England only to the point where wrath expended itself in harmless threats, was the brain of the young Baron Savitch. It was certain that he had been with Ignatieff at Constantinople when the trouble was first fomented, with Schouvaloff in England at the time of the secret conference agreement, with the Grand Duke Nicholas at Adrianople when the protocol of an armistice was signed, and would soon be in Berlin behind the scenes of the Congress, where it was expected that he would outwit the statesmen of all Europe, and play with Bismarck and Disraeli as a strong man plays with two kicking babies.

His influence with the Czar himself was supposed to be unbounded. It was whispered that he knew better than any other man the true reason of the disgust with which the Grand Duchess Louise completed her nuptials with the British Prince. Certainly, birth apart, he was considered the best *parti* in Russia. From poverty, and by the sheer force of intellect, he made himself a man of colossal fortune. Report gave him 40,000,000 roubles, and doubtless report did not exceed the fact. Every speculative enterprise which he undertook, and they were many and various, was carried to sure success by the same qualities of cool, unerring judgment, far-reaching sagacity, and apparently superhuman power of organizing, combining, and controlling, which made him in politics the phenomenon of the age.

Fortified with this information, Fisher felt better prepared to grapple with Rapperschwyll for the possession of the secret. For five days he lay in wait for the Swiss physician. On the sixth day the desired opportunity unexpectedly presented itself.

Half way up the Mercuriusberg, late in the afternoon, he encountered the guardian of the ruined tower coming down.

The upper part of this tower is in a dilapidated condition. The lack of a stairway to the summit is supplied by a temporary wooden ladder. Fisher's head and shoulders were hardly through the trap that opens to the platform before he discovered that a man who was already there was the man whom he sought. Dr. Rapperschwyll was studying the topography of the Black Forest through a pair of field glasses.

Fisher announced his arrival by an opportune stumble and a noisy effort to recover himself, at the same time aiming a stealthy kick at the topmost round of the ladder, and scrambling ostentatiously over the edge of the trap. The ladder went down thirty or forty feet with a racket.

Dr. Rapperschwyll immediately appreciated the situation. He turned sharply around, and remarked with a sneer: "Monsieur is unaccountably awkward." Then he scowled and showed his teeth, for he recognized Fisher.

"It is rather unfortunate," said the Bostonian.

The Swiss coldly bowed, and resumed his topographical studies. Fisher lighted a cigar.

"I desire," continued Fisher, "to avail myself of the opportunity to return forty marks of yours, which reached me, I presume, by a mistake."

"If Monsieur the American physician was not satisfied with his fee," rejoined Rapperschwyll, venomously, "he can without doubt have the matter adjusted by applying to the Baron's valet."

Fisher paid no attention to this thrust, but calmly laid the gold pieces upon the parapet directly under the nose of the Swiss.

"I could not think of accepting a fee," he said, with deliberate emphasis. "I was abundantly rewarded for my trifling services by the novelty and interest of the case."

The Swiss scanned the American's countenance long and steadily with his keen little gray eyes. At length he said:

"Monsieur is a man of science?"

"Yes."

"Then," continued Dr. Rapperschwyll, "Monsieur will perhaps acknowledge that a more beautiful case of trepanning has rarely come under his observation."

Fisher slightly raised his eyebrows.

"And Monsieur will also understand, being a physician," continued Dr. Rapperschwyll, "the sensitiveness of the Baron himself, and of his friends, upon the subject. He will therefore pardon my rudeness at the time of his discovery."

"He is smarter than I supposed," thought Fisher. "He holds all the cards, while I have nothing—nothing, except a tolerably strong nerve when it comes to a game of bluff. So here goes."

"I deeply regret that sensitiveness," he continued, aloud, "for it had occurred to me that an accurate account of what I saw, published in one of the scientific journals of England or America, would excite wide attention, and no doubt be received with interest on the Continent."

"What you saw?" cried the Swiss, quickly and sharply. "It is false. You saw nothing; when I entered you had not even removed the—"

Here he stopped short and muttered to himself, as if cursing his own impetuosity. Fisher celebrated his advantage by tossing away his half burned cigar and lighting a fresh one.

"Since you compel me to be frank," Dr. Rapperschwyll went on, with visibly increasing nervousness, "I will inform you that the Baron has assured me that you saw nothing. I interrupted you in the act of removing the silver cap."

"I will be equally frank," replied Fisher, stiffening his face for a final effort. "On that point the Baron is not a competent witness. He was in a state of unconsciousness for some time before you entered. Perhaps I was removing the silver cap when you interrupted me—"

Dr. Rapperschwyll turned pale.

"And, perhaps," continued Fisher, "I was replacing it."

The suggestion of this possibility seemed to strike Rapperschwyll like a sudden thunderbolt from the clouds. His knees parted, and he almost sank to the floor. He put his hands before his eyes and wept like a child. "He will publish it! He will publish it to the court and to the world!" he cried, hysterically. "And at this crisis—"

"If any sum that you may name will—"

Fisher cut the proposition short with a laugh.

"Then," said Rapperschwyll, "if—I throw myself on your generosity—"

"Well?" said Fisher.

"And ask a promise, on your honor, of absolute silence concerning what you have seen?"

"Silence until such time as the Baron Savitch shall have ceased to exist?"

"That will suffice," said Rapperschwyll. "For when he ceases to exist I die. And your conditions?"

"The whole story, here and now, and without reservation."

"It is a terrible price to ask of me," said Rapperschwyll, "but larger interests than my pride are at stake. You shall hear the story."

"I was bred a watchmaker in the Canton of Zurich. It is not a matter of vanity when I say that I achieved a marvelous degree of skill in the craft. I developed a faculty of invention that led me into a series of experiments regarding the capabilities of purely mechanical combinations. I studied and improved upon the best automata ever constructed by human ingenuity. Babbage's calculating machine especially interested me. I saw in Babbage's idea the germ of something infinitely more important to the world."

"Then I threw up my business and went to Paris to study physiology. I spent three years at the Sorbonne, and perfected myself in that branch of knowledge. Meanwhile my pursuits had extended far beyond the purely physical sciences. Psychology engaged me for a time; and then I ascended into the domain of sociology, which, when adequately understood, is the summary and final application of all knowledge."

"It was after years of preparation, and as the outcome of all my studies, that the great idea of my life, which had vaguely haunted me ever since the Zurich days, assumed at last a well-defined and perfect form."

"My experiments in mechanism had resulted in a machine which went far beyond Babbage's in its powers of calculation. Given the data, there was no limit to the possibilities in this direction. Babbage's cogwheels and pinions calculated logarithms, calculated an eclipse. It was fed with figures, and produced results in figures. Now, the relations of cause and effect are as fixed and unalterable as the laws of arithmetic. Logic is, or should be, as exact a science as mathematics. My new machine was fed with facts, and produced conclusions. In short, it reasoned, and the results of its reasoning were always true, while the results of human reasoning are often, if not always, false. The source of error in human logic is what the philosophers call the 'personal equation.' My machine eliminated the personal equation; it proceeded from cause to effect, from premise to conclusion with steady precision. The human intellect is fallible; my machine was, and is, infallible in its processes."

"Again, physiology and anatomy had taught me the fallacy of the medical superstition which holds the gray matter of the brain and the vital principle to be inseparable. I had seen men living with pistol balls imbedded in the medulla oblongata. I had seen the hemispheres and the cerebellum removed from the crania of birds and small animals, and yet they did not die. I believed that, though the brain were to be removed from the human skull, the subject would not die, although he would certainly be divested of the intelligence which governed all save the purely reflex actions of his body."

"Once more: a profound study of history from the sociological point of view, and a not inconsiderable experience with practical human nature, had convinced me that the greatest geniuses that ever existed were on a plane not so very far removed above the level of average intellect. The grandest peaks in my native country, those which all the world knows by name, tower only a few hundred feet above the countless unnamed peaks that surround them. Napoleon

Bonaparte towered only a little over the ablest men around him. Yet that little was everything, and he overran Europe. A man who surpassed Napoleon, as Napoleon surpassed Murat, in the mental qualities which transmute thought into fact, would have made himself supreme master of the world.

"Now, to fuse these three propositions into one: suppose that I take a man, and, by removing the brain that enshrines all the errors and failures of his ancestors away back to the origin of the race, remove all sources of weakness in his future career. Suppose that, in place of the fallible intellect which I have removed, I endow him with an artificial intellect that operates with the certainty of universal laws. Suppose that I launch this superior being, who reasons truly, into the hurly burly of his inferiors, who reason falsely, and await the inevitable result with the calmness of a philosopher.

"Monsieur, you have my secret. That is precisely what I have done. In Moscow, where my friend Dr. Duchat had charge of the new institution of St. Vasil for hopeless idiots, I found a boy of eleven whom they called Stépan Borovitch. Since he was born he had not seen, heard, spoken, or thought. Nature had granted him, it was believed, a fraction of the sense of smell, and perhaps a fraction of the sense of taste, but of even this there was no positive ascertainment. Nature had walled in his soul most effectually. Occasional inarticulate murmurings, and an incessant knitting and kneading of the fingers, were his only manifestations of energy. On bright days they would place him in a little rocking-chair, in some spot where the sun fell warm, and he would rock to and fro for hours, working his slender fingers and mumbling forth his satisfaction at the warmth in the plaintive and unvarying refrain of idiocy.

"I begged Stépan Borovitch of my good friend Dr. Duchat. If that excellent man had not long since died he should have shared in my triumph. I took Stépan to my home and plied the saw and the knife. I could operate on that poor, worthless, useless, hopeless travesty of humanity as fearlessly and as recklessly as upon a dog bought or caught for vivisection. That was a little more than twenty years ago. To-day Stépan Borovitch wields more power than any other man on the face of the earth. In ten years he will be the autocrat of Europe, the master of the world. He never errs; for the machine that reasons beneath his silver skull never makes a mistake.

"Dreamers have speculated on the possibility of finding among the ruins of the older civilizations some brief inscription which shall change the foundations of human knowledge. Wiser men deride the dream, and laugh at the idea of scientific kabbala. The wiser men are fools. Suppose that Aristotle had discovered on a cuneiform covered tablet at Nineveh the few words, 'Survival of the Fittest.' Philosophy would have gained twenty-two hundred years. I will give you in almost as few words a truth equally pregnant. *The ultimate evolution of the creature is into the creator.* Perhaps it will be twenty-two hundred years before the truth finds general acceptance, yet it is none the less a truth. The Baron Savitch is my creature, and I am his creator—creator of the ablest man in Europe, the ablest man in the world.

"Here is our ladder, Monsieur. Remember your promise."

After a two months' tour of Switzerland and the Italian lakes, the Fishers found themselves at the Hotel Splendide, in Paris, surrounded by people from the States. It was a relief to Fisher, after his somewhat bewildering experience at Baden, to be once more among those who discriminated between a straight flush and a crooked straight. It was particularly agreeable for him to find at the hotel, in a party of Easterners who had come over to see the Exposition, Miss Bella Ward, of Portland, a pretty, and bright girl, affianced to his best friend in Boston.

With much less pleasure, Fisher learned that the Baron Savitch was in Paris, fresh from the Berlin Congress, and that he was the lion of the hour with the select few who read between the written lines of politics and knew the dummies of diplomacy from the real players in the tremendous game. Dr. Rapperschwyll was not with the Baron. He was detained in Switzerland, at the deathbed of his aged mother.

This last piece of information was welcome to Fisher. The more he reflected upon the interview on the Mercuriusberg, the more strongly he felt it to be his intellectual duty to persuade himself that the whole affair was an illusion, not a reality. He would have been glad, even at the sacrifice of his confidence in his own astuteness, to believe that the Swiss doctor had been amusing himself at the expense of his credulity. But the remembrance of the scene in the Baron's bedroom at the Badischer Hof was too vivid to leave the slightest ground for this theory. He was obliged to be content with the thought that he would soon place the broad Atlantic between himself and a creature so unnatural, so dangerous, so monstrously impossible as the Baron Savitch.

The ladies of the American party met the Russian Baron at a ball in the new Continental Hotel. They were charmed with his handsome face, his refinement of manner, his intelligence and wit. They met him again at the American Minister's, and, to Fisher's unspeakable consternation, the acquaintance thus established began to make rapid progress in the direction of intimacy. Baron Savitch became a frequent visitor at the Hotel Splendide.

Fisher does not like to dwell upon this period. For a month his peace of mind was rent alternately by apprehension and disgust. He is compelled to admit that the Baron's demeanor toward himself was most friendly, although no allusion was made on either side to the incident at Baden. But the knowledge that no good could come to his friends from this association with a being in whom the moral principle had no doubt been supplanted by a system of cog gear, kept him continually in a state of distraction. He would gladly have explained to his American friends the true character of the Russian, that he was a monster whose very existence must even be revolting to right-minded persons with brains of honest gray and white. But the solemn promise to Dr. Rapperschwyll sealed his lips.

A trifling incident suddenly opened his eyes to the alarming character of the situation, and filled his heart with a new horror.

One evening, a few days before the date designated for the departure of the Boston party from Havre for home, Fisher happened to enter the private parlor which was, by common consent, the headquarters of the Americans of his set. At first he thought that the room was unoccupied. Soon he perceived, in the recess of a window, and partly ob-

scured by the drapery of the curtain, the forms of the Baron Savitch and Miss Ward of Portland. They did not observe his entrance. Miss Ward's hand was in the Baron's hand, and she was looking up into his handsome face with an expression which Fisher could not misinterpret.

Fisher coughed, and, going to another window, pretended to be interested in affairs on the Boulevard. The couple emerged from the recess. Miss Ward's face was ruddy with confusion, and she immediately withdrew. Not a sign of embarrassment was visible on the Baron's countenance.

Fisher pitied, but could not blame, the young lady. He believed her still loyal at heart to her Boston engagement. He knew that her loyalty could not be shaken by the blandishments of any man on earth. He recognized the fact that she was under the spell of a power more than human. Yet what would be the outcome? He could not tell her all; his promise bound him. It would be useless to appeal to the generosity of the Baron; no human sentiment governed his inexorable purposes. Must the affair drift on while he stood tied and helpless? Must this charming and innocent girl be sacrificed to the transient whim of an automaton? Allowing that the Baron's intentions were of the most honorable character, was the situation any less horrible? Marry a machine! His own loyalty to his friend in Boston, his regard for Miss Ward, called on him to act with promptness.

And, apart from all private interest, did he not owe a plain duty to society, to the liberties of the world? Was Savitch to be permitted to proceed in the career laid out for him by his creator, Dr. Rapperschwyll? He (Fisher) was the only man in the world in a position to thwart the ambitious programme. Was there ever a greater need of a Brutus?

Between doubts and fears, the last days of Fisher's stay in Paris were wretched beyond description. On the morning of the steamer day he had almost made up his mind to act.

The train for Havre departed at noon, and at eleven o'clock the Baron Savitch made his appearance at the Hotel Splendide to bid farewell to his American friends. Fisher watched Miss Ward closely. There was a constraint in her manner which fortified his resolution. The Baron incidentally remarked that he should make it his duty and pleasure to visit America within a few months, and that he hoped then to renew the acquaintance now interrupted. As Savitch spoke, Fisher observed that his eyes met Miss Ward's, while the slightest possible blush colored her cheeks. Fisher knew that the case demanded a desperate remedy.

He now joined the ladies of the party in urging the Baron to remain and partake with them of the hasty lunch that was to precede the drive to the station. Savitch gladly accepted the cordial invitation. Wine he politely but firmly declined, pleading the absolute prohibition of his physician. Fisher left the room for an instant, and returned with the black bottle which had figured in the Baden episode.

"The Baron," he said, "has already expressed his approval of the noblest of our American products, and he knows that this beverage has good medical indorsement." So saying, he poured the remaining contents of the Kentucky bottle into a glass, and presented it to the Baron.

Savitch hesitated. His previous experience with the nectar was at the same time a temptation and a warning, yet he did not wish to seem discourteous. A chance remark from Miss Ward decided him.

"The Baron," she said, with a smile, "will certainly not refuse to wish us *bon voyage* in the American fashion."

Savitch drained the glass, and the conversation turned to other matters. The carriages were already below. The parting compliments were being made, when Savitch suddenly pressed his hands to his forehead and clutched at the back of a chair. The ladies gathered around him in alarm.

"It is nothing," he said, faintly; "a mere temporary dizziness."

"There is no time to be lost," said Fisher, pressing forward. "The train leaves in twenty minutes. Get ready at once, I will meanwhile attend to your friend."

Fisher hurriedly led the Baron to his own bedroom. Savitch fell back upon the bed. The Baden symptoms were repeated. In two minutes the Russian was unconscious.

Fisher looked at his watch. He had three minutes to spare. He turned the key in the lock and touched the knob of the electric annunciator.

Then, gaining the mastery of his nerves by one supreme effort for self-control, Fisher pulled the deceptive wig and the black skull cap from the Baron's head. "Heaven forgive me if I am making a fearful mistake!" he thought. "But I believe it to be best for ourselves and for the world." Rapidly, yet with a steady hand, he unscrewed the silver dome. The mechanism lay exposed to his startled eyes. The Baron groaned. Ruthlessly Fisher tore out the wondrous machine. He had no time and no inclination to examine it. He caught up a newspaper that lay upon the floor and hastily enfolded it. He thrust the bundle into his open traveling bag. Then he screwed the silver top firmly upon the Baron's head, and replaced the skull cap and the wig.

All this was done before the servant answered the bell. "The Baron Savitch is ill," said Fisher to the attendant when he came. "There is no cause for alarm. Send at once to the Hotel de l'Athénée for his valet, Auguste." In twenty seconds Fisher was in a cab, whirling toward the Station St. Lazare.

When the steamship *Pereire* was well out at sea, with Ushant five hundred miles in her wake, and countless fathoms of water beneath her keel, Fisher took a newspaper parcel from his traveling bag. His teeth were firm set and his lips rigid. He carried the heavy parcel to the side of the ship and dropped it into the Atlantic. It made a little eddy in the smooth water, and sank out of sight. Fisher fancied that he heard a wild despairing cry, and put his hands to his ears to shut out the sound. A gull came circling over the steamer—the cry may have been the gull's.

Fisher felt a light touch upon his arm. He turned quickly around. Miss Ward was standing at his side, close to the rail.

"Bless me, how white you are!" she said. "What in the world have you been doing?"

"I have been preserving the liberties of two continents," slowly replied Fisher, "and perhaps saving your own peace of mind."

"Indeed!" said she; "and how have you done that?"

"I have done it," was Fisher's grave answer, "by throwing overboard the Baron Savitch."

Miss Ward burst into a ringing laugh. "You are sometimes too droll, Mr. Fisher," she said.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

"Knocking."

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock!"

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?

'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door!

No! That door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;

Bid him go.
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him, no.

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What! Still there?

O sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair,
And those eyes so true and tender,
Waiting there!
Open, open, once behold Him—
Him so fair!

Ah, that door! Why wilt thou vex me—
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty,
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeks of years and years before
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What, still knocking?
He still there?

What's the hour? The night is waning;
In my heart a dream complaining.
And a chilly, sad unrest.
Ah, this knocking! It disturbs me—
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest.
Give me rest—
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee.
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure,
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure,
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping—
Waked to weariness of weeping.
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over;
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming.

Did she open? Doth she—will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door—
The forsaken and betwined,
Ivy-garled and weed bejangled,
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten.
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,
Still a God is waiting there.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Murillo's Trance:

"Here, Pedro, while I quench these candles, hold
My lantern: for, I promise you, we burn
No wax-lights at our chapel shrines till morn,
As in the great cathedral, kept ablaze
Like any crowded plaza in Seville,
From sun to sun. I wonder if they think
That the dead knights—Fernando and the rest—
Whose bronze and marble couches line the walls,
Like to scared children, can not sleep 'till the dark;"

And muttering thus, the churchwarden
Went, snuffing out the lights that only served
To worsen the wan gloom.
And (mindful still
Of his Dolores' greed of candle-ends)
He chid, at whiles, some lagging worshiper,
Nor spared to hint, above the low-dropped heads,
Grumbings of sunshine being in Seville
Cleverer than wax-light, and 'twere best to pray
When all the saints were broad awake, and thus
Liker to hear.

So, shuffling on, he neared
The altar with its single lamp alight.
Above, touched with its glow, the chapel's pride,
Its one Ribera, hung—a fearful-sad,
Soul-harrowing picture of the stark dead Christ,
Stretched on the cross beneath a ghastly glare
Of lurid rift, that made more terrible
The God forsaken loneliness. In front,
A chasm of shadow clove the checkered floor,
And, hastening toward it, the old verger called
Wonderingly back:

"Why, Pedro, only see!
The boy kneels still. What ails him, think you? Here
He came long hours before the vesper chime;
And all the while, as to and fro I've wrought,
Cleansing of altar-steps and dusting shrines
And such like tasks, I have not missed him once
From that same spot. What marvel if he were
Some lunatic escaped from Caridad?
Observe, he takes no heed of what I say;
'Tis time he waked."

As moveless as the statues
Niched round, a youth before the picture knelt,
His hands tight clenched, and his moist forehead strewn
With tossings of dank hair. Upon his arm
The rude old man sprang such a sudden grasp
As caused a start, while in his ear he cried
Sharply, "Get hence! What do you here so late?"

Slow on the questioner a face was turned
That caused the heavy hand to drop; a face
Strangely pathetic, with wide-gazing eyes
And wistful brows, and lips that wanly made
Essay to speak before the words would come;
And an imploring lifting of the hands
That seemed a prayer:

"I wait, I wait," he said,
"Till Joseph bring the linen, pure and white,
Till Mary fetch the spices; till they come—
Peter and John and all the holy women—
And take Him down. But oh, they tarry long!
See how the darkness grows! So long—so long!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Etiquette says a call should not be less than
utes in length. Book agents have been kno
longer.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

The new Constitution is now the organic law of California, made so by the votes of a majority of the people, but not by a majority of the brains or the wealth of the State. If this organic law is set in operation by the legislation of the people who voted for it—and by this we mean the brainless and propertyless majority—it will prove a most disastrous affair. If in the coming election a judiciary is chosen from the class of idiot pettifoggers who have identified themselves with this agrarian movement, and upon them devolves the judicial interpretation of the organic law and the acts of legislation giving it force, the condition of things will be doubly disastrous. If, in addition to this agrarian Legislature and agrarian judiciary we allow an incendiary Governor to assume executive control of our political affairs, our position will be truly deplorable. All these things may be averted by a united and harmonious action of intelligent men who have the courage and the nerve to act with prompt decision. If we secure a good Legislature, and obtain men of integrity, character, and legal learning as Judges of our Courts, and obtain an able and discreet Governor, with honest men in the other departments of our State and city governments, all will go well. This is the thing we would do: First, bring about an affiliation of all citizens who propose to range themselves upon the side of good government. If this can be done by preserving the Republican party organization, and making the fight under that party banner, we would prefer to do so; but if any considerable number of good Democrats are unwilling to make that sacrifice, we would so far concede to their prejudices as to meet them half way in concessions, and organize the Republican party upon such a basis as would embrace all who love this country better than any other, and all who think that intelligence, integrity, patriotism, law, and property are more desirable than ignorance, vice, disorder, and criminal idleness. Intelligence, property, industry, and the preservation of social order should be the platform. It should embrace the intelligent, the religious, the moral, the decent, the frugal, and the law-abiding. It should draw the lines distinctly and clearly between the respectable and the disorderly classes. The poor man, who wants work, should feel that it invited him to membership. The rich man should find in it protection for his honestly acquired millions. It should be the party of law. After having placed a ticket in the field, we would elect that ticket by the expenditure and exercise of every honorable exertion that brains and money could put forth.

The duty becomes apparent: at the next election every elector who has the intelligence to understand the political condition, and the honest desire to do that which shall be for the best interest of the State, must for the time lay aside party prejudices, and be willing to fight the battle side by side with all who are endeavoring to attain the same political result. And now we shall see whether principle and love of the State can triumph over the selfish and baser sentiments that too often govern party association. We shall see whether the professional politician, who never rises above the consideration of the emoluments and opportunities of office, will have the ability to compel the honest and intelligent parts of two great organizations to keep apart. If we are not numskulls, doddypoles, and dunderheads, we will come together as a tax-payers', or citizens', or a people's party, uniting the property-owning, the industrious, and the respectable classes into one solid and irresistible party organization. It is most transparent nonsense for anybody to attempt to keep this class apart in the coming election. There is no principle involved other than a desire to secure intelligent legislators, learned and faithful judges, and honest and competent State and city officials. We will give a silver cup to any one who will answer this conundrum: In what does Republicanism or Democracy differ in reference to the administration of municipal government? How this organization or union is to be brought about it is not our province to determine. That the union of the two parties must be accomplished in order to render the result of the election certain is an admitted fact; and this union must be so arranged

that neither party shall carry from the result any advantage over the other for the next Presidential election. If the Republican party seeks this alliance, it must be so formed that the Democrats will not feel that they are giving themselves away for the next campaign. It must be an alliance for this fight, and upon honorable terms. The Republican party is perhaps, under the circumstances, entitled to the leading officers. So far as we are personally concerned, we would not be disposed to be very particular, for personally we do not care what are the party affiliations or the party antecedents of any person whom (possessing the Jeffersonian qualifications) we desire to discharge the duties of official position.

We certainly ought not to be divided in choosing a judicial ticket. Let us, for instance, nominate the following gentlemen as Judges of the Supreme Court of California, and then challenge the Kearney party to improve upon it: For Chief Justice, Joseph P. Hoge; for Associate Justices, A. L. Rhodes, E. W. McKinstry, Jackson Temple, I. S. Belcher, James Thornton, A. P. Catlin. There are three Republicans, three Democrats, and one Independent. Three are Southern men, and four are from the North. Four are from the interior, and three from this city, and all are men learned, experienced, and honorable. In their professional, judicial, and social duties they are clean and pure. Would any Democrat or Republican feel that he had compromised his party standing by casting such a vote? Would not the honest men who voted for the new Constitution feel that its interpretation might be left with confidence with such a bench? Would not the farmer of Sonoma County, who voted for the new organic law, recognize in Judge Temple a faithful expounder of its provisions? Would anybody in the northern section question the ability or integrity of Judge Belcher? Would not the men of both parties in the great interior valley admit the integrity and judicial fairness of Judge Catlin? Rhodes and McKinstry have made their records on the Supreme bench. Mr. Thornton is favorably known at the bar of San Francisco, while there is probably not a practicing lawyer in this State that would not recognize in Colonel Hoge a peculiar fitness for the position we have assigned him. In this city and elsewhere in the State, for Supreme and other Judges, there would be no embarrassment in uniting. It will be conceded by all parties that Judges Blake, Myrick, Wright, Freelon, and several of our District Judges, are fairly entitled to renomination. Whatever arguments can be adduced for political offices there is surely no reason why we can not unite on the judicial.

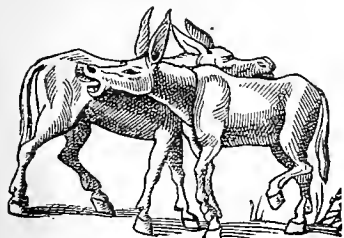
Let us agree, Republicans and Democrats, that for the next four months we will confine ourselves to local politics, and put the Presidential discussion that far into the future. Do not let us embarrass our local issues by interrupting them with Federal politics. In a short time General Grant will visit us, and from the East a cloud of politicians will come to proclaim him the third time a nominee for Presidential honors. We have but little doubt that he will be the Republican nominee. Whether he will or will not become a third time President of the United States depends much upon this coming California State election. The adoption of our new Constitution has sent a thrill of fear throughout the republic. It is accepted in other States as the first agrarian step. It is regarded as heralding the possibility of a national triumph of the discontented classes. It has sounded the alarm to conservatism, and awakened an apprehension of danger to the republic. The prophecy of Macaulay rings in the national ear. A doubt of the permanence of republican government in this country is beginning to be entertained. Are men capable of self-government? Is the universal elective franchise so great a boon? Should ignorance, vice, poverty, and idleness have voice in the direction of government? These questions are being whispered abroad, and with them goes the haunting terror of disorder, violence, and misrule. Then comes the thought of strong government—a government that can and will repress disorder by the strong military arm. With this thought is associated the name of General Grant, the man who is implacable as destiny, cold as fate, and as unsympathetic as the grave; the man who can look upon oceans of blood and not faint. We hope the time has not come in the history of this commonwealth of freemen when we need such a man; we hope the time has not come when the civil power shall become subservient to the military. We pray God that this crisis, this fever of discontent, this speck of class revolt, may pass away from us; that this cloud now gathering in our political firmament may not burst upon our land, carrying with it destruction and subversion of our free institutions. But if it must come, if it has come, if California is to be the first lost battle in the skirmish line of this impending conflict, let us know it now; let us be prepared for it; let us proclaim Augustus; let us place our armed cohorts in battle line; let us have one decisive, long-continued struggle against these alien heresies that have been imported to our country from abroad; let us organize our native-born Americans in the front line of battle, asking those foreigners who love liberty, order, property, and peace to become our auxiliaries and help us to fight the battle of freedom. Let us in this struggle and in the dark night that is settling down upon

us put none but Americans, and those adopted allies who have the passwords of intelligence, property, patriotism, on guard.

The loss of this fall's election in California will make Grant President. This fall's election ought not to be lost, and must not be. There should be such a struggle made as will leave no voter unadvised of the importance of the issue and no elector not fully impressed with the consequences likely to follow the political result. This campaign should be an intellectual one; it should be an appeal to the judgment of the thinking classes. To every farm-house and work-shop should be carried the argument of reason. It is not and should not be a money fight. It should be so calmly conducted, and so honorably, that it would leave every demagogue, American tramp, and foreign-born agitator, every ignorant, time-serving, idle, vicious vagabond, to array himself in accordance with his inclinations, and leave every intelligent, honest, honorable, property-owning citizen—foreign or native-born, Northern or Southern, Democratic or Republican—to form a complete political union, a union for self-defense to secure a government of self-defense. Let the lines be drawn distinctly and clearly marked. If good citizens are in a minority let us know it now. Such a line and such a course of political conduct will bring to the union alliance thousands of good citizens who voted for the new Constitution. It will bring all the business men and property-owners of San Francisco. It will bring the great mass of the American-born farmers. It will bring ex-Senator Cole, ex-Governor Downey, William A. Piper, O. C. Pratt, Henry M. Naglee, Samuel Soule, John C. Merrill, Alexander Campbell, Charles Tuttle, Hale of Placer, Doctor Grattan of San Joaquin, Doctor Shurtleff of Napa, Egbert Mott and Paul Morrill of Sacramento, and all other well-intentioned gentlemen who are not after office and who do not come within Kearney's very appropriate designation of "blatant blatherskites" and "honorable bilks."

Kearney stands out in honorable contrast with some of the political vermin that he has hatched from the sand-lot. He shows a becoming spirit when he resents the whispered slanders of his own creatures. When Denis Kearney took up David S. Terry and Volney E. Howard, and breathed into their dead political carcasses the breath of a new life, it ill becomes them—either of them—question the integrity or ability of Kearney. When the "blatant blatherskite" and "honorable bilk" (as Kearney calls Terry) denounces him as "the cowed and beaten dunghill of the political barnyard whom anybody may whip," Kearney has a right to resent it, and when he remembers how Judge Terry came into the Workingmen's party, and into the Constitutional Convention, he has a right to question his motives. He has a right to review Judge Terry and the past acts of his most eventful life, and at least demand that he be not assaulted, nor vilified, nor ridiculed by this Southern gentleman. While we utterly despise Kearney, and would hold our nose from every open pore of his unpleasant carcass, and stop our ears at every utterance of his ignorant and blasphemous mouth, we esteem him as a better man than the Honorable David S. Terry. The following extract from one of his sand-lot speeches stamps Kearney as a leader. He is the only leader the movement has brought forth, and we will now make the prophecy that the *Chronicle* and the "blatant blatherskites" and the "honorable bilks," who think to sit down upon Kearney, steal his thunder, and obtain from the Workingmen's movement the loot of small advertisements and office, will find themselves in a tight place before they attain their ends. Kearney, in the speech referred to, says: "Recollect that our interests will be the emancipation of 'labor. Recollect that we are working for ourselves, our 'families, and our children. Recollect that we must and 'shall win, as a party, with flying colors. Now, as the 'smoke of battle has cleared away, it would be well to criticize the actions of some of the speakers who advocated the 'Constitution, and I will take this opportunity of chastising 'Judge Terry for coming into the city and county of San 'Francisco to advocate corruption. Judge Terry came here 'on the public platform and advocated the taking of money. 'Now, it becomes my duty as a reformer to characterize 'such language as a disgrace to the reformers of the nineteenth century. A man that will take money, and go back 'on the man that paid him the money, is a worse man than 'a man that will take money and vote for the man that paid 'him the money. This is bad language, bad doctrine, and 'no honest, pure-minded man will ever advocate such a doctrine as that. My friends, the men who do it in the future 'must be spit upon and treated with contempt. Again, some 'of the men who were advocating the new Constitution, and 'who are now advocating the new party, as far as I am individually concerned I say I would rather a thousand times 'vote for Leland Stanford as Governor of California than I 'would for four-fifths of the blatant blatherskites who advocate the new Constitution outside of the Workingmen's 'party.' We can find some place of sympathy for a workingman. He is ignorant; he sees wrongs he can not right, and evils he can not remedy; he strikes blindly, wildly, like the beast that is hurt, but he may be honest in his passion; but for the educated, intelligent, political demagogues, like Terry, Howard, Estee, Love, Van Dyke, and other honorable bilks, we have neither respect nor compliments.

PRATTLE.



A reformer endowed with the faculty divine of sight would forsake his cause; but when Zeal touches his lips with a living coal from the altar, Enthusiasm finds it a convenient season for warming the wax to

set her seal upon his eyes. He is born with the words *locus sigilli* upon his eyelids, and of such is the kingdom of Temperance. Mr. Francis Murphy proudly explains that in New York, last fall, thousands of habitual drunkards (he has the unkindness to call them "old toppers") "signed the pledge;" and he confidently expects to find on his return thither that "the Demon Drink" has received "a fatal blow"—wounded in the house of his friends, as it were. I really do not know what that immortal would do without his fatal blow regularly administered; he would miss it as a toper his pledge, or Mr. Murphy his toper.

It would probably be impossible to convince Mr. Murphy that it is an almost universal truth that the man who signs the pledge—except for the sake of example—is the man who is about to be acutely drunk. Nor would it profit him to know that the Temperance people of all ages have "confidently expected" to outlive the Demon Drink. They lay about them right sturdily; they exalt their voices; they brandish the tongue. Smitten hip and thigh, the hosts of King Alcohol go down before them. They fall in the hour of victory, die smiling, and the world gets as drunk as a lord in their wake.

There is but one miracle—the hopefulness of reformers. I knew a man in England (an educated gentleman, the editor of a newspaper) who believed the time was near when every person in that country would be a teetotaler. He proved it by the statistics of the Good Templars, showing that the membership of that worthy order was increasing in a geometrical ratio. It was easy to figure out the date when the last Englishman would become a Good Templar. I lied to that philosopher: I told him that in America we had the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibiscans—an association of red-headed men. It was established in 1870. In 1871 it had 1,000 members; in 1872 there were 5,000, and 25,000 in 1873. I flatter myself that I proved by figures, before his eyes, that in the year 1877 every American would be red-headed.

If history is anything but an idle record of unserviceable happenings—bootless facts and incidents without meaning—the crime, the vice, the weakness, and the folly of mankind are incurable; they inhere in human character of which they are the dominant and guiding qualities. We can not eradicate, we can not appreciably mitigate. If Mr. Francis Murphy once stopped drinking too much liquor, he then accomplished a greater work in the direction of temperance reform than he need ever hope to accomplish again. But he never did; the struggle against his habit occurred in the tissues and fluids of his body, and what he is pleased to call his resolution was but the mental record of that process—that mysterious physical change which made alcohol no longer a necessity. He did not stop drinking; his drinking stopped. The toper drinks because he must; the temperate man abstains because he can. Exhortation has nothing to do with the matter.

When the devil repents him of sin;
When snakes to walk upright begin;
When we shiver with fever and grill with a chill;
When eyelashes grow on the chin;
When skulls are turned hary side in;
When the leopard, spot-peppered, eschews all its hues;
When the *Ethiopia* change, his skin—
Dissuade me the sot from his gin.

"We mean to have the whipping post in this State," says a Kentucky journal, "the people of other States may say what they will." The people of other States have never doubted the justice and expediency of thrashing Kentuckians.

"We honor all who live by toil," says a contemporary. That is because you are a fool, dear. Let us suppose you are set upon a hill and shown all the nations of the earth. You know beforehand that some of these people are worthy, and these you naturally wish to honor with your esteem; some are unworthy, whom it is right to dislike. But you can not distinguish the one from the other. Happy thought—you will make a beginning by setting apart all who toil and honoring them *en masse*! Can you imagine a more irrelevant classification?—one less suited to your purpose? Do you not know that many laboring men are pestilent rascals of all sorts of kinds? Are you unaware that it is through mental incapacity that the majority of them are condemned to the condition from which all men employ all their intellectual resources to escape? And has no one had the incivility to tell you that mental incapacity is Nature's hatching-house for the meaner vices?—Really, the man who honors

another for his vocation, and without regard to his character, is the most accomplished idiot that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," has misbegotten.

Observe, please, that all this offensive cant about the "dignity of labor," the "honest workingman," and the rest of it, is the shibboleth of "republican institutions." It is a part of the persuasive vocabulary of the stump, whence it has crept through the press into general use. Its original insincerity has vanished in the process of adoption, and what was once a juggling device of the politicians has become a national article of faith. Nothing could better illustrate the power of iteration and the influence of words upon thought than the honorable place which this preposterous clap-net has won for itself among the convictions of serious-minded men. It has actually deceived the class who invented it, and to-day when a candidate for office pours out his wealth of glittering periods in tribute to the "dignity of labor," and in fitly chosen terms bears eloquent testimony to the nobility of the workingman, one's admiration for his golden discourse is dashed by the disgusting probability that he is sincere.

Mr. Moy Jin Kee, of New York, an assimilated Chinaman, has been arrested, the dispatches relate, for grand larceny. It is added that the accused is a Christian convert, and is well connected in San Francisco, his brother being an interpreter in one of our courts. The Chinese of the Eastern metropolis have not hitherto been charged with any higher offense than gambling, Mr. Kee being the pioneer in respect of the graver accusation—a distinction of which, naturally, he is proud. It is to be hoped his brother's connection with the administration of justice may prove serviceable to him in securing such mitigation of its asperities as may be considered due to the uncommon dignity of his crime.

Some months ago an old gentleman living in this city lost his son, who, serving on board a United States vessel, fell overboard and was drowned. The old gentleman applied for a pension, but on Monday last it was definitely refused. On receiving the official negative the poor father was so overcome with grief for the loss of his son that he went out and hanged himself. There is nothing like paternal affection, after all; but really this sorrowing father ought not to have succumbed to his grief without trying the consolation of a law suit.

"If a man offers you money for his vote knock him down."—*Denis Kearney*. And take his money; there may be more than he offered you.

"I do not doubt that it was for my good that God subjected me to this great peril. Let my body guard be doubled."—*The Czar*. "The honors I have received abroad have but strengthened my love of my own country: the Presidency of the United States is better than a procession of elephants."—*U. S. Grant*. "The right of the people to bear arms shall not be abridged."—*The President*. "Cetewayo and I are out."—*Beaconsfield*. "I grant you that free trade is best for the prosperity of the people, but look at that Exchequer!"—*Bismarck*. "Russia has her Nihilists, France her Communists, Germany her Socialists, and many Americans favor Conkling."—*Blaine*. "I die content."—*Tilden*.

"I never thought much of him; he was too slick for anything." Such is the estimate that young Mr. Burns, of this city, has formed of young Mr. Hunt, a gentleman who aspired to be his brother-in-law but mysteriously disappeared on the eve of the wedding that was to make him such. The remark suggests a "theory" for the detectives. Perhaps the wedding day found the groom unprepared, and he has retired for a few weeks to slick himself up a bit. Reduced to its real meaning, Mr. Burns's opinion as to the already excessive slickness of Mr. Hunt is of little weight; it shows only that Mr. Hunt was too slick for *him*. But slickness is like any other quality or characteristic: in a prospective brother-in-law a very little of it goes a long way toward being too much.

In the annual order respecting the decoration of soldiers' graves on Memorial Day, the "Department Commander" of the "Grand Army of the Republic" asks, with significant italics, that his subordinates bear in mind that "we seek thus to preserve the memory of those *only* who fought in defense of National unity." My Democratic friends, you see how it is. We deprecate a revival of sectional animosities, but a Presidential election is coming on, and this is no time for high-flown sentiment and generous impulse. If your Confederate Congress continues to withhold the appropriations, your Confederate corpses may whistle for their nosesays.

Certain events now occurring in Virginia have given a new and grave significance to that famous political argument which closed so many discussions twenty years ago—"Wud ye have yer daughter marry a nager?" If she intends to live in that excellent commonwealth the lady would certainly do well to choose a husband of her own color. There is a colored man in the State penitentiary down there now whose crime is that somebody's daughter married a "nager," and he had the misfortune to be the man. A United States

judge has refused a writ of *habeas corpus*, on the ground that the United States have nothing to do with marriage—which is no doubt the best way. Still, as this particular marriage occurred in the District of Columbia, where it was entirely legal, it seems rather hard on the ebony husband to shut him up for merely going across the Potomac without a divorce. If they will not let him out of prison I advise him to leave the State.

The Pocasset people, among whom flourish that religious sect of "Second Adventists" who kill children in order to have them rise on the third day, are not altogether clear in their minds as to what it is best to do. The fanatics are apparently determined to murder some more children occasionally, as they may happen to be commanded by the Deity, and the law does not deter them. I should say this is one of those cases in which persecution might be employed with great advantage. It is a remedy that has fallen somewhat into disrepute of late, but there is really nothing like it. Persecution has stamped out a thousand extravagant religions to every decent one that has survived it. If I were Dictator I would distribute crowns of martyrdom with a pretty liberal hand, I can assure you.

The New York *Sun* complains that the man who first found gold in Arizona has never been suitably rewarded. Who owes him anything? He had a very good thing of it, and might have rewarded himself, but the moment he had picked up enough of the gold to take him out of the Territory he remarked that he wasn't anybody's gor dumdied old miser, and left.

South American advices indicate a near probability that Valparaiso will be bombarded by a hostile fleet. This will be an admirable opportunity for our new Consul, General Foote, to obtain that personal knowledge of the pomp and circus tents of glorious war of which he was so long deprived by taking service in our militia.

In perusing the foregoing gracious pleasantries I am reminded, somehow, of the following verses, written on a bass-wood chip by the light of a waning moon, and chanted by a choir of night-wandering idiots:

Once, o'er the country's utmost span,
When war's infernal clamors ran
Like baying hounds, and men were called
To face the perils that appalled,
McC— sedately sheathed his sword,
Then to the Governor restored;
And urchins huddled undismayed
The harmless horrors of the blade.
"No brave man now," said he, "will prate
Of duty to a single State.
Behold! this arm's now free to strike
For the whole nation—when I like."

The Sheriff of Marin county is "camping on the trail" of an Indian who is believed to be the man that robbed and murdered Paul Rieger. Robbery and murder, indeed, are supposed to be what this child of nature principally gives his mind to. The Sheriff has circulated a description of the villain, in which it is stated that one of his haunts is Russian River Valley, and a friend of mine was reading it. "I have business that will take me up that way," said he; "I'll keep an eye out for that fellow, and may be I can get the reward." "Oh, yes," said I, quoting from the circular, "weighs 180 pounds; a powerful and desperate man; has a Henry rifle, a dragoon six-shooter, an English bull-dog five-shooter, and a bowie knife." It is a promising speculation. "Well, it's a safe one anyhow; I risk nothing. If I catch him I'll get five hundred dollars; if he catches me"—absently thrusting his hands into his pockets—"he won't get a cent."

Mr. Ewing, of the National House of Representatives, is an eloquent man. He closed a speech in favor of the unlimited coinage of silver, the other day, something like this: "When the money which existed before Abraham, before Troy, and which lifted Rome to splendor, was extinguished the world sank for a thousand years into darkness; and when rekindled it lightened the civilization of two continents." The telegraph is no doubt responsible for the confusion of metaphor, but it is clear enough that Mr. Ewing's notion is that both ancient and modern civilization were created by silver money, and that the "dark ages" came of the "single standard." I do not say that this simple view of the matter is incorrect; I say it is uncommon. I do not affirm its author's unfamiliarity with history; I perceive that historians have misunderstood events. I do not charge that his discourse is lacking in sense, but he will not himself deny that it is eloquent. And, finally, while I am far from asserting that Mr. Ewing is a fool, I aver and can prove that he is a member of Congress.

I flatter myself I have presented this statesman's intellectual frailties with studied moderation, yet their total is a mental disability of considerable magnitude. Wherefore, with a clear sense of the opprobrium implied by the term, and pledging myself to maintain its justice by proof or pistol, I hereby call him a Mr. Ewing; and if he suffer from the epithet he will have the consolation of reflecting how rich he served it.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"I say, Maud," says a young man to a young woman, "really, old girl, you know you ought to bounce that old woman you have to open the door and do chores. She takes snuff and talks like a magpie, and is altogether very revolting."

"I know I ought to, but then, you see, it's difficult to do it. She's my mother. However, I'll give her a talking to."

"What! Refuse to lend a paltry X to me, your other self?"

"That's why. You'd never return the money. I know myself too well."

"In such a shower as this," said a luckless Bohemian who was chilled and wetted through, "I wish I was job."

"Why?"

"Because he was all covered with Ulsters."

"That's a fact. He would be just the man for Uz."

"Then, doctor, mine is a hopeless case—I am indeed attacked by one of those awful maladies which science does not treat—which you do not prescribe for."

"Not so, not so bad as that—we treat such complaints—I prescribe for them."

"But do the prescriptions do any good?"

"Not the least."

They had gathered in tears in the ante-room to weep over and discuss the virtues of the beautiful Mme. de B., cut off in the flower of her age, whose body lay in the adjoining apartment.

"What a pity," said a sympathizing friend, "for her to die in the flower of her age, at twenty-eight!"

"Thirty," said a cousin of the deceased, and burying her face in her handkerchief, gave way to a fresh burst of grief.

Mlle. N., of the Folies-Amoureuses, has a son whose chin shows like a stubble-field at harvest-time, yet she assumes the virtue of youth and gushes like the tenderness of things.

Some one happened to ask the young man his age, and he du filly replied:

"Ma is just twenty, and I am six months older than she is."

A lady was making out her wash-list for the whole household—so many pieces for herself, so many for her husband, so many for the servants, and so on. The item of cambric handkerchiefs being under consideration—

"I have eight," says the lady's maid.

"And I four," says the valet.

"Then your master and I have twelve—that makes a dozen between all of us."

Once upon a time the Mayor of Bougival, being disgusted whenever of a Sunday he had his friends to breakfast on the lawn at seeing a dozen young men from Paris bathing in the stream, clad in innocence and bathing-drawers only, issued an edict that no one should go in swimming in his balliwick who had not a complete bathing costume. Remonstrances, supplications, and petitions were all in vain.

Thereupon the named R. vowed vengeance; bought thirty pairs of bathing-drawers, and each morning for and during the space of one calendar month His Worship received by mail a pair of bathing-drawers and a letter, as follows:

"YOUR WORSHIP:—My bathing-drawers were my last and fondest hope. You have deprived me of them. I go to seek oblivion in a watery grave."

But the Mayor of Bougival did not yield to this demonstration, and the named R. tried different tactics. Every Sunday His Worship, with his family, used to mount in a boat and row down the Seine as far as Maisons-Laffitte.

The named R. called fifty friends to his aid, and on the next Sunday they came, each in his faithful boat, and when the Mayor pushed off from shore the fifty parsons followed his example in single file and escorted him down the river, at first in decorous silence, but soon, at a signal from the named R., breaking into song:

"Since His Worship the Mayor he
Deigns our course to guide,
Let's follow that dignitary
And never quit his side."

At Maisons-Laffitte the oarsmen halted when the Mayor landed, and when, an hour or two later, he again entered his boat and headed for home the long flotilla followed, the oarsmen as before whiling away the tedium of the transit with their simple song:

"Since His Worship the Mayor he
Deigns our course to guide,
Let's follow that dignitary
And never quit his side.
Chorus—Since His Worship, etc."

Early next morning the Mayor resigned, and the obnoxious ordinance was immediately repealed by his successor.

Two brave peasants in the banlieue possess in Paris a daughter who plays minor parts in a very small and not too respectable theatre.

This diva, with the voice of a peacock and the walk of a goose, dwells in the fastnesses of the Rue de Rennes. Her good parents, naturally, are very proud of their offspring, and say to everybody on all occasions:

"Our daughter is the first actress in Paris—the very first one."

And if any of the audience seems astonished the old gentleman explains:

"Yes, sir, the first after you leave the railroad station—on the left-hand side of the street."

Baron De B., ruined by gamblers and women, is induced to marry the very ugly daughter of a very prominent banker, who during the honeymoon makes an assignment to his creditors.

"Confound it all," yells the happy groom; "here I've gone and loved her for herself alone, and not made a *mariage de convenience* at all."

INTAGLIOS.

Too Late.

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul that halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
Thy heart is mine! True, true! ah, true!
Then, love, thy hand! Ah, no! adieu!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Tears.

Tears are not formed to prove our depth of woe,
For oft in greatest joy the tear-drops flow,
The eye does, therefore, only show in part
The wonder working of the human heart.

EADIE.

Under the River.

Clear and bright from the snowy night,
The joyous stream to the plain descended;
Rich sands of gold were washed and rolled
To the turbid marsh where its pure life ended.

From stainless snow to the moor below
The heart, like the brook, has a warning mission;
The hurried dream in life's sluggish stream
Is the golden sand of our young ambition.

JOHN BOGLE O'REILLY.

It Matters Not.

It matters not when life is o'er how bright
The sunlight lay
Upon our way;
Nor yet how dark the chilly shadows crept
Upon our crooked path—how short the day;
Nor yet how long the dull and dreamless night
In which we never slept.

The birds will sing as sweetly when we sleep
Low in the ground,
As if no sound
Of grief had ever soared the songs of life,
Nor we had meddled with its empty strife;
And they who daily bow their heads and weep
Sleep with a sleep as lasting as profound.

When life is o'er, the best of us will lie
The brother still
Of those who fill
A poorer grave, nor sleep the sweeter there;
If good or bad, if homely or if fair,
One thing remains unchanged—we all must die—
It is the Master's will.

It matters not when life is o'er how few
Of those we met
Come with regret
To view the spot where they had laid us low,
How few of those we loved as friends were true—
How many false; how many tears shall wet
The grave on which the shadows come and go.

Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime droil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noon tide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry a while in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day we dreamed of comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on;
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

MARY J. PRESTON.

A Broken String.

Sing! and to you! no, no! With one note jarred
The harmony of Life's long chord is broken;
Your words were light, and by light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand;
Strike, and it vibrates at your will,
Falters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back, as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet lost tone. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep to Death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain.

And yet, perchance, some day before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night-wind sweep
Around our windows when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long sobbing, moaning cry,

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand, and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies;

Or lingering in the summer evening glow,
When, when the passion of the crimson west,
Burning like some great heart that can not rest,
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow,

Some old forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness, to our lips the name
Of Love steal softly, for the old love's sake.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Set a wife to catch a wife.

Every woman thinks her own husband the worst.

Girls should remember: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

In the spring the youth and maiden linger in the evening air, And she sighs, in broken accents, "Joseph, don't you muss my hair!"

When two Bridgets get out on their respective front stoops early in the morning there is a scrub race, and she wins who stoops to conquer.

An exchange wants to know why a woman always wants to sit on the floor to put her shoes on. Because she can't sit on the ceiling.

His name was Wrath, and when he asked his girl to marry him she gave him a soft answer; and a soft answer turned away Wrath.

"Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh, Jane," he said; "it reminds me of a grave yard." And she was laughing at their first baby.

George Eliot says that girls are "delicate vessels," and the Virginia City *Enterprise* says that, "She is an angel with blue eyes, and lips that are a pink portico to the soul beyond."

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said, with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

We know not, oh, we care not
What joys await us there—
If women only hold their tongues,
And girls don't bang their hair.

A young lady, who ought to know, accounts for the disposition of the average young fellow to put his arm around a girl's waist by the supposition that he is looking for that rib that was taken from him so long ago.

A most interesting sight to see is that of a young lady, with "lips like rubies," and with "teeth of pearly whiteness," and with cheeks that have stolen the "deep carnation of the deathless rose," with her mouth full of gingerbread!

In the latest London novel two ladies are described as having "that air of affability about them that shows they regard themselves as women who soar superior to anything like an attempt made to sit upon them by other women."

Mrs. Baker, a witness in a Chicago court, felt that she was bound by her oath to tell "the whole truth," and, when the lawyer interrupted her irrelevant story, told him that she didn't mean to let him nor anybody else prevent her from doing what she had solemnly promised to do.

She walked the whole length of the drawing-room car, looking carefully into every division. "Whatcher want, mem?" asked the amiable conductor; "a compartment where there ain't no gentlemen?" "No," she replied, blandly; "no, a compartment where there's only one."

"Truly," said Napoleon, "I have something else to think of than love. No man wins triumphs in that way without forfeiting some palms of glory. I have traced out my plan, and the finest eyes in the world—and there are some very fine ones here—shall not make me deviate one hair's breadth from it."

A little girl who had been on a railroad train when an accident occurred, was told by her mother that she ought to thank God for her escape from injury when she made her evening prayer. She did it in this way: "Thank you, God, for not letting me be hurt to-day; but the next time I go to the city I'll go in a wagon."

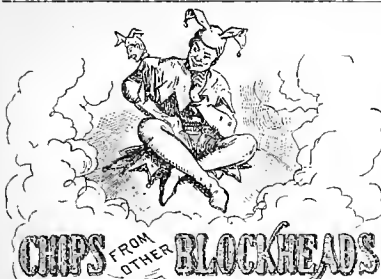
Socrates called beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, privilege if natural; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom. Domitian said that beauty was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls it favor bestowed by angels.

A Bangor young woman is going to present Longfellow with a penholder made out of the famous vessel *Insides*. Its base is circled with gold, in which are set three hand-some stones. One of these is phenacite from Siberia, another, zircon from Ceylon, and the other, red tourmaline from Maine. The pen is made from the fetters that bound Bonnivard in Chillon castle.

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," she said, as he was about leaving her at the gate. "Suppose I agree to be your future—" "Why, then I'll kiss you," she replied, eagerly, and she did. Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called around the next day to fasten matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on a front gate.

"You make me think," William said, dropping upon the sofa beside his girl, "of a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." "Do I?" she murmured; "it is so nice, but that is pa's step in the hall, and unless you can drop out of the front window before I get through speaking, you will have a little time with him, my own, for he loves you not." But William didn't quite make it, and now you can make him grow wild time and time again by simply asking him what makes him go lame when he walks. He knows, but he's a liar.

A Kentucky girl agreed to elope with a lover whom her parents refused to admit to the house. She descended the ladder in the night and started with him on horseback. "Now, you see how much I love you," she said; "you will be always a true and kind husband, won't you?" He answered, gruffly, "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not." She rode in silence a few minutes, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room!" "Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it." They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady re-mounted, while the ill-natured lover remained below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called, "Are you coming?" When she looked out of the window and said: "Perhaps I may, and perhaps not," and then she shut down the window.



Never go back on a bent pin.

The goat always gives evidence in rebuttal.

To make a fine eye water—stick an onion to it.

You don't always save your bacon by taking "sides."

Black eyes and honey are each the result of bee-laborings.

A dinner is a subject that never ought to be brought up.

The cucumber is the mule among vegetables. It always kicks.

Advice to the dressmaker: Be sure you are right, then go ahead.

If a man waits too long for something to turn up, it will be his toes.

A pointless joke is the butt of ridicule; and ridicule has plenty to butt against nowadays.

A girl named Anna wore striped stockings, and when she went to Deadwood the boys called her Hosanna.

It is said that there are now more frogs' legs eaten in America than in France. Another evidence of toad-yness.

"Darling, isn't that an excellent photograph of me?" "Why, no, wife, there is too much repose about the mouth."

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem, which has the most bones, a \$2 corset or a fifty-cent shad?

It is now intimated that the reason that Samson carried off the gates of Gaza was because they would not give him the gate money.

Time is money, and leisure is five cents to the man who reads the morning paper on a newsdealer's counter without paying for it.

A wealthy man should eat but twice a day. A luncheon at noon is an ingratitude toward breakfast, and a premeditated insult to dinner.

Mr. Longfellow, also, seems to have trouble with his plumber. His last poem begins:

"How cold are thy baths, Apollo."

Tom Thumb says he has kissed more than a million ladies in his time. The little fat rascal! There is no wonder that he did not live to grow up.

A good square kick will sometimes help a man further along in this world toward independence and prosperity than a dozen pulls by the head.

The Cincinnati Commercial does not believe that an apple caused the fall of Adam; but thinks that it might have been an orange or banana peel.

How the pedestrians would travel heavenward if it was announced that St. Peter would divide the gate-money daily with the man who arrived first.

Who was it that said to a Doctor of Divinity found playing on the violin: "Fiddle D D?" Please answer next week, if next week needs an answer.

Instructor, measuring city map—"It is a half mile from the academy for boys to the seminary for girls." Innocent student—"It doesn't seem so far."

About the guiltiest-looking people in this world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

A London paper says that an American girl, by residing in Europe a year or so, will gradually become educated to society, and gradually get rid of her war whoop.

It is claimed by a New England philosopher that poor manuscript often embodies gems of thought, but in a printing office a great deal depends on the setting.

One of the milliner writers on society says that the Duchess of Edinburgh would be pretty if she had a little more chin, and then dilates on her conversational powers.

The rich young lady who recently married a horse-car driver had taken to heart Sir Joseph Porter's pronouncement, that "love is a front platform on which all ranks meet."

Boys seldom follow the footsteps of their fathers. Jim Mace has two sons who are preachers. If he had been a minister his boys would have turned out as prize-fighters.

Barnum advertises a hairy elephant and a snake without any tail; also a monkey with a ring in his nose instead of his tail, and a mermaid to be weighed in her own scales.

The article that is going the rounds of the papers headed "Liver is King," contains some misstatements. Liver is not king. It is not even a constable. Liver is cheap.

A husband's farewell: "Dear Sal, the doctor tells me our baby's tooth won't be through for three weeks yet; till then good-bye. You always said you loved it more than I did."

The story is told of an Iowa man that has been married four times, and has all four of his mothers-in-law living with him in one house. We believe that story about Daniel now.

Lightning strikes the new wired-barbed fences in Texas, and runs on for it miles. It is the best thing yet invented for stirring up statesmen like those who control the San Francisco Call.

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

That was a mean trick in the fellow last night at the theatre who flung a bouquet with a string attached to it to the leading lady, and hauled it in again as she smilingly stooped over to pick it up. It caused her pain, mortification, and the price of a new corset.

Vassar is soon to have a chewing-gum match. Princeton has a man who can hop on one leg a mile in sixteen minutes. Ann Arbor has the champion sleeper; and Yale has a man who wants to run one hundred yards on his hands for the college championship.

About the poorest "Pinafore" joke of all was tried on Susan B. Anthony. "I shall never marry!" said that lady sternly. "What, never?" exclaimed the gentleman to whom she was talking. "Now you go right away from here," replied the lady with great violence, "or I'll hit you with my umbrella."

"Angelina," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw conundrum. It's real nice, too. What did Jonah find to wide on when he was thrown ovaboard?" Angelina—"Oh, Gussy! Why, he—tell me, darling." Augustus—"He went by the wall way. Ain't that awful jawly, Angelina?" Took me two hours to do it; pon honaw."

The editor wrote an item about the curiously formed branch of an apple tree, and headed it: "A Quaker Shaped Limb." Then he wrote another paragraph about a young lady who was walking 3,000 miles in 3,000 hours, and headed it "Female Pedestrianism." The printer, in making up the forms, mixed these titles up—got the tree head over the walking paragraph—and now he is an outcast and wanderer, and limps.

It is a delicate subject, and we hope we may be pardoned for saying anything about it—this new fashion of wearing a blue stocking on one leg and a red one on the other. It is not natural. Nature is one great harmony, and its laws universal. If it had been intended that women should adopt this style, they would have been supplied with exactly as many legs as there are colors in the rainbow.

A party of artists and art critics came to the following conclusion regarding their dinner: That the hash was low in tone and defective in composition; the beer well drawn but flat; the anatomy of the turkey strong; the bread too freely handled; the veal raw and cold, and hurried in execution; the butter strong; the coffee weak, except in the foreground; and altogether too much impaste in the bill.

Maiden with the rippling hair, laughing eyes and tripping feet, was't for me you smiled so sweet when I passed you on the stair? Do I cause the tell-tale blush of o'er-crimsons all your cheek, and which silent yet doth speak thoughts which glow like sunset flush? Do I cause—confound my glasses! Quick, quick usher, lest I miss her. "There's the lady, there she passes!" No, man, hang it, that's my sister!

In Russia some thieves invented a good scheme for robbing by putting one of their number in a trunk and carrying him as baggage. The trunk full of thief was left in the baggage-room; the contents of the trunk got out and selected what things he wanted, packed them in the trunk and was carried along with them to the next station. The scheme acted well until a chest of Limburger was set on the trunk, when the robber called for help.

During a recent trial in New London a rural juror appealed to the court to know "if the lawyers could not be stopped from bothering the jury. He had become bewildered in the maze of technicalities and subtleties with which the lawyers had apparently mystified the case, and he cried in anguish of spirit: "Then lawyers come here on purpose, to bother and confuse us jurors, don't they, judge?" "I suppose they do, my friend," wearily answered his Honor.

There appeared to be some irresistible force endeavoring to impede his progress as he would shakily advance a step or two and then execute a retrograde movement, bringing up at the starting point. He was undoubtedly as drunk as a lord, and the ground appeared to roll beneath him like unto the ocean's restless waves. All at once he was seen to reel, endeavor to catch himself, and then sink heavily into a heap on the pavement, and when the bystanders ran to his assistance he said: "Atsh sheverest shock fan earthquake ever spershiended, 'n I've bin on ish coast since '50. Mutch damage done, y' reckon?"

One of the orange sellers on the Detroit Campus Martius found a bad specimen among his fruit and carelessly tossed it away. It struck an old woman in the eye, and she made such a fuss over the accident that the man gave her a dozen good oranges to go her way in peace. She had scarcely left, when a sharp-looking boy about twelve years of age slid up to the fruit-seller and said: "Say, are you going to hit any more old women to-day?" "Why, no—not if I can help it," was the reply. "If you are, give me a chance," continued the lad. "I'll bring my mother down here, and you may hit her in both eyes for half the oranges you gave that other woman, and if that isn't fair you can have a shot at dad and me."

Soon after retiring he was awakened by a fluttering noise, as of a bird around the curtain of his bed. He sprang up, struck a light, and saw a dark little creature with wings fluttering about the room. Not being acquainted with natural history, he did not recognize it as a bat, but determined to catch it, if possible, and examine it carefully in the morning. Taking up a felt hat, he began the hunt, and tried to capture the intruder for a long time in vain, but at last he pounced upon it, took it from under the hat, shut it up in a drawer, listened to its struggles to escape—wanting to be sure he had really caught it, and went to bed dreaming of flying dragons. But he was not destined to sleep long. Hardly had he dozed off when a further fluttering awakened him, and, lighting another match, he found another bat. After this one he had another hunt, caught it, put it in the drawer with its brother, and again went to bed. Again, however, he was awakened in a similar manner; bats came not in single spies, but—if the expression be pardonable—in "battalions." Mr. Honey hunted diligently, making quite a collection of specimens, and put them all with great care in the drawer. Heated with the chase, he then opened the window, and, tired out, at last enjoyed a few minutes' sleep. Waking with the morning light, he jumped out of bed and opened the drawer very cautiously to look for his bats; but lo and behold, there were no bats there. He opened the drawer wide, and then discovered that it had no back to it. He had, in fact, been passing all his night in catching the same bat, which had flown out at the back of the drawer as soon as he had put it in at the front, and when the window was opened had finally escaped.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

I want to be a coachman,
And with the coachman stand,
And win the boss's daughter,
And drive my four-in-hand.

Wouldst know what lesson hums the bee
With dapper wings unfurled?
Translated means, that sweet bee's hum,
"Bee-hum-thing in the world."
—Yonkers Gazette.

Oh! where is the spring.
That mysterious thing?
Now do not all answer together.

Correct. Let us sing
That the advertised spring
"Is postponed on account of the weather."
—Courier-Journal.

An ethereal maiden called Maud
Was suspected of being a fraud;
Scarce a crumb was she able
To eat at the table—
But in the back pantry, ' ' O Lawd!

Gay daffodils
Blow on the hills,
And by the pleasant meadow rills,
While gayly now
On the mountain brow
Doth gambol the clumsy brindle cow,
With a bell on her neck. —V. I. Star.

He held her fondly on his knee,
It seemed to him divine,
When soft he whispered in her ear,
"Oh, won't you, sweet, be mine?"
She gazed up in his broad eyes,
And, with a smile and pout,
She said, "Now, George Augustus James,
I think you're just about
The Ironage." That settled it.

She gave her fingers at parting
And he tenderly pressed their tips;
And, satisfied not, as he bolder became,
He lifted them to his lips.

His grasp grew ardently tighter,
And her face flushed rosy red,
And he swept a kiss from the proper place—
"From hand to mouth," he said.
—Courier-Journal.

There was a young man named McBat,
Who oft had a brick in his hat;
"Her" father turned red
As unto him he said,
"From my daughter just git," and he gat.

"Papa, what made you go to the war?"
Said Jenou, climbing on my chair
"You might have had two fingers more
To twine amid my flowing hair."
"Why, dear, they drafted your brave pa,
And I lost these fingers on a saw."
—Cincinnati Star.

Once in a while we meet the man
Who rides the wild, untamed velocipede;
Once in a while we meet a man who strides
Around the track to test his walking speed;
Once in a while we meet the man
Who wears the helmet we once all wore;
And now and then we meet the man who quotes
The "hardly ever" line from Pinafore.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Re-Treat.

They stood before the glittering bar,
The Captain and the man;
They had been comrades through the war,
And foremost in the van.
They drink to the old fighting days,
They recall comrades slain,
And in their eyes to test his light plays,
They sniff the battle-plain.
Of camp, and siege, and guarded pass,
The echoes dead they woke;
The man had long since drained his glass—
At last he dryly spoke:
"I say, my Cap, there's one command
My ears would gladly greet—
Ha! Cap, you do not understand—
Just order a re-treat!" —Sunday Voice.

Popular Songs.

"Nancy Lee" and "Johnny Morgan,"
"Riding on a load of hay,"
"Does your mother know you're out,"
"Gone," "Ten thousand miles away?"
"Little Fraud" and "Annie Laurie,"
"Tapping at the garden gate,"
"Oh, tis jolly," "In the starlight,"
"When a fellow's little late."
"Little Buttercup" and "Blue Bird,"
"Fondly," "Courtin' in the rain,"
"Happy little maiden," "Whispers,"
"Will he never come again?"
And "Tis nice to be a father,"
"When the swallows homeward fly,"
"Shilling short," and "Credit broken,"
"Capt. Cuff," and "How's that for high?"
"Baby mine" and "Little Barefoot,"
"Why does mother stay so long?"
"Naughty man," "My darling husband,"
"Do not sing to me that song,"
"Little sweetheart, come and kiss me,"
"For the old man's drunk again,"
And "We won't go home till morning,"
"We shall meet" "The two bad men."
"Now" "My heart is sad and lonely,"
"When the band begins to play,"
And "I want to be an angel,"
"A Walking down Broadway,"
"When the moon is brightly beaming"
"In the cottage by the sea,"
"Oh, there is no harm in kissing"
"The fellow that looks like me."
"Have you heard my love was coming,"
"Bonnie Bessie o'er the sea,"
"Brown eyes has that little maiden,"
And "And a maiden fair to see,"
"What is home without a mother,"
"When the summer rain is o'er?"
"Capt. Jinks," "How can I leave thee?"
"Then come in and shut the door,"
"Once again" "The angel's whisper,"
"Put my little shoes away,"
"What care I?" "Oh, joy! oh, rapture!"
"Kiss me quick," "Sweet Label May,"
"Good-bye, sweetheart," "Rock me, sister,"
"Dance me, poppy, on your knee,"
"Don't forget to write me, darling,"
"When I'm gone" "Beyond the sea."
"When the purple lilacs blossom,"
"When the mists have rolled away,"
"We shall meet beyond the river"
"Horace Greeley" "Making hay,"
"Near the banks of that lone river,"
"Woman's rights" "No tongue can tell,"
"Whoo, Finna!" "The cold words whistle,"
"Say good bye, yet not farewell."
—Manchester Union.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16, 1879.

I have been to see the "handsomest woman on the American stage" play "Rosalind." Upon the principle that every eye makes its own beauty, I will let a part of that proposition go without dispute. Moreover, Fanny Davenport is a fine, buxom-looking woman, and has an absolutely faultless taste in millinery matters; but when it comes to seeing her play "Rosalind," a procession as long as "Macbeth's" phantom levee list passes before me, and I shudder with recollection. I remember well the first time I ever saw *As You Like It* played. The world was young, I am quite sure there were no stage illusions. The diamonds were not paste, and the trees were not painted. The boughs really bunt, and the leaves really waved in the forest of Ardenne, for the pungent odor peculiar to the woods crossed the footlight line and penetrated to my very nostrils. The forms were all copies of Canova models. There were no sawdust calves, I am sure. I yearned to be a duke's daughter or a duke, it mattered little which, so long as I lived in the woods and dressed in Lincoln green, and went around with the hunters singing beautiful songs over my picturesque dinner. I was bewitched with the sylvan and the rural, and I loved "Rosalind" quite as hard as "Orlando" did. She was a charming "Rosalind," too, Charlotte Thompson. Do you remember her? She had quite a genius for dressing herself abominably, and played "Ganymede," if I remember well, in a brown smock frock and cross garters made of things; but she had a pair of bewildering brown eyes and a flow of waving locks, to say nothing of the whitest teeth that ever gleamed between a pair of red lips. She was not altogether a beautiful woman either, but she was arch without coquetry, and piquant without a suspicion of sauciness, and even now ages after, when my enjoyment of the play is something dulled by disillusion and repetition, and my judgment crusted with a score of comparisons, I still place her, if not first and best of "Rosalinds," at least next only to Carlotta Le Clercq. I remember having heard some one ask Adelaide Neilson which of her rôles she loved best to play, and the great actress with the stagginess of manner which clings to them all on all occasions, down to the very peeling of a potato, rolled her eyes heavenward and exclaimed, "Rosalind." "I feel like a very nymph of the woods," said she, "and I revel in my sylvan freedom." They all play it *con amore* for the matter of that, but how different are their interpretations! Carlotta Le Clercq's is the most poetical, the most Shakspearean, the most Rosalindy—a word which I use without hesitation, since it was coined by a female commentator. Charlotte Thompson's is coy and essentially womanly, Adelaide Neilson's artistic, Scott-Siddons' spirituelle, Ada Cavendish's hoydenish, and Fanny Davenport's manerish. As an experiment in the legitimate, or merely for a change in her repertoire, it is well enough for the lady to essay "Rosalind" now and then. It is difficult to say where she is lacking. I never saw an actress so thoroughly *au fait* in the technique of her profession. In point of fact, she is perhaps just a shade too much a stage manager. One does not like to see a "Rosalind" give Charley Schultz the cue for slow music or fast, as the case may be. Miss Davenport's elocution, by all the rules, is perfect. She has not a rich, sonorous voice, in fact it is hollow, and not far-reaching, but she uses it well. One can not apply to Miss Davenport's "Rosalind" that line describing Miss What's her name's face:

"Faultily faultless, icy regular, splendidly null."

And yet that line does pop into one's head repeatedly. Truth to tell, it is such a business-like affair that it eliminates all the poetry. The wit seems to rattle off by rote, the sparkle is the manufactured fizz of American Seltzer. Miss Davenport has the hearty ringing vitality for the merely material "Rosalind," but really nothing else peculiar to this most delightful of Shakspeare's womankind. Yet, for all, the lady has improved wonderfully since her last visit, and I can quite fancy that if she will forswear Shakspeare some of her fame is deserved. She is so thoroughly and essentially modern that it can only be in plays of to-day that she excels. Her gestures, her style, her carriage, are all of to-day, her very voice has a modern cadence. She can never be poetical or picturesque, properly speaking, but she is the very incarnation of style, and that ought to satisfy any rational woman.

You should have heard the row the people made over Tom Keane. Really it must be great fun to go away and come back to a reception like that. I do not observe that he has changed any. In point of fact he has not been gone long enough to be unrecognizable, and "Orlando" was a good part for him to make his bow in. He was always rather nice, you know, when dealing with Shakspeare. It was only on the so-called modernism he strangled in quite direct contrast to the star he is supporting. Barton Hill was complimented with a warm welcome also; indeed it was a grand reception night, and everybody seemed to have come back from somewhere, and everybody was glad to see everybody. Barton Hill read the *Seven Ages of Man* beautifully, and all went merry as a marriage bell, and everybody got as many flowers as if they were *prima donnas*—what a windfall the florists must be getting—and, well, that's all about *As You Like It*, which was rather dull upon the whole when you omit the receptions to Messrs. Hill and Keane.

They do say *Pique* was a much more delightful performance; but then who would go to see *Pique* when *Carmen*, the long delayed, the wonderful, the much desired, was to be produced at the Grand Opera House. Everybody was there, even the other *prima donnas*, for Litta, in plain black silk, and with natural roses in her bosom, and her hair looking extremely well, smiling from one of those uncomfortable mezzanine boxes up stairs, while Cary, in a beautifully embroidered tan silk and a white opera bonnet, beamed with good nature down stairs. I never saw a houseful of people so thoroughly determined to be pleased. The overture was listened to for once, and although it did not call forth any great applause, it tempered the disposition, and attuned the ear for what was coming. I like the music of *Carmen* immensely. It is full of that intoxicating Spanish melody which goes to the head, which sets one's nervous fingers to playing imaginary castanets, ones toes to dancing imaginary cachaças. One feels like keeping time with waving arms and bending body. In short, one is in a sort of temporary mental fandango that is made up of music and murder, and that eventually stretches the dead body of the wicked cigarette girl in a fruit of one mimic curtain to be closed to sight by a cinder. A tragic picture that suits BETSY B.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

I think Mr. Strakosch will be willing to acknowledge that San Francisco has given him a genuine surprise at last, and that, after all his world-wide experience as an opera manager, last Wednesday evening was a lesson to him. The would-be clever impresario had held back *Carmen*, his trump card, until the very last moment in the subscription season for which it was promised (among others not given at all), bringing it forward at last for a single time and with great flourish of trumpets, and—the public would not condescend. They came very sparsely to *Aida* on Monday night, to *Faust* on Tuesday scarcely at all—a mere corporal's guard—and on Wednesday, with *Carmen* at last! probably just enough of a house to pay the salaries of the principals. The facts, our public has grown thoroughly tired of Mr. Strakosch and his half-kempt promises; has ceased to believe in him or respect his word; is not convinced that when he announces an opera he intends to give the whole of it, or, indeed, any of it as it should be given; and will no more of him. The subscribers came on Wednesday. They have been served to five performances of *Aida* out of a series of twenty nights; the only opera out of the entire subscription repertoire that has been even respectably mounted or properly performed. Even in this there have been little mean economies, as *par exemple*, the omission of the Bass Clarinet in the orchestra, which in "Anner's" great scene of the last act totally changes the coloring of the accompaniment; the putting the long Italian trumpets of the third act into the hands of a parcel of incompetents—probably cheap—who entirely destroyed what should be one of the most beautiful effects of the March, the entire perversion of the character of the *ballet* of the third act, etc. But, on the whole, the opera was well mounted and well sung. Chorus and orchestra have been ample, the *mise en scene* excellent, and the principals satisfactory in the main. Of *Carmen* the same may be said. But as *Carmen* is supposed to be a great attraction the subscribers get only one performance of it—the first, which is really a sort of dress rehearsal—with the possible second one—last evening, the last of the season—filled with the *fifth* time of *Aida* and the second (presumably first adequate) *Carmen* reserved for an extra night. Without going back to the shabby nights of the first three weeks of genuine old-fashioned scrub opera at Baldwin's it seems to me that I do not go far wrong in characterizing this treatment of our public as little better than a swindle. It is of a piece with much of the same sort of thing that we have had before, and that, so long as we countenance it, must inevitably stand in the way of our ever having a respectable season of opera. So long as Mr. Strakosch can get houses for "fakes" we shall get nothing better. But Mr. Strakosch can no longer get houses for "fakes," at least none that will pay. Then he gives his operas somewhat better. But the public have found him out; as I said before, we have become thoroughly tired of him and his manner of doing business. And if we are ever to have a decent season of opera, or one that will pay, it must be under different auspices and more honorable management.

Carmen is an opera of the modern French romantic school, the work of a clever musician who knew whatever was to be learned of the technique of his art, had abundant knowledge of the voice and how to write for it, was poetic, imaginative—everything but really musical. It is an opera without either the melody of the Italian or the depth of the German school; for the former it brings *finesse*, and in place of the latter it has only cleverness. Even the sparkle of the lighter French school is missing in it; it is lost in the straining after novelty that is recognizable in every bar. The music was intended to be original *a tout prix*, and original it certainly is. But is it rarely pretty. When Fred Lyster said to me one day that there was "nothing new to be done in music, for the tunes are all written," he was probably very nearly right; but he did not take into account the modern French school of composers who make their music without tunes, using *chic* and *esprit* instead, and who seem to consider that when they discover a new progression that sounds ugly but is all right on paper they have done something very fine. They call it *piquant*, and in the sense that caviare and Chili peppers are piquant they are right, without a doubt. But one would hardly be justified in recommending caviare for a steady diet, and to my taste a very small pepper very carefully treated goes a long way toward satisfying. This music of Bizet's is not healthy music, nor is it good music. It has the odor of absinthe about it, slightly disguised by an artificial perfume out of a shop. It has the pallid air of disease, and struts like a padded dandy. It might have been written on a regimen of black coffee and strong cigars, by one who had grown tired of Mozart and whose favorite literature was *Rabelais* and *de Kock*. What the wine may have been as it came from the grape it is difficult to say; it has been flavored and doctored until there is nothing now but a hot tasting, spice-flavored *liqueur*. Some of Bizet's songs are very pretty, and he has done some creditable things for orchestra. But *Carmen* is not pretty—though it has some good dramatic music in the third and fourth acts—and has not a hundred bars in it to preserve its musical life.

Carmen is an opera *buffe* that ends with a tragedy. Its first two acts are of the lightest, there is not an opera of either Offenbach or Lecocq in which the thematic material is so trivial, nor one of Ambroise Thomas, or even Berlioz, in which the barrenness of thought is tricked out with more of those forced modulations and rhythmic surprises that are the tinsel behind which the modern French school seeks to hide its musical poverty. But it has an attractive part for the heroine, and wherever it falls into the hands of a clever and beautiful artist it is likely to be a success. There is nothing so attractive on the stage as a *soupeon* of the forbidden; *Carmen* is full of it. The tenor and baritone parts are also effective—the tenor dramatically, and the baritone both dramatically and musically. This saves the opera. The ensembles are weak; the choruses, though several in the first two acts, are lively and rather pretty, very trivial and purposeless. The chorus is rarely brought into the action; when it is it is not well managed and makes no effect. The songs of the cigarette girls and street boys in the first act have a certain *bonfê* flavor that carries them off, and a bit for the tenors alone is really melodious, and has a tune. But that is all there is of it. Not an individual on the stage gets a sound musical phrase to sing, excepting perhaps "Escamillo" in the second act (that is like a bit out of a march for a street band), and the three girls who sing over their cards in the third. The success of the opera rests with its bandsome mounting and the questionable (unquestionable)

character of the heroine, and this, I think, is very poor recompense for the four weary hours spent in listening to it.

Madame Roze certainly acts and looks *Carmen* beautifully. In the singing I wished at times for a little more sparkle in the voice; it seems to call—especially in the third and fourth acts—for a hard, cold, glittering quality, that she does not command. But the first two acts suit her admirably, and on the whole I think Mr. Bizet has every cause to be contented with his heroine. Don José is an ungrateful part for a singer, but a superb one for the actor, and Mr. Adams made the most of it. Nothing could be finer than his conception and rendering of this character; it is worthy of a great tragedian. I do not remember any such fine piece of acting on the lyric stage as this; it is enough of itself to carry the opera even with the music all cut out. Signor Pantaleoni has also a fine opportunity in "Escamillo;" he acts well, looks well, and sings abominably sharp every time he gets the chance. This is the more remarkable when we know that ever since he has sung here Signor Pantaleoni has been loud in his complaints over our high pitch. Why, I should like to know, does he continually make matters worse by singing *above* the pitch? There ought to be some consistency in all things, even in a great Italian Baritone.

Carmen is well mounted, and well given. It is better sung than anything we have had excepting *Aida*, and as it is really more difficult to sing than Verdi's opera that is all that can be expected. The chorus shows remarkably good training, and reflects credit upon Mr. de Novellis. The orchestra is as good as can be looked for under Mr. Behrens, who is not by any means a good opera conductor. He seems to pride himself upon being steady, and this he certainly is. But he is also inflexible, unsympathetic and hard. Besides this I doubt whether he is really quite at home with his orchestra. I see things frequently going on around him that would hardly be tried on under a conductor who thoroughly knows his p's and q's, the kind of thing generally done to a piano-score musician. Miss Lancaster makes a pleasant and satisfactory "Michaela," and scored quite a success; in fact, everybody does well.

For next week we are promised the *Huguenots*, and probably more nights of *Carmen*. After that we shall have to get on without Madame Roze, who goes to London, and if there is to be any more *Carmen* it will probably be with Miss Cary as the heroine. Miss Cary has either plenty of that sort of courage that knows no such word as fail, or is blind to a failure when she sees it. And so there is no telling what she may do with *Carmen*, and if she does make a mess of it, Bizet is dead and our public indulgent.

Pinafore! The air is full of rumors of interesting events in this direction; if they are all born alive we shall have more of them than we can suckle and shall have to put a score or so out to wet nurse. The first, I believe, will be that of the Metropolitan Temple, with a large amateur chorus, and professional principals. Then it is to be done at the Grand Opera House, with Mr. Strakosch as "Buttercup," at the California with Charley Schultz in the same rôle, at Baldwin's with Bishop as "Josephine," at the Standard without any "Buttercup," and the Bush Street without any "Josephine" (not enough to go round), and at all the churches, by all the choirs, accompanied by all the organists, with all the parsons in their original parts. Then comes society. Ah! *Then, ah, then* we shall have *Pinafore!*

Mr. Frederic Boscovitz announces a series of three pianoforte Recitals at Steinway Hall, which promises to be of unusual interest to our musical public. Mr. Boscovitz has made this form of concert a specialty in all of the great cities, and always with the most decided success, attracting artists and students alike by his beautiful rendering of many compositions not to be found in the repertoire of ordinary concert players; especially of Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Kimberger, and what we might term the pre-Raphaelites of pianoforte music. The programme of the first Recital, to be given on next Tuesday evening, includes the great A minor *Prelude* and *Fugue* of Bach, in Liszt's transcription, the *Spinning Song* from Wagner's *Die Götterdämmerung*, a *Rondo* of Mozart, *Gavotte* of Corelli, a selection of pieces by Schumann, and Mr. Boscovitz's own graceful *Menuetto*, which he repeats by request. The uninitiated may be glad to know that Steinway Hall is above Mr. Gray's music store, on Post Street. S. E.

Some months ago it was our pleasure to notice the fact that Miss Genevieve Stebbins had gone East to perfect her theatrical education. Miss Stebbins is a San Francisco girl, educated under the careful supervision of her aunt, Miss Clapp, for many years a teacher in the girls' High School. Miss Stebbins is a young lady of most promising talent in the direction of the profession she has chosen; with beauty of person, a natural talent for the stage, a very thorough and careful training, we anticipated for her a great success. She has recently made her debut in New York city, in the play of *Aftermath*, or *Won at Last*, taking in it the part of "Grace Fleming." The leading New York journals—the *Herald*, the *Evening Express*, the *Star*, the *Evening Mail*, the *Telegram*—all speak of her in the most flattering terms. The *World* says, "Miss Agnes Fleming"—for that is her stage name—"exceeded expectation." And the *New York Sun* says, "She is the most promising debutante that has appeared for many years." All agree in forecasting her future as one of great possibilities. The fact that a lady well born and thoroughly educated chooses the stage for a profession, and fits herself for it by a long course of preparatory study, is a matter of congratulation to all who love the drama, and who look to it as a means of elevating and instructing the community in which we live. We congratulate Miss Genevieve on her success, and shall welcome her to San Francisco, where she will for herself and her aunt be kindly received.

An actresses' club has been lately opened in Paris, meetings taking place three times a month, and a dinner once a month at 4 p. m. Mlle. Clerly, of the Vaudeville, is president; and Mme. Mathilde, of the Palais Royal, vice-president. Gentlemen are not admitted to the club at any time, or under any pretext.

The Fourth Loring Club Concert of the second season, given at the Grand Opera House last Thursday evening, was well and fashionably attended.

La Petite Mademoiselle, a new comic opera by Lecocq, libretto by Meilhac and Halevy, was produced at the Paris Renaissance on the 14th.

INSULTING THE FLAG.

[The following card of Mr. R. P. Thomas explains itself. It is the indignant protest of an American-born citizen, who fought for his country, and who in the higher and better sense is to be regarded as an American workingman, against the lies told concerning him. An American soldier who fought under the flag is naturally incensed that a howling mob of foreigners should presume to question his loyalty, or interpret his motives in expressing his opinions of an organic law that owes its passage to ignorance and misapprehension, and that in his judgment strikes a blow at the industry in which he is engaged.]

"Richard P. Thomas, the Superintendent of the Standard Soap Company, the manufactory of which company is at Berkeley, and the San Francisco office at No. 204 Sacramento Street, could express his indignation that a tremendous majority of the people of California insisted upon an improved organic law only by a most needless and wanton insult to the flag of the United States. He had boasted before the election that if the new Constitution should be adopted he would have the stars and stripes hoisted at half-mast, union down, over the manufactory of the company. Yesterday he carried his threat into execution. Unless in the case of a vessel at sea, in the direct distress, the flying of the American colors in this position is considered one of the most flagrant insults that can be put on the flag of the free. The brutal exhibition caused a disgust in those who witnessed it that for a time threatened to become aggressive; and it is to the credit of Americans, and as showing how swiftly the deep, underlying feeling of national patriotism will tower over all local differences, however temporarily acrimonious, that the anger was manifested as generally and strongly by those who had opposed the new Constitution as those who voted for it."—*Chronicle*.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* published an article before election accusing me of *bulldozing*, by intimidating the men in my employ, which I will state did not contain one word of truth, which can be proven. After a careful reading of the proposed new Constitution, I found in it that which I considered detrimental to the manufacturing interests of the State—in this for one thing: prohibiting incorporations from the employment of Chinese, making a distinction between the individual and an incorporation. Knowing that manufacturers, in order to compete successfully with cheap labor at the East, must necessarily employ Chinese, or at least a portion of the labor must be done by cheap help, when the State was about to vote for or against the adoption of a Constitution which would take from the manufacturer the cheap labor which was all important in order to successfully compete with Eastern manufacturers, I became greatly interested in the result of said election, and did say that if the State stood by the *Old Constitution* I would hoist the flag over the works of the Standard Soap Company—to the topmast; if defeated, I should look upon it as an onerous of distress to the manufacturers, and, as a signal of such distress, I would hoist the flag at half mast, *inverted*, which I accordingly did, and it remained in that position from morn to setting sun. No person made any attempt to interfere with it, as stated in the *Chronicle*. It was in no way intended to insult the flag, but was a *signal of distress* of the manufacturing interests—the adoption of a Constitution which discriminated between the individual and the incorporation.

Would I be likely to insult the flag? I would point to my past history. At the time of the firing at our flag on Sumter I was captain of a flatboat on the Allegheny River, hoisting off from Tidgate to Evine. As soon as the news of the attack on Sumter reached me I ran the boat ashore near a blacksmith shop, brought out the anvil, and commenced fring. The next day I left for my home in Syracuse, and with wife, flag, and drum, marched the streets, and recruited a company of cavalry, which I offered to Secretary Cameron. He could not but decline, stating that there was no call for cavalry as yet. A short time after he gave orders to report to McReynolds, in New York, which was accordingly done. My company was mustered into the Lincoln Cavalry, the first company of cavalry mustered as volunteers in the War of the Rebellion. I served in all the engagements during McClellan's campaign, and was wounded at the Battle of White Oak Swamp. During the seven days' fight I was promoted from the company to battalion staff, was honorably mustered out of the service under an act of Congress, and have now my war-worn uniform and sabre ready to again defend my country's flag at any and all times. With such a record, do you think I would insult the flag, as charged. Far from it.

Now, how will this record compare with the records of some of the warm advocates of the New Constitution, backed up by the *Chronicle*? If I am rightly informed, a resolution was offered in the Constitutional Convention to prohibit the carrying of the American flag in procession on celebration days, and only defeated by four votes. Was that an *insult to the flag*, or what was that intended for? The *Chronicle* might better look to some of the warm advocates of its New Constitution, and see what their record has been during the rebellion so far as *pertains* to their treatment of the flag, before being so ready to point to *insult* offered to the flag. I felt before the adoption of the New Constitution that it was hazardous to manufacturing interests. I have not changed my views since its adoption. I was against its adoption before and do not like it after. I have expressed myself accordingly, have offered no insult to the flag, and will now endeavor to the best of my ability to prepare for every emergency. I do not, nor will not, submit to the crack of the whip of the *Chronicle*, without making at least a feeble effort to defend myself when boldly charged with such damnable practices as offering an insult to my country's flag. R. P. THOMAS.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

To the new book house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. we have a long catalogue of favors to acknowledge for books received. Our columns have been so over-laden with discussions and homilies upon the new Constitution that we have had neither time nor space to say of them the pleasant things we would desire. This is the youngest house in the book and stationery line upon the coast. Commencing business only in August, 1878, it has sprung into an institution of first importance. It has made up by energy, enterprise, and honorable dealing all that it lacks in age and experience, till now it is not amiss to rank it among the leading concerns in the book and stationery trade. Commencing as successors to Chilion Beach, it has doubled his business, added an adjoining store, filled its shelves and counters with books of standard and fanciful literature, and crowded its counters with staple and fancy stationery. All the new books and novelties, and all that is ever found in a book store, are there. The firm is composed of four young gentlemen, and, from the throng of fashionable people who are always found crowding their stores, we should infer there was some attraction beyond their variety of book and paper wares. It is par excellence the elite book house of our city and coast. A specialty is made of designing, engraving, and of the printing of monograms, wedding, visiting, and invitation cards. Of one portion of their capital we speak with great confidence—it is ample, and they expend it with unstinted generosity: polite and courteous treatment is extended to all who visit them, and this is what especially tells when one desires to lounge in a book emporium, having no special object of purchase. To be permitted at leisure to wander among pleasant books and pleasant faces is a great delight, and usually results in bearing off some choice selection of reading or picture book. The house of Billings, Harbourn & Co. can not fail, we think, of becoming one of the leading book and stationery concerns of the Pacific Coast.

The season of the Eastern traveler is now upon us. Our streets are thronged with new faces. The Geysers and the Yosemite, the valleys and the sea side places, are beginning to feel the flutter of the tourists' wings. This is a good time to see our State. It puts on its holiday robes of spring, to be changed later in the summer for its brown, dun cloak of ripened grasses, its sea and yellow foliage, its dusty streets and fields. There is one place of all others in San Francisco that the visitor should not omit. There is only one Diamond Palace in the world. A traveler who has shopped in Paris, London, Vienna, Amsterdam, Madrid, or Berlin, has, we are quite confident, never seen a jewelry establishment like that of Colonel Andrews' on Montgomery Street. Its mirror reflections produce marvelous and beautiful effects well worth the notice of travelers, and no stranger has seen all the attractions of our city until he has visited it. An additional attraction lies in the fact that Colonel Andrews makes a specialty of California quartz, agates, and other minerals peculiar to this locality. They are manufactured by him from original designs and drawings, and set in California gold. They become souvenirs of our coast well worth securing. This is a class of jewelry that while it is not expensive is exceedingly desirable, because rare and altogether unique. Colonel Andrews desires ladies and gentlemen visiting his *bijou* of a Diamond Palace to feel perfectly at ease, whether they desire to purchase or not.

WANTED,
Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

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Notice is hereby given at a meeting of the Board of Directors, held on the fourteenth day of May, 1879, an assessment (No. 6) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eighteenth day of June, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors, C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada Block, Room 37, San Francisco, May 15, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, a dividend (No. 43) of one dollar per share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, May 20th, 1879. Transfer books closed until 21st inst.
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A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay, ex-
haustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed
free. Address J. K. REEVES, 43 Chatham Street, N. Y.

THOMAS BOYSON, M. D.

(University of Copenhagen, Denmark).
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office
and Residence, 112 Kearny Street. Office hours, 11
A. M. to 1 P. M., 6 to 8 P. M. Sunday 11 to 1 only. Tele-
phone in the office.**

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S.....F. M. HACKETT.

HACKETT & DEAN,

**DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126
Kearny Street, San Francisco.**
Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

**ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.**

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

**S. P. R. R.
NORTHERN DIVISION.****REDUCTION IN RATES.**

**THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL-
road Company is now prepared to issue Regular,
Special, and Excursion Tickets at GREATLY REDUCED
RATES to the following**

Well Known Summer Resorts.

REGULAR UNLIMITED TICKETS.
To Pescadero\$3 50
To Gilroy Hot Springs..... 5 00
To Aptos 4 75
To Soquel and Santa Cruz..... 5 00
To Monterey 7 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs..... 14 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs and Return.....25 00

SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS.
(Good if used within two days).
To Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz\$4 25
To Monterey 4 75

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.
(Limited to September 30, 1879).
To Pescadero and Return.....\$6 00
To Paraiso Springs and Return.....12 50
(Limited to October 31, 1879).

SPECIAL LIMITED EXCURSION TICKETS.
(Good for Return until following Monday, inclusive).
To Aptos\$6 50
To Soquel and Return.....\$6 50
To Santa Cruz
To Monterey and Return..... 6 50

PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE:
Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.
A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

R. C. MOWBRAY, M. D., DENTIST,
removed to 200 STOCKTON ST., cor. Geary, S. F.
J. J. BIRGE, DENTIST, 313 Kearny Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, Cal., May 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board
of Directors of the above named company, held this day,
Dividend No. 3, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared,
payable on MONDAY, May 12th, 1879, at the office in
this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San
Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.,
Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, May 6th, 1879.—
At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named
Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 43) of fifty cents
per share was declared, payable on Thursday, 15th inst.
Transfer books closed until 16th inst.

A. W. HAVEN, Secretary.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada
Block, San Francisco, May 6th, 1879.—At a meeting of the
Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this
day, a Dividend (No. 31) of fifty cents per share was de-
clared, payable on Friday, May 16th. Transfer books
closed until 17th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

**FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-
ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness
of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of
Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which**

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Does in every case.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
nent physicians all over the world in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility, Aches and Pains,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
Spinal Diseases, General Ill Health,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour
Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a
thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to
healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and
imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single
trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating
of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE,

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients"
may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by
calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents.
All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,
Plaintiff, vs. **EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-
GUIRE,** Defendants.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain promissory note de-
scribed in the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note, made by
said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three
thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note,
payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assess-
ments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount
found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises
conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds
applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that
the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest, to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.

And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.
L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonorum heretore and heretore heretore
existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STEPHENSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

**NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT.—East
Branch Mining Company.**

Location of principal place of business, San Francisco,
California. Location of works, East Branch Mining Dis-
trict, Plumas County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 12) of five cents per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the 22d day of May, 1879, will be delinquent and
advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is
made before will be sold on THURSDAY, the twenty-sixth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors:
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.

BEST & BELCHER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Virginia City, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the State-
holders, held on the seventeenth day of April, 1879, an as-
sessment (No. 14) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the twenty-first day of May, 1879,
will be delinquent, and advertised at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on TUES-
DAY, the tenth (10th) day of June, 1879, to pay the
delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of sale.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.
Office—Room 29, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees,
held on the sixteenth day of April, 1879, an assessment
(No. 57) of two dollars (\$2) per share was levied upon the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the twentieth day of May, 1879, will be delinquent
and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless pay-
ment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the tenth
day of June, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, to-
gether with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. W. STEPHENSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 47, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M. Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4:30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M. SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. for Monterey. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

3.30 P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive, as follows:

Baden.....	\$ 50	Fair Oaks.....	\$1 50
San Bruno.....	50	Menlo Park.....	1 00
Millbrae.....	65	Mayfield.....	1 75
Oak Grove.....	90	Mainland View.....	2 00
San Mateo.....	1 10	Lawrenceville.....	2 25
Belmont.....	1 25	Santa Clara.....	2 50
Redwood.....	1 40	San Jose.....	2 50

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

SECOND CLASS FARE

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....\$1.00

A car with Sleeping Accommodations, constructed expressly for this travel, is attached to Freight Trains, leaving San Francisco at 4 A. M., and San Jose at 8:30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For rates to well-known Summer Resorts, see special advertisement in this paper.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

The Company have arranged with the Pacific Transfer Company, whereby baggage can be checked at the various offices, also at private residences. Orders may be left at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, or at the office of Transfer Company, No. 110 Sutter Street.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1879.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, and MARICOPA (56 miles east from Yuma).

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.30, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1 75; Santa Clara, \$1 65; Congress Springs, \$2 75; Santa Cruz, \$4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3 25; Santa Clara, \$3 05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2 50; to Los Gatos and return, \$1 25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4 25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3 65; to Wright's and return, \$4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, \$5 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 5, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willow. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at G. with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Astoria. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Sumner, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (156 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Phoenix, Prescott, Florence, and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passing train arriving at Los Angeles for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

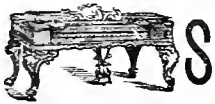
5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS. FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Fremont.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Delmar Street.		To Alameda.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8.10	12.30	7.00	8.00	6.10	7.00	7.00	8.00	7.30	8.10	6.10	7.00	7.00	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	9.00	7.00	8.00	8.00	9.00	8.30	9.00	7.30	8.00	8.00	9.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	10.00	8.00	9.00	9.00	10.00	9.00	10.00	8.30	9.00	9.00	10.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	11.00	9.00	10.00	10.00	11.00	10.00	11.00	9.30	10.00	10.00	11.00
8.30	3.00	11.00	12.00	10.30	11.30	11.00	12.00	11.30	12.00	10.30	11.00	11.00	12.00
9.00	3.30	P. M.		P. M.		P. M.		P. M.		P. M.		P. M.	
9.30	4.00												
10.00	4.30	1.30		12.00		1.00		1.00		1.00		1.00	
10.30	5.00	2.00		1.00		2.00		2.00		2.00		2.00	
11.00	5.30	3.00		2.00		3.00		3.00		3.00		3.00	
11.30	6.00	4.00		3.00		4.00		4.00		4.00		4.00	
12.00	6.30	5.00		4.00		5.00		5.00		5.00		5.00	
12.30	7.00	6.00		5.00		6.00		6.00		6.00		6.00	
.....	7.30	7.00		6.00		7.00		7.00		7.00		7.00	
.....	8.10	B ¹ .00		7.00		8.00		8.00		8.00		8.00	
.....	9.00	B ¹ .30		8.10		9.00		9.00		9.00		9.00	
.....	10.30	10.30		9.20		10.00		10.00		10.00		10.00	
.....	B ¹ .45	B ¹ .45		10.30		11.00		11.00		11.00		11.00	

To San Jose.

Change cars
at West
Oakland.

**SCHOMACKER AND HENRY F.
MILLER CELEBRATED**


Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.

WOODWORTH, SCHELL & Co.
12 Post Street San Francisco.



CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.



336 KEARNY ST.
& 910 MARKET ST. S.F.

SPRING STYLES
ALL IN NOW!

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

H. A. WEAVER,
(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS.)

PRINTER,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

COGSWELL'S
SIERRA MADRE VILLA
HOTEL,

SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, LOS ANGELES
COUNTY, CAL.,
NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

A WONDERFUL PLACE IN THE
foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, eighteen
hundred feet above the sea. Climate near perfection, summer
and winter. In the midst of an orange grove, with all the
comforts of a home, overlooking San Gabriel Valley, twenty
miles from the sea. Not equaled by any place in the State
for a summer or winter residence. The way to get there is
by carriage, twelve miles from Los Angeles, or rail to San
Gabriel Mission, and four miles by carriage to the Villa.
Send notice to San Gabriel Post Office, Los Angeles County,
one day in advance.

W. P. RHOADES, LESSEE.

COOS BAY
COAL.

\$7.50 per Ton; \$4 per Half Ton.

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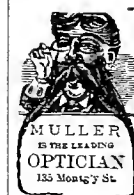
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UNDER THE
BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 24, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

PRATTLE.

It is all very well to talk about the nine lives of a cat, but a king or emperor seems to be the hardest thing to kill that is now hunted. Most of the European sovereigns have been shot at, thrust at, and bombarded by sworn and resolute assassins, but it is an unconscionably long time since one was killed. It begins to look as if these rulers of men had realized Thackeray's imaginative description of George IV. The great satirist sets up "the first gentleman of Europe," and proceeds to pull him to pieces. Garment after garment is stripped away, and under each is found another; and when the last gorgeous vestments is reached and removed—*rien!* there is nothing!

It must be confessed, though, that if the monarchical nations are prudently protected from regicide by the device of having nothing mortal inside the royal apparel, the two leading republics are but little better off. Hayes and Grévy are a brace of as insubstantial scarecrows as ever tempted the Indian brave in a western corn-field. Marshal MacMahon had at least a back-bone sufficiently stiff not to stoop when he was asked by a passionate and reasonless rabble to sign a decree dismissing in disgrace the gray-headed soldiers who, as was said of Ney, "had fought a hundred battles for France, and not one against her"—veterans who from their country's wreck had saved their country's honor, and against whom not even the *blouses* and *miserables* for whose propitiation they were sacrificed had ever dared to bring a graver charge than lack of sympathy with them—*them!* But Grévy—he is vacuity's ghost—"a phantasm floating in a void." He heads the line of supple statesmen; he is the capital S of the word Subserviency. Hayes is the tail of the eye.

There was enough of Lincoln to kill, and enough to Grant to kick; but Hayes is only a magic-lantern image without even a surface to be displayed upon; the screen upon which he was temporarily projected and defined in order to be voted for has been withdrawn. You can not see him, you can not feel; but you know he extends in lessening opacity all the way from the dark side of John Sherman to the confines of space. It is something to have a President whose existence can be mathematically proved.

True, having changed hands, Hayes has vetoed some bills. A veto is an act of negation, in these instances rightly, as I think, performed. But the admirers of this man may get such comfort as they can from pointing out the things he did not do. The men who "have the firmness to say No" have for some centuries been vulgarly accorded more than their share of honor. "Yes" is the dominating word in this world. "I will not" is a form of compliance familiar in the mouths of women, fools, and devotees; for "Thou shalt not" is the language of morals, authority, and religion.

Oh, deem it not presumption, Lord,
In me to revise Thy holy Word—
No jot or tittle I'd efface,
No menace dire, nor pledge of grace.
No poetry I'd blot (although it's)
Well known to Thee that I hate poets,
But humbly, reverently try
Some missing mandates to supply.
For lo! I fall of dunces ill,
Who've got by heart Thy written will;
I turn, behold! in tears away
From rogues Thy bidding who obey.
Wherever "Thou shalt not" occurs
I'd add "Thou shalt the exact reverse,"
And many a virtue, too, compel
(By plain command and threat of hell)
Which has no corresponding vice
To interdict in terms precise.
Thus I'd exterminate the brood
Of rascals negatively good—
Men Bible-clear, who ought to smart
Beneath the lash at tail of cart.
Each soul (masks, too, would then be thinner)
If not a saint, should be a sinner.
In error, Lord, if I am found,
Observe how clouds my vision bound:
Forgive my narrowness of sight,
And bless me with the larger light
In Thine imperfect Law to scan
A portion of Thy perfect Plan.

Mr. Barbour is good enough to concede to the ARGONAUT a distinguished position among those who assisted in adopting the new Constitution. Now, Clit, this is unkind. This journal did, it is true, do something to lift into prominence you and Mr. Beerstretcher, who had seen fit to connect yourselves with the movement; but you might as well say that the persons who dug the two outer post-holes on Calvary assisted in founding the Christian religion.

The newspapers of this country appear to have settled it among themselves that the rigorous measures adopted by the Czar of Russia for the suppression of Nihilism will prove ineffectual, and that the iron hand of Bismarck will fail to crush the Socialists. I have a less accurate knowledge of the future than it is the happiness of my contemporaries to possess, but I will venture the conditional prediction that if such devil's-fire as Nihilism, Socialism, Communism, and Kearneyism be not quenched with blood it will not be quenched at all. It is idle, this half-sympathetic and wholly

uninstructed babble about the vitality of ideas, the futility of force, and the rest of it. Those ideas have most vitality which most commend themselves to strong and resolute rulers. The people may think, and think, but the man with a million obedient bayonets needs not care what they think. The important thing is what *he* thinks.

In the Czar of Russia and the Chancellor of the German Empire lie the hopes of civilization, for they are in all Christendom the only strong men—the one by virtue of great governmental powers which his predecessors had not the folly to fritter away, the other through similar, though lesser, powers and colossal brains. I firmly believe that if the despotic energies wielded by these two men fail of the purpose to which they are set the days of our civilization are numbered, and in the near future the continents of Europe and America will be devastated by barbarians from the Asian steppes, or infested with cut-throat savages sprung from our loins and wearing the skins of animals about their own.

In Russia and Germany the battle for existence must be fought for us all. Austria and Italy are blindly letting the days of opportunity slip irrecoverably away, like pearls from a string. Spain is a thing of nothing. France, England, and the United States are without government—the people govern. Whom? Themselves. They govern themselves—by themselves they are governed. What monstrous nonsense! Who governs himself needs no government, has no governor, is not governed. If government has any meaning or function it means the restraint of the many by the few—the subordination of numbers to brains. It means the determined denial to the masses of the right to cut their own throats. It means the grasp and control of all the social forces and material enginery—a vigilant censorship of the press, a firm hand upon the church, keen supervision of public meetings and public amusements, command of the railroads, telegraphs, and all means of communication. It means, in short, the ability to make use of all the beneficent influences of enlightenment for the good of the people, and to array all the dreadful appliances of civilization against civilization's natural enemies—the people. Government like this has a thousand defects, but it has one merit: it is possible.

Despotism? Yes. It is the despotisms of the world that have been the conservators of civilization. It is the despot who is most powerful for mischief, and who alone is powerful for good. It is conceded that government is necessary—even by the "fierce democracies" that madly renounce it. But in so far as government is not despotic it is not government. In Europe, for the last one hundred years, the tendency of all government has been liberalization. The history of European politics during that period is a history of renunciation by the rulers and assumption by the ruled. Sovereign after sovereign has surrendered prerogative after prerogative; the nobility privilege after privilege. Mark the result: society honeycombed with treason; property menaced with partition; assassination studied as a science and practiced as an art; everywhere powerful secret organizations sworn to demolish the social fabric that the slow centuries have built up but just erected, and unmindful that themselves will perish in the wreck. No heart in Europe can beat tranquilly under clean linen. Such is the gratitude, such the wisdom, such the virtue of The Masses. In 1863 Alexander II. of Russia freed 25,000,000 serfs. In 1879 they had all joined the conspirators.

The Kearneyism "episode" is not an episode; it is a part of the general movement. Thousands—tens of thousands of armed men are drilling all over the United States to overthrow the government. As there is no government they will depose the functionaries. Do you suppose they will stop at that? I tell you the good god, Majority, means mischief. These people who outvoted you yesterday will have you by the throat to-morrow. The robber is at your casement, and you sleep. You have wedged your door with a school-book, and fastened your sash with a newspaper! The one has taught him his power, the other his wrongs. Where was your censor? I tell you, my countrymen, there is no magic in words. Liberty, Freedom, Progress, Destiny—these are noble names; they mean something. But they do nothing, and the People are buying guns.

Formerly the bearer of evil tidings was only slain; he is now ignored. Pharaoh brained his messengers; they had grieved him, but he spared them. The gods kept their secrets by telling them to Cassandra, whom no one would believe. My friends, I do not expect to be heeded. The crust of a volcano is electric, the fumes are narcotic; the combined sensation is delightful no end. Pray do me the favor to enjoy it. I have looked at the dial of civilization; I tell you the shadow is going back. That is of small importance to men of leisure, with wine-dipped wreaths upon their heads. They do not care to know the hour. I say to you there are signs and portents—whispers and cries in the air; stealthy tread of invisible feet along the ground; sudden clamor of startled fowls at night, and crimson dew-drops on the roadside grass of a morning. I think we shall have some weather shortly, but pray do not disturb yourselves. By the way, gentlemen, I hear that preparations are already making to celebrate the centennial of 1793.

Mr. Orion Clemens, a brother of the illustrious Marcus II., has been shot out of the Presbyterian communion at Keokuk. As Mr. Clemens's offense was a lecture denying pretty much all the allegations of revealed religion he was probably not very painfully affected by his expulsion; but the pastor's sermon, if "appropriate to the occasion," as stated, must have been pretty hard to bear. We all know the story of the teamster who received the kick of a mule in grim silence because he "could not find words appropriate to the occasion." If the shepherd of this erring lamb, Clemens, had a more obedient vocabulary his remarks must have been extremely rasping.

The Church possesses the unerring compass whose needle points directly and persistently to the star of the eternal law of God.—*Religious Weekly.*

The Church's compass if you please,
Has two or three (or more) degrees
Of variation;
And many a soul has gone to grief
On this, or that, or t'other reef
Through Faith unreckoning, or brief
Miscalculation.
Misguidance is of perils chief
To navigation.

The obsequious thing makes, too, you'll mark,
Obeisance through a little arc
Of declination;
For Satan, fearing witches, drew
From Death's pale horse, one day, a shoe,
And nailed it to his door 'undo
Their machination.
Since then the needle dips to woo
His habitation.

It has been decreed by the Congregation of Rites, of the Roman Catholic Church, that gas lights shall in no case be substituted for candles on the altar, though it is not certain whether this prohibition is based upon some religious scruple or has its broader and deeper foundation in economy. At the present rates for gas in San Francisco few churches, either Catholic or Protestant, can really afford that precious fluid. In some it has been suggested that by an arrangement with the directors of the company the surprising bills might be paid in salvation; but as corporations have no souls, and the equivalent of even the most remarkable gas bill would not go very far toward saving the individual immortal parts of the directors, the proposition has not met with much favor.

And this reminds me of a little story. A wealthy banker had subscribed a large sum of money to build a church. The priest called for it, it was handed out, and he was writing a receipt. "What are you writing?" asked the banker. "A check for eternal life," answered the priest, smiling. "Make it payable to order, father."

Another. A gentleman in reduced circumstances was applied to by a notoriously profligate friend for a small loan. "My dear fellow," was the grave reply, "I never felt my poverty till now; I am horribly unable. But I have 'laid up treasures in heaven,' fortunately; I'll give you an order." Then he added, thoughtfully: "You'll have to be identified."

Down in Bogota, it is related by a contemporary, there is a half-breed Indian named Solis (the name appears to have no particular significance) who modestly protests that he is but 180 years of age, though he is believed to be considerably older. His neighbors aver that he has sold himself to the devil, but I think not; that purchaser has not the habit of waiting so patiently for goods to be delivered at his residence—though possibly he does not require them to be delivered when purchased in South America, seeing he is so frequently passing that way. The uncommonly advanced age of Solis is, at any rate, a pleasing evidence of the salubrity of the South American imagination—superior, apparently, to that of North Carolina, where the most resolute negro has never been able to push past 130 without doing herself an injury.

Miss Neilson—may Venus the evil avert!—
Declares that she soon will the country desert.
O actress enchanting, pray don't go away:
We beg thee, entreat thee, implore thee to stay.
Thy grace we shall miss, we shall grieve for thine art,
And thy husbands, returning, will never depart!

It is difficult to agree with the colored people of Virginia that the State prohibition of their marriage with whites constitutes a sorrow of sufficient magnitude to justify an "exodus." There can not be very many whites who are desirous of marrying them, anyhow; so the grievance is at best a merely sentimental one, and it would be wise of them to seriously consider if for an idle affront to their feelings they can afford to break up their homes and renounce the privilege of voting the straight Democratic ticket every time at the shotgun's mouth. Married ladies who amiably interest themselves in match-making will observe with singular emotion the uncommon spectacle of a whole race dismally setting their sombre faces to the far frontier because they are sold in love. Really, this is a very touching affair of

THE GREAT ELECTRIC DIAPHRAGM.

Some Account of the Telegraphic System of the Baron O.—

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

A peculiarly observant eye might have noted on Clay Street, San Francisco, during the spring and summer of '78, a slight thread or cord shooting up into the firmament from the roof of a semi-detached two-story mansion, otherwise undistinguished from its neighbors and from the hundreds of other houses of the same stamp which embellish or make monotonous the metropolis of the Pacific. The eye must have been peculiarly observant to notice it at all, since it seemed scarcely more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness; but once noticed, it would certainly have attracted the attention and roused the curiosity of the intelligent observer—though it may be questioned whether the passengers on the cable railway, as they went to their offices in the morning or returned tired therefrom in the evening, would have given the matter a second thought if they had noticed it. Nor did it continue there long enough to excite public comment, since it certainly had not been seen there in April, and had as certainly disappeared in September. Though not a regular patron of these cars, I had occasion during the summer to make several trips to the top of the hill, during one of which, in the early afternoon, I happened to be the only occupant of the car. The rampant panel advertisements, which command, if they do not deserve, attention, failed to interest; the languid pose of the conductor in the dummy did not satisfy my yearnings for the beautiful; the blue-bloused heathen, swaggering listlessly along the sidewalk with hands thrust deep into pantaloons-pockets, excited neither feelings of animosity nor speculations in ethnology—in fact, I was thoroughly *ennuyé*. And thus, with mind open to any object of interest, however trivial, scanning the house-fronts as we rolled slowly up the hill, my eye casually fell upon this slight thread shooting straight up from the roof of one of the houses—up, up, until lost in the cerulean depths of a pellucid Californian sky. I instantly began reasoning on the meaning and object of this peculiar phenomenon. Clearly it must have a meaning, but what could it be? Whether did the cord go? Speculation was unsatisfactory; and, as I could frame no reasonable solution of the problem, I gave it up for the moment, and determined on my next trip to provide myself with telescopic assistance to penetrate the mystery. Next day I procured a very powerful binocular glass, and with it trudged up the hill till opposite the house. On arriving there I proceeded to level it point-blank at the object of interest, considering myself exonerated from the imputation of a breach of propriety on the part of the occupants by the peculiar circumstances of the case. Having brought the lower end of the cord well into the field of vision, I proceeded to elevate the lenses, but found that the cord presently vanished in the azure, at a height which I estimated at not more than a thousand feet. Disappointed at this method of scrutiny, I swept the heavens in the vicinity of the vanishing point, determined by the laws of perspective, and was finally rewarded by the discovery of a small, black speck, or atom, stationed immovably in the air at an immense height—many thousands of feet as I then judged haphazard, for there was no possible way of taking trigonometrical bearings under the circumstances. This black speck or atom was, at all events, a point gained, and I had no hesitation in mentally connecting it with the cord, though I was still as completely mystified as ever regarding its aim, end, object, or ultimate intention. I turned homeward, and, while descending the hill bent in thought, nearly ran against an individual coming up, who proved to be no other than my friend C.

"Hallo!" exclaimed C., "where are you going? I thought you always took the cars. And with an opera-glass, too, I declare! What? Been doing Telegraph Hill, and the bay, and Tamalpais, and that sort of thing, eh?"

"No," replied I; "I have had a more interesting subject of investigation to-day; and as I confess myself utterly at a loss regarding it, perhaps your extraordinary acumen may help me."

"What Gordian knot must I cut, what coil of Cretan labyrinth unravel, to suit your fancy?" rejoined C., striking the stage attitude of "Pistol."

"Well, C., the fact is, there *is* a coil to unravel; or, rather, I should say, the coil is already unraveled, and a puzzling one it is—by no means a metaphorical coil either, but thoroughly substantial and material."

"Well; away with enigmas. What is it?"

"As you are going up the hill," I replied, "I shall go with you and show you."

"Well, I have very little time. I have an engagement to lunch with the Baron O. at one. By the by, do you know him? No? Come with me, then, and I will introduce you. He is a Prussian *savant* doing the meteorology of California and the Pacific generally, and, as he means to spend some little time here, he has rented a house higher up the hill. He is always glad to see any one connected with literature or art, and I shall take the liberty of bringing you with me. You will find him something of a Colossus."

"Well," rejoined I, "I shall certainly avail myself of so good an opportunity, and leave my mystery for another day."

By this time we had climbed the hill to the spot where the house I had been examining stood, and just as I was going to call my friend's attention to the fact, to my surprise he mounted the steps and rang the door-bell. I had no time, however, to say anything before the door was opened by a servant in livery, and we were ushered into a pleasant, cool drawing-room, round which was scattered manuscripts and scientific instruments, diagrams, and drawings, all indications that the resident of the place was a man of culture, refinement, and research. I had hardly time to say to C. that my mystery centred here, and to be answered by a meaning smile, when the Baron entered, and, after shaking hands with us cordially, conducted us into a dining room where an elegant lunch was spread. The conversation had been carried on for some time in generals, but I could see that C. was gradually leading it into the sphere of the Baron's own domain in science. After discussing the meteorology of the Pacific Coast, the difficulties that lay in the way of making the weather forecasts, the unreliable nature of those signs and good in other countries, and the intimate connection of electricity with atmospheric disturbances, the

"By the by, I must show you the working of an experiment which I am now undertaking with a view to future practical results in telegraphy; and I think that, apart from its claim to novelty, it embodies a principle which will eventually change our whole system of electric signaling."

"You surprise me," remarked C. "I thought that our compatriot, Edison, had unquestionably achieved the most progressive results in this field; witness the telephone and the adaptation of the electric light."

"Here in America he undoubtedly has a great name," responded the Baron, "but is not a country apt to be too partial to its sons? In Europe his reputation, though very high, does not correspond with that which he enjoys here; indeed it is gravely questioned whether Bell does not more than divide the honors of the invention of the telephone with him, and there are several *savants* who have passed if not superseded him in the introduction of the electric light."

"Then you do not really give Edison credit for anything he has done!" remarked I.

"Yes; I make an exception in his favor; and, as far as utility is concerned, it is destined to hold a very high place in electric discoveries—and that is the duplex system of telegraphy. This is an invention of Edison, and must forever be associated with his name, for I believe there is no other claimant to the honor. Were it not for the discovery of this wonderful property of electricity, the experiments I am now engaged in would never have been made. I presume you are aware of the principle involved in what is known as the duplex system?"

Not being answered by an affirmative sufficiently assuring the Baron proceeded:

"It is possible to transmit two or more messages along the same line, and in the same direction, by employing receiving instruments which are sensible to strong currents, and insensible to weak ones; or which are affected by a change in the character of the currents from positive to negative, or *vice versa*. The same rule holds good at either end; and the limit of the multiple messages is dependent only on the sensibility of the instruments, and the fineness of their adjustment. I am not aware that more than sixteen simultaneous messages have been conveyed along a single wire—eight from either end; but, as I say, the possibility of an indefinite numerical augmentation is bounded merely by our skill in mechanics. Theoretically ten million messages may be simultaneously sent with the same readiness as two. With the coarse instruments in present use, even a trifling increase would be productive of inextricable confusion. But as the usages of society and business do not, as yet, demand such wide and extended communication as I have hinted at, there is no fear that the wires in present use will be so crowded with matter as to impair their usefulness."

"A good illustration, however, of genius directed to practical ends (known to none better than to your countrymen) is to first create a want and then supply it. If it were possible for persons divided by seas and continents to converse freely and naturally, and at the same time with the same privacy as they would enjoy if closeted in a room at home, it is only reasonable to suppose that people would not be slow to avail themselves of the opportunity, provided the item of expense—and this is, after all, the most important consideration in a popular matter—did not prove a drawback. But, now, if you will accompany me to the drawing-room, I will make some experiments in your presence which I think will prove gratifying to you. I impose no restrictions upon you, trusting entirely to your own good judgment in making the matter public, since I am happy to say I can afford to indulge my scientific propensities without the necessity of the stimulus of gain; but I would prefer that you would not use my name in connection with the matter, as I have a horror of publicity, and my respect for the unconventional genius of the American press is, I must confess, tempered by a wholesome modicum of dread. Therefore I must beg of you not to make the facts public till I have, at least, left California," continued the Baron, laughing.

Returning to the drawing-room, the Baron led us to one corner where stood a massive, though small, table securely clamped to the floor. Just beneath it lay an iron-bound cylinder or drum about three feet long by six inches diameter, around which were wound close coils of what appeared to be a very fine though strong silken cord; the free end of which passed upward through an aperture in the top of the table, and, running up the corner of the room, disappeared through a hole in the ceiling above. The drum when coiled to its utmost capacity must have held many thousands of feet of the delicate cord, though now but little remained upon it. I also noticed that the shaft or axle on which the drum revolved passed through bearings in the sides of the table, the boxings of which were made of glass. A single solid slab of plate glass formed the top of the table, to which was affixed a piece of mechanism resembling in its general characteristics those instruments which are commonly used in connection with telegraphy, terminating in an oblong box provided with a mouthpiece suggestive of a telephone: the distinctive difference being that this box was at least three times as long as that of an ordinary telephone, and that its sides were supplied with three screws at equal intervals along its length.

I had at once recognized the cord, the origin of which had puzzled me this morning, and I told the Baron how my curiosity had been excited, and what I had done to relieve it. He seemed amused, and rather confused me by telling me that he had been watching my evolutions outside from the window, and had greatly enjoyed my evident mystification.

I bent down and examined the cord, and found that it consisted of many strands of silk finely woven together, and though of very slender appearance, being scarcely more than one-eighth of an inch in thickness—evidently capable of bearing heavy strains. Around it was wound spirally a very fragile wire, scarcely visible to the eye but by its whitish glitter, and with only sufficient helix to bind it securely to the cord.

"Now," said the Baron, making a connection between a metal disk (fixed to the glass slab, through a hole in which the wire cord ran) and the telephone instrument aforesaid. "let us see how the mechanism works to-day."

So saying he applied his mouth to the orifice, and called "Franz! Franz!"

Then turning to us, and examining his watch, remarked, "He should be on time, now."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when a voice issued

from the telephone (for so I shall term it) of exceeding clearness, "*Fertig, Herr Baron!*"

The Baron smiled and entered into a conversation with the voice in his own language.

The discussion became animated; the responses quicker and louder; when suddenly the Baron turned very excitedly to us saying:

"Berlin is in an uproar. The Emperor was shot at by an assassin while driving up *Unter den Linden* a few hours ago; and it seems Franz has repeatedly called me, but I have been out all the morning, and consequently did not hear him. Though scarcely two o'clock here it is now past midnight in Prussia—my usual hour for getting my day's bulletin."

"Strange that I did not hear anything about it in the city!" remarked C. I glanced over the bulletin at the *Chronicle* office just before I came up here, but there was no intimation of anything of the kind there. Yet you tell me that chance alone prevented you from obtaining this news several hours ago. Your facilities must be superior to those of the Associated Press!"

"They are," responded the Baron. "The inevitable delays caused by the reproduction of messages at different stations on the route, makes the operation more tedious and protracted than my method. I get my news first-hand," continued he smiling, "and instantaneously."

"Do you mean to say," queried C., "that you have communication with Berlin other than that by the ordinary route, and in the ordinary manner?"

"I do," said the Baron. "I hold at present the actual monopoly of the grandest telegraphic system conceivable to the human mind; a system perfectly simple, and, therefore, perfectly in accord with natural laws; a system, too, capable of infinite extension and of the widest utility."

"Pardon me for my skepticism," rejoined C. "My faith in things is staggered. Nevertheless, you have the best proof of the validity of your system, whatever it may be, in the facts we have just witnessed."

"Don't be alarmed," replied the Baron laughing. "I am no professor of the occult sciences; but shall engage to explain this experiment in a logical manner, and to sustain it by thorough scientific proofs, before you leave. Pray do not relegate me to the spiritual companionship of poor, much-abused Satan, without permitting me to adduce evidence in my defense."

C. blushed—(a prodigy rarer than black swan-down), and the Baron, turning again to the telephone, called as before—"Franz!"

Without the least delay an answer came as if spoken by some one in the next room, and, as usual, in German.

"Cloudy or clear?" asked the Baron.

"Clear," replied the voice.

The Baron made a memorandum in his note-book, remarking that he was engaged amongst other things in collating comparative statistics in meteorology.

"Franz," continued he, "is my man—an old servant—whom I have left in charge of my house in Berlin during my absence. He informs me upon current topics very readily as you see. I am therefore independent of the daily papers for my home news."

"*Gute nacht!*" here issued from the telephone, and was responded to by the Baron, who informed us that Franz had now gone to bed.

A pause ensued for some moments during which C. seemed to be in deep thought. He at length spoke with great gravity and said—

"Herr Baron, this experiment is as marvelous as it is inexplicable. Much as I should desire to gain an insight into its nature, I am diffident in pressing you on the subject, since it is quite natural that you might desire to preserve secrecy on so important a discovery."

"Not at all," said the Baron. "The only condition I impose is, that you will not say anything about it during my stay in California. You are perfectly at liberty to examine the apparatus, excepting the interior of the box, which I can not conveniently take apart. There are, too, some details connected with it which you must excuse me for reserving the right to disclose in the proper manner and at the proper time. I shall, however, be happy to explain the principle of the whole to you if you have time to listen to what I say."

We assured him that it was our particular desire to learn more, and the Baron, requesting us to be seated, at the same time settling himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and leisurely crossing his legs with the air of a man who is about to enter upon an extended disquisition, spoke as follows:

"Whether the origin of electricity is to be sought for in the *penetralia* of the cosmic ether, and as a permanent entity of the universe, or whether it is manufactured by some frictional process constantly going on between this planet of ours and the sun—in other words, whether it has an independent existence outside of other forces, or is merely one of the conditions of motion—can only be determined by future observation and experiment. We know, however, that physical disturbances in the solar photosphere cause sympathetic action in our world, and are attended with marked magnetic effects. The sun in its relation to its attendant planets holds the same position as the heart does to the outlying organs in the economy of animal life. Solar pulsations vibrate to the remotest bounds of the planetary system, and perhaps beyond it, giving life or dealing death. Our planet is a vast instrument—an indicator, a telephone—which vibrates in sympathy to every whim of its monster interlocutor. Light-waves traverse the intervening distance of ninety millions of miles in eight minutes; electricity bridges this span in less than the same number of seconds. Yet by employing the geographical mile as a standard for cosmical measurements, we are apt to receive erroneous impressions of *speed* in relation to *space*: for even electricity is a calm, staid, and deliberate force when measured in the scale of such a mighty fraternity as planetary diameters and orbits. Now, considering our world in its huge bulk as nothing but an enormous magnet, were it in *direct* communication with the sun—in other words, if the electric current could pass without interruption from the sun to the earth—life would be, if not an impossibility, at least so precarious as to render it insupportable. The fruits of a continent might be blasted with the same ease as the trunk of a tree; instead of those marine phenomena of inverted vortices, called waterspouts, a whole ocean might be sucked up clear from the surface of the planet, to be precipitated again haphazard in any quarter. Such is the gigantic force of the element or condition of

which we know next to nothing, as compared to ourselves and our puny works! A signal instance of the power of electricity occurred some time ago when an iron bridge spanning the Missouri was observed by an astonished witness to rise vertically into the air to the height of several hundred feet during a terrific thunder-storm, and then to fall back into the river. This story was naturally discredited until the engineer who constructed the bridge gave evidence that, as neither the upright stanchions nor the sockets in which they were imbedded were broken, nothing but a vertical lift could account for their becoming separated in an uninjured condition. Happily, the wise Intelligence who gave laws to matter provided against the occurrence of casualties like these by protecting the body of the planet by a covering or envelope, which though perfectly transparent and inappreciable to any of our ordinary senses, is yet as strong as was his massy shield to the Greek hoplite or the Roman legionary, and which presents an impenetrable barrier to the sharp impacts which would otherwise tear the planet in terrible convulsions at each sudden change in the solar conditions. This electric diaphragm extends (so far as I have yet been able to compute its elements) from the exterior limit of our atmosphere to within about two miles of the surface of the earth; but, being electric, it expands and contracts considerably beyond or within these limits sympathetically with solar or planetary conditions on a principle not dissimilar to that of the pupil of the eye. In tropical regions it approaches nearer and is of greater thickness; toward the poles it recedes further, and is of extreme tenuity. The nearer it approaches the earth the more violent are the electric exchanges between the diaphragm and the planet—said exchanges being based upon the same laws of equilibrium which obtain in ordinary commercial business. If the earth, under certain conditions, has imparted more electricity than she subsequently finds necessary from the diaphragm, the surplus does not fail to be returned in due course, and *vice versa*. The intervening space between these inner and outer electric reservoirs is neutral, and, being unfavorable to the retention of electricity, the fluid is attracted to one side or the other. The diaphragm commonly contains the larger quantity, since it can draw upon the infinite resources of the ether; but that the balance of exchange is occasionally in favor of the planet is evinced in the case of those thunder-storms where the lightning is observed to shoot upward from the ground into the sky.

"But it is to another property of the diaphragm that I wish now to direct your attention, and with which we especially have to deal, and that is its impressibility (if I may use the term) to extraneous magnetic influences. The slightest and most delicate magnetic vibration affecting any portion of its body is communicated instantaneously to the whole. And not only this, but an infinite number of vibrations can be simultaneously communicated; and such communications are each of them separate and distinct, nor do they interfere with each other. To use a *simile*, when a stone is dropped into the centre of a calm lake, the circular wave-line, which widens from the point of impact can be distinctly traced for some distance; and our failure to trace it to the uttermost shores is simply a circumstance of the grossness of our visual sense. The extreme slowness of such a pulsation as this, and the resistance of such a heavy medium as water, render it practically impossible to trace it for any great distance either of space or time. But in the pulsations of the electric diaphragm the case is different. The electric fluid is of such extreme tenuity that a pulsation originating in any part of it is diffused synchronously through the whole. If, then, I wish to converse with any one on any portion of this globe, all that is necessary is that I should open communication with such person through the medium of the magnetic belt. To do this, we must both be in connection with it. My connection you see over there in the corner. That silken line which runs up through the ceiling is the beginning of that cord which attracted your notice to-day. It is bound with a very delicate platinum wire, which metal I chose for its ductility and conductive qualities. That cylindrical drum which you see below the table is three feet long by six inches in diameter, and has a capacity for containing twenty thousand feet—nearly four miles—of the silken cord, a length more than sufficient to penetrate the diaphragm even in the highest latitudes. A small silken balloon, six feet in diameter, inflated with hydrogen, and made waterproof by a varnish of caoutchouc, is attached to the end of the line, and serves to convey the wire into the region of the diaphragm and to keep it there as long as required. That tiny engine, which you see with crank attached to the pulley of the drum, brings down the balloon and coils up my line in less than half an hour. A similar balloon and line tap the diaphragm from my house in Berlin. To the ends of both are attached telephones. Any telegraphic instrument would serve equally well; but the telephone is the simplest, most convenient, and my favorite *par excellence*. You have witnessed the operation of my method, and I now ask you," turning to C., and bantering him good-naturedly, "whether I have made good my promise to explain my experiment rationally, or whether I must content myself with the reputation of a dabbler in mediæval magic?"

"Since you throw down the gauntlet, Herr Baron," rejoined C., determined not to be taken at a disadvantage, "I shall, with your permission, put some questions and raise some objections which seem to me pertinent, if you are willing to answer them."

"Allons!" laughed the Baron.

"You yourself admit that you have at present a monopoly of this telegraphic system; in other words, there are no other lines in operation but your connections here and in Berlin. Supposing, however, that there were one hundred or one thousand balloon connections tapping this diaphragm and transmitting simultaneous pulsations through the ether, how would it be possible that your telephone should receive only the message of Franz, to the exclusion of the thousand other messages which are vibrating in every direction at the same time? Pardon me for imagining that the maddening discord of Babel would compare favorably with the utterances of our telephone," and C. lolled back in his chair with the air of a man who has made a successful point.

"You are quite right," returned the Baron, "they certainly would, if all the instruments used were of the same plan or pattern. You will remember what I said about Edison's discovery of the principle involved in the duplex system. Without the discovery of this property of electricity

my experiments would never have been made. I must, however, give myself credit for widening and developing the principle which Edison evolved. Under my system this telephone here is sensible only to vibrations emanating from another telephone keyed electrically to the same pitch. Those three screws which you observe at equal intervals on the side of the box are connected with the hands which indicate degrees on the dial plates which surround them. The possible combinations of these three hands upon their respective dial-plates, varying them one degree at a time, are represented by $360 \times 360 \times 360$, or 46,656,000—upward of forty-six millions of simultaneous messages can be transmitted through the ether without the one interfering with the other. Such message, indeed, reaches each telephone, but the vibrations—all of which are recorded at the first stage of the box—may be eliminated on their passage through the second or third. In order to communicate with any one possessing connection with the diaphragm, you have simply to screw your telephone to his combination."

"Supposing," said C., "more than one couple has fixed upon the same combination?"

"You will certainly receive," replied the Baron, "messages not intended for your ears; but as you will be in the same predicament of publishing your private affairs, I imagine that a very little experience will suffice to make you change your combination. Abuse is to some extent unavoidable, but the novelty will soon wear off; and besides the knowledge that you may be haranguing a large audience will make you more careful of what you say—alone a considerable recommendation," continued he, with a dry twinkle of his eye.

"Will not the diaphragm be more sensitive to magnetic disturbances than are the wires of our mundane system? and these, as you are well aware, are often incapacitated by thunder storms?"

"A thunder-clap is telephonically merely a message, and can only be reproduced by an instrument keyed to thunder pitch, an occurrence which you need be in no apprehension of."

"One more question," said C.; "would not a considerable number of such connections entail danger by attracting electricity in the form of lightning?"

"On the contrary," returned the Baron, "the more connections that exist between the earth and the diaphragm, the more balanced and regular will be the adjustment of their magnetic regulations."

"It is, however," urged C., "an expensive system. In any case it could only be used by persons of means."

"By no means," rejoined the Baron. "The only individual expense would be the telephone. One public wire tapping the diaphragm would be sufficient for a small town. Even a single telephone would suffice, under charge of an officer to whom you would simply mention your combination, and who would send your message as you would a letter by post."

"I confess you meet my objections, Baron, as fast as I raise them. May I ask in what manner you were led to imagine the existence of such a marvelous phenomenon as the electric diaphragm—unless you have any private reason for concealing it?"

"None in the world," answered the Baron frankly. "But as the story is too long to tell you just now, can you do me the favor to come to an early dinner next Sunday? It was the purest accident, and I take no credit for it. Quite romantic, too—happened only last summer in the Tyrol. It was a lucky chance which benefited me in two ways—for by it I not only made a discovery, but won a wife. Come upon Sunday, and I will introduce you to the one, and relate to you the other."

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1879.

MY SHIPWRECK.

In the summer of 1874 I was in Liverpool, whither I had gone on business for the mercantile house of Bronson & Jarrett, New York. My name is William Jarrett; my partner, Zenas Bronson, is dead; the firm failed last year, and, unable to endure the fall from affluence to poverty, he committed suicide. I came to San Francisco three months ago, where there are several persons to whom this narrative will be a twice-told tale.

Having finished my business, and feeling the lassitude and exhaustion incident to its dispatch, it occurred to me that a protracted sea-voyage would be both agreeable and beneficial, so instead of embarking for my return on one of the many fine passenger steamers I booked for New York on the sailing vessel *Morrow*, upon which I had shipped a large and valuable invoice of the goods I had purchased. The *Morrow* was an English ship, with, of course, but limited accommodations for passengers, of whom there were only myself, a young woman, and her servant, a middle-aged negress. I thought it singular that a traveling English woman should be so attended, but she afterward explained to me that the woman had been left with her family by a gentleman and his wife from South Carolina, both of whom had died on the same day at the house of the young lady's father in Devonshire—a circumstance in itself sufficiently uncommon to remain rather distinctly in my memory, even had it not afterward transpired in conversation with the young lady that the name of the gentleman was William Jarrett, the same as my own. I knew that a branch of my family had settled in South Carolina, but of them and their history I was altogether ignorant.

The *Morrow* sailed from the mouth of the Mersey on the fifteenth of June, and for several weeks we had fair breezes and unclouded skies. The skipper, an admirable seaman, but nothing more, favored us with very little of his society, except at his table; and the young woman, Miss Janette Harford, and I became very well acquainted; we were, in truth, nearly always together, and being of an introspective turn of mind I often endeavored to analyze and define the novel feeling with which she inspired me—a secret, subtle, but powerful attraction which constantly impelled me to seek her—but the attempt was hopeless. I could only be sure that at least it was not love. Having assured myself of this, and being reasonably certain that she was quite as whole-hearted, I ventured one evening (I remember it was on the 3d of July) as we sat on deck, to ask her laughingly if she could assist me to resolve my psychological doubt.

For a moment she was silent with averted face, and I be-

gan to fear I had been extremely rude and indelicate; then she fixed her eyes gravely on my own. In an instant my mind was dominated by as strange a fancy as ever entered human consciousness. It seemed as if she was looking at me, not *with*, but *through*, those eyes—from an immeasurable distance behind them—and that where she sat a number of other people, men, women, and children, upon whose faces I caught strangely familiar evanescent expressions, clustered about her, struggling with gentle eagerness to look at me through the same orbs. Ship, ocean, sky—all had vanished. I was conscious of nothing but the figures in this extraordinary and fantastic scene. Then all at once darkness fell upon me, and anon from out of it, as to one who grows accustomed by degrees to a dimmer light, my former surroundings of deck and mast and cordage slowly resolved themselves. Miss Harford had closed her eyes, and was leaning back in her chair, apparently asleep, the book she had been reading open in her lap. Impelled by surely I can not say what motive, I glanced at the top of the page; it was a copy of that rare and curious work, *Denneker's Meditations*, and the lady's index finger rested on this passage:

"To sundry it is given to be drawn away, and to be apart from the body for a season; for, as concerning rills which would flow across one another the weaker is borne along by the stronger, so there be certain of kin whose paths intersecting, their souls do bear company, the while their bodies go fore-appointed ways, unknowing."

Miss Harford arose, shuddering; the sun had sunk below the horizon, but it was not cold. There was not a breath of wind; there were no clouds in the sky, yet not a star was visible. There was a hurried trampling on the deck; the Captain, summoned from below, joined the first officer, who stood looking at the barometer. "Good God!" I heard him exclaim. An hour later the form of Janette Harford, invisible in the darkness and spray, was torn from my grasp by the cruel vortex of the sinking ship, and I fainted in the cordage of the floating mast to which I had lashed myself.

It was by lamplight that I awoke. I lay in a berth amid the familiar surroundings of the stateroom of a steamer. On a couch opposite sat a man, half undressed for bed, reading a book. I recognized the face of my friend Gordon Doyle, whom I had met in Liverpool on the day of my embarkation. He was himself about to sail on the steamer *City of Prague*, on which he had vainly urged me to accompany him. After some moments I spoke his name. He simply said, "Well," and turned a leaf in his book, without removing his eyes from the page.

"Doyle," I repeated, "did they save *her*?" He now deigned to look at me and smile as if amused. He evidently thought me but half awake.

"Her? Whom do you mean?"

"Janette Harford."

His amusement turned to amazement; he stared at me fixedly, saying nothing.

"You will tell me after a while," I continued; "I suppose you will tell me after a while."

A moment later I asked: "What ship is this?"

Doyle stared again. "The steamer *City of Prague*, bound from Liverpool to New York, three weeks out with a broken shaft. Principal passenger, Mr. Gordon Doyle; ditto lunatic, Mr. William Jarrett. These two distinguished travelers embarked together, but they are about to part, it being the resolute intention of the former to chuck the latter overboard."

I sat bolt upright. "Do you mean to say that I have been three weeks on this steamer?"

"Yes, pretty nearly; this is the third of July."

"Have I been ill?"

"Right as a trivet all the time, and punctual at your meals."

"My God, Doyle, there is some mystery here; do have the goodness to be serious. Was I not rescued from the wreck of the ship *Morrow*?"

Doyle turned ghastly pale, and approaching me, laid his fingers on my wrist. A moment later: "What do you know of Janette Harford?" he asked very calmly.

"First tell me what you know of her?"

Mr. Doyle gazed at me for some moments as if to ascertain what to do, then seating himself again on the couch, said:

"You are my friend; why should I not? I am engaged to marry Janette Harford, whom I met a year ago in London. Her family, one of the wealthiest in Devonshire, opposed our union, and we eloped—are eloping rather, for on the day that you and I walked to the landing stage to go aboard this steamer she and her faithful servant, a negress, passed us, driving to the ship *Morrow*. She would not consent to go in the same vessel with me, and it was deemed best that she take a sailing vessel in order to avoid observation and lessen the risk of detention. I am now alarmed lest this cursed breaking of our machinery may detain us so long that the *Morrow* will get to New York before us, and the poor girl will not know where to go."

I lay still in my berth—so still I hardly breathed, indeed. But the subject was evidently not displeasing to Doyle, and after a short pause he resumed:

"By the way, she is only an adopted daughter of the Harfords. Her mother was killed at their place by being thrown from a horse while hunting, and the husband, mad with grief, made away with himself the same day. No one ever claimed the child, and after a reasonable time they adopted it. Sorry to deprive them, really."

"Doyle, what book are you reading?"

"Oh, it's called *Denneker's Meditations*. It's a rum lot. Janette gave it to me; she happened to have two copies. Want to see it?"

He tossed me the volume, which opened as it fell. On one of the exposed pages was a marked passage:

"To sundry it is given to be drawn away, and to be apart from the body for a season; for, as concerning rills which would flow across one another the weaker is borne along by the stronger, so there be certain of kin whose paths intersecting, their souls do bear company, the while their bodies go fore-appointed ways, unknowing."

"She had—she has—a singular taste in reading," I aged to say, mastering my agitation.

"Yes. And now perhaps you will have the kindness to explain how you knew her name and that of the sailor in."

"You talked of her in your sleep," I said.

A week later we were towed into the port of New York. But the *Morrow* was never heard from.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 5, 1879.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

There was a dog, and there was a cat, and there was a lam, and there was a ox. The dog it sed to the ox, the dog did: "That's a mity long tail you got there, mister, with a nice tossle to the end, but you can't whaggle it wen you meet yure master."

Then the cat it sed to the ox, too: "No, in deed, and you cant blo it up like a bloon wen you git mad."

Then the lam it sed: "You aint able for to twinkle it, ether, when you think of some thing funny."

The ox he thot a wile, and bime by he spoke up, and sed his ownself: "I plade hooky wen I was a little boy so much that I didnt lern them vain accomplishments, thats a fact, but I got a tolaby good bissen edcation, and I gess mebbly you fellers wude have to cum to me for to bellup you out if you had to fil a order for ox tail soop."

Wen Mr. Gipple was in Africa he seen sum natif niggers wich is call Hotentops, and they likes their beef raw, like dogs, and he see em cut it off of the cattles wile they was a life and bellerin. And sum of the cattles had ben cut up a good deel that way, but not ded. One day the king of the Hotentops he see Mister Gipple, and he said, the king said: "Did you se any cattles long the road you cum? Cos mine hav strade a way and I cant fine them."

Mister Gipple he said: "Yes, sir, jest over be yond that hil is a porter house stake with one horn broke off, and bout a mile further long yule find a rib roast eatin the willers, and near by I seen 2 hotches of bull fiting sum soop bones, and onto the other side the spring I ges yule se a livver and sum tripe a layin in the shade and chewn their cuds."

But Mister Brily the bucher he kanocks em onto the hed with axes and cuts their throte in a minnit, and me and Billy we say hooray! Cows is beef, and a calef it is veal, but little pigs is mutton.

One time I was in Mister Brilys shop, and he had cut off a pigs bed and set it on the top of a barl, and ole Gaffer Peters he cum in and seen it, and he sed, ole Gaffer did: "Mister Brily yure pig is a gittin out."

Mister Brily he loked, and then he sed: "Thats so, Gaffer, you jake take that stick and rap him onto the nose fore he can draw it in."

So Gaffer he tuke the stick and snook up reel sli, and fetched the pigs hed a regler nose wiper, hard as ever he cude with the stick, and kanocked the pigs hed off the barl and you never seen sech a stonish old man! But Mister Brily he ptended like he wasent a lookn, and ole Gaffer he sed: "Mister Brily, you must excuse me, but wen I struck at that pig it dodged and cut its hed of agin the edge of the barl."

Uncle Ned he sez the sabbadges in Feejy eats themselves, and one time there was a mitionary preacher went there for to peswade em to stop it, and one day wile he was goin round the country preechin pork an beens he stoop at a sabbadges house for to git diner. Wen him and the sabbage set down to the table there wasent nothin for to be et any jest a mans leg. The mitionary preacher he was fraid of the sabbage, and didnt kanow wot to do, so he stuck his fork in the leg and turned it over, and sed: "I cant eat this, cos its too done. Wot kind of a cook have you got?"

So the sabbage he took it a way, and bime by he cum back with a other leg, wich wasent only jest warnd thru, and set it on the table and sed: "No gest of mine shal ask for enny thing and not git it. Thats the cook."

Wen Uncle Ned was in Feejy he was in a town were the natif sabbadges had ben civilize, and had a grave yard and a church. A wite man he was the preacher, and he under took all wich died, and he was the docktor, and kep a drug store, and was a stone cutter by trade, and sole tobm stones. Evry grave had a tobm stone, cos he preched that thay cudent go to beven les thay had one, and there was a ephitap on each stone, wich he made em pay for, but thay cudent read it. Uncle Ned has rote some of em out for me. The first grave was a short feller, and this was the ephitap:

"Little Jack Horner, who sat in a corner,
Eating Christmas pie,
He stuck in his gums, and pulled out some thumbs,
And said what a brave boy am I!"

The nex grave was a long one, and the ephitap was as folers:

"Old Mother Hubbard, who went to the cupboard
To get the poor dog a bone.
What bones she kept there I will not declare,
Though it's pretty generally known."

Then there was a dubble grave, without only but jest one single stone, and this poetry:

"Jacky Sprat, who could eat no fat,
And his wife, who could eat no lean,
They rather drew on the towns in view,
And the population between."

The nex was a other tiny little one, like the ferst, and the ephitap it sed:

"Here lies the little girl who had the little curl
Which hung right down on her forehead.
When she'd had her food she was very, very good,
But you bet you when she bit you she was horrid!"

Thems all Uncle Ned coppied out, but he was offt mad, and he hunted up the rite man wich was the under taker and evry thing, and sed: "Wot for have you plade it on them poor ded fokes that way, you wrasle?"

The man he sed: "I done the best I kanew how, cos I aint much scholar and no poet. I lost my library wen Profidence casted me a shore among this binited people, and the poetry wich I knew I hav giv em, with sech improofments as the occasion sugckested. It wude be a goodeel Cristerer not a pitch in to a pore feller wich is a doin his livel best a ordin to his lite, but jest hand me out the Pirets Own Song ook, for the new grave yard wich lme a startin over at Ballywhack."

But Uncle Ned was so digusted he cum a way, cos he new the feller was lyin, and he says he sets his face agin that like a flint. But Missy, thats my sister, she lide like a thet I wen she sed her yung man hadent got no wort on his neck.

SAN RAFAEL, May 22, 1879.

WAS IT DEATH?

One frequently hears, nowadays, of the injection of medicines into the veins, by means of a hypodermic syringe, as one of the new-fashioned modes of cure. My own experience in the matter, limited as it is, may be useful as a warning both to physicians and sufferers, and it may be interesting, first, because it is real; secondly, as we must all die sometime or other, I suppose most of us wonder now and then how it will feel. Now, if what I went through was not death, it was at least so near it that as far as physical sensation went it was practically the same thing.

I had been ill for some time, suffering from frequent returns of severe pains, which the doctors thought might be rheumatic, or might be neuralgic, or might be something else. At any rate, they could not hit upon the medicines either to relieve these pains or to prevent their recurrence. Meantime, while they were experimenting, I was getting weak and thin; so it was determined to try and ease me of my misery, if even only for a time, in hopes that nature would gather a little strength, and perhaps succeed in doing what the doctors had failed in—curing me.

I had a great objection to taking opium on account of its well known injurious effects, and I had borne a great deal of pain rather than take it. The doctors, however, overcame my objections by assuring me that the injection of morphine under the skin was not attended with the same injury to the constitution and was usually more efficacious in cases like mine than any other way of taking the drug. Accordingly I was furnished with a very small syringe, which would hold just the right dose, to the end of which was attached a sharp-pointed gold tube about the size of a sailor's needle. A small bottle of morphine was also provided, and I promised faithfully to use it according to directions on the return of severe pain. My medical attendant was very anxious to try it then and there himself, but as, at the time of his visit, I was enjoying an interval of ease, I would not consent to this, feeling confident—as, indeed, he himself did—of my capacity to administer it, and being without any anxiety as to the result.

That night, before going to bed, several severe twinges which had been at me for an hour or more, gave unmistakable warning of another night of sleepless torment, unless I could find relief somewhere. Of course I thought of the little syringe. If I had had any apprehensions about the effects, I certainly should have had some assistance at hand; but I am an unimaginative individual, taking things as they come, so I said good-night, went to my room, and locked the door as usual. When my preparations for the night were complete, I took my new friend out of its pretty little morocco case, and filled the syringe only about two-thirds full of the solution, for such were my doctor's orders, as I had never previously taken morphine in any way; it is to this precaution I probably owe my life. Then, according to instruction, I pinched up a piece of the calf of my leg tightly between the finger and thumb of my left hand, inserted the point of the tube under the skin, with a dexterity which, I remember, pleased me at the time, as I thought what a skillful surgeon might have been lost to suffering humanity by the untoward circumstances of my early life, and gently introduced into my system the magic fluid which was to relieve me of all suffering. It did it with a vengeance, and with unexpected rapidity, too.

The first sensation was as of something not belonging to me crawling under my skin, and mounting rapidly up my back-bone, spreading thence all over my body, as it went. This was not at all painful to me, nor was I at all alarmed by it, for, though certainly very peculiar, I took it all at first as part of the programme, and troubled myself no more about it than so far as to hastily unlock the door, thinking, "There is no telling how long I shall sleep, and if I don't open the door in the morning they will be frightened."

By this time the crawling feeling had mounted the back of my neck. I could trace it as it moved; my limbs were beginning to refuse to serve me; I was obliged to totter to the bed without putting out my light, for though not the least sleepy, I should have fallen had I not helped myself by chairs and tables. There I lay, eyes wide open, senses all alive, quite out of pain, but no idea of going to sleep. When the crawling thing, whatever it was, reached the back of my head, it seemed to give a slight blow to that part, and immediately I lost all power over my limbs. Still I retained perfect consciousness. I heard the movements going on in different parts of the house. I saw the moon rise and peer in at one of the windows, and I remembered with a slight feeling of annoyance, that, about midnight, the light would come in full upon my bed through another window, the curtain of which I had neglected to pull down. If I had seen burglars breaking into the room I could not have moved nor spoken. I was not troubled about this, however, nor indeed much about anything else on earth. I watched my symptoms with care and interest, and felt certain I was not going to sleep, though what was coming next I could not guess. The only feeling of concern about anything that I remember was a thought that arose in my mind like this: "What a horrible fuss Effie will make when she finds me in this state." Even this did not trouble me much, for it really did not seem to be any business of mine.

By degrees, but so slowly as to be hardly noticeable, I lost all consciousness of my extremities. At first, though I could not control them, I was quite aware that I had hands and feet, as a man in perfect health knows it without either touching them or feeling pleasure or pain in them. Now I seemed to lose them, to go from them, or rather shrink from them, as from sensible contact with a foreign body, more into myself. This peculiar loss of consciousness extended very gradually up my limbs. Still I had my senses; my eyes were open, I could see everything around me, I could hear as well as ever, my mind was clear and perfectly tranquil. I was neither frightened, nor agitated, nor anxious, nor, I must confess, was I impressed with any peculiar solemnity attaching to the occasion. Perhaps this was owing to my habitual matter-of-fact disposition. I seemed to myself just as complete without any arms and legs as when I had them.

Little by little I lost my body, and with equal indifference. Whether my heart ceased to beat and my lungs to breathe at this time I can not tell you, for I had no means of knowing, but if they had I did not seem to miss them. Soon I was gone up to my neck. Then, and not till then, my senses

began to grow dim. First, my sight, not as by the closing of my eyes, but objects disappeared, leaving only the impression of light upon the eye; then that, too, faded, and finally no consciousness of the organ remained. My hearing was still with me, or I with it, which ever you prefer to say. Soon it, too, left me. Head, face, body, senses, all seemed gone—everything except a feeling of weight in my tongue, and a round spot in the back of my head where I had previously felt the blow. Then my tongue went, and the round spot was all that was left, yet this seemed just as absolutely and completely me as ever my whole body had been.

This state continued apparently a long while, during which I remember wondering what Dr. S. would say when he saw me, hoping he would not meet with any annoyance about his share of the transaction. As to anxiety about worldly or any other affairs, fear for the future, memory instantaneously flashing before me the events of my whole life down to the minutest particulars—as we are told it sometimes does—I had no such experience, and I admit I can not now contemplate the state I was then in with anything like the composure I felt at the time, though I distinctly thought to myself: "This, certainly, is the last;" yet it was with something of relief at its being so well over.

Even that consciousness of existence went, and there was nothing in place of it for I know not how long. The whole affair, from the first injection of the morphine to the complete loss of sensibility, seemed to me to last some five or six hours; but, of course, I can not be sure that I am right, as I had nothing to measure time by except my own sensations.

The next thing I have any idea of was the feeling of external warmth applied to my cold body. This I felt all over me at once. Then came a terrible struggle within me, but in which I seemed to have no will—it was, probably the first attempt of the involuntary organs to commence their work again. It was very distressing, and if I had known how to get away from it I would have done so. At last I became aware of people moving about me and of warm sunshine around me. With a terrific effort I opened my eyes and saw where I was—out on the verandah, upon which my own room opened, with the warm morning sun and fresh breeze pouring their beneficent influences upon me.

Poor dear Effie was by my side, not making the "horrible fuss" I had supposed she would, but, white and silent, vigorously rubbing me as if her own life depended on it, while the tall, constable figure of Doctor S. was hovering over me, performing some most extraordinary antics, which I was afterwards informed were the most approved artificial methods of restoring respiration. I drew a feeble, gasping sigh.

"Water, Doctor, water!" cried Effie; "he is alive. Dash it over his head and neck." She raised me in her arms as she spoke, turning my face to the breeze. I think I should have choked but for that cool wind blowing over me. A dash of cold water made me draw a long, deep breath, and set heart and lungs at their regular work again. So I "came to," as people call it, and a very disagreeable process it is—much more so than "going off," if I may judge by my own experience of the two.

I was very ill all that day; as weak as a little child, and for days I could not walk across the room without staggering like a drunken man. By degrees I got quite over it, but I think I shall carry with me to my grave the horrible impression of what I suffered in coming back to life.

It seems Effie came to my room in the morning to see why I did not come to breakfast and found me lying on the bed, cold, and apparently quite lifeless. I suppose, in fact, I must have looked very terribly, and really dead, for I can never get her to talk about it. The poor little woman, when I force the subject upon her, cries: "Don't, don't! I never thought to have seen that sight and lived to talk with 'you about it,' and she grows so white I am forced to give it up."

Dr. S. says when he first saw me he certainly thought that I was dead. I believe he has never since prescribed the hypodermic use of morphine. JAMES FITZ WILLIAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22, 1879.

Two Frisco detectives surrounded
An Indian man whom they'd hounded
Three weeks in Marn,
And then they closed in
Where that Indian man abounded.

They sought for him there, and to bind him,
With both of his hands behind him,
Made ready the ropes,
But alas for their hopes—
They had the misfortune to find him!

Under the charmingly alliterative heading of "Paint, Putty, and Piety," a lady writes to the *Christian at Work*: "I wish you would say a word about putting one's religion into one's work. Last year I built a new house and got a professing Christian man to paint it. He makes good prayers at the prayer-meetings, and says a good word of advice to the young. But he didn't fill the nail holes of the outer and upper trimmings with putty, and he didn't paint the top edge of the doors in the upper story. He took care to slight his work where he thought it would not be discovered. But the nails were drawn out by the sun, causing a leak, so that his neglect in this direction was discovered; then, having occasion to have the top of one door planed so it might shut again—his slighted work told its story. I have discounted that man's piety and prayers ever since. Perhaps this painter treated me as he did because I am a widow. Any way, I prefer Christians who will fill up the nail holes with putty, and paint the tops of the upper doors!"

"I beseech you, gentlemen of the jury," said Attorney Tyler, pulling out a handful of atmosphere, "to remember that your verdict will affect not only my client but his faithful and devoted young wife, who—" The Judge, interrupting: "The prisoner has no wife, Mr. Tyler." "Gentlemen," resumes the eloquent advocate, "the Court says my client has no wife, and I submit to the ruling of the Court. Please, then, consider my client's motherless children." "Mr. Tyler, the prisoner has no children." "Gentlemen, the Court in its superior wisdom has decided that my client has no children. They have, then, the greater claim to your compassion. They are not only motherless; they are fatherless as well!"

IN SUMMER'S DEPTHS.

Three girls, half draped, stood by the sedge bank, where, mocking with low laugh the noonday sun, a cool stream flowed. Their robes of whitest linen swept round their limbs in large uncertain folds, scarce knowing which of all the varied charms from the bold day to veil, but wildered clung, betraying all the more what they would hide.

One dark-eyed maid, in whose voluptuous form a passionate strength was glassed with gentle curves, leaned on a rock, and drooped her languid hand into the waves that rippled in blue rings as round a floating lily. Her deep eyes, moist with the dew of maiden longings, gazed down the still stream, peopling mayhap its depths with gorgeous dreams of sensual beauty. Her half-parted lips, scarlet and wet as some red Orient fruit to its core cleft, seemed opening to the sun—rich fruit of love that burst in ripest hour; tossed in the wind, her black and chainless curls waved, like a pirate's flag, from her proud head defiance to all the world. Stooping she stood with limbs half quivering in convulsive grace, head drooping forward, with an unborn kiss fluttering upon her lips, and long white arms that from sheer wantonness twined round each other; the hot wind, gusty with its mad desire, snatches at her robes; the while she did not strive to gain it back, but stood with heaving bust, proud in the knowledge of her beauty. She seemed born a queen of love. Her glowing form was but soul in flesh; a reckless maid whose very life was love, but whom much love could kill, or unrequited love might make a murderess.

A blonde the second was. Her simple robe drooped heavily around the form that shone beneath. She leaned against a rough-hewn wall, until her flexile shape seemed with its own weight bending. Sweet blue eyes, o'erhung with carved white eaves of heavy lids, as hangs the snow-ledge o'er calm Alpine lake. From head to foot the eye was led along in curves of beauty, rich and rhythmical. Unfilleted her head, and down her neck streamed the rich river of her golden hair that on her shoulders broke, and, foaming, fell into her bosom's valley. One pink hand, like to some brooch from pale cornelian carved, clasped her thin robe o'er her rebellious bust that would be free. The other listless hung, curled like a sleeping blossom; while her feet, white as the daisies that they crushed, were seen budding beneath her robe, as if too timid to show themselves full blown by day, the niting pedestals of the breathing heaven above. A flush, faint as the earliest dawn, was on her cheek. Along the rugged wall she leaned against the rambling eglantine came clambering, and pressed its starry blooms close to her face, and brushed the vermeil down with countless honeyed kisses; above her head, between her and the sun, a maple spread its canopy; and at her feet a throng of purple flowers, that, night and day, gave all their looks to heaven, now turned on her their young, adoring eyes. What charm was in this maid; an atmosphere of pleasure seemed around her, and a glow, soft as the summer's, breathed about her limbs, warming the air, as if young Love were near waving his ardent pinions! Soft and frail, and with a beautiful humility, she, drooping, seemed to ask from out those eyes, deep and unfathomable tenderness, something to love and cling to. She was one, who craved and not demanded to be loved. With such a woman clinging to one's heart sorrow were sweet; it would be such great delight to watch her calm assumption of one's griefs, as if they were her birth-right. None like her to suck the poisoned wound of circumstance, or soothe life's fever. Such this nameless maid seemed in her beauty, slender-shaped and frail, but grand in her capacity for love.

Brown-skinned and glossy as a Spanish nut, lazy and warm, and with rich southern blood mantling her full cheeks with a crimson dusk, like the last glow of sunset when the eve hath half o'ercast it—such the third maid. Each round limb, heavy with indolent grace, seemed made for repose. Of chestnut-brown, her hair swept in rich, sleepy tresses round her head, which as the wind did stir them, seemed to be silk curtains darkening round her dreaming eyes. Through the arched portals of her parted mouth, low broken murmurs came and went and came like talk of sleepers. Gently waving bows made a green twilight o'er her as she sat, swung in a cradle of lithe willow-wands together woven, while a few bronzed leaves fluttered anear, and fanned the sluggish airs into faint breezes. Thus serenely passed this maiden's being, noiselessly along. The basking earth, the hot, un-winking sun shone through a haze, and so all brightest things were softened in her eyes. Her very love was lazy and subdued as tropic noons in matted palm-groves, where the heavy breath of orchids, like invisible incense, steals drowsing the gloom. Indolence beautiful! Slumber incarnate!

Like a music chord in which three harmonies are blent in one, these strike the soul. The dark maid, ideal of a southern rhyme of loves in which fierce pulses of a glowing bust beat the quick time, and broken trills of passion intoxicate the brain and whirl the soul into mad revels; gazing on thy form, thy white, long, and undulating limbs, round bosom heaving to the eloquent strain, and arms that wave a white arch over thy head, memories come apace. And thou, fair girl, like some northern song in which love calmly floats, thou dost steal in with no wild impulse, but with gentle tones, twining thy slender chains around the heart unnoticed till they are fast for ever. Thou lotus-bosomed, houri of the east, fashioned in mould of oriental grace, sunned into ripeness by virgin light, thou may float calmly gazing at the stars and thy beauty nuzzle with the two other harmonies, and make one glorious chord beautiful as eve and morn, and dawn in summer's depths. B. C. C.

VIRGINIA CITY, May, 1879.

The seventh anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin was celebrated on the 18th inst., at the Palace Hotel, by a literary symposium and informal gathering of friends and acquaintance. There was wit and wisdom, and music and sentiment, and a presentation of *bric-à-brac* at the meeting, and such good wishes and heart-felt compliments as few people can command.

It is easy enough to endure the prosperity of a swindling scoundrel, but his explanation of how he started in life with only twenty-five cents and a common-school education is pretty hard to bear.

AFTERMATH.

The *Chronicle* has over-estimated its powers. In its vanity, having guessed a political result, it fancies it has achieved a victory. Having sailed successfully down stream with all the apples, bottles, and horse-dung of a popular drift, it is ready to exclaim, "Behold how we apples swim!" and now it attempts to destroy the Republican party, destroy the Democratic party, destroy the Workingmen's party, and on the ruins of all these political structures rear another, the corner-stone of which is the new Constitution. The new Constitution is the organic law, which we must all accept and all obey, and it is arrant nonsense and most unblushing cheek for this journal, Dave Terry, and half a score more of old fossilized, played-out Democrats, and half a dozen sore-eyed Republicans, to assume to themselves all the virtues of its honest interpretation. All this champing of the bit is but chewing soap, and all this froth and foam and frenzy of an assumed desire to serve the people is impudent charlatanism on the part of discarded politicians and a sensational press ambitious of circulation and small advertisements. The fever will soon be over, and this new party, formidable as it appears to-day, will be a thing of shreds and patches to be looked back upon and laughed at. The Democrat that drifts away from his moorings under the leadership of ex-Senator Cole, Alexander Campbell, and Sam Soule will want to kick himself; and the Republicans who enlist under the oriflamme of Terry, Howard, Burch, Downey, and those other South American and Irish gentlemen who have kindly assumed the leadership of this new party, will commit political suicide, entitling them to be buried at the Confederate cross-roads with a stake driven through them to keep them down when the Republican party blows its triumphant Presidential blast.

The Republican party has one clear course to pursue. It should go calmly forward, unmindful of all the din and strife that clamorous politicians are raising around it. The new Constitution is adopted, the Republican party accepts it as the law. It now proceeds to elect legislators, judges, and a State government under it. With the Terry wing of the chivalric democracy it has nothing to do; let the rebel chivalry swing their crook-headed hickories. With the Kearney party it has nothing to do; let this ignorant and blasphemous Irish demagogue curse God, and declaim against honorable bilks, blatant blatherskites, hell-born villains, and plug hats. With the *Chronicle* the Republicans have no present sympathy; it has abandoned the party, is endeavoring to destroy it, and thus ends any connection it may have ever had with the journal. The Republican party is a national one, and can not afford to turn either to the right or the left for this small shower.

When Terry, the Judge, was on earth before,
To the field of dishonor he started,
Whence—the body of Broderick falling in gore—
The spirit of Terry departed.

The statesman's great soul for our guidance stayed
On the hither side of Death's ferry,
Till lawless unreason this fair earth made
Congenial again to Judge Terry.

If Kearney had real sense and real honesty of purpose, he might in this broad continent of laborers aid to form a grand and useful party. His motto should be: HONEST LABOR IN UNION WITH HONEST CAPITAL. These two powers combined would move the world; disunited they will tear each other to pieces, and labor will starve and capital become valueless.

If the Constitutional party should run short of candidates, and should desire to make Walter Tompkins, Esq., available for anything more than platform statuary, or figure-head for a public meeting, it can come to us for his credentials as a politician. We hereby authorize Walter to refer to us for a character. We do not know of any other place where he can look for one.

"Tis an editor man of the *Evening Post*
A-feeling so fine and gay;
And he laughs to himself as he makes his boast:
"Oh, I'm the great J. P. J."

"Tis a carrier man which has letters à peck,
And a-wearin' a uniform gray;
He ups and he says, as he shuffles his deck:
"Two letters for J. P. J."

Then that editor man he did take and spill
The contents of them notes in a tray;
And one was a check and t'other a bill,
Respective, for "J. P. J."

He pockets the check, and he said: "Without axin'
God hears the young ravages moans."
The he rang for a youth, did this J. P. Jackson:
"Take that thing to J. P. Jones."

When Cromwell took possession of Ireland his soldiers resolved, "This country belongs to the saints, and we are the saints." When the Irish took possession of America they resolved, "This country belongs to the Irish, and we are the Irish."

The *Chronicle*, whose face was covered with italic freckles during the late campaign, is again breaking out in pustules, indicating the itch for small advertisements.

Kearney is an ungrateful fellow. He has used the *Chronicle*, and now having no further use for it he ruthlessly kicks it aside and throws De Young over his shoulder. Kearney has made the *Chronicle* write him into a national reputation, and now that the *Chronicle* can be of no further service Kearney stops the paper.

At the Ninth Ward Republican Club, Alexander Campbell, Jr., made a speech, and appealed to the members that only honest and intelligent men should be placed upon the ticket, and not "honorable bilks" or "sand-lotters." "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." There was trouble in the Campbell house when that boy got home, as Alexander Campbell, Sr., is an honorable bilk of the plug hat brigade who is now blatherskiting for the new Constitution.

THE PROFITS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

We made a mistake in our issue of May 10th, calculated to mislead our readers, when we assumed that the annual profits of the Central Pacific Railroad are \$9,000,000. We assumed the fact because we saw it in the *Chronicle*. It is not true. There is a difference between earnings and operating expenses of nearly that amount, but to the operating expenses are to be added the sum of over \$7,000,000 for interest, taxes, general and miscellaneous expenses, legal expenses, civil engineering, and discount on currency receipts, so that the real net as we figure it ourselves from the annual report of the year 1877 is \$1,928,913 43, and under the Thurman Act, which has recently passed Congress, and been affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, \$1,200,000 is to be paid to the General Government as a sinking fund, leaving as a reserve against casualties and for dividends the sum of \$728,913, quite a falling off from the grand total of \$9,000,000. Again, it must be borne in mind that this amount does not all come out of the people of California. Some 30 per cent., as we are informed, of this gross sum is for through freight passing over the line from China, Japan, and other countries of the Pacific. While we do not appear as the apologist for the railroad people, we can afford to say that we look upon this corporation as having done more for the prosperity of this State ten thousand times over than all the interests and individuals who seem to take so much genuine delight in misrepresenting them. The profits of the Central, the California Pacific, the Southern, and all their leased roads are now being expended in laying track across the vast desert of Arizona with the view of giving to California another transcontinental railroad. In thus reaching out for the trade of Southern California, New Mexico, and Arizona, these people deserve the gratitude of every business man or property owner here. Instead of thanks or decent appreciation of benefits accruing from their exertions, we hear a never-ending jeremiade of complaints; localities, newspapers, and political parties flourish upon this common theme. The Thurman bill takes \$1,200,000 annually out of our producers, business men, and traveling community. An unwise measure it seems to us—compelling this community of a million of people to pay in this generation what seventy-five million of people ought to have paid at the end of thirty years. We can understand why the legislators in Congress from Maine and Florida should desire to pass the Thurman bill, but why Senator Booth should have advocated its passage it is impossible for us to reconcile with that kind of statesmanship which favors its own locality. We hope Senator Booth's railroad quarrel has not made him so earnest for the recognition of a principle as to have made him willing to saddle the business of our coast with these additional millions in order that he might get even. This same argument applies with diminished force to John Lord Love, Esq., whose hatred of corporations has so lessened his love of California farmers and merchants as to induce him to aid the government in wrenching this money from our own people, in order that it may go into the United States treasury. We hope the prejudice of business men and the passion of party demagogues may not culminate in a commission that shall think it is serving the State by an unwise interference in affairs they do not and can not understand. It might do our business community, our sand-lot laborers, and our aspiring politicians good to run engines and cars into their round houses for a time. Let business stand still for one week, by arresting railroad traffic, and our community would realize that railroads in our State are not an unmixed evil. There is one principle, the recognition of which is a guarantee against any great abuse by the railroad people. The interests of the corporators and stockholders run parallel with the interests of the State and its people. The roads can not injure State or city without injuring themselves. They can not increase the population of the State without advancing and increasing their own business. We are disposed to let the Central Pacific Company alone so long as we are certain it is using all its money to build new roads, all of which are converging to our city, and increasing by this means our wealth and population. We could upon a pinch do without the *Chronicle*, and John Lord Love, and David S. Terry who voices the complaint of Stockton, and Volney E. Howard who echoes the woes of Los Angeles, and Samuel Seabough, Esq., but we could not well do without the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific, North Pacific Coast, San Francisco and North Pacific, South Pacific Coast, and other railroads, that are now engaged in the transportation business of our State. It is possible that the new machinery of these various roads is not yet fully adjusted to the industries of our State, and they are not yet working altogether harmoniously. It is quite probable that the corporations are not as generous as they ought to be, and that corporation officers are not always as polite as they might be; and it is also quite possible that farmers have something to learn, and that they are not always reasonable in their complaints. The farmer of the Tejon, the Merced, and the upper Sacramento and the Sierra must not expect that railroad freights can be so adjusted that they can compete in all commodities with the farmers of Alameda. It must be remembered that the lands of these remote sections had no market, and almost no value, before railroads were built. All of these things are to be considered in adjusting reasonable relations between railroad corporations and those who deal with them. If the corporations are guilty of exactions and injustice, these evils should be corrected by law. Railroad corporators, stockholders, and managers must not think themselves above just legislation, nor independent of it. They must recognize the sovereignty of the State and the majesty of the law. They must stand uncovered in the presence of the people, and they must not think to rule the Commonwealth by ruling political parties.

Little Willie, struggling with the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread." A pause, the supplicant's memory being busy with recent improved facilities of delivery. Resumes: "And fetch it yourself in the new red wagon."

"The question for us to decide," said M. at a meeting of the Honorable Bilks, "is whether there is enough left in the American people to go on." "And if you decide that there is not?"

"THE SECOND CARD WINS."

By Emma Frances Dawson.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Sam looked amazed, gave a husky sort of roar, and that very moment was seized with this cramp that kept his man rubbing him for a long time. When Alphonse had been sent out, I went on, though Sam had to look over some business papers and could hardly attend to me.

"I feel sure that Mr. Dillon knows," I said.

Sam looked up as if annoyed. He can not bear anything roundabout, while I like mysteries. Perhaps because I can solve them.

"Yes," said I, at the risk of vexing him about his friend, "I believe *he* is her husband."

Sam gave a sigh of relief, the cramp had been so bad. With an admiring glance he cried "By Jove! I never thought of that. There's woman's keen wit!"

But then I always knew I was more shrewd than others. "As a reward of merit" he brought me some fine candies, saying "A Market Street confectioner advertises these as 'high-toned.' Does he mean their rank flavor?"

Perhaps they made me dream, as the lady in the next room says it is the sugar in the whisky-punch which flies to one's head; anyway I dreamed strangely that night. I seemed to stand at the elbow of some man whose face I could not see as he bent over a letter he was writing, a queer letter, and the dream was so plain that I saw him trace each word, and, leaning over him, read as he wrote:

"As disembodied spirits we might agree, but as life is as it is, so dependent on our mortal frames and temperaments, I have made my choice."

I roused from sleep to find myself in bed alone. Babette had left the night-lamp burning as usual. I knew Sam was in the next room casting up accounts, as he often sat up to do. Then, puzzling over Mark Dillon and that woman, I dropped off again—to the same dream—the figure writing with face bent toward the right, and myself standing at his left shoulder. He had written on, and while I watched his hand formed these words:

"Silence, with instant departure for Europe, with a solemn promise never to return or send a message to me by word or letter. These are my sole terms, even if I must pay at the rate of a thousand dollars for each letter in the words."

Again I struggled to my senses; I sat up in bed to be sure I was now awake. Sam came in, and was alarmed, thinking I was ill.

"I wish," said I, "I could give Mr. Dillon a piece of my mind."

"Better not meddle in what does not concern you," said Sam, quite gruffly for him.

An hour or two later, I was roused by Sam's talking in his sleep. "Is she not worth a hundred thousand dollars?" he muttered. He was dreaming of the sum he had promised me. Then he grew angry. "Why won't you go?" he cried, fiercely. "There is the money!"

"Sam! Sam!" I called, "who is meddling now with other folks' affairs? You are dreaming."

Only half-awake, he cried: "You shall not part us!" and grasped me firmly by the arm.

"What is the matter?" I said, waking him at last.

"What was I saying?" he asked anxiously, and scarcely slept again. So I did not wonder he did not want to go to the theatre Monday night, as I had before his return engaged with Mrs. Capel and his friend to do.

"You must guard yourself to-night," I said to Mr. Dillon, as we went to call for Mrs. Capel. "I have lent her the bewitched fan."

I did not think of his taking it seriously, but he muttered: "Great heavens, has it reached her at last!"

"What is that?" I asked. "It seems to me we are all a little crazy about this stranger."

"It is all your fault," he answered; "you brought her here."

"Did I?" I asked. "It was her absent husband—you know very well what brought her—I think you know him." I added this recklessly, but was surprised at the effect; he got so excited.

"Oh, Mrs. Clare," he cried, "don't ask me anything about it. I know nothing, nothing, nothing."

"As well as you know *yourself*," I went on; "you are—" I faltered. I felt I was verging on rudeness. We had reached her door. I dared not go on. But he understood. "I—her husband! It is like telling a man who is bound hand and foot that he is free! I—"

But his nervous knock brought her at once to her door, and I lost whatever he meant to say.

After we were in our box Mrs. Capel looked at the play-bill. "The burlesque *Evangeline*!" she exclaimed, and turned to Mr. Dillon. "You have known a burlesque *Evangeline* in real life. There are such foot-balls of fate."

He looked quickly at me. "We will not talk of unhappy things to-night," he said; then turning to her, added: "Silence is golden."

Bent on making us enjoy, he brought us flowers and candy, and talked more than his wont. He toyed a while with the Indian fan, sketching the history of fans, and ending as he returned it to Mrs. Capel with: "Among the Asiatics a fan on a plate of special shape told a condemned nobleman his sentence, and when he reached to take the gift, was the moment of losing his life."

"What a sigh you gave as you took the fan, Mrs. Capel," I said, "as if you had been sentenced."

"To exile—with no hope of reprieve," said Mr. Dillon.

Some stir of late-comers caught my glance; when I again looked at Mrs. Capel her breast heaved, the fan, half open, shook in her hand, behind it I caught a glimpse of a long slip of paper like a check.

"I feel faint," she said. Mr. Dillon brought her some water, and then she sat back out of sight, and he talked to me about those we knew who were in the house. But as I do not choose to let people dupe me with secrets right under my eyes, I soon said:

"Was that a love poem?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"That paper slyly thrust in and creased to fold with the fan," I said.

I think the sounds from the orchestra screened a muttered *no*, he looked so angry.

"Was it poetry?" I insisted.

"Not poetry, but a bit of philosophy—and a secret of mine," he added.

"I shall ask her to let me see it," I said, for I was provoked that he should try to fool me.

He seemed confused, and, turning, looked at Mrs. Capel. The fan lay closed in her lap. "Allow me," he said, gently taking it from her. At the same moment his glance roving over the house fell on some one he knew. "Excuse me," he said, and rushed out. He came back almost at once, and sitting beside me, opened the fan and withdrew a slip of thin paper from the sliding sticks and gave me. I quickly unfolded it and found—a blank!

"Mrs. Clare, you have a very vivid fancy," he said, with his cynical smile which makes me sometimes almost hate him, and think if not Sam's friend I would cut him.

"Only think," he went on, "how all these common-place people around us have each a story as picturesque and diverting as any play. There is a chance for your fancy."

"I should like to know all about their private lives," I said.

"Heaven forbid!" he cried. "Never try to go behind the scenes in real life. You would find the same dingy make-shifts, curtains, traps, and sudden steps up and down, as on the stage."

Mrs. Capel came forward and seemed like herself again. But I watched them both, for I felt that I was on the track of a strange story. Coming out I was behind them, and found on the floor where Mrs. Capel had been sitting a sheet of paper, on which these lines were written (without doubt Mr. Dillon had meant them for me. He must, man like, have forgotten for the moment that I had lent the fan, and that it was not I who would find them in it, and his feint about the blank paper was done to hide his shame at his blunder. It was all quite plain):

A Fantasy.

"Eclipse, and sound of shaken hills and wings
Darkening, and blind inextinguishable things."

I.—THE FAN.

Ivory th' fan, and like film in its fret
Whose fateful realms
Knew on the neck of Marie Antoinette
Balefully flaming her rare carcanet
Of famous gems.

Embroidered lace was that bauble unfurled,
Whose shadow's freak
Often at court and play watched by the world,
Feigned 'twas a blush-rose on rouged and empearled
Pompadour's cheek.

Fairest since Feast of the Lanterns far glimmer
(Three thousand years!)
Where lovely Kans's soft eyes lent their shimmer
Over her mask—the first fan—this makes dimmer
Those Fame reveres.

II.—SPREAD.

High is the horizon, queerly awry,
A pallid moon
Ruminant wanders through ashen blue sky,
Far to the right, slanting, three curlews fly,
Near dips a loon.

Who is this roaming alone by the sea?
Drift on its shore,
Wind-blown, oblique, as wild dream-phantoms flee,
Why does he, smiting his brow, turn to me?
What loss deplore?

Dread is the scene with prophetic alarming—
Fate and Despair!
Meantime the orchestra thrills with its charming
"Traumbilder," Lumby, composer, embalming
Castles in air.

III.—FURLED.

Tropical feathers with down on their tips,
Once poised in flight,
Over mid-ocean and wandering ships,
Desert mirage, or the simoon's eclipse,
At cloudy height.

Filagree silver and sandalwood frame,
Brings shifting scene;
Vast mining tunnels with torches aflame—
Mystical rites in the great Brahma's name—
All haunt 'this seren.

Mists of enchantment around you uproll
From fan and gloves.
As if each flower you've worn sent its soul
Like painter's dream where to earth downward stole
Cherubs, or Loves.

IV.—THE TASSEL.

If—as the Magi held—when worst astray
In Life's blind ways,
We but invisible fibres obey
Spun from the pitiless stars as they sway
Through ordered maze—

I was but fashioned like this tassel's skein,
(Frosted its flame.)
Chilled by your coldness yet fire in each vein,
Passed through your careless hand (O bliss in vain!)
Like puppet-game!

V.—THE BOX.

Trifles may prophecy—even that case
Th' fan lay soft in,
Broad rounded top with a narrowing base,
Black on the white of your satin and lace,
Shapes a coffin!

Tuesday, I was on my way to the street, the elevator had just touched the ground-floor, when I found that stupid Babette had given me the wrong gloves, two of the same hue, but where one had twelve buttons the other had but six. I signed to the boy to go up again, but he waited for a couple just coming from the street-door, who entered, and, in the change from outdoors to darkness, did not see me in the corner, but kept on talking.

"You must cheer up," she said, "and not look on life as a losing game."

"Perhaps you thought it one," he sneered, "till you had the chance to cry *check-mate*. You can talk thus when you could give up the certainty of happiness in a second venture, give up the most constant of your girlhood's lovers, for the possibilities of money!"

"But think of those possibilities," she answered; "happiness is among them as surely as money need not be reckoned

in happiness. You can not judge; you have not known the bitter taste of poverty."

"But I *do* judge. I know you are lost in a golden mist. I can not see how you could keep from seizing your freedom."

"At the cost of that butterfly's wings?" she asked. "Why should I break down a lovely flower? I could not hurt one who has been kind to me."

"But my conscience is not easy to have matters go this way," said he.

"What is a man's conscience?" she said. "A passing gust of wind that blows in the line of his glance, always coming up behind him, never blowing against him!"

"But *he* has obeyed the dictates of conscience in—"

"Dictates of conscience!" she broke in, "in a man who knows no difference between a desire and a duty!"

"I can not wonder that you are bitter," he said, "to find your husband as you have—"

"O Mrs. Capel!" I cried, grasping her arm, "*have* you found him? Oh, I'm so glad—kiss me, my dear. Oh, tell me all about it. Come to my rooms—I will not go out this afternoon."

I suppose I startled them both, seizing hold of her in the dimness, for she really screamed: "O my soul! I didn't see you!"

"Great heavens! Mrs. Clare!" cried Mark Dillon. "Mrs. Capel is not well. She is on her way to her room to lie down. She *has* found—"

"A kind friend in *you*, Mrs. Clare," she broke in. "I feel your sympathy. No—I have *not* found—the man I married."

Then the elevator touched our floor, and she and I stepped out. Mr. Dillon bowed and went down again. Mrs. Capel's eyes gleamed, and her lips wore a tense curve, as she begged me to excuse her, she needed rest. As I watched her pass down the hall her air made me think of the woman Sam can not bear to see walk into the dining-room because her gait recalls some one he has known. The more I thought over their strange talk together, the more sure I felt that there was some secret between them. I meant to know what.

Our hotel gave a hop on Wednesday night. Sam and I were on the floor waiting for the music to begin. He often gets the band to play what he likes.

"Have you told the leader what you will have?" asked Mark Dillon, as he strolled up to us. "Shall I name 'The Open Road'?"

"Or 'Man Lives But Once,'" Sam answered, and his friend gave the order.

When we sat down he joined us, saying, after one of his old, long looks at me:

"Well—Mrs. Capel has gone." Sam walked off, as he always did when she was spoken of. So dull of Mr. Dillon not to know I was the one most interested in her.

"Without a word of farewell!" I said.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "she sent a good-bye to you. She got a letter Monday night that caused her sudden start. She meant to leave yesterday morning, but missed the train."

"Poor woman!" said I. "How I wish we could have helped her. She had her journey for nothing."

"No," he said; "she gained by it—experience."

"Yes," said I, "she is richer, I suppose."

"Ah?" He spoke as if surprised.

"Yes," I answered, "in thought and feeling."

"Oh—yes," said he; "yes, I think she is richer. It has been worth to her at least a hundred thousand dollars."

He was watching me so closely that I knew he felt I suspected him, and I changed the subject by asking: "Isn't it a shame about the break in stocks?"

"Break! Why, you are dreaming. Stocks are booming."

"Oh, no. Sam has just lost in them the hundred thousand dollars he promised me for my birthday."

"Is it possible? I was not aware—oh, yes, to be sure."

His wits seemed to be straying, but I suppose he was lost in admiration of my exquisite dress: gold-colored satin and cloth-of-gold embroidered with seed pearls. Or was he thinking about her?

"How would her husband have felt if she had found him?" I asked.

"How can I more than another answer that question?" said he. "Ask Sam."

"I am sorry for him," I said.

"For—whom?" he asked.

"For her husband," I answered. "He has lost a good wife."

"Well," he said, musing, "I once thought she had a soul. But only a few souls are made. Half the world have none. I'm afraid she was like the most of us, mere painted slides on the lantern of Life. But suppose—we will say—suppose she had found him married again?"

"But," said I, losing patience, "she didn't even find him."

"Oh, no," he replied, quickly; "I didn't say she did."

He had been idly playing with my Indian fan, and now suddenly asked if I did not think the figure in the picture less plain than of yore. "The old juggler really could foresee, then," he muttered. But I wanted to solve the mystery, and began by asking:

"Why don't you marry?"

He smiled. "Shall I say I am the victim of the cruel laws of being, or of chance? I only wait at a banquet where I inhale the odor of other men's cake, and hear the plash of others' wine."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That married women please me most," he said.

Of course, I knew it all the time, but was surprised that he owned it to me.

"But lately," he went on, "my wonted pose of looker-on has been disturbed. I have just been a heavy loser by getting too absorbed in another man's game."

"What was it? Faro?"

"No—yes—yes it was a very good game of faro—do you know what that is?"

"No. How is it played?"

"It is all chance," he replied, "the first card loses and the second card wins."

He bowed and loitered off through the whirling, jostling throng. I was glad to lose sight of his cynical smile and sound of his affected drawl. It was two or three hours later, just twelve o'clock, when tired of dancing I sat listening to the "Oginski," and waiting for Sam who stood not far off, telling some one the love-lorn legend of the music. After the last bar I heard his words: "Here the Polish

lover, mad with despair, went from the ball-room out into the night and shot himself."

A chilly wind swept round me, a gust that tore my fan out of my tight-gloved left hand which was trying to also hold bouquet and handkerchief, while I beckoned Sam to come. "They must have opened a window somewhere," I told him. "Do have it closed."

"I feel the wind, too, now I come here," he said, picking up my fan, and going to see about it, but he came back without finding any reason for the blast. "I feel it only here," he said, but we went to our rooms. As we left the elevator, a rush of cold air again chilled us to the marrow. I shivered, and trying to draw my cloak more closely round me, the fan slipped out of my hand as if some one had snatched it, and in some odd chance was thrown over the banisters as we passed the stairs, and falling many feet on the marble pavement was wholly shattered. I could have cried, I was so vexed to lose it. I wished I had taken the cherry-stone bracelet.

"The house seems full of draughts to-night," said Sam as he locked our door.

Shivering, too, I answered, "I wonder how far Mrs. Capel has got on her journey."

"She can't be colder in the cars than we are here," said Sam, poking the fire which we always have at night, but all at once it seemed to have been needless, for we had to open the windows. Sam tried to comfort me for the loss of the fan, but he was in a very jolly mood, and kept pirouetting all through the rooms. "By Jove!" he cried, "This is a world worth living in, isn't it? Oh, Minnie! You looked as sweet as a peach to-night. I'm so proud of you!—I'm very sorry about your fan."

"Oh, I am!" said I. "There is nothing like it in this country."

"Not only that," he said, "but I hate to have Mark know it is ruined. But I'm so happy to-night I can't grieve so much. Come and kiss me, Minnie."

Dear Sam! There never was a more fond and faithful husband! How I pity wives with husbands who can be false!

II.—PASSAGE FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. CAPEL.

Thursday morning.—My nerves have been so shaken by the ordeal I have passed that I could not rest well last night. As I lay in my berth the very motion of the train seemed to throb against my brain. "You are not the same poor creature who passed over this very road a week ago—not the same—not the same!" I could not keep from thinking of poor old Mark. How true he had been! But what folly it would have been to trust any man again! I drew my watch from under my head, made out to see that the hands were on twelve, and then dropped to sleep as to a series of strange visions. Out of blank darkness suddenly shapes itself before me that fan from India, which will confront me. I can not turn so that it does not follow, until I see and cry out: "Why—the figure is gone from the picture!" Then it all vanishes. Now I see the beach near the Cliff House. There is a full moon, and Mark paces there alone, though a high wind is blowing. But such a weight is on my soul that I groan myself awake. (Could he have been there, I wonder? Was his mind looking out on the moonlit sea and lovely sands, reflected in mine, and vividly defined against the chiaroscuro of dreamland?) Then I am in a ball-room, the band playing the wildly sad "Oginski," full of deep-drawn sighs and longing. I am conscious of a swarm of dancers, yet seem to be only sure of Samuel and my lovely friend who sits near him, looking very beautiful, and takes no notice of Mark, who comes up with some queer disfigurement of his face, and behaves very strangely, snatching her fan out of her hand and flinging it on the floor. (Probably I dreamed this because I knew he disliked to see her have it.) She pays no heed to him, but shivers, Samuel gets her fan, and soon they all three leave the hall, she and "Clare" acting as if chilly. Mark again tears the fan from her, and dashes it down as if from some great height. Dream-like she does not notice him, though grieved to lose her fan which, I see, is shivered to bits. Then I lose sight of all of them—I hang across the firm but unseen arm of some shadowy presence that bears me away with it. I hear no voice, but feel borne in upon me these words: "Beyond even the possibilities of Money!" I float in mid-air, though it does not seem so much that I move higher and higher, as that my old surroundings drop away—is that the city with its web of lights far below? and that vast silver shield must be the ocean! Clouds bar off that view. I am chilled and breathless. How dazzling the stars grow! Is that dim speck our world—down there by the moon? Is this—I feel the unseen arm loose its hold, and the vapor that seems like a presence shoots far above, as if torn from me. I am falling, falling through endless depths. I awoke with a convulsive start to find myself in the swinging train, with the crazy beat upon my brain. "Not the same! Oh, not the same!"

III.—PARAGRAPH FROM SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS OF THURSDAY EVENING.

Last night, Mark Dillon left the hop at the hotel and with a party of gentlemen drove to the Cliff House. Leaving them at supper, he went out on the beach at midnight, and shot himself in the temple. No cause for the suicide is known. He was a man of refinement and culture, but had spent most of his fortune in foreign travel. He was well known in society as musician and poet, and in his pocket were found these lines (dated yesterday):

A LOST HOPE.

Of when the sun has set
A wondrous after-glow will linger yet;
Through darkening dome the trailing gorgeous hues
Unite, dissolve, slow change to shadows gray—
As echoes of some haunting tune perplex
That come and go and vex,
And all the idler's hollow thought confuse
With occult sway.

When a great hope has set
Long must its halo stir a deep regret,
Illuminating oft the gloomy thought
With rays from sunken argosy.
The floating cloud of foiled sweet fancies hued
By it, are viewed
With aching heart and soul that, half-distraught,
Yearn—oh, how helplessly!

OUR OWN POETS.

Love's Patience.

As some fair and stately flower,
When its life is full and sweet,
Blossoms in that perfect hour,
Far from careless feet—

Knowing that, without surprise,
Those for whom its gift was born
Shall approach with gentle eyes
On its birthday morn:

Even thus Love's gift, I know,
In some future, far and sweet,
Cometh with still tread and slow—
But I wait its feet.

No more than the rooted flower
Must I seek the coming grace;
If I wait a while, some hour
I shall know its face.

NILES, May, 1879.

CHARLES H. SHINN.

Horace.—Book III, Ode IX.

HE. Whilst thy favor I possessed,
Nor on a rival beamed thine eye,
Circling thy snowy neck around
Happier than a king was I.

SHE. Whilst no other love was thine,
Whilst thy Lydia reigned supreme,
Great my fame and great my name,
Nobler than the Roman's queen.

HE. Thracian Chloe holds me now,
Player on the harp so rare;
Death I would not fear to face,
If the Fates my love would spare.

SHE. Me Thuriian Calais burns
(Cupid's flame from heaven above);
Gladly twice for him I'd die
If the Fates would spare my love.

HE. How if Love, as 'twas of old,
Round us threw his brazen chain?
Chloe left, and thou restored,
Wouldst thou take me back again?

SHE. Lighter thou than any cork,
Fairer he than any star,
Stormier than the ocean thou,
Yet I'd love thee better far.

SAN JOSE, May, 1879.

WALTER H. ELLISON.

Koos-te-teen.

I.
Along Alaska's rugged shore,
Where rolls the Stickeen to the sea,
In bygone years now near a score
Was wrought the deed I tell to thee.

Below the turbid river's mouth,
Whose yellow waters stain the bay,
A league or farther to the south,
A low green wooded island lay.

Thereon the winter village stood
Of all who owned the Shakes' sway,
A wild and fierce and savage brood
As ever saw the light of day.

Rimmed by a virgin forest grove
Their square low dwellings dot the shore,
Around a little sheltered cove,
In scattered clumps of three or four.

Each group contains a septate tribe
Whose chief in war their leader makes,
Although in peace all are allied
By slight allegiance to the Shakes.

But oft, for real or fancied slight,
Their savage temper mounts so high,
In fierce, prolonged, and deadly fight,
Each band will with its neighbor vie.

One winter night the Nan-ee-eyes
The Ki-es-kit-ee-tans did feast,
And there a frightful feud did rise
That cost a score of lives at least.

A word, a blow, a keen knife-thrust,
And all the lodge did stream with fire;
'Twas like a whirlwind's sudden gust—
A furious storm of savage ire.

The first rude shock of conflict spent,
The guests fled to their own abodes,
Whose wooden walls some shelter lent,
To push the war by safer modes.

Thenceforth the intervening space
Was bullet-swept by day and night;
Who but an instant showed his face
Was sure to feel his foeman's might.

The Ki-es-kit-ee-tans were led
By Koos-te-teen, a warrior tried;
Long years of strife his name had spread
In growing terror far and wide.

Erect and strong, of middle age,
Square-browed, high-checked, and gl'ring eyed,
Lined on his face, as on a page,
His savage will and haughty pride.

Quick was his soul to anger's torch,
And swift his hand to bloody deed;
Whoever felt his hatred scorch
Of buried shirt had instant need.

Still, in his mind, with passions grown
And formed in Nature's sternest mould,
Such stubborn virtues held their own
As made the Romans great of old.

Week after week, with varying tide,
The battle raged. With bitter cold
Their many ills were multiplied,
And hunger pinched them, young and old.

No hope of peace till man for man
And chief for chief should equal fall;
Such custom held the only plan,
And custom bound them one and all.

At length the tally even stood,
All but the chief of Nan-ee-eyes;
His loss will Koos-te-teen make good,
His life alone between them lies.

II.

A rifle-shot along the beach,
Blown by the Fates, we made our camp—
A band of white explorers, each
Well tried by many a weary tramp.

Some kindness to the wounded done,
Without regard to either side,
Perchance his warrior heart had won—
Mayhap 'twas but a touch of pride.

Howe'er it was, one starry night
From Koos-te-teen there came a slave,
Sent as a herald to invite
The strangers to his master's grave.

That day in council he had said,
In tones that reached the listening foe:
"The war will end when I am dead;
My life but brings my children woe."

"A few brief years are mine at best,
My soul has heard my people's cry;
To-morrow's sun will bring them rest—
To-morrow Koos-te-teen will die."

"Then let the hostile chief prepare.
At sunrise Koos-te-teen will go
Midway between our strongholds, where
A single shot can lay him low."

The level rays of morning's sun
Scarce shot athwart the wintry scene,
Ere forth in range of every gun,
Alone, unarmed, stalked Koos-te-teen.

Wrapped in his brightest blanket-folds,
Bedecked with all his bravery,
To death as to a feast he holds
With proud barbaric dignity.

If aught of fear his bosom felt
His swarthy visage gave no sign;
Undimmed his parting glances dwelt
With stately step he neared the line.

Brief space, a deathlike stillness falls,
And then a loud and sharp report;
Pierced by a dozen musket-balls,
He met the death he dared to court.

III.

Within the lodge in state he lay
Who late his all had sacrificed,
While round, the last sad rites to pay,
Were gathered those his spirit prized.

The warriors, painted, plumed, and dressed
In all their gauds, each, gun in hand,
Their stolid features grief-oppress,
Formed round their chief, in silence stand.

Amidst the throng, the rites to urge,
The medicine men's weird figures flit;
With streaming eyes, to chant the dirge,
Crouched on the ground the women sit.

With measured strokes the Indian drum,
Wee-laden, throbs upon the air,
And funeral voices shrilly come
In wailing tones of deep despair.

An old soothsayer signal makes—
Forth from the lodge the corpse is borne;
Its way the wild procession takes
To where the beach is smooth and worn.

Upon the sands the funeral pyre
Of fragrant cedar wood is made;
Thereon in waiting for the fire
The clay of Koos-te-teen is laid.

Shrill and more shrill the mourners cry
As draws the Death-Song to its end;
A sudden crash of musketry—
And lo! the lurid flames ascend.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1879.

GEO. CHISMORE.

NOTE.—The Chiefs of the sub-tribes of the Stickeens on certain occasions elect one of their number to the position of Chief of Chiefs—called in their language, "Shakes."

A Simila.

Not in the garish blaze of noon
Most rapturous the landscape seemeth—
When Summer walks with pictured shoon,
And verdure-kissing glory beameth;

But when soft Twilight's stilly hour
Like a sweet dream of song descendeth,
And with its dewy spell of power
The heart with Nature's beauty blendeth.

'Tis then the mountain, field, and lea,
Bathed in the mellow tints of even,
Prompt the rapt soul most glowingly
To paint its mental map of heaven.

And so 'tis then when Fortune's blaze
Above the unclouded soul is brightest
That Love its dearest form displays—
For the best heart is not the lightest.

But when the hours of trial come,
Like gloaming shadows dark and palling,
Love's purple light doth tint the gloom,
On all like heaven-dipped mantle falling.

MARYSVILLE, May, 1879.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

Twin Jewels.

I.

The drift of circumstance which rules below
Is not to us entrusted—tools of law
In birth, rank, wealth, condition high or low.
Life is a splendid emerald without flaw
For some, for others but a pebble poor,
Common, dim, slighted, trampled in the mire,
A stone of stumbling to the senseless boor
Who spurns it from him, till, its central fire
Struck by a shivering blow, one shock of light
It blazes forth the diamond of a queen.
Showing the world's dull, gross, astonished sight
'Tis not the setting makes the gem serene:
So spirits cold and dead for lack of strife
May by rough use be quickened into life.

II.

But when life seems as wedded to all joy
As love to beauty, let it gravely weigh
The oft-told fable of the priceless toy
On the globed bosom keeping holiday,
And lending lustre to the luccent throat.
Of that famed queen who was so fair to see,
That the nice-balanced judgment scarce might note
Which should the borrower, which the lender be;
She with a matchless grace her arm extends,
Plucking it from its throne whenas they dine
And drops it in her goblet; Antony bends
An eye of worship on the act divine;
Nile plashes; all the courtiers laugh; so end
Great Cleopatra's pearl dissolved in wine.

STOCKTON, March 2, 1879. ROBERT L.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1879.

The formation of a new political party to put in motion the machinery of the new Constitution is illogical, but it will nevertheless be done, and the organization will prove a formidable one. Already the initial steps are taken, and all over the State the process of crystallization is now going on. If we were called upon to prophesy what the political situation would be on the first of next September, we would say: Three political parties—the Republican, pursuing substantially its present organization; the Democratic, under the name of Constitutionalists, or New Constitution party, endeavoring to unite all who voted for the adoption of the new organic law; and the Workingmen's party of California, who will carry with them the original sand-lot element. The Republican party will pledge itself to carry out in good faith the provisions of the new organic law. The Constitutionalists will affect to distrust the honesty of Republican professions. The Republicans will charge upon the Constitutionalists a deliberate purpose to legislate with agrarian and communistic purpose. The W. P. C. will call hard names, make up faces, and swear at both parties. The Constitutionalists will charge the Republicans with an ulterior design to defeat the provisions of the new Constitution with hostile legislation. The issue thus formed will be as marked and distinctive as the lines drawn upon the adoption of the instrument. The Kearney following, which was never a large one, and which is daily diminishing, will cut but a small figure as an independent organization. The Granger element will never affiliate with the sand-lot party, nor acknowledge Kearney as a leader. The Democratic leaders will fall down; there will be no Democratic ticket in the field, leaving the meaner majority of that party to go over to the Constitutionalists and the better minority to go to the Republicans. This will present a distinct issue, which we will formulate thus: The Republicans, for conservative interpretation of the new Constitution, with a view to preserve order and protect property; the Constitutionalists, for such legislation as shall lead to radical and venturesome experiments, with the design to punish corporations. The Republican party will lose from its ranks some workingmen and some farmers; it will gain from the Democracy many intelligent men who are property-owners, and who look with apprehension upon radical changes; it will gain very largely from property-owning foreigners. The Constitutionalists will take with them the rank and file of the old Democracy, nearly all the rebel chivalry, and all of the more moderate of the Democratic elements of the sand-lots. Thus, there will be presented a distinct and intelligent issue, and thus there will be formed two strong organizations. There will be no outside distinctive issues. There will be no place for any other party. It will afford the Democracy a good pretext for not running a State ticket.

After carefully reviewing the political situation, we are convinced that there is but one safe and honorable position to take, and but one honest policy to pursue. Such is the relation of parties and such the uncertainty as to results, that there is but one safe path to follow. We regard this coming election as by far the most important one that has ever occurred in California. A new Constitution formed under most favorable conditions, in itself a curious jumble of contradictions, has been imposed upon the people of this State by a combination of political accidents. With anything but an intelligent body of legislators to give it vitality, it will prove most hurtful to us. Unless we have an intelligent and honest judiciary to interpret it, it will be a calamity. An entire new system, with an entire change of officials, to put in force an entirely new organic law, presents a condition of affairs quite anomalous. We have been disposed to think that non-partisan organization, such a one as would bring together in harmonious action men of all political parties, was desirable. We started out in this direction with the generous idea that there might be formed such a union as would bring together all the intelligent and property-owning classes into a compact party organization,

for the purpose of launching our new Constitution. We interviewed half an hundred Democratic gentlemen and party leaders, and found no response in accordance with our views. It was deemed impracticable, because there is to be a Presidential election next year, and it is regarded advisable by the more prominent party leaders of the Bourbon faith to let California go to the devil head-foremost in order that they may be entitled to a post-office next year if Governor Tilden or some rebel brigadier-general should happen to be struck by the Presidential lightning. Hence there is nothing left but to maintain the Republican organization, inviting all liberal-minded men to cooperate with it. Not an hide-bound, radical, impracticable close corporation, with an unfriendly primary test, to be run by a gang of professional barnacles, each of whom desires an office for himself or who is retained as a professional office-broker to get place for some friend; but a liberal, broad, honest, and comprehensive organization, that will invite to its cooperation all respectable persons of every party—an organization that shall stand pledged in honor to carry out in good faith the new Constitution, and to give it a fair legislative and judicial interpretation.

The State Convention of this party must be a deliberative assembly of representative Republican gentlemen from all parts of the State, called together for consultation and choice of candidates, and not a packed caucus of old party blisters under the leadership of ambitious Federal officials to put up a cut and dried programme. The corporations must keep their hands off; their parasites and sycophants must not only not appear, but the convention must not be under their direction and advice. This Republican convention must be a representative body of the intelligence, wealth, moral influence, and decency of the State of California. If such a convention is possible, and it can be freed from the manipulation of the vile gang of party leaders that now for these many years have disgraced and dishonored it, and led it to frequent and disgraceful defeats, it can place such a ticket in the field as will commend itself to the Republican electors. The Republicans are in a majority in California. They represent the intelligence, wealth, and moral worth of the community. They are composed of the better class, and while we admit the worth of many gentlemen who have not been ashamed heretofore to be regarded as Democrats, we claim for Republicans a vastly higher political, social, business, and moral standard than we are willing to accord to the Democracy. We are dealing now in generalities. The very large number of most excellent Democratic citizens, and the very large number of utterly debauched, worthless, and good for nothing vagabonds and public plunderers in the Republican party, compel us to thus qualify our statement. If, therefore, the Republican party can come under the healthful control of honest men, and a ticket can be chosen that will give us assurance of honest government, we shall take pleasure in commending it to the support of our readers; if there shall be a different outcome, we shall prefer the success of the Constitutional party.

The danger to the Republican party is its strength and its great probability of success. The breaking to pieces of the Democratic party—its utter demoralization—gives such strong assurance of a Republican walk over, that the Convention will become the battle-ground of its own contending factions. There will be no man in its ranks so utterly worthless that he will not think a nomination equivalent to an election. But it will be well for Republican leaders to remember that on former occasions the same confidence has, by reason of nominations unfit to be made and of the arrogant and insolent dictation of worthless party usurpers, been driven to most humiliating and unexpected defeats. Such a calamity is within the possibilities of this campaign. An honest Convention, a respectable ticket, with non-partisan judicial candidates and a simple platform, with an honest purpose to give the new Constitution a fair and generous interpretation, places the success of the Republican ticket beyond the possibility of defeat. Kearney will resent the attempt to destroy his Workingmen's party, and it is probable that he will not be so easily crushed out of existence. The Northern and native-born of his following and the Irish will not all of them enlist under the standard of the man who killed Senator Broderick. There are many loyal men who will not readily affiliate with this distinguished Confederate brigadier-general, and will not forget his mad endeavor to destroy the Union in the interest of a slave-holder's rebellion. Kearney thinks that he has laid the foundation of a great national labor party—we are not quite sure that he has not. In alliance with men for whom he has no respect, and who have nothing but contempt for him, and with whom he has no sentiment in common, he looks upon success as a victory more disastrous than any temporary defeat. History is replete with such lessons. We have been personally identified with laying the foundations of a great national party. When it began in California it was but an handful of earnest men; but they were earnest, and were never drawn aside from the main issues. The Republican party in its infancy had a giant struggle in its principles, and never formed any alliance in order to gain some temporary advantage. This adherence to its own party purpose told in the end, and after more than

one defeat it became the dominant party of the State and of the nation. Kearney has this example for his imitation, and, while he will distrust our advice as interested and selfish, he will not, we think, lay down his arms or disband his forces in order that the chivalry wing of the Democracy may have the prestige of this year's victory for next year's Presidential election.

Such a reorganization of the Republican party, shaking itself free from the dictation of any and all corporations, putting itself under the leadership of honest men, nominating as candidates those who are known as not belonging to the Federal ring, making a platform pledged to an economical administration, and to a fair and just interpretation of the new Constitution, would commend itself to those Republican farmers who voted with honest purpose for the adoption of the new Constitution. Without the cooperation of this class the Republican party would be in a hopeless minority; without honest party work the vote of this class can not be obtained; without the farmers there is no Republican party. They are its rank and file. They can not be fooled, nor bamboozled, nor hoodwinked. It was this class that defeated Gorham for Governor. This class elected Booth. Farmers can be overreached in politics; they can be outwitted at conventions; they can be swindled in primary elections. The court-house cliques that live on county offices can always send delegates to a State Convention. The city politicians can always cut and dry things to their prejudice. Slates can be made up, and programmes put up; tricks can be played; combinations can be made, and the country delegates sent home with fleas in their ears, while the city smarties, the ring rascals, and the paid hirelings of corporations, have their own way. But when the farmer gets home and reads his ARGONAUT, and begins to think, he sees the little game; he resents it, and he either abstains from voting by staying away from the polls, or he casts his ballot for a bolting ticket, or he votes for an honest man on the opposition ticket. The farmer is honest, and hates to be fooled if he knows it. Hence we say to the managers of the Republican party that any departure from honest work will send the party to a deserved defeat. Hence we say to the adventurers, and old party dead-beats, and frauds, who are now attempting to put up a State Convention, that they can not succeed.

San Francisco is to-day fairly humming with the busy intrigues of a miserable gang of unprincipled political vagabonds, who are now forestalling the popular wish by dirty party work in the wards. They will probably send a compact delegation from San Francisco to the State Convention to work in the interest of a cabal. We are informed of this conspiracy, and we are powerless to prevent it. We shall endeavor to go as a delegate to the State Convention from our ward, where we have lived twenty-six years in the same house, but the chance is not one in a hundred that we shall succeed. If we fail, we shall endeavor to get a proxy in order to have a voice in the Convention; and if we fail to get a proxy we shall go in any event—if not as a delegate, we will take a seat in the gallery and look on. The ARGONAUT will give faithful and honest opinions upon all political questions. It was started for that purpose. It was established to denounce Republican rogues in California, to defeat dishonest political conspiracies, and to punish party vagabonds. This summer's politics will be uncommonly hot, and we anticipate for ourselves an earnest campaign. We should like to have every native-born American farmer in California take our paper. If there are any in the State who are too poor to subscribe for it, and will announce that fact, we will send it to them gratuitously. We are in sincere and earnest sympathy with the small farmers who till their own acres. We were born in this class. All the memories of our younger and better days belong to the country and the farm. We think the farmer honest, patriotic, and intelligent. We think liberty, freedom, law, and good government will look away from the city to the country for their ultimate protection. We see the redundant populations of cities tending to ignorance and vice, and the time is not distant when metropolitan laws must be made from the rural districts. We write this in no hope of any possible political or other advantage to be received. Our ambitious days are over; our personal aspirations for office, or party or public honors, have been murdered, and we accept the fate. It is better so, for now we can dare to tell the truth. No man in a republican government who is in office, or who ever hopes to be, dare tell the whole truth. We desire to put ourselves and this journal in friendly correspondence with country people. We think we can do them good, and, as God lives, we think the only hope and refuge and safety of the American commonwealth rests upon the intelligence and integrity and bone and sinew of the country people.

In view of the recent political agitation, under the leadership of an Irish drayman, a newspaper published by two young Jewish gentlemen, and a Confederate brigadier-general from Kentucky, we have been led to some serious political reflections. We do not criticise anybody for being Irish, or Catholic, or Jewish, or Confederates, as such; but when Confederates and Jews and Catholics and Irish undertake to reform the country in which we live, and to make the laws

under which we must exist, and elect the officers whom we must obey, it sets us to thinking, and we can't help wondering if Americans are, after all, so utterly debauched and demoralized and worthless as to need the interference of this alien reformatory element in our politics. We ask ourselves, whether this corruption in office, this swindling and stealing, this scrambling for places, does not come in part from the source from whence these reforming agitators spring? whether our immigration laws might be amended and our naturalization laws repealed? whether there is not too much of this foreign element in the country, and whether it is not dangerous, and whether it ought not to be resisted by the organization of an American party whose duty it should be to resent the insolence and resist the aggressions of this foreign invasion?

And right here, and now and always, when we use the word American, we embrace all foreigners who are Americans in sentiment—whom seek our shores for commerce, business, pleasure, home, anything but politics. Men of intelligence and integrity who mind their own business, no matter what the land of their birth or their religion, are our countrymen so long as they do not undertake to control and make a business of the politics of the country. This distinction we always draw. The foreigner is entitled to everything the country possesses, and we would not exclude a reputable person of German or Irish birth from holding office. But when they band together and invoke their nationality or their religion, and because of their class vote presume to dictate the politics of the country, we have a right to resent it. It is the Irish vote, the German vote, the Jewish vote, the Catholic vote, that we quarrel with. It is appealing to an unpatriotic sentiment. It is taking an ungenerous and mean advantage of Americans. We have a prejudice in favor of our native-born. We are opposed to this clannish feeling. We observe that in banks, mercantile houses, and general business operations, Irish employ Irish, Germans employ Germans, Jews employ Jews. If a foreigner gets an office, his deputy is a countryman and co-religionist, while the American employs all nationalities—Jews and Gentiles, Catholic and Protestant, Irish and German. If Americans acted in this way the community would be divided into jealous contending classes.

We are only endeavoring to secure for Americans their political rights. We demand that in this country they are entitled to equal privileges with the most favored foreign nations. We think Americans are brave and patriotic; that, North and South, they achieved distinction on the battlefield. We repudiate the idea that there was any greatly added glory to our arms from soldiers of foreign birth. The percentage of foreign-born soldiers in our armies was very small, and of that number foreign nationalities had their full share of those who enlisted for bounties and who shirked the dangers of the battle-field. We are of the opinion that there is a warmer and a firmer patriotism among the native-born than can be possible to those of alien birth. We think Americans more enthusiastic than our adopted fellow-citizens; that they are just as honest, and that in all respects, for this country and its future, they are the superiors of the foreign-born. It stands to reason that foreigners should have less restraints in this, to them, foreign land. Lord Clive would not have robbed England as he did India; and, had he done so, would not have replied to a parliamentary commission as he did. Recounting his opportunities of plunder, he described in vivid language the situation in which victory had placed him. A great prince dependent on his pleasure; an opulent city afraid of being given up to plunder; wealthy bankers bidding against each other for his smiles; vaults piled with jewels and gold thrown open to him alone. "By God, Mr. Chairman," he exclaimed, "at this moment I stand astonished at my own moderation." We are surprised that Cassebohm took only \$20,000 out of the two and a half millions under his control, and we stand in admiration of Hubert's integrity that he does not take the balance.

All this leads up to a table of defalcations, swindles, and tangled accounts that have occurred in our city, which we produce as the text upon which every thinking man, native or foreign-born, may write his own sermon. There is a barrelful of sermons, which we commend to the serious and prayerful consideration of intelligent and well disposed citizens of all nationalities:

Name.	Nationality.	Religion.	Politics.
Levi Rosener	English	Jewish	Democrat.
Joseph S. Casey	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
Henry Casey	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
Newton Morgan	English	Jewish	Democrat.
Ed. F. McCarthy	Irish	Catholic	People's Party.
John J. Marks	English	Jewish	Democrat.
John R. Rice	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
John Duggart	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
Morris J. Marschultz	German	Jewish	Democrat.
E. P. Buckley	Irish	Catholic	People's Party.
Jasper O'Farrell	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
Jacob Benjamin	German	Jewish	Democrat.
John Hanna	Maryland	Protestant	People's Party.
Conrad Helriegel	German	Jewish	Democrat.
Emil Niencier	German	Jewish	Democrat.
Alex. Austin	Scotch	Protestant	Democrat.
Wm. F. Cassebohm	Hollander	Protestant	Democrat.
Wm. Treen	Irish	Catholic	Democrat.
H. S. Tibby	Australian	Protestant	People's Party.

We trust our foreign friends will excuse us for the expression of these indulgent sentiments in favor of the oppressed and down-trodden Americans.

It would be a curious bit of newspaper literature to go back over the files of the *Chronicle* and collate the eulogistic notices of the white-plumed Henry of Navarre—the blue-eyed orator of the sand-lot; the impassioned, the eloquent, the gifted, the magnetic, the fervid, the God-born leader; the man who bearded the President in Washington, and thundered his denunciations from the steps of the national capitol; who crowded Faneuil Hall, the old cradle of liberty; who electrified the men of Massachusetts; who lighted the fires of reform at the foot of the monument of Bunker Hill—and contrast them with its present editorial writings, in which Kearney is represented to be ignorant, mercenary, vicious, altogether unprincipled, a blackmailer of corporations, and former of piece clubs. After months of abject fawning upon this wild ass of the sand-lot, and fairly licking his brogans, the *Chronicle* now turns upon him and says: "Kearney went to Boston for Butler and made an ass of himself in Faneuil Hall in the presence of the nation. He brought ridicule, shame, and disgrace upon California, and has made us a by-word of communism and ruffianism in the estimation of our sister States. The people of this State have enough of Kearney. They do not want any more of him, and will not tolerate either him or his insolence, ignorance, and vice any longer. The New Constitution party can not and will not pack any such dead weight."

If it had not been for the *Chronicle* and the *Call*, this braying donkey of the sand-lot would not have been heard beyond his own thistle-field. Our State has been disgraced and dishonored abroad; we have been made a by-word of communism and ruffianism in the estimation of our sister States, but it has been the vile and unprincipled daily press of San Francisco alone that has been heard beyond the locality where Kearney has emitted his political blasphemies. The people of California have had enough of Kearney, and they will get enough of the *Chronicle*. We hope the time has come when we shall cease to tolerate the insolence of Kearney, and we hope the time is coming when an intelligent people will no longer tolerate the insolence of the *Chronicle*.

It looks somewhat politico-comical for ex-Senator Cole to enlist under Commander Terry for a campaign against the Republican party. It seems quite absurd that the son of Lord John Love's father should "take pleasure in introducing the Hon. David S. Terry as one who is anxious to bring the people of this State under the control of the law." That Judge Alexander Campbell, Clitus Barbour, Volney E. Howard, and Beerstecher should deem the equalization of taxation so important a matter.

Volney E. Howard said in his speech at the new party conference: "It is not for a man whose hands are stained with blood, the blood of assassination, to go about in the public streets prating about the 'unthinking majority.' That is not the sort of men to take charge of the public interests of this State. That is not the character of men wanted here, nor the class of men to whom the people of this State can confide their interests in connection with the new government now about to be put into operation." This is personal to at least one honorable bilk.

He also said that as the recording angel has blotted out Uncle Toby's oath, it might blot out the term "honorable bilks." A cloud burst of angels' tears would not deface this word. Kearney has branded it in with a hot iron upon the flanks of the Chivalry Democracy, and it will stick. No hair will ever grow over the spot.

Beerstecher has seen snakes—in India. They lick people, and so he proceeded to lick Howard, and slobber over him, and drivel at the mouth. He said: "I have seen that gentleman's conduct; I approve that gentleman's conduct, and, sir, I shall swallow him as long as I live, sir. I shall scratch his ear, sir, and I shall tickle his elbow, sir. I have seen the names of seven able American jurists suggested by the ARGONAUT for the Supreme Bench. I do not approve them, sir. My colleagues and my constituents do not approve them, sir." Dash this Dutchman.

C. S. Ringgold said to the Constitutional resurrectionists: "I have resided in California twenty-seven years. I am not worth a cent, but I will risk my last dollar as freely as the wealthiest citizen to put this new Constitution in force. I will risk every dollar of other people's accumulations to try this experiment with other people's property. I am a Democrat. I have no principles to risk, no reputation to lose. I have voted with the Democracy for twenty-five years—early and often."

Thus Clitus arose, and thus he spake: "In order that wealth may not cripple us with the thumb-screws, let us cut off our thumbs. Now, sir, we have set out for a common goal. Let us capture the County Jail and board ourselves. The Workingmen's party has never slopped over; an empty bucket never slops over; an empty head never slops over; I never slop over. My colleagues have suffered in this city; I have suffered. At one time I was very nearly driven to work for my living. The Workingmen's

party came to my relief. I now live upon it. I will stand by it as long as it supports me. You honorable bilks have stolen a horse, and now you propose to swap it with us and get one of your own. We never swap horses in crossing a stream. I would rather go to the County Hospital. It is a good place for Barbour."

Colonel Younger, of Santa Clara, is a famous cattle-breeder. He is trying the experiment of a party cross-breed between the chivalry Democracy and the sand-lot Irish—sire, David Terry; dam, Denis Kearney.

W. F. White, of Santa Clara, has been suffering from the oppressions of republican government for thirty years—ever since he left Ireland. He has only succeeded in getting a farm of one thousand two hundred acres, and taxes are so burdensome that he is anxious to return to his ancestral cabin and pig and hog, unless he can be Governor of California.

The Hon. A. W. Thompson of Sonoma says "It is not a nice thing to be told that the Workingmen's party monopolizes all the virtue of the State, because he don't belong to it, and he is virtuous." He also says, "I believe I am as good a man of my kind as there's going, and I am a Democrat." Now, we will not dispute that he is good of his kind, but don his kind.

Judge J. B. Southard was the only happy man in the consultation over the new Constitution. The immediate cause of his happiness was because he saw "so much harmony." As there were two distinct parties, and they could not agree to come together upon any terms, it must follow that the Judge saw double. Sorry to see the Judge falling into his old habits.

John P. Dunn spoke for fear that if he had remained silent his club would think he had said nothing. He did speak, and still said nothing, so he achieved a double purpose. Mr. Dunn says the W. P. C. want to do as they have always done. We ask Mr. Dunn what they have done?

Judge William B. Norman is one of those old Democrats who came over with William the Conqueror. He voted for General Jackson, the Resolutions of '93, and the new Constitution. He has been lying in the mausoleum of the dead Democracy now for a decade or two. He is, therefore, a decayed politician. "I am," says ex-Senator Norman, "one of the founders of a party coeval with the history of this government from its foundation." A toad blasted out of a primordial rock could not be more lively; but our advice is for him to crawl back and not come out at the sound of the final trumpet unless he recognizes a Democratic call; this is a false alarm. This is Kearney's bugle, but what a wriggling it is making among the worms in the Democratic grave-yard.

The Honorable Caleb Dorsey came to America with Columbus in the year 1492. Since then he has resided in "old Tuolumne." All his life he has belonged to the Democratic party. He is not willing to be swallowed by Beerstecher's snake. He would rather swallow the snake if it crawled out of his boots. Caleb was sorry to see the "spirit" that had arisen in the consultation. It was not the kind of spirits that he liked to imbibe.

Lord John Love is a prematurely old politician. He somehow reminds us of that little old man who got upon the back of Sindbad the Sailor, and who Sindbad finally got rid of by getting him drunk. John was born upon the back of the Republican party, and it has been reeling along with John on it like an Indian papoose on a board ever since, and he has been drawing suck over its shoulders. Now, the other fellows have got him, and we hope they may enjoy him.

We suggest to the new party of old fossils the name of Nathaniel Bennett for Supreme Judge. His renomination would call up some exceedingly interesting reminiscences of how he happened to resign the Supreme Bench, of which he was once an ornament.

How does it happen that Denis Kearney was not invited to the consultation in reference to the formation of a new party? The invitations came from the *Chronicle* office. There was a time when Charles would not have forgotten to send for Denis. This is Mr. Pickering's opportunity for small advertisements.

The *Chronicle* charges Kearney with inconsistency in this, that he abuses lawyers, and yet has spoken from the same stand with Judge Budd of Stockton. There is no apparent inconsistency in speaking with Budd or Bob Ferial, as they are neither of them lawyers.

There is a conspiracy on foot to nominate a certain old political hay-seed as the Republican candidate for Governor. It did not win the last time, and it will not win this time. The same agencies that beat the conspiracy before will defeat it again. He can not be elected—the entire wealth of the corporation that backs him won't suffice to make him Governor. Money can make a candidate, but it can't make a Governor this time.

CRITICISM.

Criticism is in general the expression of individual opinion. There are no immutable laws to govern individual taste. One could wish, for the sake of those who suffer under the merciless lash of private opinion publicly expressed, that there were some definite rules by which we could abide. We are obedient to the restrictions of grammar and the requirements of rhetoric. But it is when individual genius cuts out a new path for itself that criticism is aroused. True genius is compelled to this step—it is only imitators who will be content to follow in the paths which others have made. It should be essential that genius be criticised by genius. No one who can not compose a poem should have power to destroy an epic; no one who has not realized by experience the inspiration of literary effort ought to lay profane hands on another's work. There has been no greater master of the art of criticism in this country than the clear sighted poet and writer, Edgar A. Poe. His work in that direction was not so extensive as we could wish, but it was instinctively accurate, understandingly appreciative, just, and discriminating. His criticism of Mrs. Browning's poems is an aid to a more thorough understanding of their beauties and defects than one is likely to get without having read it. One could find it in his heart to forgive a critic all the harsh things which he might say of one's work, if he only took pains to point out its beauties with the keen appreciation which Poe showed. It is not enough to say that the beauties of literary work will be apparent of themselves. Where only fault is found the casual reader will be led to suppose there is little else. And criticism should include both provinces, that those who see wherein the beauty of their work lies may be encouraged to continue, instead of being discouraged at the number of their faults.

"My critic Belfair wants a book
Entirely different, which will sell and live;
A striking book, yet not a startling book—
The public blames originalities.
You must not pump water unawares
Upon a gracious public full of nerves—
Good things, not subtle—new, yet orthodox;
As easy reading as the dog-eared page,
That's fingered by said public fifty years,
Since first taught spelling by its grandmother,
And yet a revelation in some sort;
That's hard, my critic Belfair!"

Truly it is hard. "The public blames originalities." A new phrasing of ideas, the mere matter of routing out some obsolescent words which exactly express the ideas one wants, or the original combination of new words weighty with meaning instead of stereotyped expressions—are all matters for blame. The style has taken the critics unawares, and they are not sure that they ought to admire or encourage; nay, they are quite sure they ought to condemn, and they do. "The gracious public, full of nerves," don't want to be enlightened by the advent of new methods of composition; the "spring-waters" of the fountain of genius are too "startling," are not "orthodox," and are not "easy reading." "Your adjectives are superabundant; they are also far-fetched. Would it not be as well to say 'the blue sky' as the 'azure heavens?'" My critic Belfair, adjectives are the life and soul of description; without them prose would be tame and poetry insipid. You can not talk for five minutes without using them in your conversation to aid and illustrate. There should be a reasonable limit to the number which is used. If I choose to use "azure" in place of "blue" in describing the color of the heavens, it is merely a question of individual taste. One does not insult one's readers by presuming that they have not sufficient intelligence to comprehend one. In the language of a celebrated lexicographer, "I am bound to furnish good definitions, but not brains to comprehend them." If my critic Belfair is just enough to admit that my use of adjectives is in accordance with grammatical rules, and only chooses to quarrel with me on the score of heterodoxy, why he has one resource left him—to write a book himself which shall come up to the critical requirements. Mayhap he will have more charity for hardly-worked and poorly-paid writers ever after. It is not that we object to criticism as an essential accompaniment of our performances, if the aim be to benefit us instead of influencing public opinion against our productions. And there are critics who handle our work with a view of displaying their own erudition in literary matters, to the exclusion of our interests and natural rights. If we have cause for pride in our performances, it must be rigorously subdued, and praise is regarded as a weakness on the part of a critic. But see how judiciously Poe mingled praise and blame in his critique on Mrs. Browning's *Drama of Exile*—so skillfully, indeed, that we can not forbear quoting a few sentences as an example for all other critics: "It is not our purpose to demonstrate what every reader of these volumes will have readily seen self-demonstrated—the utter indefensibility of the *Drama of Exile* considered uniquely as a work of art. We have none of us to be told that a medley of metaphysical recitations sung out of tune, at Adam and Eve, by all manner of inconceivable abstractions, is not exactly the best material for a poem. Still it may very well happen that among the material there shall be individual passages of great beauty. Her wild and magnificent genius seems to have contented itself with points, to have exhausted itself in flashes; but it is the profusion, the unparalleled number and close propinquity of these points, which render her book one flame, and justify us in calling her, unhesitatingly, the greatest—the most glorious—of her sex." Critics hold no very enviable position at best, but its agreeability would be intensified by a judicious mingling of praise and blame, for no work is worthy of criticism which has no good points. But while "the public blames originalities" there can be no change, for "they are the people and wisdom shall die with them."

MAY N. HAWLEY.

NORTH COLUMBIA, CAL., May 15, 1879.

A German doctor, after years of profound inquiry, has made the delightful discovery that "early to bed and early to rise," etc., is a delusion. He finds that most long lives have indulged in late hours, and that so far from any decided benefit being gained from getting up early, it rather tends to exhaust physical energy and shorten life. So far from the early morning hours being the most invigorating, they are, on the contrary, apt to produce lassitude, and are to some constitutions much more injurious than dewy eve.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last—
I wonder how far they have traveled now;
They'll be very far when the night is past—
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How lovely she looked in her wreath and dress,
She is queenlier far than the village girls;
There were roses, too, in her wreath, I guess—
"Twas they made the crimson among her curls.
She is good as beautiful, too, they say,
Her heart is gentle as any dove's;
She'll be all that she can to him always—
(Dear, I am tearing my new white gloves!)
How calm she is with her saint-like face,
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue—
(How careless I am with my mother's lace!)
Her hands are white, and softer, too.
They've gone to the city beyond the hill,
They must never come back to this place again;
I'm almost afraid to be here so still—
I wish it would thunder and lightning and rain.
Oh, no! for some may not be ached;
Some few, perhaps, may be out to-night;
I hope that the moon may come out instead,
And heaven be starry and earth be light.
It's only a summer since she's been here,
It's been my home for seventeen years;
But her name is a testament, far and near,
And the poor have embalmed it in priceless tears.
I remember the day when another came—
(There, at last I've tied my hair!)
Her curls and mine are nearly the same,
But hers are longer and mine less fair.
They're going across the sea, I know;
Across the ocean—will that be far?
(Did I have my comb a moment ago?)
I seem to forget where my things all are.
When ships are wrecked do people drown?
Is there never a boat to save the crew?
Poor ships! If ever my ship goes down
I'll want a grave in the ocean, too.
Good-night, good-night! It is striking one.
Good-night to bride and good-night to groom!
The light of my candle is almost done—
(How I wish that my bed were in my mother's room).
How calm it looks in the midnight shade!
Those curtains were hung there clean to-day;
They're almost too white for me, I'm afraid—
Perhaps I may soon be as white as they.
Dark—all dark—for the light is dead;
Father in Heaven, may I have rest!
One hour of sleep for my aching head—
For this aching heart in my poor, poor breast.
For his sweet sake do I kneel and pray:
O God! protect him from every ill,
And make her worthier every day.
The older the purer, the lovelier still.
(There, I knew I was going to cry!)
I have kept the tears in my soul too long.
Oh, let me say it, or I shall die!
As heaven is witness I mean no wrong.
He never shall hear from this secret room,
He never shall know in the after years
How seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fell dead one night in a moment of tears.
I love him more than she understands,
For him I loaded my soul with truth;
For him I am kneeling with outstretched hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I love, I adore him just the same,
More than father, or mother, or life;
My hope of hopes to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife.
His wife! Oh, name that the angels breathe,
Let it not crimson my cheek with shame!
It is her name, her word to breathe
In the princely heart from whose blood it came.
Oh, hush! Again I behold them stand,
As they stood to-night, by the chancel wall;
I see him taking her white-gloved hand,
I hear his voice in a whisper fall,
I see the minister's silver hair,
I see them kneel at the altar-stone;
I see them rise when the prayer is o'er—
He has taken their hands and made them one.
The fathers and mothers are standing near.
The friends are pressing to kiss the bride—
One of those kisses had birthplace here,
The dew of her lips is not yet dried.
His lips have touched hers before to-night—
Then I have a grain of his to keep;
This midnight darkness is flecked with light,
Some angel is singing my soul to sleep.
He knows full well why many a knave
So close to his lady's lips should swim;
God only knows that the kiss I gave
Was set in her mouth to give to him.

ANONYMOUS.

Trodden Flowers.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the passers' heel arise,
And bring back odorous breath instead of signs.
But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lonely love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
O Nature, shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?
Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loth her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
With one hard heart turn to her and repent?
Why should the seed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love to some fair region of her own
Will flee at last and leave us here alone.
Love weepeth away—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers that so low is your poor lot,
They would be rebels; love rebelleth not.

The late Elizabeth Cook, of Newton, Mass., bequeathed none of her estate, worth \$100,000, to her numerous relatives. She gave \$15,000 to her lawyer and physician, and released fifteen creditors from their liabilities. Her will is to be contested.

A WORD FOR THE IRISHMAN.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Since the first publication of your journal I have read it religiously every Sunday. I like it. Its smack of Bohemianism pleases me. Something about your ARGONAUT carries me back to Paris and the Quartier Latin. In one of your past issues I read an account of the reign of the Commune in Paris. It was good. I, too, was there. I was in Montmartre when the first gun was trained on the Republican government. I saw the recreant Garde-Nationale turn over to us by the company. I saw Paris literally running with good red French blood. I saw Paris full, the last barricade taken, and the last little gallant French gamin go down with "Vive la peuple" on his lips—but this is not what I intended to write about. Sometimes I think you are hard on my countrymen. I am an Irishman, though educated nearly altogether in England and France. I admit it is rather hard to ask a journalist to analyze the character of a lot of ignorant foreigners, who are threatening the peace of his country, before denouncing them. But the Irish character is such an anomalous one, that a little light on the subject from a native might help you in your future dealings with them. Perhaps I am presumptuous in offering it. Well, if you think so, consign this to the waste basket, and at least give me credit for a good intention. I have lived among Irishmen in their own country and found them (I speak of the peasant class) a good-natured, hospitable people, fond of excitement, ready-witted, and possessed to an extraordinary degree of the faculty of adapting themselves to others' ways. Now, it is to this last attribute that I lay all their misfortunes abroad. They come to America, and in a few years find themselves possessed of rights and privileges that in their own country it would have been hardihood to dream of. They meet their countrymen who have preceded them here, and who, under the able tuition of a few unprincipled American demagogues, have become full-fledged politicians, and, in the natural order of things, seek to vie with their predecessors in political insolence. The wily tutors who taught them politics, and wanted them only as stepping stones to office, never impressed upon them the fact that the franchise has its responsibilities as well as its rights. The stump teacher appealed only to the worst passions of his too pliant pupil, and made all that was conservative in the community supply in Pat's imagination the place of his hated landlord at home. Paddy is a funny animal. He must have something to love and something to hate. His religion ever supplies the former, and circumstances too often supply the latter. Again, the action of the Republican party, which I assume represents to a great extent the native-born population of the country, is such as tends to make the Irish people vote as a unit. I refer to their deep-rooted antipathy to the Roman Catholic Church. Now, though I am a Catholic, travel and contact with the world has almost entirely blotted from my mind the boundary marks of sectarianism; and yet I have heard Catholicism assailed in such a way as to make me angry—so reckless the statements, so groundless the arguments. In the last Presidential election I belonged to the Hayes Invincibles; I was not a citizen of the United States, nor, for that matter, am I now. All my friends were Republicans, and my interest in politics was so small that I blindly followed their guidance. Here it was I learned the impossibility of an Irish Catholic making a consistent Republican. My sympathies were with them as representing the conservative interests of the country, but what man can affiliate with a party that makes by-words of his religion and nationality! It is time for Americans to bury the Jesuit bugbear with the bloody shirt. In the course of a correspondence held with a friend of mine, who is an attaché of the British Legation in Berlin, I endeavored to enlighten him on the various issues in American politics, and among other things spoke of the fear that existed among certain classes here that the Jesuits would interfere with the public schools, etc. His reply, I think, was a good one. He said: "Americans need have little fear of Jesuitical influence. They are too busy here on the defensive to be able to act elsewhere on the offensive. Besides, they haven't the right stuff to work on in America." You are yourselves responsible for this foreign annoyance. You admit foreigners to equal political rights with yourselves five years too soon. The class of foreigners who as a rule come here are laboring men with families, and it consequently takes them a long time to accumulate property. "The man who owns property loves order" might have become a proverb if Benjamin Franklin had spoken it. An unqualified franchise, too. Ye gods, think of it! The framers of your Constitution were too pure. They dreamt not of the ward politician of this century, and my benighted countryman, Denis, held no place in their imagination. However, what is the use of crying over spilled milk! You have taken us for better or worse, and make the best of your bargain. Don't by your intolerance compel us all to be sand-lotters. All Irishmen are not Workingmen (so-called) and Democrats. Kearney's fiasco will soon peter out. It takes a great man to make a permanent success of a mob, and if the truth were known this drayman already thinks it a sorry job. It must have been a strange state of society that made this gosssoon of the fishing village an agitator; but then circumstances made a hero of Taissant Louveture, a negro slave.

CON CREGAN.

SACRAMENTO, May 10, 1879.

The story of a young man in Iowa descending the walls of a well twenty-one feet deep, and ascending again with a woman weighing one hundred and thirty pounds under his arm, is all right. It is just such lies as this that made George Washington the father of his country.

LXXX.—Sunday, May 25.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Rice and Tomato Soup.
Fried Barracuda, Sauce Poutelle.
Jellied Chicken.
Summer Squash. Asparagus.
Roast Beef. Potato Croquettes.
Cucumber Salad.
Charlotte Russe. Raspberries.
Fruit-bowl of Cherries, Oranges, and Apricots.

TO JELLY CHICKEN.—Take one chicken if a large quantity is needed, but generally half will do; cut in small pieces, cover with soup stock, and boil until thoroughly cooked. Remove the bones, cut the meat in small pieces, add red pepper, salt, a very little ground cloves, a little allspice and mace. Have two hard boiled eggs sliced, and a cucumber pickle thinly cut. Butter a mould, lay the slices of egg nicely round the sides, put in the pickle, and mix the pieces of the chicken with the liquid in which it has been boiled and pour into the mould. This is to be eaten cold, and may be made of veal as well as chicken. A little minced ham improves this dish.

INTAGLIOS.

The Room's Width.

I think if I should cross the room,
Far as beside you like a thought,
Should stand beside you like a thought,
Touch you, dear!

Like a fancy. To your sad heart
It would seem
That my vision passed and prayed you,
Or my dream.

Then you would look with lonely eyes—
Lift your head—
And you would stir, and sigh, and say—
"She is dead."

Baffled by death and love, I lean
Through the gloom,
O Lord of life! am I forbid
To cross the room?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The Little Sisters of the Snow.
(Sanguinaria Canadensis.)

When April woods are all in bud,
And wistful south winds blow,
When rushing brooks are bright with flood,
And hill-tops bare of snow,

Then in the forest's lonely glades
The careless bluebirds see
A crowd of white-capped little maids
Rise from their nursery.

Each cell, a dark and wrinkled leaf,
Close folded from the sun,
Keeps sweet novitiate, cool and brief,
For every tiny nun.

More white than milk that foams and flows,
They lift their placid heads,
Amid these rough and rocky homes,
From out their leaf-strewn beds.

No trace of passion or of pain
Across their brows is drawn;
They bow not to the sun or rain,
Nor turn to meet the dawn.

Yet dare to pluck one bud away
Where that pale conclave grows,
From the chill stem you make your prey
What scarlet life-blood flows.

Dear Little Sisters of the Snow,
Beneath that virgin veil
What fires of hidden passion glow
To mock your drapery pale!

And we who gather, scant of ruth,
Your blossoms cold and fair,
Pluck also some unbidden truth
That startles us to prayer.

Such a Little One.

A squad of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Pere la Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif
And said: "What dost thou here?"
"Sapristi, citizen captain!
"I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well. Then you die with the others!"
"Very well. That's my affair,
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it;
A gay old thing, is it?
It would please the old lady to have it—
Then I'll come back here and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skinned down the hill
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy snake,
From the Arch of Pere la Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired
The child's shrill voice was heard—
"Houp-la! the old girl made such a row
I feared I should break my word!"

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest;
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now huz away, my children,
With your little one—two—three!"
The chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved society.

JOHN HAY.

Disqualified.

You speak of love? Why, love and I
Are such old friends, my very dreams,
When I was small and most unwisdom,
Were wove of love and love-like themes.

You speak of joy and peace and rest?
And herd these things with love, sweet sir?
Why, love and rest are bitter foes,
If ever God and Satan were.

You'd make me happy? And by love?
Love hath not made his own for joy,
But most for sorrow and for sharp
Endurements—not for peace to cloy

And leave them sick and satiate.
At rest within your arms? Why, yes,
Because I do not love you, nor
Do you begin love's half to guess.

Love gives not peace, or joy, or rest;
He measure's out a bitter draught—
The honey, then the bee's quick sting
To compensate the sweet, that's qualified.

He give's not bliss—your bliss. Why, since
Dead Shelley's clear, keen, sense-full verse
First smote and taught my childish heart
Love's first fruition and its curse

I know, sweet sir, that bliss is pain:
That near the rose's heart there stays
A thorn that's restless, thin, and sharp,
That kills the quiet of one's days.

Go out, and in the wide, wide world
You'll find some safer hand than mine
To clasp in yours—some one who believes
That they are one, the oil and wine.

But I, who know the serpent's tooth
That glitters in love's splendid gift,
Hug closer to my heart the pain,
And clasp the lute for all its rift.

To speak of love and rest a-breath!
Of love which is an anguished ache—
Relinquish now, press again—
Doubt, terror, fear—all for Love's sake.

Sweet sir, in days forever gone
This Love and I were such good friends—
I do forget myself maybe—
I loved a man once. There it ends.

MARGUERITE F. AYMAR.

THE LATEST FRENCH BONBONS.

A young man at St. Petersburg who was bound to kiss a beautiful young lady of his acquaintance (very slight) seized the chance offered by the Easter season, procured a costly Easter egg and presented it to her. She accepted it, but when he was about to imprint a—
"a one upon her ruby lips she drew back.

"Why, everybody gives everybody else Easter eggs and kisses them to-day," said the young man.

"I know it, but you being a comparative stranger and not an intimate friend should have appeared in full dress and presented me with the egg before kissing me."

The young man did not let the snow grow under the runners of his sleigh on his way home, changed his dress and returned and addressed the customary salutation to the young woman.

"He is indeed," replied she, but drew back when he attempted to kiss her.

"Why is this thus?" said the young man nettled.

"Haven't I got on a dress suit?"

"Yes; but you haven't got an Easter egg. You seem resolved not to conform with the usages of good society."

X. is egotistic in the extreme.

The other day he had occupied about ten minutes in delivering some personal reminiscences of himself when he was interrupted:

"Where was I—what was I saying when I left off?" he asked, the interruption being at an end.

"You were saying 'I'—replied one of the listeners with the passing tribute of a yawn.

Before the Cadi a Mahometan was brought up for burning down a Christian's house.

"Where is the complainant?"

"May our souls be a sacrifice, but he is in the other world. He was burned up with his house."

"The Koran," said the magistrate, "provides that where the complainant is unable to appear, if his abiding place be known the culprit shall be taken there and confronted with him. In the present case the plaintiff does not appear and is known to be in the next world. Let the law be executed—ditto the prisoner."

♫ Gone to meet his victim.

Yesterday, Rue Hauteville, a mister finds himself in the rear of a youth of a fifteen years, who himself marches behind a child of eight or ten years.

All at once and without any reason apparent, the youth sends the cap of the little in the gutter.

But at the same instant this had funny (*mauvais drole*) receives at the base of his loins a blow of the foot of first class of the mister, who says to him of the tone the most solemn, in showing him the sky with the finger:

"The vengeance of heaven."

An elderly gentleman finds himself at a masked ball set upon by three lively dominos, who finally ask of him in chorus:

"Oh, is it true you are sixty years old?"

"Whoever told you so, ladies, told you a no-such-thing," cries the old gentleman, gallantly. "I'm twenty years old for each of you—that's what I am."

The Faculty gave the young man up, but his faithful servant stole noiselessly to his side and sobbed through his tears:

"Master, my dear master, I heard them say the wick was flickering in the socket, and I've gone and put a new wick in the lamp and more oil. We may be happy yet."

A clergyman of an original turn of mind is passing by a parishioner's shop, and in order to emphasize a great moral lesson, bounds suddenly in crying "Boo!"

Naturally the parishioner starts.

"You did not expect me to call?"

"I did not, by a blessed sight."

"Suppose it had been Death—where would you have been? Chaw on that!" and the excellent clergyman vanishes.

"My dear Baron," said she, timidly, "I am such a silly child, while you are so witty and accomplished, and have such an irresistible way of putting things that I wish you would show me how to—"

"How to what, my dear?"

"How to let you know delicately but firmly that I want you to let me have fifty louis that I am most desperately in need of."

Signboard illustrating the peculiar politeness of the French and their ideas on the woman question:

"Step in Here for your Wine which Maketh Glad the Heart of Man—and of Woman, too, if you Choose to Give Her Some."

Unapproachable circus advertisement from a Rheims paper:

"M. Eugene, better known as the Wild Beast Wrestler, has challenged the Victor Brothers and M. Napoleon.

"He is engaged to wrestle single-handed against M. Victor, known as 'Spring'; M. Napoleon, alias 'The Eel,' and M. Victor, jr., the most redoubtable of the trio, otherwise 'The Hogshead-Carrier.'

"Some gentlemen having desired to open books on the result, M. Eugene is prepared to back himself at 7 to 8.

"Every one can assist at all the phases of this Titanic struggle, during which the elder M. Victor will preserve upon his lips in the midst of his most strenuous efforts the irresistible smile which has won for him the title of 'Victor Springtime.'

"This smile has already won many hearts. We respectfully invite the attention of the ladies to it.

"M. Eugene, if he should issue the conqueror from this terrible struggle, confidently expects the plaudits of the public.

"The piano will be presided over by M. Olala, a young artist with a brilliant future before him. M. Olala will also favor with several solos on the flute."

The manager had invited his friend to call round and see some of the wondrous attractions he had collected for the season's tenting tour, specifying in particular a giant as big as a house and twice as human.

"I say, old fel," says the friend, after a careful inspection, "I don't want to cast a gloom over your entire community, but I don't think your giant is quite up to the representations in the small bills."

"Well," says the manager, "he is a little off. I didn't think he seemed quite up to himself to-night."

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Special arrangements can be made by the week and for families.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—I have been thinking as I walked into one empty theatre after another this week what heart-sickening work acting must be, with empty house and a sleepy public to drop the plummet of disappointment. Listen, the English actor, once said that he liked to see even a dog wag his tail in approbation, while some fellow, who was evidently undergoing the unsatisfactory operation of writing for posterity, once wrote: "One thunder of applause from the pit, boxes, and gallery is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame." What, then, must be to the players that faint, dismal, would-be bit of cheer which a handful of people will labor to extend simply to delude themselves into the idea that they are having rather a good time? And this applause never does seem so hollow a mockery as when all is light and brilliant on the stage, as for example in *The Millionaire's Daughter*—a title which you see for yourself is simply an evasion—which has been played for one week to a large and appreciative circle of red plush, and yet has drawn better than anything else in town, not even excepting the opera. As a bit of cold, stupendous effrontery, this cribbing of *The Banker's Daughter* is something surprising. Plays have been written from time to time, and men have stolen them, but in this instance they have not even had the grace to put upon the bill, according to custom, the significant intimation that the same play is running under another name in another theatre in another city. It is simply announced as being by J. A. Herne and David Belasco. Herne is the apologetic looking actor who occasionally makes a bit in dialect parts, and in this instance has cast himself as the rapid American, the part in which Polk made such a point in New York. Belasco is probably another man. I know nothing of him save that he has a patent elastic conscience. That is quite sufficient. It is a long time before a man with a patent elastic conscience draws a line. Some one has said that a fairy tale is but a dream of the heart realized. Every girl fancies herself an enchanted princess, and every boy—ah, well, fate has circumscribed a girl's dreams at best, and they all end in a band-box and jewel-casket—but the boys dream of doughty deeds of daring without, and I love of all things to see a boy read a dime novel on the sly. I can easily tell by his rapt interest, his flushed cheeks, his dilated eye, just when the little rascal is yearning most to be a grand scoundrel, for that is the plain English of it. The scouts and trappers are fine fellows, but it is those debonair brigands, pirates, and highwaymen, those charming fellows who appropriate other people's wares in such a really delightful way, who solemnly enchain his fancy. If I could be a boy and dream a dream, and hope some day to be a poetical appropriator, I should say to myself: "Heaven sends us into the world with but two equipments, mind and body. All that we gather by the way is legitimate pay for sharks like me. I shall take the chickens from my neighbor's roost, the pennies from his pocket, the dollars from his wallet, the doors from his safe, the shine from his good name, the coppers from his eyes when to him such ware avails nothing. But there I will stop short: I will not kidnap the children of his body to make organ grinders and tambourine players of them, nor the creatures of his brain to make spurious imitations from." And yet to what a vast extent this smuggling in ideas is carried on. The playwright is far from being the only victim. It is only the boldness of the piracy which challenges remark and attention. In the case of *The Banker's Daughter* the adapters, or whatever they may call themselves, have simply overreached. They have presented us the skeleton of a charming play, but so crusted with literary inexcellences, if one may coin a word, as to quite coarsen it, and have made us just sufficiently familiar with it to spoil it with us as a novelty should some manager undertake to bring it out in Union Square form according to first intention. I wondered much what was the charm which kept this play running so many weeks in New York, and which has even brought about its restoration to the boards after the failure of Cazuran's last play. It was really strange to see how very like in many of their elements were *The Banker's Daughter* and *Divorce*, that much-worn Daly play to which Miss Davenport clings with such fatuity. One can stroll from the Baldwin to the California, and in a short twenty minutes find two mimic families in precisely the same fix. A husband and wife separated, jealousy, a former lover, a child, and husband and wife brought together by that child. Of course the attendant circumstances are different. In *The Banker's Daughter* we are taken to Paris. Funny, isn't it? No one writes a successful American novel any more without transporting all his people across the Atlantic, and this passion for travel has crept into the plays. For that matter one does not do duty as a well regulated American without going to Paris some time or other—so this is a touch of nature after all. They have set the play beautifully up at Baldwin's, and the scene of the ball at the American embassy is particularly attractive. It ought to be. The length of time they take at this theatre to set a scene taxes the longest patience, and nothing but the beautiful results which they sometimes give us would prevent people from getting up and leaving the theatre in groups. We might all be snugly tucked in our beds by eleven, but the scene-shifters nightly protract the end of *The Millionaire's Daughter* till midnight. The

delay is as unnecessary as it is tiresome, and even the charming toilets of Rose Wood and Kate Corcoran do not reconcile people for one moment. What a querulous, testy, grumbling fellow Charles Thorne must be, if the adaptation is anything like the original. Whether it is the fault of Mr. Herne or of the part itself it is not easy to say, but how the humor of the rapid American citizen could have interfered with the grave hero it is impossible to conjecture. Mr. O'Neill has cultivated repose until it has become almost second nature, and is such a very engaging sort of husband that a looker-on wonders at the lady's taste in retaining any remembrance of her former lover. I do wish they would not cast Lewis Morrison for "former lovers." He is so excessively melo-dramatic that it becomes absurd. Love acts upon him exactly like dyspepsia, and ever since *Conscience* he has been afflicted with somnambulism as well. He was wonderfully good in *Conscience*, and better yet in *Engaged*, but in *The Millionaire's Daughter* he acts as much like a trance medium as anything else, and the effect is uncomfortable. One does not like to be dissatisfied, either, when a player is really trying to do well. One is visited with similar compunctions on Miss Davenport's account. She is really so earnest, so energetic, has been so faithful a student, as any one can see, that your conscience reproaches you for not being satisfied; and yet it is just because she is so eminently business-like, so utterly uninspired, that she never carries her audience away for one moment. Her sobs are dry as sand, her voice as hollow as a gourd. Yet I know there must be something she can do well; perhaps it is comedy. I am inclined to think that she may be a charming "Lady Gay Spanker," and that the promoted rustic belle, "Lady Teazle," may not suffer at her hands. In point of fact, nature and art have been at war over her, for, while in talent she is essentially a juvenile, an *ingenue*, nature has framed her for a "Hermione." However, many an actress gets the better of nature as well as many a woman who is not an actress at all. It has almost come to be an unequal contest, except where nature revenges herself with avoirdupois. And what a fearful retribution! Why does not some clever fellow invent something for the reduction of those daughters of song whose girdles grow with their fame? I once saw *Don Giovanni*, when each of the three nightingales weighed not less than two hundred pounds. The effect was something stupendous. *A propos*, we are to have the three prima donnas in the *Huguenots*, the bills say, and it looks awfully queer. Talking of what is coming, that dearest of old ladies, Mrs. Judah, is to bid farewell to the stage a week come Wednesday, as the old way hath it. Good-bye to the stage! It must be hard to say. It must be hard to leave that life of glittering triumph and swift reward, to cast off a certain mantle of romance which always envelopes the player who is before the public, to be a simple self again, and nevermore a poet's phantasy. Hazlitt says of players: "They are the only honest hypocrites. Their life is a voluntary dream; a studied madness. The height of their ambition is to be *beside themselves*. To-day kings, to-morrow beggars, it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing. Made up of mimic laughter and tears, passing from the extremes of joy or woe at the prompter's call, they wear the livery of other men's fortunes; their very thoughts are not their own. They are, as it were, train-bearers in the pageant of life, and hold a glass up to humanity fairer than itself." It must be like the reaction after hashish or opium to come back to every-day commonplace life from such a condition as this, especially after having sipped the nectar draught of popularity, a draught which never grows stale, even to the old, whose tottering steps warn them to give good-bye. Perhaps nothing could so decisively separate the old era from the new as Mrs. Judah's farewell. She is identified with the old times. She has been a feature in all the brilliant engagements; she has been an integral part of the drama in early California. But the time has come to say farewell, and I think I will take occasion to say it just here, Madge, for really as nothing is going on that is at all worth talking about, there is consequently nothing to tell.

Yours, BEISSY B.

Sullivan, the composer of *Pinafore*, objects to the absence of his own original orchestral score in the performance of his opera. To quote Mr. Sullivan's own words as used in a private letter: "Orchestral coloring plays so large a part in my works that to deprive them of this is to take away half of the attractions. The pianoforte arrangement of the *Pinafore* does not in the least represent the orchestral accompaniment, and I am told in a letter from a friend in New York, who has heard the opera here very often, that the effect of the whole is quite different as performed in American theatres. This is a pity, because, for a very small sum, a manager might have had a copy of my score, and my work would then have been given to the public as I wrote it, instead of in a garbled form, for, however cleverly it may be scored by the local managers, it is not mine."

The piano-forte recitals announced by Mr. Boscovitz are in a state of temporary suspension, owing to the receipt by that gentleman of a telegram from Mr. Wilhelmj, announcing his arrival in this city about the middle of next month, and requesting his cooperation. We shall lose nothing by it, since two artists are better than one, and the presence of Mr. Boscovitz will enable Wilhelmj to give us a much better programme of chamber music than if he came alone, or with a mere accompanist.

Arthur Sullivan and W. S. Gilbert are assuredly coming to this country in the autumn to attend to the production in New York of their new comic opera. An entire company is to be formed in London for the representation of the piece. Mr. Gilbert will arrange all the details of the stage management. Mr. Sullivan will conduct the orchestra at the opening performance.

New York dramatists and proprietors are getting pretty thoroughly disgusted with San Francisco managers. For deliberate and disgraceful theft some of our theatrical text butchers are very hard to beat.

The female pedestrian champions of New York and Chicago—Fannie Edwards and Madame La Chapelle—start on their challenge walking match at Platt's Hall to-night.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

The repetitions of *Carmen* have only served to confirm the impression made on me by the first performance. The houses have been meagre: the public does not care for the music, and is evidently not disposed to pay \$3 a seat for the pretty decorations and costumes. The few good dramatic bits bear a re-hearing very well, and strengthen my conviction that Bizet had the stuff to have made a much better opera out of it, and would probably have done so, had he been a little less a musician of the modern French school. If this school is to be judged from *Carmen*, *Mignon*, *Hamlet*, and other of its recent successes, there is but little good to be hoped for from it.

The third performance of *Martha*, on Monday night, drew scarcely anything of a house, but was—at least on the stage—a very pleasant one. Everybody was in good voice and spirits. Miss Litta is at her best in this opera, and sings it beautifully. A better "Nancy" than Miss Cary could not be desired; the part fits her like a glove, and she wears it most becomingly. The same may be said of Mr. Lafontaine, as "Tristram;" he not only sings the music well, but also acts the part as well as I ever saw it done. Mr. Westberg, who can not act at all—he does not seem to have the remotest idea of it—sings his "Lionello" so charmingly that one is almost disposed to forgive his being such a stick. The sound of a pure, genuine tenor note is a matter of too rare occurrence in our season of Grand Italian Opera not to be welcomed with delight. And so I feel grateful to Mr. Strakosch for bringing the angular Dane to sing in only two operas, and wish we might have had some more of him. Mr. Gottschalk, who sang "Plunkett"—a bass part—was as stupidly inefficient as usual.

These late performances have at least had one excellent result: they have taught us to appreciate some of our resident artists who are permitted to share in the work, if not the glory, of the *Grand* season. Of Mr. Lafontaine I have had occasion to speak at various times. His "Tristram" in *Martha*, "King" in *Aida*, and "Gypsy" (I forget his other name) in *Mignon*, have been admirable personations. Miss Valerga, also, made quite a feature of her little part in *Carmen*, lending to the "card trio" of the third act just the necessary *timbre* of voice to make the number thoroughly effective. In the orchestra Mr. Solano has done double duty, as violinist and harpist, doing both well; and Mr. Walther, with his great tone and perfectly clear execution of the most difficult passages, had made it possible to shin through with only one double bass. *Grand Italian Opera* with one bass is funny enough, to be sure; but fortunately Walther has tone.

I wonder that it does not occur to Mr. Behrens that when he has but one bassoon in his orchestra, and uses original parts in which two of those instruments are called for, it would be better to let his single representative play the *second* part so as to have the bass, instead of a middle voice, to carry. In passages scored entirely for the reeds it is the second bassoon that usually carries the bass (if they are divided), and I venture to submit that in most cases the bass is of some little importance. In *Martha*, the other night, fully one-half the passages for the reed corps were left in the air without a semblance of support. The same thing had happened several times before, but in most operas it is not as noticeable as in this one, which leans largely upon the reeds.

It is not a wise ambition that prompts Miss Cary to desire to add "Leonora" in the *Favorita* to her already very extensive repertoire, nor did her essay of the rôle seem to awaken any great curiosity on the part of the public; she had the poorest house of the season. Miss Cary sings the part very well, as far as the mere singing of it is concerned. But it is a part for a mezzo-soprano, and Miss Cary's voice has no suggestion of the soprano quality in it; it is pure contralto even in the upper register; large, round and beautiful, it is at the same time heavy, unwieldy, and not really sympathetic. It is one of the finest voices in the world—in its proper place. But in attempting music written for a soprano, it is entirely and unmistakably out of place. This was sufficiently apparent in *Mignon*; it is still more so in *La Favorita*. Besides this, Miss Cary lacks many of the essentials for a successful dramatic rendering of "Leonora": she is neither graceful in her action nor of sympathetic appearance; her figure—fine in itself—is stiff and her features immobile. She has fine dresses—the first three entirely inappropriate—and acts with routine, but—I fancy she had better leave "Leonora" to the dramatic soprano.

Some of us who heard *Martha*, on Monday night, regret that the management had not read the criticism in the *Alla* of Tuesday morning and "strengthened the cast" by the substitution of Mr. Conly for Mr. Gottschalk, as that paper says was done. I thought the notice a little rough on Mr. Conly. I learn also, from the same paper, that Miss Cary's "portion of the score" of *Favorita* was transposed, and infer that that of those who sang with her (she has only one solo number) was left in the original key. I heard nothing of the transposition, myself; but then, firstly, I don't belong to the *Alla* staff, and, secondly, I was there.

By the by, I can not imagine a worse specimen of the worst style of Italian opera than this same *Favorita*. It is at once coarse, noisy, vapid, and inane; is badly written and vulgarly instrumented. The musical form of every number in it is of the crudest, and even the ensembles, in which Donizetti is usually happy, are weak and ineffective. The fact that it is an opera for a mezzo-soprano, the *Spirto Gentile*, and final duet, have kept it alive. But it is well worthy a place in that perdition that has already swallowed up forty-five or fifty others by the same composer.

The *avant courier* of the *Pinafore's* is announced for next Monday, at the Bush Street Theatre. A large chorus, good band, and effective principals ought to make a bright and attractive performance of it.

Miss Sherwin gets her *début* at last, and *Traviata* is to be given on next Tuesday. A new, fresh-voiced *prima donna* will be something to look forward to. S. E.

Bradley & Rulofson have got out some very fine photographs, cabinet size, of Madame Marie Roze in different costumes as "Carmen." They are hard-some souvenirs of the *prima donna*, and a beautiful specimen of the photographer's art. The firm mentioned make a specialty of theatrical and professional work, and their reputation for finish, excellence of execution, and style is as well known almost as the subjects themselves. For a photograph that will give satisfaction go to the gallery of Bradley & Rulofson.

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Tuesday, May 27—LA TRAVIATA. First appearance of Miss Amy Sherwin.

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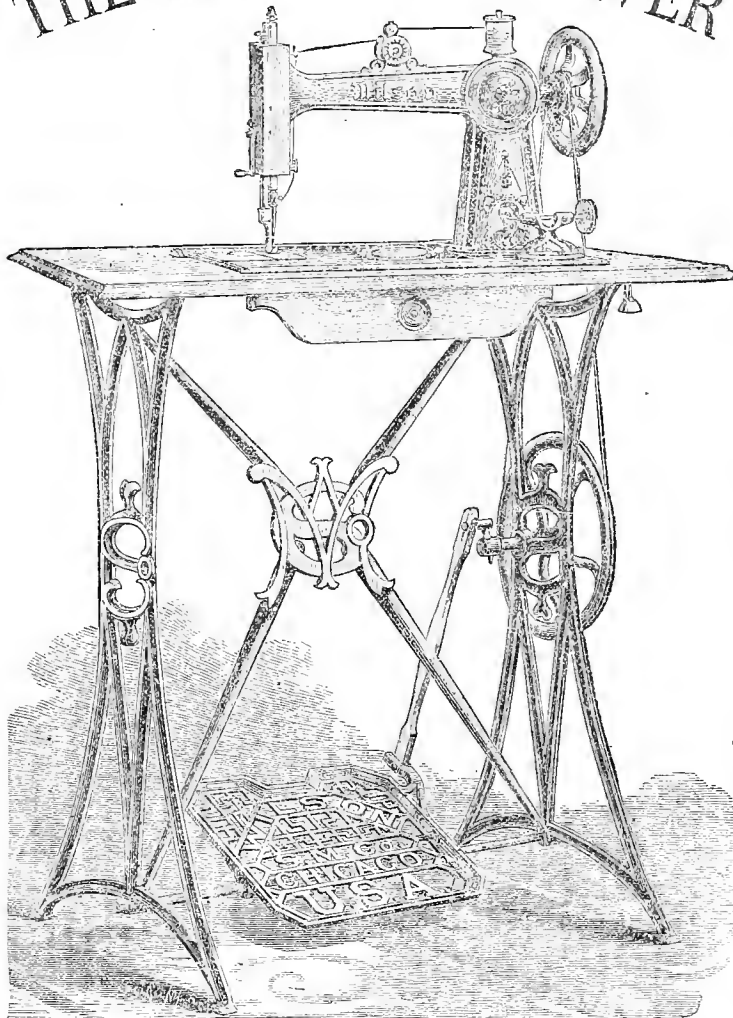
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and 313 Sansome Street.
J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.
JAS. T. STRATTON, Civil Engineer.

ORIENTAL BOUQUET
SOAP.
EXCELLED BY NONE.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY
AT BERKELEY.
Office, No. 204 Sacramento St.

THE ORIENTAL BOUQUET SOAP
is manufactured to compete with Colgate's Bouquet
Soap of New York. It claims to have no superior as a
toilet soap, equalling the best in quality, and offered to the
trade at a much less price. R. P. THOMAS.

ELOCUTION, ORATORY, AND
THE DRAMA.
MARY F. BRADLEY, 510 ELLIS
Street. Ladies and gentlemen fitted for the Plat-
form, Stage, or Teaching.

C. O. DEAN, D.D.S. F. M. HACKETT.
HACKETT & DEAN,
DENTISTS, Latham's Building, 126
Kearny Street, San Francisco.
Office hours from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL CO.
No. 310 SANSOME STREET,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

S. P. R. R.
NORTHERN DIVISION.
REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL-
road Company, is now prepared to issue Regular,
Special, and Excursion Tickets at GREATLY REDUCED
RATES to the following
Well Known Summer Resorts.
REGULAR UNLIMITED TICKETS.
To Pescadero\$3 50
To Gilroy Hot Springs..... 5 00
To Aptos 4 75
To Soquel and Santa Cruz..... 5 00
To Monterey 7 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs.....14 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs and Return.....25 00

SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS,
(Good if used within two days).
To Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.....\$4 25
To Monterey 4 75
SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.
To Pescadero and Return.....\$6 00
(Limited to September 30, 1879).
To Paraiso Springs and Return.....12 50
(Limited to October 31, 1879).
SPECIAL LIMITED EXCURSION TICKETS.
SOLD SATURDAYS ONLY.
(Good for Return until following Monday, inclusive).
To Aptos
To Soquel and Return.....\$6 50
To Santa Cruz
To Monterey and Return..... 6 50

PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE:
Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

MULLER'S
OPTOMETER!
The only reliable instrument for Testing
Defective Vision.
135 Montgomery Street,
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental
Hotel.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU.
—
PHARMACEUTICAL.
—
A SPECIFIC
REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES
.....OF THE.....
BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-
ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness
of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of
Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Does in every case.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED
By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
nent physicians all over the world in

- Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour
Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a
thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to
healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and
imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single
trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating
of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE,
OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients"
may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by
calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents.
All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!
See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,
Plaintiff, vs. **EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-**
GUIRE, Defendants.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in
the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by
said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three
thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note,
payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assess-
ments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount
found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises
conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds
applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that the
said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity, redemption and interest to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.
And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.
[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.
L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
[SEAL] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada
Block, Room 37, San Francisco, May 15, 1879.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named com-
pany, held on the 14th day of May, 1879, a dividend of one dollar per
share was declared, payable on TUESDAY, May 20th, 1879.
Transfer books closed until 21st inst.
W. W. TRAYLOR, Secretary.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of
BERTRAM T. TIBBITS, deceased.—Notice is
hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the es-
tate of said Bertram T. Tibbits, deceased, to the creditors
of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased,
to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four
months after the first publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of Puxley & Harrison, No. 430
California Street, the same being her place for the transac-
tion of the business of said estate in the City and County of
San Francisco.
Administratrix of the estate of Bertram T. Tibbits, de-
ceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 16, 1879.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the 25th day of June, 1879, will be de-
linquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors, held on the fourteenth day of May, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 6) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco,
California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eighteenth day of June, 1879, will be delinquent, and
advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment
is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth day of
July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with
cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the
Board of Directors, C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.



SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M. Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages, via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. On SATURDAYS only, commencing May 10th, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, passengers leave Santa Cruz about 4:30 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M. SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, commencing May 3d, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leaves Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving at San Francisco at 10 A. M.

3.30 P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive, as follows:

Baden.....	50	Fair Oaks.....	50
San Bruno.....	50	Menlo Park.....	60
Millbrae.....	65	Mayfield.....	75
Oak Grove.....	90	Mountain View.....	2 00
San Mateo.....	1 10	Lawrence.....	2 25
Belmont.....	1 25	Santa Clara.....	2 50
Redwood.....	1 40	San Jose.....	2 50

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

SECOND CLASS FARE

Between San Francisco and San Jose.....\$1.00

At a car with Sleeping Accommodations, constructed expressly for this travel, is attached to Freight Trains, leaving San Francisco at 4 A. M., and San Jose at 8:30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted).

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.
The Company have arranged with the Pacific Transfer Company, whereby baggage can be checked to destination at the various hotels, also at private residences. Orders may be left at No. 2 New Montgomery Street, or at the office of Transfer Company, No. 110 Sutter Street.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1879.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, and MARICOPA (156 miles east from Yuma).

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHTS, and all way stations.
Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1.75; Santa Clara, \$1.65; Congress Springs, \$2.75; Santa Cruz, \$4.25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3.25; Santa Clara, \$3.05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2.50; to Los Gatos and return, \$1.25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4.25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3.65; to Wright's and return, \$4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, \$6.50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1.
Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIF.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at San Jose at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Ione at 3.40 P. M.
[Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles.
[Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M.
[Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch.
[Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phoenix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (152 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stage for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
[Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento to with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson.
[Arrive San Francisco 12.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third class Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
Train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance to Milpitas connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To	To
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fernside.	Oakland.	East Oakland.	Niles.	Berkeley.	Delaware Street.	San Jose.	San Francisco.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	8.10	7.00	7.30	8.10	7.30	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	8.30	8.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	8.30	10.30	9.30	10.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	10.30	10.30	10.00	10.30	10.00
8.30	3.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	11.30	11.30	11.00	11.30	11.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	12.00	11.30	12.30	12.30	12.00	12.30	12.00
9.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	1.00	3.30	1.00	3.30	1.00
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	3.00	4.00	3.00	4.00	3.00
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	4.00	4.30	4.00	4.30	4.00
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	3.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	5.00	6.30	6.30	6.30	6.30	6.30
7.00	7.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00
8.10	8.10	7.00	7.00	7.00	8.10	8.10	8.10	8.10	8.10
9.20	9.20	8.10	8.10	8.10	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20
10.30	10.30	9.20	9.20	9.20	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30
11.45	11.45	10.30	10.30	10.30	11.45	11.45	11.45	11.45	11.45

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From	From
Oakland.	Alameda.	Fernside.	Oakland.	East Oakland.	Niles.	Berkeley.	Delaware Street.	San Jose.	San Francisco.
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8.10	12.30	7.00	7.00	8.10	7.00	7.30	8.10	7.30	8.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	7.30	10.00	8.30	8.00	8.30	8.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	8.30	10.30	9.30	10.00	9.30	10.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	10.00	9.30	10.30	10.30	10.00	10.30	10.00
8.30	3.00	11.00	11.00	10.30	11.30	11.30	11.00	11.30	11.00
9.00	3.30	12.00	12.00	11.30	12.30	12.30	12.00	12.30	12.00
9.30	4.00	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	1.00	3.30	1.00	3.30	1.00
10.00	4.30	1.30	1.30	1.30	3.00	4.00	3.00	4.00	3.00
10.30	5.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	4.00	4.30	4.00	4.30	4.00
11.00	5.30	3.00	3.00	3.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00
11.30	6.00	4.00	4.00	4.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	6.00
12.00	6.30	5.00	5.00	5.00	6.30	6.30	6.30	6.30	6.30
7.00	7.00	6.00	6.00	6.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00	7.00
8.10	8.10	7.00	7.00	7.00	8.10	8.10	8.10	8.10	8.10
9.20	9.20	8.10	8.10	8.10	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20	9.20
10.30	10.30	9.20	9.20	9.20	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30
11.45	11.45	10.30	10.30	10.30	11.45	11.45	11.45	11.45	11.45

Sundays excepted.

* Alameda passengers change cars at Oakland.

CREEK ROUTE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Daily—15.40—16.30—7.20—8.15—9.15—10.15—11.15 A. M. 12.15—1.15—2.15—3.15—4.15—5.15—6.15 P. M.

FROM OAKLAND—Daily—15.30—16.20—7.10—8.05—9.05—10.05—11.05 A. M. 12.05—1.05—2.05—3.05—4.05—5.05—6.05 P. M.

* Official Schedule Time furnished by Anderson & Randolph, Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery Street.

A. N. TOWNE, General Sup't. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED TO 25 cents.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, MARCH 30, 1879.

Between San Francisco and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry).
7.10 and 9.20 A. M.
1.45 and 4.45 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).
5.45 P. M.

Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry).
8.00 and 11.00 A. M.
3.20 and 5.20 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).
7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry).
8.15 and 10.15 A. M.
12.50 and 3.45 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).
8.00 A. M.

Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry).
8.50 and 11.30 A. M.
2.15 and 4.30 P. M.
(Via Sausalito Ferry).
5.35 P. M.

8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from Sausalito Ferry, for all points between Sausalito and Junction.

9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Sausalito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

8.00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. (via Sausalito) 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, \$2.00; Tomales, \$3.00; Duncan Mills, \$4.00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing on Sunday, April 6th, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco: (Ticket Office, Washington Street Wharf.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamer "James M. Donahue" (Washington Street Wharf), connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeview for Sonoma; at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs, at Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland Springs, Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay, and the Geysers.

†† Connections made at Fulton on the following morning for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods.
[Arrive at San Francisco 10.30 A. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA Donahue, for Cloverdale and way stations.

Fares for round trip: Donahue, \$1.00; Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50.

†† Connections made at Fulton for Laguna, Forestville, Korbels, Guerneville, the Russian River and Big Trees.

Fares for round trip: Fulton and Laguna, \$2.50; Forestville, Korbels, and Guerneville, \$3.75.
[Arrive at San Francisco 6.55 P. M.]

Freight received from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

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ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager. A. A. BEAN, Sup't.

JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

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May16 June17 April19
August15 September16 July15
November15 December16 October15

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH A. HOFMANN, R. F. PENNELL, J. F. BURGIN, and FRANK P. PRAY, for many years with Messrs. A. ROMAN & COMPANY, having formed engagements with A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY, would be pleased to see their friends, and the friends of the late firm of A. ROMAN & Co., at the store of A. L. BANCROFT & Co.

MR. F. B. WILDE, ASSIGNEE OF A. ROMAN & Co., has removed to the store of A. L. BANCROFT & Co., where payments due the late firm of A. Roman & Co. may be made, and all business connected with the settlement of the estate transacted.

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Fancy Vests, - - - 6
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WANTED.

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

UNDER THE
BALDWIN.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 31, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

OLD BIBLE-BACK.

A Man with Two Very Distinct Individualities.

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

Standing in the centre of a motley group of miners, teamsters, gamblers, store-keepers, and mountaineers, Old Bible-back delivered himself of the following extravagant oration:

"I'm the best man in forty counties an' don't ye furgit it. I'm jist out o' the Nevady Legislature an' I'm up to all the tricks o' the game, from a lobby combination to three-card monte—name yer game an' count me in. I'll bet any man in this yer town that I ken jump higher, hit harder, dive deeper, an' come up dryer'n the best sport you can perdooce inside o' twenty minutes. What'll ye hev? Name yer game, gentlemen—two to one that I'm the best collar'n elbow man in the crowd. Who wants the bet? Don't all speak at once."

He paused for a reply, and eyed his audience with an expression of such sincere confidence in his ability to win the bet that a broad-shouldered Cornishman, who had moved forward with the evident intention of obtaining further particulars, edged back to his former position, remarking as he did so:

"There's a stiff patterer, but ee don't b'lieve thee'll mek a bloody fool o' me afore ee finds out w'at thee's drivin' at."

And yet, as far as physical appearances were a criterion, the Cornishman need not have feared the result, for the man who had bantered for a collar and elbow fall was far from being a giant, either in height or muscle. In the first place he was old—his long, gray beard and the deep furrows that seamed his mahogany-colored face attested that fact. Then again, he was stoop-shouldered, and this was the most remarkable feature in his anatomical make up. His chest had once been broad in proportion to his rather short stature, but constant application to some occupation requiring a half leaning posture had contracted it while allowing the shoulders to retain their position. He wore a coarse flannel ulster, and his stooping attitude compelled it to drape the upper portion of his frame in such a manner that a deep crevice was revealed along his back from the base of his neck downward.

"Looks like a section o' flume topped 'ith warped boards," criticised one of the miners in an undertone to a comrade. The latter laughed at the comparison—a laugh that seemed to irritate Old Bible-back, for he swung his hands aloft and shouted:

"Ye'd laugh out o' the other side o' thet clam o' yours ef ye'd gi' me half a show to give ye a fall or two. Come on, some of ye, gi' me a chance to make expenses. I'm jest dyin' to gi' s'mebody a tussle. But mebbe collar'n elbow don't suit yer refined tastes. Mebbe ye go yer pile on fur jumps, mebbe yer in on hard hittin'—w'at is yer game? I'm game fur anything thet's got muscle an' grit in it. I'm blood, I am—blood from the word go an' I don't back water fur no man. W'at's the matter o' you roosters?—don't ye bet on nothin'?—ain't ther no thoroughbred in this yer camp? Bah! I'm blamed ef I ain't dead ashamed o' myself fur comin' yer. W'at d'ye s'pose I came to Idaho fur? Fur fun? Not much. They told me in White Pine thet all the bloods hed come up yer—workin' over to the Black Hills huntin' games, an' sich. I'll bet fifty dollars to a Piute cayuse thet White Pine lied. I'll take an even bet thet ther ain't a man in the crowd thet knows an ace high bluff from a full hand bet. I'll go a hundred to twenty thet ther ain't a man in Silver City thet ken prove up a thoroughbred record."

This last challenge produced a sensation in the assemblage and caused a tall man, clad in buckskin, to elbow his way to the front, with the remark:

"Hold on, stranger. I reckon yer hoistin' in yer rock a little too fast on the thoroughbred racket."

The old man eyed his adversary keenly for an instant, and then, with an aggravating sneer, replied:

"Thet's so; I'm bluffin'. It's more fun to bluff'n 'tis to strike pay gravel in new diggin's, but it don't hydraulic 'ithin ninety per cent. o' hev'in' anything in it. Thet's a clar gain o' clatter in the sluice-boxes though, an' mebbe that's a pint or two in the game."

"Look yer, stranger," answered the tall man, "thet's all chin, an' we don't know but you're givin' us a little game fur yer own amusement. P'raps yer jest w'at ye say ye are. P'raps yer fur on the jumps an' windy on the run. We don't

calk'late ye ain't, an' p'raps ther's jest ez good men in Silver City ez you are—p'raps ther ain't. But when it comes to denyin' thet we ain't blooded ye strike whar we live. When ye blow about sech games o' skill ez runnin', jumpin', divin' hittin', and them larks, p'raps we're liable to back a little; p'raps we don't come to the center fast enough to suit lightnin' calk'lators and forty-mile express trains; we ain't payin' much attention to jimnastics in these parts this season *much*; but when you talk science to us we're in ev'ry time. Ther mayn't be no billiard sharps in Idaho, an' I'll admit thet we don't know much about croquet or ten pins, but we're all h—I on keerds, stranger."

"Cassino, I s'pose—twenty-one mebbe; purty good at euchre likely, 'specially w'en the little joker's 'lowed in the game," sneered the old man.

"Not much, stranger; we don't play no ol' woman's games in this yer camp. We're scienced, we are."

"Name yer game, young feller; I'll bet it's—"

"Poker," interrupted the man in buckskin.

"Now yer talkin'," retorted Old Bible-back. "Whar'll we settle the bizness?"

"Come 'ith me; I'll show ye," and the tall man led the way to a neighboring saloon, followed by Old Bible-back and the entire crowd. It was "four-handed" when the game began, but during the fifty-eight hours that it lasted the number had varied, sometimes being reduced to two, and occasionally occupying the closest attention of six. The tall man in buckskin left the table and returned five times, each time leaving lighter than he returned. Over a hundred men sat down at that table during the progress of the game, but not one of them left it with enough to pay for the drinks. And through it all Old Bible-back sat, stolid and apparently unconcerned, shuffling, cutting, dealing, and "raking down" all the "fat pots."

On the morning following the conclusion of the game there was a vague suspicion afloat in Silver City that sundry and divers speculators, resident in that thriving metropolis, had been most completely "salted," to use the somewhat vigorous expression of certain heartless satirists, who had not been possessed of sufficient capital to take a hand in the disastrous diversion. And when it was ascertained that the stranger had disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared, the community unanimously agreed with the tall man clad in buckskin when he announced that they "might hev busted him on the runnin' an' jumpin' rackets, but when it came to a rattle in square science the ol' man was thar ev'ry time, you bet yer boots."

Six months after this little episode, on a crisp, bracing morning in December, in the snow-shrouded Main Street of Pioche, Nevada, a mining expert who had witnessed the Silver City affair, and whose nomadic occupation had rendered it necessary for him to report on certain bonded mines in this vicinity, observed the self-same old man haranguing a similar congregation on precisely the same subject that had formed the basis of his remarks in the Idaho village—namely, his ability to achieve greater results in any line of sport than could be accomplished by any other man in Nevada, and his entire willingness to back his propositions with coin laid on the most preposterous odds. And he was, by his method of argument, his apparent confidence in his ability to perform what he proposed, creating such a profound impression upon his hearers, that for a considerable length of time no one responded to his innumerable challenges.

"I'm turtle-necked and bow-backed," he was saying, "but ef any man in this yer outfit, tenderfoot or native, big or little, drunk or sober, thinks he ken lam me on any racket I've named, let him try it, an' thet's all. I ain't blowin' *my* horn to scare sage-hens an' jack-rabbits; I'm shoutin' fur coin, I am. I'm dead on it ev'ry time—I'm a thoroughbred from Omaha, an' don't ye furgit it neither."

The tone of banter assumed by Old Bible-back was too much for the equanimity of a small man with a thin face and a fur cap, and he interrupted the bold orator by inquiring:

"Say, ol' man, how are you with a navy six at twenty paces?"

"A navy six!" shouted the old man, "a navy six! Why, ol' son, thet's jest my gait—thet's my strong suit. Make it thirty-five paces an' I'll bet forty to fifteen I ken smash the bull's-eye five times out o' six an' make a true line shot with the other one."

"Coin talks," said the little man, stepping forward and shaking a couple of twenty-dollar gold pieces in his hand.

"Coin talks," answered Old Bible-back, drawing a handful of gold and silver from his pocket, and meeting his challenger half-way.

"Forty to fifteen?" inquired the little man.

"Thet's w'at I said," replied Bible-back, counting his money from one hand into the other. Then suddenly: "I left my six-shooter in Austin; s'pose I ken git one to suit in this yer town?"

"Why, of course, you ken," the other replied, "I don't s'pose yours is any dif'rent from mine, is it?" and the little man drew a ponderous weapon of superlatively murderous aspect, from his scabbard, and handed it to Old Bible-back. The latter examined it critically, and returned it with the remark:

"Taint worth h—I room."

"What's the matter with it?" indignantly cried the owner of the pistol.

"Taint a hair trigger."

"What's thet got to do with it?"

"You can't play no ten-pound triggers on me."

"How'll this un do?" asked one of the crowd, producing a revolver similar to the one owned by the little man.

Old Bible-back examined this one, as he had the other, and then returned it with a sorrowful expression on his wrinkled face.

"Wuss'n the other," he said.

The little man was evidently becoming very angry, for with an impatient gesture he exclaimed:

"Look here, my venerable ol' duffer, this ain't a ten-pound trigger, nor thet un ain't neither, an' —"

"Bet ye two to one that ther ain't a weapon like mine in the town," interrupted Old Bible-back.

"Two to one be blowed! I'll bet you don't —"

"Bet ye three to one ye can't find a weapon in town ez'll suit me," and Old Bible-back thrust his money into his pocket and grinned amiably upon his opponent.

"You be dashed," was the profane reply of the little man, "I don't b'lieve you've got sand enough to last ye over night. You're a bluffer, an' mighty snide or I miss my reckonin'."

"Bluffin' mos' always walks off 'ith the pot anyhow," answered the old man, with an exasperating wink of his dexter optic, and a quiet, contemptuous laugh.

"You can't prove it, anyhow," retorted the other.

"Jest you name yer little game, an' ef I don't, jest gi' me fifteen minutes to leave town an' I won't kick. Ef it's a bluff game yer after I'll give ye a chance *too* quick."

The preliminaries were soon settled and the game began. All that night the money clinked, and the cards fell with monotonous regularity. Noon of the following day came, and still the game went on with only short cessations for hastily prepared lunches. The necessary stimulants were absorbed in the intervals between the deals. The hands of the clock marked nine o'clock of the second night, and still the crowd of interested spectators ebbed and flowed, through the Pantheon Saloon, to and from the little "club room" in the rear. It was a hotly contested trial of skill and nerve, embodying as it did every known trick and short-card sleight familiar to professional gamblers, every phase of audacious deception native to the modern American science of draw poker. As in the Silver City game, the faces around the board were continually changing—only one player retaining his original seat. At forty-five minutes past twelve o'clock by Murray McGovern's stem-winder Old Bible-back "showed down" four queens and "raked down" the pot, beating Jack Curtis' "ace full on tens," and ending the game.

It never was known with any degree of certainty as to the exact amount carried off on the morning's stage by the man whom the speculators of Pioche had "picked up for a flat," for the simple reason that not one of the gamblers who had been bitten would acknowledge the full amount of his loss. Thus ended the mining expert's second experience with Old Bible-back. The third time that the expert saw this Machiavelian "bluffer" was in a printing office in Inyo County, California. He had occasion to report on a certain quartz mine at that place, and, becoming acquainted with the editor of the local hebdomadal, visited the office, and almost the first person he observed as he entered the establishment was Old Bible-back. There he leaned, from the summit of a tall stool, in front of a case full of type, "stick" in his hand, and was busily "setting" on a half-column leader.

of the Potato Rot"—being a concise statement of fact (compiled from the encyclopædia) in regard to a subject at that time of paramount interest to the intellectual grangers of Inyo County.

Having recovered from his first surprise at so unexpectedly discovering the last man on the face of the earth who, according to his preconceived estimate of the character of the man, should have been in that particular place at that time, the expert approached the printer and accosted him with:

"How do you do, sir?"

"Purty fairly. How's yerself?" The old man had not even glanced at the expert, but continued to space out his line as if nothing had happened to divert his thoughts from that particular minutiae of his occupation.

"Excuse me, sir," said the expert, "but I think I have seen you before."

Old Bible-back did not reply, but bent forward to catch the next line of his copy.

"I am sure I have met you before," the expert continued.

"Weren't you in Silver City about nine—or perhaps it was ten months—ago?"

"I've bin thar."

The type fell against the steel rule with the steady click, click, click, so familiar to the *habitués* of a newspaper office.

"And weren't you in Pioche about four months ago?" asked the expert.

"Don't recollect the date to a minute, stranger," answered the other, as he raised his rule and again bent forward to read his copy.

"You cleaned the boys out very neatly in both places—they're wondering who you were in both Silver City and Pioche to this day. It was as handsome a job as I ever saw put up."

The expert was smiling as if he thought he had perpetrated a most consummate piece of flattery upon the old man. His smile vanished, however, and a look of surprise took its place when Old Bible-back ceased his work, and, for the first time, raised his eyes from his case with the abrupt question:

"What job?"

"Why those games of draw you played—don't you remember? The boys picked you up for a tenderfoot, you know, and you bluffed them into the idea that you knew a full hand from a four flush."

"Don't know one card from another."

Old Bible-back had resumed his work, and, after deciphering an unusually illegible word in his manuscript, proceeded to place its component letters in his stick. The expert, thinking that the old man wished to "chaff" him, smiled, and resolved to indicate to him that such a course of action was altogether "too thin."

"What was the longest distance you ever ran, old man?" he inquired, with a quizzical wink.

"Ain't on the run," was the laconic response.

"What's your average jump?"

"Ain't on the jump."

"You've done some pretty good shooting in your time I should judge."

"Couldn't hit the side of a mountain."

"Well, you're a pretty hard hitter, ain't you?"

"Do I look ez ef I could hit anythin'? Might strike a man fur a dollar or two, but you wouldn't call that hittin' him hard, would ye?"

"How about collar and elbow?"

"Collar an' what?"

"Collar and elbow—wrestling?"

"Ef yer talkin' 'bout collarin' my landlord an' ras'lin' fur hash, mebbe I'm a little 'bove av'rage—not much, though."

"I suppose you're A 1 in your trade—printing—ain't you?"

"Can't earn my salt—A 1 printers don't work in these kind o' shebangs."

At this moment the editor entered, and the expert, half-amused and half-astonished at the somewhat peculiar character of the ancient typo, turned on his heel and sought further and more explicit information from the scribe.

"What! Old Bible-back! Have you been interviewing him?" and the editor laughed. "Well, you won't get much out of him. He don't pump worth a cent—the pensive clam is personified garrulity compared to him."

"But who is he?"

"All I know about Old Bible-back is what I learn from the tramp printers that sometimes wander in here. They say that he is a quiet, hardworking 'print,' talks little, attends to his own business strictly, and only gets 'tight' once in a great while. The most singular thing about the old man, however, is this: 'Whenever he does go on a spree he leaves the town where he has been working, and does not return until he is perfectly sober and ready to take his cases again.'"

"When he returns does he bring back much money?"

"I never heard that he ever did. When a man goes on a spree he generally wakes up broke, and I don't suppose that Old Bible-back is any exception to the rule."

During this conversation a light had dawned upon the mind of the expert. Old Bible-back had two distinct individualities—a sober, quiet, somewhat morose disposition, and a second nature stirred up by strong drink, characterized by cunning, methodical boasting, tending to beguile the strangers whom he invariably sought at such times into testing his wonderful aptitude for the intricacies of draw poker. But did he, while in his normal condition, really forget what had transpired during his periodical sprees, and what became of the profits accruing from the poker games he played while laboring under the hallucinations produced by ardent spirits? These were the questions that puzzled the expert.

OAKLAND, May, 1879.

When, a short time ago, the secret police commissioned a well-known writer to produce a series of anti-Nihilist articles, the loyal *littérateur* is said to have asked for the latest revolutionary pamphlets before setting to work. Imagine his dismay when the parcel that was to contain the subterranean literature, though sealed with the seal of the political police, brought him a letter from the Revolutionary Committee threatening death if he presumed to carry out the Government order.

A man who went to Leadville a while ago, and advertised to teach the guitar, was notified by the æsthetic residents that if he didn't leave pretty quick he would guitar and go. He left.

OUR OWN POETS.

Elora.

As subtle-tongued Lilith of old
Bound round her victim's heart one thread
From her fair head of tawny gold.
That all might know when he was dead
What passion slew him for her sake—
Thus, O Elora! may they take
My heart from out my breast some day,
And find the meshes of thy hair
Drawn round it in a yellow snare,
And its life strangled utterly.

As false Lilith in serpent guise
Betrayed the innocent, gentle Eve,
Who in a serpent may believe?
Thou, O coquette, hast serpent eyes
For luring wisely, and thy form
In sinuous beauty takes by storm
Unwilling hearts. I pray thee cease—
Is't not enough for thee that peace
Caa never dwell with me again,
Since thou hast filled my soul with pain?

The pale cold beauty of thy face
Beams down upon me as a star;
Oh, that thou wert as pure and far,
And I beheld thee in some place
Where idol-worship ruled the land!
Alas! thou wilt not understand
The anguish of a farewell breath—
But oh! had evil been less fair,
Or mortal moved thee by despair,
I could have loved thee till my death.

NORTH COLUMBIA, May, 1879. MAY N. HAWLEY.

Science vs. Fact.—A Metaphysical Dilemma.

A learned professor, once making a speech
To a bevy of youngsters, attempted to teach
This nice point of mystical lore:
How a thing can be mended and mended again,
Until of its primitive parts none remain,
And still be the same thing as before.

Then one of his hopeful disciples arose
And said: "By your leave, sir, I wish to propose
A question: for once in my life
I bought me a jackknife; it had but one blade;
The blade was soon lost, but another was made;
Pray tell, was it still the same knife?"

The professor declared his assent, and the youth,
With the air of an amateur-seeker of truth—
And now holding a knife up to view—
Resumed: "Next the handle was lost, but ere long
I had it replaced by another as strong;
Pray, is this the old knife or a new?"

"It is still the same weapon; the truth is quite clear,"
Quoth the doctor; but young Academicus here
Another like weapon disclosed.
"It is made of the old blade and handle," quoth he.
"Pray tell us, professor, what kofie *this* may be."
It is plain the professor was posed!

MARYSVILLE, May, 1879.

O. G.

The Execution.

A maiden, with a frenzied eye
And wild and incoherent tone,
Stood in the market place on high
Of some old city on the Rhone,
Appealing to the passers-by
To save her lover, doomed to die.

Her piercing cry such terror had
That many crossed themselves from fear,
While others said that she was mad,
And some few stopped her tale to hear;
But many with the crowd went by,
For he was being led to die.

She'd followed the procession while
It wended to the market place;
With bleeding heart she saw the pile
Where he must die before her face;
Then springing on a platform she
Poured forth her burning oratory.

"Pray, hear me, friends. Oh, pass not by!
Stay, stay, and listen, one and all!
I know you would not let him die
If you but only knew the whole.
He's done no wrong against the laws;
They're killing him without a cause."

"He is not guilty of that crime;
The traitor is another man.
I'd prove it if I had but time;
Oh, save him for me while you can!
O save him, save him, noble friends!
Rush up and snatch him from those fiends."

"He must not die. It can not be
While you are here to hear my tale;
For you can save him yet for me,
And you will never let them kill
A guiltless man before your eyes—
And it will kill me if he dies."

"Poor girl!" some kindly burgher said.
And then they parted and went by.
A shriek so terrible and dread
Broke from her in her agony,
So awful in its wild despair
That the kind burgher shed a tear.

They left her standing there alone.
She thought, if they would hear her tale,
That rather than his blood should run
An insurrection would prevail.
She saw no folly in the deed;
She only thought he must not bleed.

Poor loving girl! She tore her hair;
She raised that sobbing broken cry
Again in all its cold despair
In all its speechless agony.
She gazed down toward that awful pile,
And saw her lover die the while.

Spellbound she gazes on the scene,
Her fingers o'er her bosom lock;
Half breathless, see her forward lean—
She sees his head roll from the block!
She hears the shouts, the noisy tread;
She can not think that he is dead.

"I'm dreaming now. This can not be.
O God! wouldst Thou let this be done?
See, see! Oh, horror! Yes, 'tis he!
They hold his head up to the sun.
O God! in mercy heed my groan—
Now let me go where he has gone."

SANTA ROSA, May, 1879.

S. J. S.

THE GREAT ELECTRIC DIAPHRAGM.

How the Baron O. made his Discovery.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

According to the promise given in our last visit C. and I repaired to the Baron's house on Clay Street about noon on Sunday, and were received with the greatest cordiality. After some conversation a lady entered the room, and was introduced to us by the Baron as his wife. She was very young, looking scarcely more than seventeen, and certainly to my eyes very beautiful. Her hair, of a delicate dark brown, was arranged simply in a knot at the back tied with blue ribbon—a veritable instance of that *simplex munditiis* so uncommon to the fashions of an advanced civilization, but which yet drew encomiums from the pen of a graceful sybarite like Horace. The faint blush of morning seemed to suffuse her cheek with a brilliant warmth which harmonized well with her pale olive complexion and dark, velvety eyes. Her nose, slightly *rebrousse*, lent a charm to her rounded face and faultlessly proportioned head, which, in its turn, surmounted with perfect poise a figure lithe and girlish in its delicate outline, but rich in the promise of a mature and voluptuous womanhood. Truly a glorious woman, such as you seldom see, full of that languid fire of sensibility which always pervades those in whose veins runs the ichor of the Sunny South. Well might the Baron cast admiring glances upon her as he drew her to his side, and planted a most unconventional and old-fashioned kiss upon her cheek. And I must not omit to say that he was by no means unworthy of such a bride. Not at all like the ordinary German baron of romance and reality, who can be usually predicated fat, gross, heavy, stolid, pompous, and arrogant, this particular Baron was tall, well-made and elastic, though slim—his *physique* denoting vigor, promptness, and energy of character. His close-cut beard and full moustache of brown *dorée* hue set off to advantage a well-poised head, whose massy features indicated strength of character and pertinacity of purpose; while the square proportions of the forehead betokened that intelligence and talent of which his previous conversation had rendered apparent he was the possessor. A man in the full vigor of life, and one who had evidently taken care of the splendid constitution he had inherited, he was of that class on whom the progress of years takes little or no effect; and who, having reached the maturity of manhood, retain their faculties of body and mind unimpaired for a long period, and seem to grow not older, but more matured, as life goes on.

Putting his arm around his wife's waist, he half-pulled, half-carried, her into the dining-room, whither we followed him, there to sit down to a plain but exquisitely cooked dinner, flanked with long, tapering flasks of Johannisberg, which the Baron, who was a *connaisseur* in matters pertaining to the table, and, what is even rarer, a person of excellent sense in their *ménage*, told us he had brought with him and could recommend.

When the noble vintage of the Rhine had gladdened our hearts, the Baron, speaking to his wife across the table, said:

"Love, these gentlemen have come to hear the story of how I became aware of the existence of the Electric Diaphragm; but as our connection was mainly due to the same cause, you must pardon me if I refer to it during my narrative, and also call on you to help me."

The Baroness blushed and smiled, looking more lovely than ever, but the reserve and modesty which were primary characteristics of her nature if anything increased.

Last summer [began the Baron] I was traveling in the Tyrol; in fact, spending some months there *en garçon*. I need not explain to veteran Bohemians like yourselves what that means. The Tyrol, if anything, is more Bohemian than Bohemia itself. Suffice it to say that I was enjoying a free, untrammelled, unconventional existence, sometimes living in little towns, sometimes at country *auberges*, sometimes at shepherds' cabins within sound of nothing but waterfalls and *rang-de-vaches*, sometimes still deeper in the northern solitudes with nothing but a knapsack, an alpenstock, and a guide—always, however, intent upon gleanings of information in meteorology, for this has been my particular *forte* ever since I left college. My knapsack on such expeditions contained besides the usual traveling necessities an aneroid barometer, a thermometer, a sextant, chronometer, and compass, so that I was prepared to make any calculations regarding altitudes, latitudes, or meridian distances which might be of assistance in my researches—and last, but not least, a telephone. My possession of a telephone, no doubt, strikes you as strange, and excites your curiosity; and it does certainly seem a needless and incongruous article in a tourist's or meteorologist's outfit. It was in reality far otherwise. I was then, indeed, experimenting on the analysis of sound vibrations in high altitudes, and no place could offer me such advantages for prosecuting this study as the awful solitudes of the Tyrolean Alps. I had already arrived at marvelous and unlooked-for results, but had as yet not the faintest conception of the true nature of the discovery it was my good fortune to make. My first practice had been with two telephones. I would separate from my guide to a distance of several hundred yards, or even a mile away, and by leaving him instructions, and giving him signs as to the modulation of his voice, had discovered that the sound current in its passage through the diaphragms (entering at one orifice and issuing from another, for my telephone was already duplex) became greatly amplified and intensified, the diaphragms seeming to perform the same office to the sound-wave as lenses do to light-rays in the telescope.

I continued my experiments with double diaphragms adjustable by screws, and little by little was approaching the completion of the instrument you saw the other day. The principle which I was striving to elucidate merely related to the transmission of sound, without the shadow of an idea that this could be accomplished through a natural aerial medium performing the same function as a terrestrial wire. I found that by the use of one duplex telephone with adjusted diaphragms and magnets I could distinctly understand what my guide said at the distance of a mile when his voice was modulated to a certain key, but that all other sounds were either lost or indistinguishable. I was lost in conjecture, and puzzled to account for all these phenomena, when a happy accident revealed the whole matter to me;

and another matter, too, Aurora, is it not so? [interluded the Baron, coming round to the head of the table, setting his chair close to that of his wife, and putting his arm round her waist, at the same time bestowing on her lips a sounding smack that must have been quite audible in Berlin through the medium of the telephone in the next room if only Franz were listening.] Aurora is not her name, gentlemen, but she came to me at dawn, and like the dawn, and at the dawning of my discovery, so I always call her so.

Toward the end of August last I left the little hamlet of Schneewalden, which lies nestled on the northern bosom of the Julian Alps, on the bank of a small tributary of the Adige, or Etsch as it is often called, with the intention of climbing the snow-clad peak of La Marmolata which towers above the valleys of the Tyrol on the one side and the plains of Lombardy on the other to a height of nearly twelve thousand feet. My trusty and veteran guide, Paul, was my companion, with whom I had already climbed many mountains, explored many valleys, and made many experiments. Paul was an apt disciple in the abstruse science of meteorology, and what he lacked in sounding nomenclatures and minute distinctions he more than made up for by his solid sense, unerring judgment, and sagacious Alpine lore. Forty years of age, weather-beaten as a sailor, tough as one of his compatriot pines, with eye like the Illyrian eagle, a sure clutch on an alpenstock, a wary foot, a nostril that could detect an avalanche or sniff a thunder-storm with the same critical acumen as that displayed by Juvenal's Roman epicure, whose palate was so nice that he could discriminate at the first bite whether an oyster hailed from the bottoms of Baia or the beds of Richborough—Paul was the paragon, the Phoenix, the *ne plus ultra* of guides.

It was half-past three in the morning when we left Schneewalden mounted on mules of unyielding pertinacity, encouraged by the paternal benediction of the worthy landlord of the Wirthshaus, and followed by the admiring eyes of a group of Tyrolese peasants who were clustered around the old Roman gateway—for Schneewalden, despite its present obscurity, had afforded a vantage ground to some keen Prætor whose will still lay stamped and imbedded in that solid masonry which had survived the disruption of his bones by well nigh two thousand years.

For the first few hours our journey was uneventful, though picturesque; and we went singing up the defiles, accompanied by the liquid music of the limpid, silvery rivulets which ran at our feet. By noon we had penetrated well into the belt of the pine and cedar, and, though the sun stinted none of his warmth, the air had a crisp, fresh buoyancy which gave zest to our mid-day meal, which was *recherché* and appetizing, for our landlord, under the able tutelage of Paul, had put up two well-stocked panniers of provisions, as we had calculated on, at any rate, a two days' trip, and wished to provide against emergencies. After dinner we jogged steadily on, purposing to spend the night in a deserted cabin near the snow limit known to Paul.

"We shall get there," said he, "by five o'clock. The sun does not set till seven, so you will have time to make your calculations at your leisure. Here we shall leave the mules in the morning, and must make the rest of the ascent on foot, reaching the summit, if we have any luck, by noon."

We arrived at the cabin, gave the mules their rations of oil-cake, made a fire from the logs which the proverbial mountain generosity had provided for the chance wayfarer, and, while Paul was preparing supper, I unpacked my instruments and proceeded to take observations. The barometer indicated a height of nine thousand five hundred feet. The sky was clear, the horizon sharply defined, the temperature 34° F., with a brisk breeze from the east.

I took out my telephone, unpacking it more from habit than with any intention of using it, and sitting down on a boulder began to turn the screws which adjust the diaphragm in a listless, mechanical way. Suddenly I caught the sounds of a conversation. I listened. It was evidently an altercation or dispute, by the high and violent tones employed, but I could not understand the language. It was certainly not European either in sound or manner. I was utterly at a loss to comprehend this phenomenon, for I had as yet no inkling of the truth, and listened eagerly for further developments. Presently I began again to turn the screw, and this time a distinct succession of rattling sounds like the discharge of musketry issued from the orifice. Continuing to listen, I finally resolved the sounds into peals of very distant thunder, there being a genuine difference both in nature and in volume which I could readily detect. The claps continued, and I called Paul's attention to the fact.

"Paul," said I, "my telephone is treating me to a thunderstorm for a change. Can you see or tell anything about it?"

Paul came out of the cabin, scanned every point of the horizon, and finally fixed his gaze eastward.

"You grayish clouds," he said at length, "look like storm, but they must be at least a hundred miles off in the Somering Berg of Styria. We cannot hear thunder that distance. Your telephone must be the devil," and he crossed himself devoutly.

We were then actually camped within the limits of the great electric diaphragm, which is pierced only by mountains of high altitude.

I had not yet however grasped this fact, though indeed on the threshold of the revelation.

We went in and had supper. The night became colder, the wind more gusty, and so we put plenty of logs on the fire, and turned into our blankets, Paul shutting the door, after giving a final look eastward.

"There will be a wild night," said he. "We shall have a storm in less than two hours. God help those who are abroad!" and he crossed himself before finally rolling in.

I had packed my instruments as was my custom in my knapsack, and putting it beneath my head as a pillow, was soon in dreamland. Not long, however. I should suppose it was about two hours, after that the wind awoke both of us. The thunder was roaring about the mountain peaks, the lightning glowing in forks and orbs of fire on every side. I was restless and could not sleep, and felt somewhat amazed at the prospect of being detained for a day at the cabin, which was a likely casualty, if the storm did not abate, when in a lull of the wind and thunder I heard a voice. It was that of a woman, clear and silvery, yet inexpressibly pathetic.

"Ah Dio! padre mio povero!" (O God! my poor father)

were the words, in liquid Italian, that seemingly floated out of nothing—apparently close at hand, yet at the same time vaguely far; a strange combination of contiguity and distance, both weird and bewildering.

I rushed to the door, followed by Paul—surprised at my strange demeanor and ignorant of the cause—and shouted lustily across the night. Anyone in the neighborhood of the cabin would certainly have heard that shout and answered it; but there was no answer but the wail of the wind and the sullen roar of the thunder. There was evidently nobody outside—the voice I had heard had not proceeded from this quarter; and then the thought flashed through me like lightning—the telephone. I sprang to the knapsack, and, tearing out the instrument, applied my ear fearfully to the orifice. I heard a sound of weeping, and then a voice, as before, in Italian:

"Courage, dear father; the storm may soon be over. Giacomo will surely bring assistance."

"Corpo di Bacco!" responded a gruff voice; "was ever such luck? Carriage broken, horses gone, no wine, no rugs! We shall freeze to death before morning. The road is snowed up; Giacomo will never find it."

"Trust in God, dear father," fell sweetly, as from the lips of an angel.

"Ostia dia!" was the laconic rejoinder of the masculine voice.

[Here the Baron again interluded with a sounding smack upon the lips of his partner, who had by this time been drawn into very close proximity to her lord and was blushing like Aurora in the embraces of Tithonus.]

I had heard enough to convince me [he continued] that some travelers were lost in the snow-storm, and it needed no second thought for me to resolve instantly to go to their assistance, the more so as the lady's voice had sounded sweeter than anything I had ever heard before in my life.

It was the work of only a few minutes to saddle our mules—not forgetting the panniers with the provisions and wine, for the lost ones, wherever they were, were evidently hungry and cold; and, telephone in hand, I started forth, accompanied by Paul.

"Where do you think they can be?" I asked of Paul.

"The storm came from the east; they are most probably there," replied Paul.

"What is the nearest road—for their carriage has broken down and they must be on some road?" I inquired.

"The Ampezzo Pass," responded Paul. "We can strike the nearest point at about eight miles from here, midway between Cortina d'Ampezzo and Cadore; but we shall have a terribly rough time of it."

"It must be done, Paul, were it rougher than the ascent from Tartarus," said I, for I had become immensely interested in the success of our enterprise.

The mules bore us bravely across the abrupt, jagged, snow-bound country, and hour after hour passed away in crossing ravines, traversing glaciers, rounding chasms, and picking our way over breakneck ridges and precipitous banks.

During all this time I held the telephone in my hand, and in spite of the seriousness of the situation, and my inexplicable sympathy for the persons I knew to be in trouble—in spite of those vague thoughts which were beginning to take possession of my brain, and instilling into me, like the after-memories of a half-forgotten dream, possibilities in acoustics whose wildest imaginations were destined to be more than realized—in spite of all this, I say, and that I stood on the brink of a discovery which might well fill me with feelings of awe and gravity, the drollery and ridiculous nature of the situation were too much for me, and I actually laughed—not an ordinary, self-contained laugh, but peals of laughter which contrasted strangely with the storm, the darkness, and the solitary scene. Paul said nothing, but looked surprised. Well as he knew me, he had not yet to my knowledge witnessed such contradictory traits in my character exhibited at once.

Picture to yourselves the spectacle of two men mounted on mules crossing Alpine glaciers through a midnight storm, and one of them holding a telephone ever and anon to his ear, and would you not in the character of spectators admit the irresistible incongruity and irony of the situation? There being no spectators but Paul and myself, who were likewise the actors in this drama, we had a double rôle to enact which each of us did in his own manner.

The telephone still continued from time to time to utter forth the plaintively modulated accents of the lady and the querulous rejoinders of her companion, but though we had now been journeying for five hours in an easterly direction, the tones seemed to originate from a source as far distant as they did at the outset. My past experience had never presented me with a phenomenon like this, for the best experiment I had as yet been able to make with Paul was at a distance but little more than a mile, for the reason, as I afterward discovered, that I had never yet chanced to practice them at altitudes sufficiently great to penetrate the magnetic belt. Now these voices evidently originated from a point many miles distant from our first starting-place at the cabin, and could not be explained as heretofore on any of the recognized theories of acoustics. The phenomenon could only be explained, as I even then apprehended, on the basis of an electric medium or conductor similar to the ordinary telegraphic wire, between these voices and myself. It also seemed to presuppose the existence of another telephone at the end of this line of communication whatever it might be. Here, however, in these Alpine solitudes there could be no artificial communication—there must be a natural one. I will not now detail the ratiocinative steps by which I was led to the general deductions which I have since reduced to a concrete and practical form—for they were not fully established for several months afterward; indeed, I was engaged in a more pleasant occupation than even meteorology, and Urania yielded gracefully to Venus. [Here followed the usual duet, or interlude, with the Baroness.]

But I am anticipating [he resumed]. During the next two hours the sky cleared, the wind subsided, the air became more keen and biting, the waning moon rose faintly in the east, and, as the first gray of dawn hung like an indistinct pall upon the horizon, we came upon a line of ground from which the trees had evidently been cleared, though there was nothing to indicate the existence of a road other than this. All was covered under at least two feet of pure, virgin snow.

"This is the Ampezzo Pass," said Paul.

"Are they up or down?" inquired I, anxiously, for my tel-

ephone had been dumb for more than an hour. We had, indeed, left the inferior limit of the diaphragm, though I was not then aware of it. Paul jumped off his mule, and clearing away the snow from the track, searched carefully and examined critically the ruts of the road.

"A wagon or carriage has passed here lately toward the south," he said at last.

"Then, if it belongs to those we are in search of, they must be higher up the pass," said I; "let us push on."

We had now little difficulty in pursuing our journey, since the track, though snow-covered, could be readily kept by simply following the lines of trees or rocks which bounded it on either side. Besides, the faint light was rendering objects clearer every minute. Another half hour passed in climbing the mountain, and, just as the first rays of the sun, glancing up a defile that ran down to the Illyrian valleys on the east, was making diamonds of the snow flakes at our feet, I beheld approaching a vision which seemed the veritable incarnation or impersonation of Aurora, the goddess of the dawn. [Here followed the interlude and duet as before]. Yes, gentlemen, it was indeed Aurora, my Aurora—this Aurora whom you see now before you, who had left the carriage, which we could see a furlong up the pass, and was trudging through the snow in hopes of meeting or procuring assistance.

I need hardly say that she was presently seated upon my mule, which I guided carefully to where the dismantled carriage lay. Chattering and shivering within the carriage reposed an old gentleman—the father of Aurora—too depressed both physically and mentally even to swear (a very bad sign!), until resuscitated by the genial influence of wine and the external friction of our rugs. He was a Venetian merchant, who had been seeking summer recreation and health at some of the spas of Germany, and who, being both wealthy and a *bon vivant*, preferred to travel in his own conveyance accompanied by his only daughter. Their carriage had broken down at this point. Their courier was ahead, and the coachman had gone after him to procure assistance. They had spent a most miserable night, narrowly escaping freezing to death by using the linings of the carriage, cut up by penknives, for wraps. Our appearance was most welcome, and the method of introduction added romance to its pleasure. The coachman returned soon after with fresh horses and a wheelwright, and the carriage was presently again on its way to Cadore. Need I say that I accompanied it thither as a sort of body guard against further casualties; and that, arrived thither, I found I had pressing business in Venice. Need I say that La Marmolata was forgotten—that my pressing business took the form of a nuptial ceremony, that Aurora and myself when we passed out through the portals of San Marco were as one. And my explanation of the transmission of the voices without the agency of a primary telephone to impart them to the diaphragm? I have never been able thoroughly to solve this question. I incline to think that the vibrations were communicated through the medium of the glass windows of the carriage, which were tightly closed, acting in the capacity of a diaphragm. Further experiment may prove either the truth or falsity of this position. It is, however, sufficient for me to be aware of the facts that the voices came as I have stated them, that they were the means of providentially saving, perhaps, a human life, and that they were certainly the means of introducing me to, and crowning my life with, a blooming and beautiful bride.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1879.

The Canada Pomponé.

In Marin County, winding among the hills that lie between the Nicasio Valley and Novato, is a long, narrow glen, still known as the Canada Pomponé. It is crossed and re-crossed with farmers' fences now, and the abundant timber that once covered the base of the hills closing the cañada has generally disappeared. The ravines, stripped of the redwood, laurel, and madroña that once sheltered living springs of cool water, no longer supply a stream to the laguna—the laguna is dry, and willows and tules have entirely disappeared. There is nothing romantic about the Cañada Pomponé now—it is simply good dairy land. But twenty years ago, salmon and trout used to go away up to the head of the valley, the little lagoon was full of waterfowl, deer were plentiful, there was a tradition of elk, and grizzlies were an unpleasant fact. The Cañada Pomponé had a history long before the Bear Flag was raised in Sonoma or the battle of Olon Vali was fought. It was once the lurking place of an outlawed Indian named Pomponé, who gave the padres and the Californians of early days a great deal of trouble. Before the secularization of the missions Indians were very numerous in Marin. Pomponé tried to incite the rancheros to rebellion, and he robbed and murdered settlers till he became a terror in the vicinity of the mission of San Rafael. He was finally dislodged by the united efforts of the rancheros of Marin, and subsequently captured south of Yerba Buena. The authorities burned him alive at the pueblo of Monterey. The old bridge trail from Nicasio to Olon Vali runs through the cañada. Often, in riding with old settlers and vaqueros, the exploits of Pomponé were the topic of conversation as we passed his old stamping ground, for the Nicasio Indians believed then that the spirit of the outlaw still tenanted the valley, and they threw beads, fragments of cloth, or some other trifles, to conciliate him whenever they came to a certain rock in the cañada. Returning from a rodeo with some young Californians and an Indian boy, I remember that the little Indian turned his horse away from the trail for a moment to cast his silent offering to the manes of Pomponé. We rallied him for his superstition when he returned, and assured him that Pomponé was a *desgraciado*, and deserved his fate. The little fellow straightened up and looked as vindictive as a young wildcat. "Yes," he said; "they did right to burn him, eh? Well, he was my grandfather—*y muy hombre*." We let the young savage alone the rest of the ride. And a remembrance of the incident would never have occurred to me, but for the arrest lately, by the Sheriff of Marin County, of this same grandson of old Pomponé as the probable author of the Reiger tragedy.

ANGLE.

Lord Derby was recently asked whether M. Waddington, the Prime Minister of France, was an Englishman or a Frenchman, he said, "and the Prime Minister of England is a Britishman."

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

This secret conspiracy has, as supposed, twenty thousand members. It has several papers: The *Alarm Bell*, published in London, the *Onward*, published in Geneva, the *Country and Liberty*, published in St. Petersburg.

Says the *Onward*: "Republican ideas are dreams. Garibaldi is a century behind. The Parisian Commune did not go far enough. The burning of Paris in 1871 was a streak of light into the future, but they had not the courage to finish the work; half measures will not do; our school will not take such; it will wage a merciless war against society, a war of plundering, burning, and murdering."

Says the *Alarm Bell*: "We must destroy the middle class and bury the old world under its ruins; family institutions must be annihilated, the right of property abrogated, religion put away, yea, liberty considered a hollow question."

Says the *National Execution*: "When the hour is come, the Socialists will arise, arms in hand, and make execution of all hangmen, merchants, and property-holders; they will spread terror among all who differ in opinion; they will destroy all—persons and things alike—whatsoever may be in their way. Who is not for us is against us, and must fall under the bullets of our revolvers."

Says the *Country and Liberty*: "We judge of life and death, we warn and threaten, we publish the names of those who are condemned, we give faithful accounts of every murder."

These papers are spread among the army and working-men, in hotels and barracks, no one knows by whom. A man showed the police a secret press; three days after he lay killed in the street, with a paper pinned on his breast: "Executed by order of the revolutionary committee. Death to traitors."

The *Standard*, a very reliable daily paper of Amsterdam, gives the following extract from the *Catechism of the Nihilists*:

"Chap I.—On the duties of men toward themselves.

"§ 1. The revolutionist is a devoted being. He has no personal interests, affairs, sentiments, or inclinations, no property, no name. All is absorbed in him by one thought, one passion—the Revolution."

"§ 2. In his inmost, not only in words but in deed, he has broken with civil order and the whole civilized world, with universally recognized laws, morals, and customs. He is an implacable adversary, and where he assimilates to them, it is to destroy them the more.

"§ 3. A revolutionist despises all doctrine, and relinquishes all science of these times, leaving it to coming generations. He knows but one science: destruction. For this, and for this alone, he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and perhaps medicine. For this he studies night and day the living science—men, characters, relations, and conditions of the actual social order. The aim is one: the most rapid, most sure destruction of the abominable world's organization.

"§ 4. He despises public opinion, and hates the actual moral doctrine, where it is outspoken. To him all is moral that favors the victory of revolution; all is immoral and criminal that opposes it.

"§ 5. The revolutionist belongs no more to himself; he spares neither the State nor the civilized world, and may not ask to be spared himself. Between him and society there is war to death—open war or secret, everlasting and mortal. He must accustom himself to bear all tortures.

"§ 6. Severe to himself, he must be so to others. All feeling of affection, the effeminate sentiments of blood relation, love, gratitude, he must oppress with a cool passion for the revolutionary work. Night and day he must have but one thought, one aim: the destruction of society. Whilst following this aim coolly and incessantly, he must be ready to die, and to kill any one who hinders him in attaining the aim.

"§ 7. The spirit of the true revolutionist excludes all romance, all sentiment, all enthusiasm, all excitement, even all personal hatred and vengeance. The revolutionary passion, becoming a daily habit, must be joined to cool deliberation. Always and everywhere he must not follow his personal lusts, but only that which the interest of the Revolution prescribes."

In the possession of the Russian officer, Doubrovine, recently hung in St. Petersburg for attempted assassination, were found in addition to a revolver and dagger, and life-preserver, a bowie knife (engraved on one side "Act," and on the other "Defend yourself"), and a small quantity of cartridges. Besides these, and establishing his connection with the secret revolutionary societies, there was found, a document in his own handwriting, headed: "Notes for Russian Officer-Terrorists, 1878," and dated December 6, 1878. The *Official Gazette* states that this document contains a whole code of instructions for the use of arms, poisons, forging passports and stamps, for making combustibles, and other means (as stated in one of the notes) for effecting public demonstrations, armed resistance to the police authorities, and, in short, all other measures to which the revolutionary parties resort to carry out their programme. The following is the conclusion of these notes: "You know, gentlemen, that a large number of revolutionary enterprises of the greatest importance have irreparably failed through ignorance, unpardonable imprudence, thoughtlessness, and other circumstances of the same kind. You know that Hippolyte Myschkine, when he went in the uniform of a gendarme officer, with the view of liberating Tchernyevsky, put his cordons (aiguillettes) on the left shoulder, instead of fastening them on the right shoulder, and this circumstance was sufficient to excite suspicion on the part of the Commissary of Police of Vilomsk. The results of this mistake were very deplorable, and above all irremediable. Jean Kovalsky (who was shot near Odessa on August 2, 1878) carried about with him for many years a revolver on the system of Adams-Dean, without knowing it was a wretched system, and, as a matter of course, this revolver missed fire, and the blackguard Debredélew (second captain) remained alive. Vera Sassoulitch also did wrong in choosing a Bourdelogne revolver of moderate calibre. Mme. Fedorov fired also with a revolver of the same system, and that is the reason why she * * *. If our dear comrades—the Socialists—must die, let them die making the largest gaps in the ranks of our inhuman, savage, and brutal enemy."

Religion is like a corset. It sustains, but squeezes.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

There is life in the operatic camp. Three new operas, including a *début*, have fallen within the past week, another contra-bass has been specially engaged to add *clat* to the last nights, and Carl Formes seduced from his retirement that *Don Giovanni* might be given with at least one thoroughly efficient feature in the cast. That Mr. Formes' "Leporello" was a satisfying, even more than satisfying, performance, I have no doubt the entire audience of last Wednesday night will be agreed. The veteran artist was in his best voice and spirits, and gave a rendering of the part that seemed at times almost as fresh and unctuous as I remember hearing it from him twenty odd years ago. Every note of the music was beautifully sung; the rapid *parlando* of the recitatives, fluent and voluble as in his best days, was delivered with fine tone and an easy, expressive handling of the Italian text, while the occasional bits of *cantilena*—the dangerous places for a singer of failing powers—were very nicely managed and had all the freedom and smoothness of style to be looked for in one who has been a truly great singer. A little tendency to overdo the *buffo* character of the part was probably due to Mr. Formes' lack of confidence in what remained of his vocal powers. It was, however, an unnecessary precaution. There was quite enough voice for the part; more than enough to dwarf the entire *personnel* of the cast by contrast, although it never seemed forced, and scarcely ever used to its full volume.

Going back to the *Huguenots*, I have to report one of the worst performances I ever witnessed. There were redeeming features, as, for instance, the first song of the "Queen" in the second act, and the great duet of the fourth; but as a whole it was a miserable, slovenly, shabby *Huguenots*. The chorus was abominable, orchestra ditto, and *mise en scene* contemptible. The opera was given with the so-called "London cuts," with the red pencil further applied by Mr. Strakosch to something like one-half of the music of the second act. This made short work of it, to be sure, but left plenty of time for long waits between the acts, which was utilized to its fullest extent. I, for my part, smoked cigarettes in the lobby, and wished alternately that Meyerbeer had never written any operas, Strakosch never heard of such a place as San Francisco, and Behrens remained in his proper place of chorus-master our orchestra at the grinding out of *entr'actes* on Bush Street, and the chorus—well, any where else.

The only point in the *Huguenots* really worthy of mention was the Duet of the fourth act—between "Valentine" and "Raoul;" this was indeed a fine performance. Mr. Adams had suffered—as all tenors do—in the first act from the unfortunate arrangement that places the most difficult and trying thing he has to sing in the entire opera at the beginning. The *Romanza* of the first scene (as given here) like the first song in *Aida*, embraces almost the entire register of a tenor voice, and is essentially a song for a *tenore di grazia*, whereas the rôle is that of a *robusto* and can never be adequately given by an artist who has the qualities that are requisite for this first number. As a natural consequence of this faulty construction—and it is a fault in both Verdi and Meyerbeer—a perfectly smooth and satisfactory rendering of the hero part of either opera is exceedingly rare, and, what is more, is never looked for by those who know what is to be asked of a singer. Mr. Adams was *mange* in the *Romanza*; what with a condition of hoarseness that prevented the free use of his *mezza-voce* and a desire to save his voice for the arduous work that was before him, he achieved a comparative failure in it, and was so unfortunate as to break on the final note of the *cadenza*. This break, however, was precisely the kind of blemish that our audience can appreciate, and it eagerly seized the opportunity to prove itself up to the criticism of grand opera; Mr. Adams had tried for a high note, and failed on it, consequently all the artistic singing of the rest of the *Romanza* must go for naught, and Mr. Adams was sent back to his place at the festive board—with two candles on it—in disgrace. When, in the second act, he, together with Mr. Conly, carried the quartet on his own shoulders—neither Messrs. Pantaleoni nor Gottschalk being able to find their intervals or make any tone—and, in the "duel scene" of the third, had the septet to sing almost by himself, it was not recognized as more than an easy thing to do—only singing part of a quartet or septet—so that I was really surprised to hear the Duet of the fourth so warmly applauded. I suppose it must have been the high C flats that got the house, and indeed they were beautifully sung. The entire Duet was superbly given; Madame Roze—who, I believe, sang the part for the first time—was a passionate and dramatically satisfactory "Valentine," and Mr. Adams quite at his best. His voice rang out with the old great *timbre* and was handled with consummate skill, while at the same time his acting was simply magnificent. It was the one thoroughly satisfactory moment of the entire opera; waited for through four dreary acts of unfulfilled expectation it was in some sense a recompense for them. I knew better than to stop for the fifth, but hear that they were all safely butchered at last.

Miss Litta sings the florid music of the "Queen" very nicely; Miss Cary's "Urbano" is hardly so satisfactory. Miss Cary, when at her best, can make a beautiful part of it—she looks and acts it admirably—but her voice seems to be tired; I fancy she needs rest. And, when she is somewhat rested, I think a short course of *solfeggio* would do her no harm; what with much work and no opportunity to practice her scales, etc., there is a certain stiffness beginning to be apparent in her work. Contralto voices—especially the big ones—are apt to be a bit unwieldy, and require constant application to keep them flexible. And Miss Cary's is such a lovely voice that it seems a pity that it should not be always heard at its best.

That Mr. Conly makes a respectable but not very efficient "Marcel" understands itself. The part is too great, in every way, for Mr. Conly; he does the best he can with it, and, at the first representation, sang out of tune more than I fancied he would be able to. But with an orchestra as uncertain in intonation and *attaque* as the one he had before him this was hardly to be wondered at. Signor Pantaleoni, who

sang "de Nevers," was simply abominable. He did not know his part, and gagged it for the gallery; and he was applauded for it to the echo. In the *ensembles* he was out half the time; in mostly where there was an opportunity to yell on a high note. Applauded again. The same applies to his "Don Giovanni" (only he was out oftener and utterly failed in the two great scenes with the "Commendatore") and, as far as the gagging is concerned, to "Germont" in *Traviata*. In this he occasionally belted out a few notes and shook his fist at the gods; then the house would come down. Signor Pantaleoni is a success here, but he would scarcely dare to try this sort of thing in those opera houses where a success counts for something. He would get his applause on the wrong side of his head.

La Traviata, for the *début* of Miss Amy Sherwin, did not draw much of a house, and did not deserve what it drew. The opera was hastily gotten up, imperfectly rehearsed—or rather insufficiently—and badly performed. All of this added to the difficulties under which Miss Sherwin was already laboring—lack of thorough acquaintance with the music, which she had never sung before, and a voice somewhat impaired by an illness from which she is hardly recovered—and rendered her *début* less satisfactory than it would no doubt otherwise have been. The young lady has a good soprano voice of extensive compass, and the promise of excellent quality. She has also a certain intuitive dramatic feeling which, with the great earnestness and sympathy that was observable in her performance of Tuesday night ought—after proper training—to go far toward making her a good dramatic singer. But all this is still in the crudest state with her; she requires study, training, and experience. With somewhat more of routine she would not have sung herself out in the first act, as she did, and left herself without a voice for the remaining three, nor, indeed, would she have undertaken to sing at all with her voice in its present state. As I say, the *début* was made very hard for her. Signor Lazzarini is not a sympathetic "Alfredo" (he can neither sing the music nor act the part), and Signor Pantaleoni—who might have helped her materially had he chosen—was occupied in alternately exaggerating his points for the benefit of the gallery, and playing the buffoon for the amusement of Miss Cary, who occupied one of the lower proscenium boxes. Miss Cary was undoubtedly amused, and I am content that she should enjoy her bit of sport, when she gets it legitimately. But I—and many others, with me—thought the whole business not over delicate or considerate under the circumstances.

Don Giovanni was, on the whole, a pleasant and rather enjoyable performance. I suppose some little credit for this belongs to Mozart; the music is really very pretty. I may say that I prefer it even to *Carmen*, and I am assured that some of the airs will endure and make the composer quite a reputation. Much of it was nicely sung—well enough, say, to help one to overlook the shabby mounting and execrable performance of the orchestra. If the conductor could have killed the opera by his merciless banging through of the various numbers, he would assuredly have done it. But Mozart is not easily slaughtered; he will bear a great deal of ill-treatment and yet remain beautiful. On the other hand Mr. Behrens accompanied the recitatives very well on the piano-forte; if we must have this form of accompaniment (which I suppose was unavoidable) there is something in having it well done. Of Mr. Formes' "Leporello" I have already spoken. It was delightful. Signor Pantaleoni's "Don" is none at all; what he remembered of the music he could not sing, and as he does not seem to have the first idea of acting the part I could not understand what he was poking about the stage for, anyhow. Miss Litta, too, was not in good form. The dailies (they seem to have the *entrées* behind the *coulisses*, and are posed to an almost suspicious extent) report her to have been ill, which, however, was not noticeable in her voice, which was as powerful as usual. In fact, in the "Trio of the Masks," it was much too powerful; while Madame Roze and Mr. Adams were singing the music carefully and artistically she was bawling away as though she had a big Verdi ensemble in hand with a chorus behind and half a dozen trombones before her, and was determined to make the most of it. It is respectfully submitted that this is not precisely the way a delicately constructed and lightly accompanied polyphonic trio of Mozart should be sung; *f's* were as cheap in his day as in ours, and had he desired it he could easily have put in three or four for "Elvira." Madame Roze's "Donna Anna" is, after "Aida," her best performance; she is a true dramatic soprano—with a small voice. But one grows accustomed to its want of power and reconciled to it through her really eminent artistic nature. With all the limitations of her vocal powers acknowledged, I would infinitely rather hear her sing the great dramatic parts than the large-voiced stupids whom I have heard in them. The same thing applies to Mr. Adams and his huskiness, which was more than usually noticeable in "Don Ottavio."

If one cares to hear "Zerlina" sung by a contralto it is impossible to find a more charming one than Miss Cary. She is "Zerlina," as she is "Nancy," "Azucena," and "Siebel." The things Miss Cary does well she does very well; so well, indeed, that I am always sorry when I am forced to recognize that lack of aesthetic appreciation that seems occasionally to possess itself of her better judgment and misleads her into a belief that she can successfully cope with parts that belong only to a dramatic soprano. Where "well enough" means as much as it does in Miss Cary's case, it is surely better, and wiser to let it alone.

Mr. Remenyi seems to have arranged matters so as to get ahead of Mr. Wilhelmj—in point of time at least—and will be here with his fiddle on the 6th inst. Besides his fiddle he will bring Mr. Dulcken—an accompanist—and Miss Emma Thurston, soprano. Remenyi has considerable notoriety as a violinist of the ultra romantic sentimentalist school—in this country, at least; in Europe he has no reputation, to speak of—and will undoubtedly be interesting to hear. His eagerness to get ahead of Wilhelmj may to some of my readers seem like a shrewd bit of business, but I do not understand it in that light. I prefer to consider it only as a piece of modesty. He is undoubtedly perfectly well aware that when the great violinist has once been heard he will not have a ghost of a show, which seems to be the case elsewhere.

S. E.

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE C. GORHAM.

GEORGE C. GORHAM, ESQ.—SIR: The people of this State are about to enter upon a campaign which will result in the choice of officers for every department of the public service. There is every prospect that the contest will be a close one. It is probable that there will be at least four tickets in the field, and men of the best judgment in all parties look forward with concern to the result. A new fundamental law has been adopted, old traditions have been discarded, new experiments have been instituted, and those to whom the responsibility of effecting this change is to be entrusted are to be chosen in a few months from this date. They will hold their offices for four years—the supreme judges for twelve years. If they are men of high purpose, their efforts may be of lasting benefit to the State. If they are political adventurers, demagogues, charlatans, their career may entail mischief such as one must shudder to contemplate. This great commonwealth will stagger under the load for years—a very corporate Sindbad under the weight of a malicious fiend. I, sir, am a young man. I hope that I fully appreciate the wisdom of deferring to that judgment, experience, and discrimination which come only with advancing years. But I love my native State, and I look with anxiety to the issue of this struggle in which her prosperity, her future, is at stake. I dread the apathy which rouses itself only when the enemy is at the door of the tent; and I feel that it is preëminently the right of those who look upon the fair fame of California as their birthright to sound the alarm of danger.

At the very hour when the conflict is impending the public press announce your return from Washington "to take charge of the Republican campaign." Your career in this State is not unfamiliar to the public. Through its great length and breadth your name is frequently upon the lips of your fellow-men. Your ability, which is of no mean order, and your persistence and assiduity, have brought you prominence, if they have not brought you respect. Added to your other properties, a skill in what is known in politics as "manipulation" has made you the leader of that class of statesmen whose patriotism is so great that they spend their lives in the attempt to persuade a strangely reluctant public to accept their services. With your lot cast among a generous and hospitable people, with your affiliation with a great party whose devotion in time of peril had won the nation's grateful esteem, with your energy, and will, and intellectual endowments, it was in your power so to win the confidence of this commonwealth that she would teach her children to emulate your example and to revere your name. Have you done this? Walk in yonder street past the marble resting-place of Thomas Starr King, and then ask yourself that question. If the silent protest that comes with suggestive comparison from that monolith be not enough, turn to the past. Remember how you were nominated in 1867 by tricking your party out of their first choice for Governor, and how, thereupon, you were repudiated at the polls. Do not evade the thought by the suggestion that a Democratic sentiment had grown up. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul." From the time of Stanford and Low, every election, except those where your paralytic touch was felt, has shown this State to be Republican. Newton Booth had no difficulty in beating the most popular man in the Democratic party, and at the Presidential elections the result has been a Republican victory. Next, call to mind how you reappeared on the stage at the convention in 1875 with a set of resolutions already drawn in your pocket. You shifted the scenes, and pulled the wires that set the poor puppets and marionettes dancing to your music. Does your memory serve you as to the result of that contest?—How Mr. Irwin walked into the capitol and took his seat in the Governor's chair? Remember, also, how you were the professed friend of the railroad until denunciation became so severe that you allied yourself with the people. In which allegiance, pray, were you insincere—to them or to us? And if you deserted them when it became your interest so to do, how will you act by us? Then, there is the personage whom Joaquin Miller calls the "little brown man," and whom you once delighted to honor as "a friend and a brother." Candidly, Mr. Gorham, the people of this State do not like your "brother." And they do not like his brother, either. You twain occupy the position of the renowned Dr. Fell. You doubtless remember the couplet.

Now, sir, the people of California look to the Republican party for relief in this emergency, and there are able, earnest men in that party who do not shrink from the responsibility. But they cannot disregard the experience of past years. They look with dismay upon the prospect of your activity. They know that the State will not marshal itself under your leadership. They fully understand that the party can not "carry you," and that nobody except the dismal and rheumatic regiment of mildewed politicians will follow your standard. Your personal friends will not tell you these things. You might read them in the opposition papers, and then you would not believe them. But it is a fact that the people distrust you, and that your active participation in the coming election will probably defeat the ticket which you advocate. Should you and your friends pronounce a thousand times that this distrust was unfounded, the fact would still remain, and would have to be met. That self-distrust, which is every man's best guide, will suggest to you that a prominence which is not in compliance with, but in spite of, the general voice, has neither merit nor honor. That patriotism, which is every man's highest duty, will lead you, if you have it as you profess, to look rather to the public weal than to your own preferment, and if the former is to be obtained by your self-abnegation, to withdraw yourself from the public gaze.

A YOUNG REPUBLICAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1879.

One of the most interesting books sent to this office lately for review is "The Full and Complete Statement of the Forgeries and Frauds of H. S. Tibby, late Secretary of the Dupont Street Commission and Board of Public Works for widening Dupont Street and opening Montgomery Avenue. Prepared by I. W. Lees, Captain of Detective Police, and H. S. Healey, Clerk of Detective Department. Published by order of the Dupont Street Commission and Board of Public Works. San Francisco: Bunker & Hiester." This compact little volume of 164 pages is replete with suggestions, plethoric with figures and cash accounts, and something that should be in the hands of every ambitious office-holder.

INTAGLIOS.

Beside the Brook.

"I go a-fishing, and he sped
With rod a line, where by-paths led
Neath latticed boughs, beside the brook
Where fish were lured with cunning hook.

"I'll read in solitude awhile."
With favorite book and morning smile,
Through winding ways she sought the nook
She loved the best, beside the brook.

Later I passed; the line and book
Were queerly twined beside the brook;
While, in the grove, the angler's prize
Was reading love-songs in his eyes.

—Scribner for June.

Not Yet.

Not yet, O friend! not yet;
The patient stars

Lean from their lattices, content to wait.
All is illusion till the morning bars
Slip from the levels of the eastern gate.
Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;
Wait for the day that maketh all things clear—
Not yet, O friend! not yet.

Not yet, O friend! not yet;

All is not true;
All is not ever as it seemeth now;
Soon shall the river take another blue,
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow.
What lieth dark, O love! bright day will fill;
Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill—
Not yet, O love! not yet. BRET HARTE.

The Old Accoutrements.

There hangs a sabre, and there a rein,
With a rusty bit and a green curb chain;
A pair of spurs on the old gray wall,
With a mouldy saddle—well, that's all.

Come out to the stable—it is not far;
The moss-grown door is hanging ajar.
Look within, there's an empty stall
Where once stood a noble horse—that's all.

The good black steed came riderless home,
Flecked with blood drops, as well as foam.
See, yonder hillock, where dead leaves fall,
The good black horse pined to death—that's all.

All? O God! It is all I can speak—
Question me not. I am old and weak.
His saddle and sabre hung on the wall,
And his horse pined to death—I have told you all.

FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

A Florida Lyric.

Let the plover pipe in the marshy grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

The eagle may soar like a rising shout
To the very depths of the sky,
But the whistling bullet will find him out,
Though he be ever so high.

The salmon may leap in a fringe of froth,
And the trout in the lake may laugh,
But the fisherman's net will have them both,
And cruel the barbed gaff.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun
That is glad in the sight of day,
The sorrowing stars come one by one
And gather its glory away.

And if ever the heart is rich and strong
As a bridegroom's first caress,
The death-grief comes in its cruel wrong,
And turns it to bitterness.

Then let the plover pipe in the grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

W. W. HARNEY.

Sheila.

The King of Borva sits alone,
For Sheila has departed;
His bonny bird has southward flown,
And left him broken-hearted;
No more he sees her dear blue eyes,
In his her soft hand lying;
'Tis not her voice that now replies,
'Tis but the breezes sighing.
"Sheila, my own little daughter,
My own where'er thou art!
Oh! come across the water,
To thy father's lonely heart."

And Sheila, in the far-off town,
Sits cold and broken-hearted;
Life's golden leaves are turning brown,
The dreams of days departed.
Her father's heart, her rocky home,
Oh! how they call and greet her;
And he is there beside the foam,
With arms outstretched to meet her.
"Sheila, my own little daughter,
My own where'er thou art!
Come back across the water,
To thy father's loving heart."

The Safeguard.

A baby crept to his father's knee.
And was lifted up and lulled to rest
Till his blue eyes closed, so tired was he;
And his little head fell peacefully
At ease on the ready shoulder there,
While the baby hand so soft and fair
Lay like a shield on his father's breast.

Of old 'twas said when men draw near
To fierce temptation of deadly strife,
And lost their way in a maze of fear,
Or periled their souls for worldly gear,
By an unknown way an angel hand
Would lead them out of the dangerous land
Into the light of a nobler life.

The story is true for the world to-day;
We see no white-robed angel mild;
But out of the dark and perilous way,
Where men and women forget to pray,
Into the peace of a purer land
They are led by a gentle, shielding hand,
The hand of a little helpless child.

—Sunday Afternoon.

FABLES AND ANECDOTES.

By Little Johnny.

Gotes butts, and Uncle Ned he said: "Johnny, one day there was a gote in a field, and it took after Bildad, wich you better xplain to yure bunted readers is the new dog. Bildad he run toward a hi fence for to git over, but the gote it cot him and buted him cruil on the tail, and he wirlid over and over, and lit on the uthar side of the fence but dident kno it cos he was bwildered, and scrambled back over the fence agin, lifely as ever he cude, and the gote it let him have it a other time, and wocked a way. Bildad he was a stonish dog, and shuke his hed, much as to say: 'I never see so many buttigotes, one in evry feeld!'"

If I was a gote I rather be a sheep, cos gotes is milked, but sheeps is shingled, and the rose is red, and the vilets blu. But Billy he says let him be a cracky dile with fritefle teeth, and notches on his back like a saw.

Mister Jonnice, wich has got the wuden leg, he says theres a dile wich was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mr. Jonnice he set on the edge of the pond a watchin the dile swim, but the keper he said, the keper did: "Beter look out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerfle fond of legs, and he don't git menny here, pore fellow."

So Mister Jonnice he tuke of his wuden leg and hid it, and wen the keper he cum round agin Mister Jonnice he sed: "You was rite about that dile."

The keper he looked and he was a stonish, and he said: "Shant I run for a docktor?"

Then Mister Jonnice he thot a wile, and him by he sed: "No, I dont think I wude, not for a wile yet, enny how. Diles is use to over eatin theifselfs."

The keper he sed: "You are the coolest man, wots left of you, wich I have ever saw."

Mister Jonnice he sed: "Wel, I have all ways went on the princple its no use cryin for yure leg off, but lde be mity bliged to you for a drink of wisky."

Wen the keper had brot it Mister Jonnice had put on his wuden leg agin, and was a standin up lookn at the dile, and the keper he was a stonisher than ever, partickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he had ben standing there a our and had never see him before.

One time there was a rinosy rose met a cammle, and it sed, the rinosy rose did: "If I had sech a xcresence on my back like thasn of yourn lde hav a operation pformed."

The cammle it said: "Taint very prety, thats a fack, but seems to me yure nose isent jest the kind wich ot to be turned up at xcresences."

Mister Pitchel, thats the preacher, he said: "Johnny, how mercifl is the ways of Profidence, the rattle snake, wich is pison, is compel for to wear a neck lace of bones on his tail for to give notice."

Uncle Ned he spoke up and he sed: "Jest so, Johnny, it was too much trubble for to not put the pizon in, and the rattles was the nex best thing."

Then my sisters yung man he sed: "Yes, Johnny, them rattle bones is mity usefle to the frogs, and mice, and little birds, wich thay parolize with teror so thay cant hurt theifselfs a tryin for to git a way from the snake."

Then Mister Gipple he said, Mister Gipple did: "And you see, Johnny, the boy constricter wich aint got any rattles wasent made pizen."

Then my father he spoke up and sed: "I hope you pious fokes wil xcuse a pore bunted infiddle for remarkin that Providence has forgot to put enny rattles on a wumans tung."

And now for a story about ole Gaffer Peters.

One day Jack Brily, which is the wicked sailer, swears and every thing, he was goin by old Gafferses house, and he foun him digin a wel, and a boy was pulin up the rocks in a bucket with a winlass. So Jack he giv the boy 2 bits, an sed: "You go and git sum candly, and lde pul up for you til you git back," and the boy done it. Then Jack he put his bull dog in the bucket, and let it down, and the dog it jump out in the wel with Gaffer, wich boilder wild, and the dog too. Then Jack he cot ole Gafferses cat and pitch that down, too, and the dog tackled the cat between Gafferses legs, and the cat it run up Gaffer like he was a tre, and all yellin like Injens, there wasent never such a fite! After a wile Jack he let the bucket down and hault ole Gaffer up with the winlas, lookn mity beat and his close tore bad. Fore Gaffer cude git his breth Jack he sed: "Tel you wol, Gaffer, if I hadent come a long yude had a pretty rough time of it, I ges, cos that boys gon for a other cat."

Then Gaffer he helped Jack git the dog out wich had kild the cat, and Jack and the dog thay went a way, and wen the boy come in site Gaffer he met him morn halef way, and licked him til he was sick a bed, and wen Billy he sassed the scoohl master he was licked, too, yes, in deed, and made beller.

Uncle Ned he says: "Johnny, lemme take yure paper and rite sum nice poetry for yure little readers." So I lettin, and here thay are.

THE DAINTY GIANT.

Giant, giant, so defiant,
O what have you been eating?
A grain of rice, and a spoonful of spice,
And a Democratic meeting.

A MOURNFUL TALE OF PERRY AND JANE.

Perry Peak he swam the creek
To try to find some water.
Jane Jordan she fell up a tree,
And the alligator got her.

THE SOURD MONKEY.

Monkey, monkey, ugly fellow,
All your hair is long and yellow,
And you've finger-nails, too, to match.
You're a very naughty person!
To sit scowling there and cursin',
Just because you have no yellow fleas to scratch.

THE REMARKABLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

There was an old man who said with a grin:
I'll spit out my teetl, if they ache,
And then you'll observe me spit 'em all in
Whenever you give me a cake.

But Missis Dippy, wich has got the red head, and Mister Hector Stuart, wich wants to wear a crown onto his wooden feller, thay can beat sech poetry as them, I gess, to holler!

SAN RAFAEL, May 29, 1879.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Two men who have looked upon the wine when it was red pass unsteadily along the street, and one of them insists on stopping before an optician's window to gaze in rapture on a thermometer.

"Sh buffe, sh buffe!" he exclaims, almost melted to tears; "but sh wifful washe—wifful washe."

"Whash? Whash wifful waste?"

"Spirish 'ermometer!" exclaims the enthusiast, sitting down on the sidewalk and bursting into tears.

Her liege lord had a bad cold, and she, though she is perpetually nagging him and even wishing he were dead, goes in tears to confide to a friend the gloomy apprehensions inspired by her poor dear husband's hacking cough.

"Ah, my dear," she concludes, "I shall immediately call in the best medical talent the directory affords, for if I were to lose my husband I know I should go wild."

"After whom?" says her friend.

At a Red Republican banquet the chairman rises and begins his speech thus:

"Fellow-citizens:—At this festival where fraternity reigns over all—"

Frightful cries of "No! no!" "To below the tyrant!" "No reigns—this is a republic!" warn the orator that he is touching on dangerous ground. He adroitly recommences:

"Fellow-citizens:—At this festival where fraternity is equal among us all"—(Frantic applause.)

Young Actress—You have no idea, my dear, of the progress I am making. Last night I acted "Lady Macbeth."

Old Actress—Are you sure you did?

"What a delightful fellow that Edward is—so jolly—his pocket-book always open."

"Yes; to any one that wants to put anything into it."

A hoteller of Naples had made to be made some chimneys, without too much knowing what it is which is a chimney.

A Frenchess arriving in his hotel he proposes her a chamber orate of this appendix.

"And your chimneys smoke they?" him demands the travelless.

"But certainly, madame, certainly," responds the hoteller, in reswallowing himself with pride.

An ambitious young clerk in a wholesale grocery establishment resolves to enter the civil service, and so presents himself before the examiners. One of the questions is: "What is coffee, and where does it come from?"

"Oh, come now, you know," says the candidate; "I can't give away the boss—allow me to plead privilege. That's a professional secret."

The Court—Wretched man, you have committed murder! What can have impelled you to so horrible a crime?

Prisoner—Your Honor, when the wolf is fierce with hunger he will kill.

The Court (coldly)—It would be more sensible on his part if he were to go and look for work, in no matter how humble a capacity.

"Have you heard the news, my dear?"

"No; what?"

"That Diana and Florence have made up."

"No; have they though?"

"Yes; each frankly admitted that the other was wrong, and perhaps she was too, and now they are the best enemies in the world."

A *gommeux* (dandy) was retailing as his own an anecdote which a person present said was one of Voltaire's.

"That may be," said he, after showing a little embarrassment, "but it remains to be known which of us told it first."

Mlle. Jeanne's canary bird has just become a mother.

"But how old is the bird?" inquires little Jeanne.

"Three years."

Jeanne (stupefied)—"So young and already to have children."

A lady sees her servant reading a book.

"If you have nothing to do, Françoise, come and help me."

"I don't wish to work to-day, madam."

"Why?"

"Madam forgets that Easter Sunday should be kept holy."

"True. I shall not insist."

And Françoise resumed her edifying pastime.

"Is it a religious book you are reading there, Françoise?"

"No, madam, it is my cook-book."

A *propos* of the death of the French headman a curious article by Camille Desmoulins on capital punishment has been unearthed. He advocates the selection from among the imprisoned murderers of the most ferocious of their number to be employed as headman that "in the punishment of criminals these wretches might always behold the doom they had merited and perhaps were not to escape." It might be urged that these executioners would bungle their work. Camille proposed a plan "which should be welcomed by all gentle minds and which has already been proposed in the National Assembly by a just and merciful man, Dr. Guillotin. Employ a purely mechanical instrument, where there will be nothing to do but to cut a rope and let an axe fall." But Camille saw that it might be objected that the opprobrium of being an executioner would still rest upon the man that held the scissors, and made provision for the objection thus: "Place an astronomical machine upon the scaffold; at the hour of noon the action of the sun will detach the moon, and the celestial body which beholds the crimes of the universe will become also their avenger!"

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"The Christian at Work."

The day is come, and the carpets
Are dragged outside the house,
As a man is dragged to the station
At the close of a big carouse.
I see the wife and her handmaids
Wade through the suds and the dust,
And I feel as though the pie of my life
Was nearly all under crust.

Come, give me a club with a handle
As long as the month of May,
And I will wattle the carpet
The whole of the livelong day.
I wield the stick they have brought me,
With a flap, and a thud, and a hiss;
Oh, better a year and a half of sleep
Than fifteen minutes of this! —*Harvey.*

A Picnic Episode.

Oh, the tiny little ants,
How they clamber up our pants,
At the picnic 'neath the willows in the glen—
How they seem to take delight in
The obnoxious sport of biting!
Indefensible and modest gentlemen.

It's delightful when one's cooing
To the damsel he is wooing,
To feel the playful creatures in his pants,
And upon the perfumed air
He throbs a soulful swear
At "his sisters and his cousins and his ants."

Tobias—So to Speak.

Yes, his front name is Tobias,
And he isn't over pious,
And his eyes are on the bias,
So to speak;
And his only aim and bent is
Nobby clothing—for this gent is
Just a bit *non compos mentis*
Like and weak.

And this feather-weighted gent he—
Though not over one and twenty—
Has of knowledge quite a plenty,
So to speak;
For he'd rather be a prancing,
And kicking at a dancing,
Than his stock of wit enhancing,
Learning Greek.

Though he apes the drawl and stammer
When he dons his sleek claw hammer,
Yet Tobias shoots his grammar,
So to speak;
And he questions very rarely
(So his clothes are hanging fairly)
If his brain be fashioned squarely
Or oblique.

No, he has no education,
And his beauty took vacation
'Bout the time of his creation,
So to speak;
And upon mature reflection,
Taking each distinct bisection,
I've decided his complexion's
Rather weak.

Though his shirt has not a rimple,
Nor his beardless chin a dimple,
Yet he boasts a chronic pimple
On his beak;
And his voice is not reliant,
For at times it is defiant,
And at times it is a pliaot
Little squeak.

Now, it seems to me so funny
That this half-demented sonny
Should be loaded down with money,
So to speak;
While the writer of this ditty,
Who you see is rather witty,
Has to scrub about the city
On his cheek. —*New York Commercial.*

Lies to the First Fly of 1879.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bottle fly;
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me, as I lie.

You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And I try to slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet by and by.

I haven't seen you since 'seventy-eight,
Little house fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.

Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half of my summer woes;
Oh, how I prayed that you might be froze,
Villainous fly.

All through the winter you did not freeze,
Not much, Mary Ann.
Now all the summer you'll do as you please,
That is your plan.

When in the warm afternoons we would sleep,
Near us your wakefulst vigils you'll keep,
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap,
Sleep, ma, if you can.

Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands,
Spread left and right,
Stretched from the poles to equator's bands,
Giants of might,
Some summer day in my wrath I would rise,
Sweeping all space with my hands of size,
And smash all the uncounted millions of flies
Clear out of sight.

Vain are my wishes, oh, little house fly;
You're hard to mash;
Strong men may swear and women may cry,
"Teething their gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug,
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and brash.

Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly,
You teach to me,
Hated or loved, you tell me that I
Happy may be.

Why should I care, when I tickle a nose,
Whether its owner's conduct shows
That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes
Pleasant to me.

* This line should read, "Gnashing their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.—*Harvey.*

ALL ABOUT WOMEN.

It's the early girl that gets the coachman.

That is the best part of beauty which a picture can not express.

An aged girl prettily describes getting old as "standing at life's west window."

The best are the cheapest. This is more especially so in the matter of wives.

And now the Eastern paragraphs are referring to Rose Wood as a sister of May Hogany.

The most popular man with the ladies is the one who never met with a homely woman.

Few women, except geniuses like Harriet Hosmer and Rosa Bonheur, part their hair in the middle.

No man can ever tell just how much money a widow is worth until he marries her for it. It is one of those cases where you have to take your chances.

She threw a stick of wood at the old hen and killed two of the little chickens. Natural result of a woman throwing at anything; she always hits something else.

Folly soon wears out her shoes. She dances so fast we are all of us tired. Golden wires may annoy us as much as steel bars, if they keep us behind prison windows.

A fashionable woman at Vassar was asked by the classical professor for a definition of ambrosia. After some hesitation she replied: "I think it is a kind of hair oil."

They grow tall women on the Mississippi. A river poet writes that he "kissed the clouds from her sweet fair face." It seems almost incredible that he could do any such thing.

Bachelor Sam Scudder of Wild Cherry Creek is quite bald. When the girls see him coming they say, "Here comes Bal'sam of Wild Cherry," and then they all begin to cough.

Miss Anna Oliver, who has taken charge of a Brooklyn church, has this financial creed: Trust in God. Never spend a dollar until it is in your pocket. Do your utmost to help yourself.

Georgia thought she had a live Countess in her midst, but the female turned out to be a board bill jumper only. A countess always pays her board, even if she has to blackmail the landlord to get the money.

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa, I love you thirty miles long." A little sister, quickly added, "Good-bye, dear papa, you will never ride to the end of my love."

"You are right," says a lady correspondent, "we do not go to matinees and academy exhibitions to flirt;" and then she asks: "but if we do it is because our husbands never will find the time to accompany us on account of business and their own pleasures."

An unknown but evidently married paragrapher says when a woman combs her back hair into two ropes, holds one in her mouth until she winds the other upon her tuck comb, and then finds that she has lost her last hair pin, she feels that the sex needs two months—one to hold the hair in and the other to make remarks with.

A popular concert singer, advertised to participate in an entertainment in a Missouri village, excused her absence on the ground of having a severe cold in the head, and the next day received the following from an admirer: "Thiz is gousse greze; melt it, and rub it on the bridge of yore noze until cured. I luv you to distraxshun."

"Pop, didn't you ever have two or three wives besides mother?" "No, never!" exclaimed the old man furiously. "What, never?" repeated the young hopeful; "you should have said 'hardly ever.'" Then the old man took him up stairs, and for several minutes he danced such a *Pinafore* hornpipe as Dick Deadeye never dreamed of.

The Vassar College girls have adopted the following glove language: Drop a glove—You betcherlife. Half unglove the left hand—What are you givin' us? Tap the chin with the glove—Chew your own wax. Crumple the glove in the left hand—Never! Crumple the glove in the right hand—Well, hardly ever. Turn the glove inside out—Wipe off your chin. Fold the gloves neatly—I regard you as a bald-headed snipe of the valley. Put on the left glove—I'll put a head on you. Slap the back of the hand with the gloves—Look out; I carry a razor.

Olive Logan relates this in one of her letters: "I heard of a rather amusing reply given the other evening at a ball by an American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ball-room. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. 'Daughter, what's all this?' exclaimed the irate mamma. The daughter looked up calmly and replied: 'Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting-still waltz instead.'"

A Yonkers woman calls her husband "Milwaukee," because he's got a reputation for beer.—*Yonkers Gazette.* And a Meriden woman calls her husband "Antediluvian," because he's such a dry subject.—*Meriden Recorder.* And a New York woman calls her husband "Clarence," because he's such a slow coach.—*Court Journal.* And a Detroit woman calls her husband a "cop," because he's such a beat.—*Detroit Free Press.* And another New York woman calls her husband "Æolian," because he's so windy.—*Claude de Haven.* Quite likely this has gone far enough, but we can not help referring to the Syracuse woman who names her husband "Bologna," because she don't know what on earth he's made of.—*Syracuse Times.* We don't often do it—that is, very seldom—but there is a woman in Camden who calls her husband "Music," because he's such a lyre.—*Philadelphia Item.*

MACAULAY'S PROPHECY.

In the light of present and prospective events we can not forbear to quote from the words of Lord Macaulay in a letter to a citizen of Pennsylvania, written two years before the civil war, which is given in the May number of the *North American Review*:

"I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must sooner or later destroy liberty or civilization, or both. In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous. What happened in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness. Such a system would in twenty years have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of the Carolingians. Happily, the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press. Liberty is gone, but civilization has been saved. I have not the smallest doubt that, if we had a purely democratic government here, the effect would be the same. Either the poor would plunder the rich and civilization would perish, or order and prosperity would be saved by a strong military government and liberty would perish. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils. I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion. Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; and while that is the case the Jefferson politics may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity. But the time will come when New England will be as thickly peopled as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birmingham, and in those Manchesters and Birmingham hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometimes out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another can not get a full meal."

"Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not in this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you a good deliverance. But my reason and my wishes are at war, and I can not help foreboding the worst. It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For with you the majority is the government, and has the rich, which are always a minority, absolutely at its mercy. The day will come when in the State of New York a multitude of people, none of whom have more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessities. Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workingman who hears his children cry for more bread? I seriously apprehend that you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things which will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should in a year of scarcity devour all the seed corn, and thus make the next year not of scarcity, but of absolute famine. There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on its downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand, or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without, and that your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions."

Of this prophecy and opinion the writer of the *Review* article says: "These are strange and ominous words—the more ominous, indeed, since a few years have in part tested their truth and wisdom. In an age where the events of a whole year of our fathers are often crowded into the narrow compass of a month, sometimes of an hour, we have seen the shadow of Macaulay's prophecy come upon us with a rapidity that would have astonished the great historian himself. The sails of the Constitution are still set with the Stars and Stripes streaming at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak. But the anchor is still wanting, and we are drifting carelessly and unaware on the unseen rocks ahead. No Cæsar or Napoleon has yet seized the reins of government, but who can tell the day or the hour when the safety of civilization in this hemisphere will call for one? In that dark hour he will appear as surely as Napoleon succeeded Robespierre, or our civilization will perish."

If all the powers of Europe should combine and conspire to overthrow our institutions, no plan could be devised more effective than driving to our shores the advocates of Communism, Socialism, and Nihilism, who would be sure to establish a reign of terror and destruction. Our naturalization laws must be changed; twenty-one years residence here is not unreasonable to be asked of a foreigner who seeks to be a citizen. The policy of Bismarck in encouraging the emigration of the disturbers of Germany must be met by laws checking immigration. We do not want the criminals of Europe who are such from instinct, heredity, and choice. Again, the writer in the *Review* rightfully presents the matter:

"But all the antidotes that the mind of man could devise would not silence the seditious tongues that are daily pouring their venom into the souls of the people. An end should be put to all plots against society. The man of capital, and the man whose only capital is his labor, should alike wish it. Let Congress, by investigating the principles and proceed-

ings of the Socialistic Labor party, first assure themselves of its pernicious nature, and then let it proceed to destroy by legislation this network of conspiracies. Let our legislators next assure themselves that the organization is led and inspired by German agitators, and if they are true to their trusts they will proceed to a general revision of the immigration laws. A thousand Chinamen can not bring to our shores the mischief that is brought by one apostle of Lassalle. The time has come when America should cease to be the "dumping-ground" of Europe. Horde-like immigration, with its collateral consequences, if it ever was a blessing to the United States, has ceased to be so now. It has become the curse of an answered prayer. Not only has it reduced to one-half the population of pure and genuine descendants of the choicest race that, in modern times, has dwelt upon the earth, but it has peopled our soil with the worst refuse of other lands. It would indeed seem high time that legal limitations be at once imposed upon indiscriminate immigration."

"No one can blame Prince Bismarck for the sagacity with which he secretly encouraged the emigration of German Socialists to the United States. The application to this purpose of the enormous sums supplied by the secret-service fund, and of the revenues derived from the confiscated estates of the Crown of Hanover, is a fact well known to many statesmen of Europe, though ignored by our own. Our daily papers are constantly announcing the fresh arrival of Socialist leaders, driven from their own country by the recent repressive measures. It is not to the German Chancellor that we must look for protection against these importations. It is to our own Government, which is highly censurable for not taking notice of such arrivals, as was done by Secretary Fish, though, unfortunately, but on one similar occasion. In Germany the Imperial Government, supported by the Church of Rome, is straining every effort to drive the Socialist from his native soil."

The iron will and hand of the police alone have jurisdiction over millions of German citizens, and the steps by which suppression is enforced are of a character so drastic and arbitrary that exile becomes a boon compared with the suffering to be endured under the ban of the new law. And America alone offers to these outcasts the hope of unmolested combination. With these facts before them, will the people of the United States persist in their usual course of apathy so long as their apparently immediate interest is not affected? Then let them consider that not only the best interests of society, but the best interests of property, are at stake. On the eve of great events our people are ever more sanguine than those of other countries. It was so before the great war of secession; it was so before Black Friday; it was so before the strikes of 1877. No sooner did the danger become visible than all marveled how it could have come so suddenly upon the country. Yet, in the case of the strikes, we had had our warning on the day succeeding the Christmas of 1876."

The plant which has found root in our soil must be killed before it bursts upon us full blown. The powerful and growing organization which now honeycombs the country must be laid low before we have forgotten the smoldering fires of Pittsburg, and the insurrection which extended through fourteen States of the Union—an insurrection which destroyed millions of property and hundreds of lives, in many cases successfully defied the local authorities, and for the first time in American history revealed its power to an organized mob. No thoughtful man can dwell upon our defenseless future without fear and apprehension, although the great mass of our people close their eyes to dangers past and coming. With that same tranquillity and inward satisfaction with which honest Lucretius gazed from the land upon the wrecking ship does the average American mind view the mighty struggle now waging in the German Empire."

Socialism in America is no longer a myth, it is a fact; it was the spirit which showed itself in the recent election of the Kearney Constitution.

Americans have always admired a righteous and honorable resistance of a poverty-stricken people to despotism, but they have no sympathy with the disorder, terrorism, and tyranny of the new creed proclaimed by modern Socialists in Germany, and against it they will rise as a people; but ere it becomes too strong to be crushed without bloodshed, let it be weeded from the land. Some can not understand how the pernicious doctrines of Socialism can take root and thrive in the free air of our republic, and are disposed to laugh at our fears; but let them beware, for, perhaps, they are laughing away the liberties of their country."

At an evening party one lady was making an asp of herself in the matter of another, of whom she said vehemently that there wasn't such another in the city for everything that was unladylike or unwomanly.

"Sh—sh, my dear, whispered a friend to her, "you are forgetting yourself."

Paneron had a comma for a nose, but nevertheless consumed pecks of snuff and ceaselessly flourished a handkerchief as big as the mainsail of a frigate.

"I know why you do," said Cherubini to him one day; "it's to make people think you have a nose."

A gentleman who thought that the price asked for the ground floor of a house was somewhat steep, told the janitor so.

"Well, ye-es; perhaps it is high, but then there is an elevator."

Henry Ward Beecher, writing from Pittsburg, while on his way to lecture for \$350 a night, complacently says: "Here are hundreds of men who live on a dollar a day, and lay up something every year."

When the Mayor of Leadville gets drunk he loses his office, and the next best shot in the city is escorted by the grateful citizens to the city hall.

Truth is stranger than fiction, but then it isn't half so interesting. And then nobody likes to be familiar with strangers.

What is the best way to prevent the night from going too far? Put on the break of day.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Dead Love of St. Jerome.

"Wasted with woe and midnight prayers
Was the love of St. Jerome."—*Old Legend.*

My brown hair ripples on his breast
(Wailing the wind goes by);
A sharp cross near his breast was pressed—
I loved his faintest sigh.

How could he leave me? (Hark! I heard
The wild blast grieve along).
Why shun his mournful "paradise bird,"
Chanting a holy song.

Which charmed his raptured heart and brain?
(O night-wind, wildly play!)
I lie entranced 'neath cloistered pane,
And die for him away.

One morn a lovely pilgrim came
(Sad night-bird, weave thy song!)
Her heart a wild impassioned flame,
Her love a spell of wrong.

Dark curls streamed o'er her sable vest,
But mine were golden brown;
My glance he deemed a dove's unrest,
When rosy clouds look down.

She told her beads within his cell
(She wove dark coils of death).
They sighed, when evening shadows fell,
With love's delicious breath.

I mind me now, in my lonely grave
(Rave on, thou fitful blast!)
Of a sudden plunge beneath the wave
That brought me peace at last.

'Twas drenched, and chill my throbbing breast;
(O night-wind, sob no more!)
The wild bird soars, with sable crest,
To sing my sorrows o'er.

He prays, a cross within his grasp,
While the storm raves o'er the world—
Come, false one, shield me in thy clasp,
The night is bitter cold.

I was St. Jerome's "maid adored"
(Yet sweet, pale nuns pass by).
He praised the church, whose zealous word
"Brought virgins ever high."

I was St. Jerome's "maid adored,"
But in the grave dwell I;
Each maid, each kingdom he "adored,"
Shall sadly sink and die.

ALHAMA.

The Old Canoe.

Where rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank;
Where the weeds grow thick on its winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through—
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath stopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done,
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silver screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "to-whoo,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave
Rots slowly away in its hidden grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay.
Hiding the mouldering past away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower;
While many a blossom of the liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
And the light wind plays with the boat at will;
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the bands of time
That meet and part at the noonday chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream ran quick;
When the whirls were wild and the eddies were thick;
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the murky tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hand that lent to the light skiff wings
Has grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ANONYMOUS.

A Book-Marker.

It holds my Bible leaves apart,
This poor shorn tress, so sad to see,
As memory murmurs to my heart
How you died, love, and left for me
A barren waste of weary years,
Sown with dark doubts that sorrow breeds.
I grasp at hope, but vex my ears
With jangle of discordant creeds,

And wonder is it quenched, that sweet
Soft radiance of a life benign,
That made my grosser pulses beat
In humble harmony with thine?
And are they dead, the nameless bliss
That only foolish lovers know,
Live lips that quivered to my kiss
In those bright summers long ago?

Or, haply, past the nether wave,
Shall Sundered spirits meet again?
Is there no knowledge in the grave,
Or promise for the sons of men?
The wintry sunset sheds a ray
Across the Book. I read and trust
That you shine somewhere, far away—
I can not think that you are dust.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

The Executive Committee of the Republican State Central organization, acting in form and by authority, has, after mature deliberation, unanimously adopted and published the following address to the Republican voters of California: "The Republican State Central Committee desires to urge upon you the necessity of organizing promptly for an earnest and vigorous campaign. You are called upon this year to perform a double duty—to assist in securing a faithful and effective administration of the new Constitution and to support the time-honored principles of your party. The contest which has just resulted in the adoption of that change in our organic law was waged without reference to national party lines, and had but one issue—whether the new Constitution should be ratified. The Republican party accepts the result as an absolute finality, and pledges itself to a faithful interpretation and administration of its provisions in all honesty and sincerity. That party is preëminently the representative of loyalty, of respect for law, of faithful adherence to compacts. The principles on and by which it stands are inseparable from these characteristics; its members have ever been noted for their insistence upon a strict regard for Constitutional requirements; and in urging the Republicans of the State to rally around their party banners, we are only giving the best assurance conceivable that the candidates whom they will put forward may be trusted to administer the new Constitution fairly, fully, and in all sincerity and good faith. It is the more necessary to stand by the party organization to-day, because great and momentous national issues are in controversy. In addition to four Congressmen, California elects a State Senate whose members will vote on the election of a United States Senator. These considerations alone point to the absolute necessity of a vigorous party campaign. But these are not the only incentives to energetic action. In 1880 the Presidential campaign opens, and the Republicans of California can not afford to be negligent in the preparation for a struggle which may involve the whole future of the Republic. The issues now presented are inferior in gravity to none which the party has been called to confront since its defense of a threatened Union. Advancing with ever-growing audacity, the Democratic leaders have conspired to paralyze the Federal Government and to revive the obsolete and heretical doctrine of States' rights with aggravated extravagance. To compass their purpose they have undertaken to intimidate the Executive by threatening to withhold supplies; and further to embarrass the Administration they have resorted to the device of appending political measures to appropriation bills, and causing it to be inferred that they will bring the Government to a standstill if their demands are not conceded. It is against the dangers which this condition of national politics involves that the Republican party must prepare to contend with all its energies. We have exaggerated nothing in ascribing to the situation a gravity only second to that which confronted the nation in 1861. The occasion calls for all the loyalty and resolution which the memories of a glorious past can inspire and evoke. Though almost a generation has elapsed the patriots who fought to preserve the Union are not yet dead. The policy which they periled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to uphold and defend is not yet abandoned by its friends; and it is to that spirit of patriotism, to that stern resolve, to that noble liberalism, that we confidently appeal to-day. The mission of the Republican party is not ended while the enfranchisement of the negro continues to be a sham and a pretense, while the republican government in ten States is a mockery, while the men who fought to destroy the Union stand triumphantly upon the steps of the national capitol and plot the reversal of the judgment which the swords of our patriots recorded. That party stand pledged to preserve the faith of the Government in all its promises to its creditors; to provide as a circulating medium for the use of the people a currency which shall be of uniform value, whether gold, silver or pa-

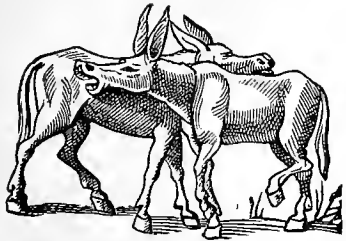
per, and to make a dollar, whatever its form, absolutely worth a dollar. To disband, to falter, to fail now in recognizing the duty and need of action, would be to surrender the purposes of a lifetime, to stultify the teachings of a generation, to renounce the approval of contemporaries and the gratitude of posterity. It is not from the Republican party that such weakness, such apathy, is to be expected. That party is to-day, as ever, the responsible depository of whatever high and holy aspirations the people of these United States cherish. It stands for ordered liberty, equal justice, enlightened education, constitutional government, and equitable legislation. It is the exponent and guardian of that liberty which rests upon understanding, and of that freedom which is distinguished from license. It stands to-day, as ever, for the poor as for the rich, for the passionless administration of a justice which knows no respect of persons, and for all that can enfranchise, elevate, and ennoble mankind; and because it stands for these it is the natural and implacable foe of that party which aims at anarchy, sanctions license, and seeks to tamper with justice under the plea of a more perfect democracy, and which shelters and sanctions corruption under the pretext of a magnanimous catholicity. Against the doctrines which assault the freedom, purity, and republicanism of our institutions, it is the duty of all Republicans to oppose their utmost efforts; and to such a contest you are now invited, in the full and abiding confidence that you will respond with characteristic enthusiasm to the summons, and that you will not cease until your efforts shall be crowned by a glorious success."

This is the language of the entire document, worded with the requisite nicety, and drawn to touch the party enthusiasm of the Republican voter. It recites clearly the party acceptance of the new organic law, promises honest men for its interpretation, throws in a hint of the importance of the Presidential campaign of 1880, indulges in a little bit of buncombe about the heretical States' rights doctrines of the Democratic leaders; the dangers similar to those of 1861 that threaten; the attitude of the solid South on the steps of the national capitol; the sham enfranchisement of the negro, and winds up with the usual appeal and apostrophe for efforts that shall finally "be crowned by a glorious success." It reads beautifully, but what about carrying out the letter and spirit of these fine promises? The text-book is all right, but how stands the first class in primary political manipulation? This is what the Republican voter wants to know. He understands perfectly well, and without written, or printed, or spoken assurance of the State Central Committee, that the Republican party is the only rallying point left for respectability and patriotism. He has seen the Democracy slowly droop and dissolve, and finally drown in the elements of its own dissolution. He has marked the rise, and progress, and triumph, and quarrel of "Kearney and the gang" of "honorable bilks," and the only thing now wanted is an assurance that his fealty being given to the Republican party, "the party of order, liberty, equal justice, enlightened education, constitutional government, and equitable legislation," he will not be murdered in his confidences by the intriguers and bummers of his own household. Given this assurance, and he is undoubtedly ready and willing to make the effort that will "be crowned by a glorious success;" for with safety and solidity in the Republican camp it is not a difficult undertaking to campaign against the present front of opposition politics. Not only is the new party a thing of shreds and patches, but its leading spirits have been met and vanquished before. It is a resurrection, this new life. For many years after the era of the Vigilance Committee this State and city were eminently American and politically respectable. The elements of evil which infest every community slunk into obscurity, official position was fairly acquired, and official duty honestly and independently performed, and the demagogue was virtually dead. But some of the human thistle-down that the old Vigilance Committee scattered blew inland, gradually got over its scare, and set the leaven of hatred to work to get even for the past. This leaven has at last lifted the political crust. If the Vigilantes had been a little more thorough, the old Bourbon politicians would have run further before they rested, and their disciples and descendants would not be struggling with Kearney to-day for the spoils of an accidental victory. But they had the good luck to be permitted to linger, and the good fortune to live, and the good judgment to strike hands with Kearneyism when it came, and the skill to catch the *Chronicle*, when, obedient to its tastes, it tumbled; and the patriotism to recognize as leader a Confederate general from Kentucky, who argued against the admission of California into the Union unless shackled with slavery, and the charity to condone the offense of a brevet rebel having upon his hands the stain of a Senator's blood. This is the material and the temper of the new organization, this the complexion of the enemy, with the exception of a few honest farmers gone daft on the despotism of great corporations and the mirage of double taxation, that is mustering its forces for a conflict with the Republican party. Already it has made a mess in its swaddling clothes. It is trying hard to get rid of the wet nurse, Kearney, and repudiate not only his influence but his paternity. Like the whelp that it is, the young jackal refuses to recognize the

source of its blood, and stabs the breast that nursed, and warmed it into life. With this cabal none but the old political fossils and exiles can afford to affiliate. It is as ungrateful as it is insincere. It is as selfish as it is low-born. It is as dangerous as it is unscrupulous, and as imbecile in its capability to reform existing abuses as it is arrogant and brazen in assuming to itself all the virtues necessary to an honest interpretation of the new organic law. And yet, with all this said and admitted, the new party has strength. It has confidence, enthusiasm, an early organization, a newspaper, and a blind and stubborn following of the forlorn hope that is bound to win, in order to get in once more before a natural death snatches its recruits back from the resurrection of their political graves. It will fight hard and strike deep for the mastery. It will plot and compromise with the Democrats, betray the working-men, bamboozle the horny-handed sons of toil, and invent and encourage and nurse dissension among Republicans. And it looks now as though Republicans are disposed to help them along in the scheme. It looks very much as though the next general election would be a scrub and scrambling race; a wrangle and a riot over the county, and town, and legislative, and small judicial offices; a campaign of compromises for a few political peanuts.

To offset this, and to stand to win, the Republican party must stop quarreling and buckle down to honest and earnest and immediate work. It must choose its candidates with a discretion that will be at once recognized and approved. It must stand firm, and unyielding, and unanimous. It must sacrifice nothing to the demands of Federal officials, and lean but little on the issues of 1880. It must talk less of "the enfranchisement of the negro being a sham and a pretense," and more of the interpretation of this new Constitution. "The mockery of republican government in ten States" is of little importance beside the possibility of a socialistic government in this. "The whole future of the Republic" can afford to wait till the destiny of California is decided. "The gravity, second only to that which confronted the nation in 1861," is nothing to the seriousness of the situation here; and "while the men who fought to destroy the Union stand triumphantly upon the steps of the national capitol and plot the reversal of the judgment which the swords of our patriots recorded," the rebels here have got beyond the steps and into the very citadel of our organic law, and threaten to reverse their socialistic and confederate thumbs on our business as well as our political life. This is a fight, not for party principle but for personal preservation, not a struggle for the glory of the republic but a tussle for the honor of the State. We have allowed the buzzards to make their opportunity and to gather blinking for the feast, to glory over the clean sweep of office-holders, and to gloat on the long list of places to be filled, and the good time coming. The day of lamentations and hand-foldings over this result is done, and all that remains for the Republican party is to step confidently into the arena and elect such men as have the intelligence and patriotism to stay all hurtful possibilities, and who will give an honest interpretation to that which is good in the new instrument. This is what is expected of the party under its declaration of principles, and this is what it will be helped to do by hundreds of sensible and conservative people outside of the strict party line, who, frightened at the dangerous drift in the other direction, will strain a point or two to vote with reason and respectability—that is, provided the Republican nominees represent reason and respectability. If old political tramps and corporation hacks, and party bummers are allowed to step to the front, they will be the heralds of a deserved defeat. The rank and file of the Republican party demand the nomination at the convention of honest names. It asks for a ticket that is not handicapped in every line by a fragrant political history. It desires an opportunity to bring out the conservative element, and demands that the manipulators and wire-pullers keep their hands from the party throat and not choke it to death at the primaries, as there is every reason to fear now that they will do. As we have said before, the exigencies of the times demand a deliberative convention, and the sacrifice of selfish and purely personal ends to the making of a ticket that will win. That it can be done there is not the shadow of a doubt; that it will be is purely a piece of hopeful speculation. When the quality of this State is aroused its suffrage rallies about the Republican standard, but when politicians test its temper it jumps in every direction. The Gorham defeat, and the Booth triumph, and the Irwin walk-over, all bear witness as to how severely alone the Republican voter can leave the obnoxious party nominee. There is no blind following, as with the Democracy, of the upraised idol; no general obedience to the crack of the party whip. But there is a sentiment abroad for a square Republican fight against the communistic cormorants, a ticket that will command respect and votes, and a keeping of the pledge that promises an honest and a healthy State and municipal government. Given these conditions and a thorough organization, and we will "respond with characteristic enthusiasm to the summons," and "will not cease until our efforts shall be crowned by a glorious success." But more business and less buncombe; more attention to local issues, and less concern—at least just now—for the distribution of national party bonbons.

PRATTLE.



Some time ago the legislature of Massachusetts was so wise as to pass a law making desertion for three years a cause of divorce. Since then the number of divorces in nearly all parts of the State has

doubled. Opening his court at Barnstable, the other day, Judge Lord began the hearing of applications for divorce from no fewer than thirty young women, Puritanesses all (the population of Cape Cod is wholly Yankee, and entirely Orthodox), who filed in and sat in rows like school classes. Of these only two had wedded previously to 1870. The "revelations" were of the decenter and most godly character; there had, as a rule, been no infidelity nor marked infelicity. The couples had tired of marriage, and the husbands had "deserted," continuing, in most instances, neighborly relations with the wives, and living in the same village. There had been, apparently, from the first, no intention of always living together. On the whole, the Massachusetts "desertion" law appears to work smoothly and well; two hundred and fifty-odd years of Christian civilization having enabled that tireless commonwealth to get nearly abreast of California in the matter of domestic morals. This, no question, is discouraging, but considering for how short a time we have been in the race we may nourish a reasonable hope that long before Massachusetts shall have passed the limit of calculable depravity we shall have shot ahead and attained the goal of unspeakable nastiness.

That poor devil of a woman in Pocasset, who abetted her religion-mad husband in the murder of their little daughter, in order that God might raise her from the dead, is reported as being herself at the point of death from remorse at her horrible mistake. This ghastly affair, I observe, has profoundly stirred the entire country, with the probable result of inspiring many other wild beasts of heaven's combined menagerie and circus to crimson their paws in the heart's blood of their innocent whelpage. One foal makes many, and the chill blast of retribution disseminates the spores of crime. It needs now only to hang the he-filicide (we hear nothing, by the way, of *his* penitence), and we shall have abundant upgrowth of similar lunatics from the oils and talloes of his rancid carcass. Nevertheless, it is advisable to hang him, and hang him hard.

See, Lord, fanatics all arrayed
For revolution!
To foil their villain camisade
Unsheathe again the sacred blade
Of persecution.

What though through long disuse 'tis grown
A trifle rusty?
'Gainst modern heresy, whose bone
Is rotten, and the flesh fly-blown,
It still is trusty.

Of sterner stuff Thine ancient foes,
Unapprehensive,
Sprang forth to meet Thy biting blows;
Our zealots chiefly to the nose
Assume the offensive.

Then wield the blade their necks to hack,
Nor ever spare one;
Thy crowns of martyrdom unpack,
But see that every martyr lack
The head to wear one.

That convenient fiction of the bucolic press, "a friend at our elbow" (commonly, I fear, nothing but a hole in the coat editorial), is here supposed to ask me how much of all this I mean. A good deal, I blush to confess. With retrospective eye traveling rapidly along the less familiar paths of history, profane and sacred, I seem to discern a multitude of crumbling altars upon which the fires of new religions have been quenched with the blood of their devotees—many ash-colored spots along the path of human progress, where the speeding flames of some now-forgotten faith were trampled out by the feet of persecution. You can not get an important universal truth within the four corners of an epigram, and the familiar apothegm that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church" is of imperfect application. Picturesque that view of the matter clearly is, and hence its currency, along with the allied, but by no means identical, popular belief that "truth crushed to earth" will necessarily survive "wounded error." Such notions are blazed about the world, persisting through the ages, not because they satisfy the understanding, but because they captivate the fancy. They enslave the moral sense with chains of roses, but reason has nothing to say to them. Platitudes are mummies of the picturesque.

Not every "sacred fire" has the vitality of those of the Guebres in Moore's fable, which not only resisted the bigot's attempt to extinguish them, but set afire his extinguishers. Government—if we had a Government—could arrive at a solution of "the Mormon problem" in a quarter of the time that No Authority has already consumed in getting ready to prepare for taking thought whether to consider how to not act.

Call off your parsons, your editors, and your pedagogues, make me dictator, and I'll engage to make Mormonism a very dim and tenebrous tradition indeed, and that, too, without troubling myself to inquire whether my measures have given to popular sympathies this turn or that. Should secular measures, however, be thought too barbarous for this rose-water age, I would cheerfully consent to employ only spiritual—say four squadrons of Episcopalian horse, six regiments of Methodist foot, and a battery of Presbyterian artillery.

This by way of illustration; it is right to explain that I have a sincere respect for the Mormons. Surviving one of the most hateful and sneaking aggressions that ever disgraced the generally straightforward and forthright course of religious persecution—an aggression that lacked alike the sanction of authority and the lustre of success—they dragged the feeble remnant of their dispirited body into the horrible wilderness, where, a thousand miles beyond the reach of cupid's most extravagant claim, they made a garden of abundance. There they reared the edible beast and the succulent vegetable, and to the feast came Famine from over the seas to line his ribs with leaves of firm white tallow, box-plaited and scalloped. Following his dusty toes thither, Nakedness was fearfully and wonderfully clad, yet warmly withal. There the stomach of intemperance paled its ineffectual fires, and Immorality was fain to hide his diminished head. In short, Mormonism proved the greatest practical benefaction of the century. If it ruined any souls it had the right, for the starving carcasses of its converts had none until souls were created under their skeleton ribs by Mormon meats and herbs. And now we want to rout out the Mormons again, rapacity arming itself for the purpose with religion's exhausted mandates copied from the archives of Nauvoo and telegraphed out to Ogden.

When the Saints, a pauper few,
We the Gentiles once went through,
"All for Jesus!" cried the many—
Seeing there was naught for any.
Now, their coffers as we eye,
"All for Jesus!" still we cry.
But again when we have striven,
And the coup de grace have given,
We shall find, when all our gains
To count over it shall please us,
Not a Saint alive remains,
Not a cent has gone to Jesus.

According to the May returns to the department of Agriculture, California is one of six States and Territories in which the wages-rate for farm labor has increased during the past year, there having been a marked decline in all the others. Kearney's rabble gatherings on the city sand-lots have done *some* good, anyhow; they have benefited the farm laborers who did not remove to the city to attend them.

The news comes blazing and thundering under the sea that the Governor of a province tributary to Turkey (I am in doubt if it is not a city tributary to Russia), who had officially proclaimed his intention of wearing henceforth the Bulgarian hat, has been commanded by the Sultan to continue to top himself with the fez; the Porte in its wisdom regarding the Bulgarian hat as a shocking bad one politically. Public opinion (there is such a thing public opinion, it appears, even in the dominions of the Czaritan of Tursia) is greatly excited, though "no disturbance is apprehended." Why should there be a disturbance? It is a matter of trifling political importance whether he wear the hat on his neck at the bottom of the Bosphorus, or the fez on his head in the skull department of a St. Petersburg museum.

On the birthday of Queen Victoria that enlightened journal, the San Francisco *Bulletin*, drew attention to the circumstance that the Victorian age has surpassed in glory the Elizabethan, and among the particulars of superiority enumerated the development of the railroad system and the connection of "her island home" with the rest of the world by the telegraph. There spake the Philistine, for it is of the nature of the Philistine to consider civilization very largely a matter of railroads and telegraphs—not altogether, for it is partly, also, a thing of steamboats and coal gas; and it was an example of noble moderation in the *Bulletin* man to leave them out. Was it from charitable and magnanimous consideration for the memory of Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh, and Drake that he contented himself with dimly sketching the overshadowing figures of Stephenson and Whatshisname (the telegraph person), forbearing to even outline the stupendous images of the other two immortals, Robert Fulton and the illustrious inventor of the gas bill?

If civilization consisted in these things it would be the most hateful and intolerable condition of existence that it is possible to imagine. Nothing earthly is so uninteresting as these vaunted material achievements of the mechanic—unless, indeed, it be their praises from the mouths and pens of their admirers. I do not deny that they are useful in a narrow sense; I protest that they are not advantageous in a broad one. They enable more human beings to subsist in a given area than could do so before; if they perform any other important function I am unable to discover what it is. Within the life-time of the present generation the population of Europe has enormously increased; the inventor and the

engineer pat themselves and one another complacently on the stomach saying: "We did it." The boast is well founded; they indubitably did. And the man who compounded a new dog-soap that was a dead-shot for fleas intelligently assisted, according to his light. His service to humanity differs from theirs, not in kind but only in degree. Before his era a great deal of time and labor was wasted catching dog-fleas by hand.

It is urged that the railroad, the steamboat, and the telegraph (coal gas and the cotton gin meanly excluded) are servants of liberty and promoters of peace. This is true—when they are in liberal and peaceful hands; in the control of tyranny and turbulence they are powerful engines of oppression and war. The first act of the usurper is to seize them, the second to operate; I recall no instance where they have either resisted or disobeyed. The railroad enables "patriotism" to concentrate troops for defense, but equally for invasion and conquest. The steamship can succor the distant colony, if it beat another steamship. The telegraph sends its rain of important information upon the just and the unjust, disclosing alike the intrigues of oppressors and the plans of the oppressed. The newspaper press (I had forgotten the newspaper press) fills the world with a blaze of light—showing the enemies of mankind where to deliver the most telling blows. Whether these things have brought peace let us ask at Sebastopol, at Magenta, at Gettysburg, at Sadowa, at Gravelotte, and at Plevna—"fields of the dead" representing six gigantic wars in twenty years!

That war is not a very great evil is little to the purpose: the panegyrists of wheels, and poets laureate of machinery, hold that it is. They weep with one eye at the "horrors of war," while the other is holyrolled upward in thanksgiving for their supposed mitigation by devices which give to armies vast resources, immense facilities of aggression, novel powers of recuperation, amazing mobility, and formidable strength—the railroads, the steamers, the magnetic telegraph. (I must weaken my argument by omitting from this category the newspaper press, the cotton gin, and the gas bill; whose voice, generally speaking, is "still for war," however.) It is a pity that these shallow sentimentalists have not another eye each, in order that while with one they deplore "the horrors," and with another bless "the dawn of a new era," they might add the charm of insincerity to their performance by winking significantly with a third.

There was "opposition" to the celebration in New York of the centenary birthday of Thomas Moore, the poet, because he called the people of this country "barbarians."

"Barbarians all!" shouted Moore, and the cry
Has fluttered the simoleon crew,
Who signify now their contempt of the lie
By proving it partially true.

Happening, the other day, to attend a court of justice I was much impressed by what I saw and heard, and that night dreamed I was the Sultan of Turkey visiting the United States in search of knowledge. Visiting a grave looking person who said he was a Judge, "What," said I, "do you do when a man comes to you with a complaint against his neighbor?" "May it please your Majesty," he replied, "I send for the other man." "What! you permit both men to tell their stories?" "Yes, your Majesty, and the woman, too." "The woman?" "There is generally a woman." "Then you listen to three conflicting statements!" "To five, always, your Majesty, for there must be at least two lawyers." "May the grave of my aunt be defiled if I know what you mean!" "Lawyers, your Majesty, are men whom we compel the litigants to employ—people who must live." "Are there any others, you dog of darkness?" "The witnesses—friends of the litigants. Each tells a different story, but none the truth." "By the beard of the Prophet, this is inconceivable! How from this mass of contradiction can one know the truth?" "One can not, Sire, we have twelve. They know nothing when they begin, and recollect nothing before they have done." "Shaitan smite them! What is your function?" "Oh, I silence insulted witnesses, approve the verdict, and grant a new trial." "May the jackasses sing when you pray," I thundered, striking at him. He dodged under the couch upon which I was reclining. Springing to my feet I kicked him as he disappeared, and the pain of the collision, joined with the noise of his upsetting, awoke me.

Now Murphy lauds (with "views" he's rife,
And eager, too, to air them)
"The Beauties of a Sober Life."
With him I'll share them.

I love love's wine, and he the race
Of milk-and-wa'er duties;
The Sober Life let him embrace,
And me the Beauties.

Mr. Anderson, the gentleman who rendered important service to Mr. Troy Dye in performing the Tullis murder, is reported by his "spiritual adviser" as having given evidence of "deep religious conviction" just before "dying a triumphant Christian death" tangled in a rope. I venture with due and becoming deference to the Governor to submit that after a condemned murderer has repented, reformed, and become a good Christian, he might safely be turned to the use of hanging a pious and estimable

NURSERY RHYMES.

From a Recent Essay Read Before the Cbit-Chat Club.

BY JOHN C. HALL.

* * * But viewing the subject without humor, from the sober standpoint, and in the light of common sense, we shall find that these nursery rhymes are not the nonsensical and unimportant things they are frequently understood to be. They play a most distinguished part in a certain division of our education. Whence did we derive our ideas of rhythm, and where was the ear first practiced in perceiving the smooth flow of syllables, metrically arranged, and the pleasing similarity of the sound of final vowels? Certainly in the atting the same beauties in the standard poets, when our at-nursery. There were we prepared for detecting and appreciation was afterward turned to graver things. And so important a part of our education is this, and so receptive the infant mind of these early impressions, that many persons, having in charge the education of the young and standing eminent in authority, have advised that certain facts in philosophy be incorporated with these rhymes, and taught in connection with them—for instance, facts illustrating the law of gravitation, principles in astronomy, chemistry, the power of steam, the properties and astonishing uses of electricity and galvanism—thus imprinting early upon the infant mind many of the most important truths of natural philosophy.

And, despite all the nonsense which is embodied in these rhymes, they contain many grains of wisdom which can not be too early learned. One may be cited as a specimen, as it contains the quintessence of common sense, and a teaching which is occasionally derided:

"There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said: 'Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say
Than will you, yea or nay,
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.'"
"The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed:
'But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?'"

Indeed, some of them, divested of their redundant nonsense, are far from destitute of literary merit. There is a striking resemblance between Mercutio's description of Queen Mab and Mother Goose's account of the apparel of "Master Tom Thumb." Mercutio says:

"She comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an Alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat;
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker."

Of Master Tom Thumb, Mother Goose says:

"Come listen, my boys, sit still and be mum,
I'll read the apparel of Master Tom Thumb.
An oaken leaf he wears for his crown;
His shirt it was by spiders spun;
His stockings of thistle-down, they tie
With eyelash picked from his mother's eye;
His bat was made of butterfly's wing;
His boots were wove of gossamer thin;
His coat and breeches were shaped with pride;
A needle mounted swung by his side;
A mouse he rode as his dappled steed;
His bridle curb an inch of thread;
His shoes were made of a squirrel's skin,
Nicely tanned, the hair within."

Although there is much uncertainty in regard to the bibliography of some of the popular nursery rhymes, yet the one just quoted is reliably ascribed to "Mother Goose." Another important circumstance relating to these melodies, and one which imparts to them a lively and ever increasing interest is the antiquity of some of them, a few examples will illustrate. The lines describing the disaster which befell

"Bryan O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother"

are found slightly altered in a black-letter book by W. Wager, printed about 1560. The lines—

"I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear,
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I shipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me—"

are said to refer to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry VII. in 1506.

The rhyme of Jack Horner is a fragment of an extended chap-book tale in verse, entitled, "The Pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty tricks and pleasant pranks, which he played from his youth to his ripper years." A copy of this history, embellished with frightful wood-cuts, is preserved in the Bodleian Library. The story is founded on that of "The Fryer and the Boy," printed in London in 1617, and both are taken from a still more ancient tale of "Jack and his Stepdame," which was published by Mr. Wright. The traditional lines read thus:

"When friends they did together meet
To pass away the time—
Why little Jack, be sure would eat
His Christmas pie in rhyme.
And said, 'Jack Horner, in the corner,
Eats good Christmas pie.
And with his thumbs pulls out the plums,
And said: Good boy am I.'"

These lines are very much in the style of what we call "old English poetry." The rhymes—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
Guard the bed that I lay on!

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away—"

are indeed very beautiful. Ady, in his *Candle in the Dark*, published in 1650, affirms that the first two lines were used in the time of Queen Mary. Their origin is supposed to be found in the *Euchiridion Leonis Papæ*, first published at Rome in 1532, and early translated into French. This work consists of a collection of prayers, for the most part burlesqued or disfigured, and adopted as charms to avert or heal diseases.

Nearly every school boy has expressed his feelings in the well known lines:

"Multiplication is vexation,
Division's twice as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad."

A few years since these veritable lines were found in a manuscript dated 1570. The list might be considerably extended, showing the quaint and curious origin of several of these melodies. But many of them have an archaeology still more remote, and even anterior to any authentic history. There is no exaggeration in attributing to them an immense age. We find, says Halliwell, that the same trifles which erewhile lulled or amused the English infant are current, in slightly varied forms, throughout the north of Europe; we know that they have been sung in the northern countries for centuries, and that there has been no modern outlet for their dissemination across the German Ocean. The most natural inference is to adopt the theory of a Teutonic origin, and thus give to every genuine child-rhyme found in England or Sweden an immense antiquity.

In speaking of the permanent character of the melodies of Mother Goose, who was not, as many suppose, a mythical being, but a veritable personage, an anonymous critic has said with both humor and truth:

"People may talk of Homer and Shakspeare, and whom they please of that class, but Mother Goose may hold up her head with the best of them. The Swan of Avon is not the only bird that has made melody for all time. See how Mother Goose has stood her ground, and survived whole generations of pretenders to poetical inspiration. How many great writers have sprung up from nothing, flourished away, and sunk back to nothing, while Mother Goose has sat calmly brooding over her golden eggs of wisdom! What revolutions and overturns we have had in literature, to the utter demolition of great names and great reputations in poetry! What fluctuations between the lake school, the metaphysical school, the romantic school, the transcendental school, the namby-pamby school, and the fiddle-de-dee school, sending thousands of sprouting and aspiring poets into everlasting oblivion! Amidst all these tossings and turnings, and ups and downs of popular opinion, Mother Goose has swum like a duck, and kept her glorious reputation above water."

Why, it may pertinently be asked, are these "unconsidered trifles" so durable? Why have they been handed down to us from the earliest dawn? It may be answered, and with strong persuasion, that the preservation of the relics of primitive literature often bears an inverse ratio to their importance. But a more satisfactory solution can be found in the identity of human nature—the principle that, in all ages, the human family has been endowed with the same ideas and sentiments, which extend, in unobliterated transmission, from its origin to its present state. The child of rude and barbaric surroundings feels in some degree the same sentiment of liberty which actuated Hampden or Washington, the same enthusiasm which fired the thoughts of Newton or Kepler, the same sense of the beautiful which thrilled the soul of a Titian or a Bellini. It is on this identity of human nature, in all ages, that every principle of action, every teaching of morals, every institute of art is founded. It is the affirmation that man everywhere is man, made of the same powers, passions, and affections; that the senses are the same in all, intelligence the same in all, affection the same in all, reason the same in all, conscience the same in all, faith the same in all; that they all have the same root in the same soil, the common nature of man. Whatsoever appeals to that human nature can never be outgrown or antiquated until human nature is itself outgrown. It was the enthusiastic conviction of the validity of this principle which caused an eminent divine of this city to remark that Old Mother Hubbard was as immortal as Paradise Lost.

But these nursery rhymes are destined to occupy a far more significant place in literature than has yet been hinted at. It is not a hazardous assertion to say that they will, in the near future, if they have not already, become a prominent revelation of the history of early nations whose primitive career is so shrouded in mist and uncertainty that the chronicler and the annalist can give us no more than vague and uncertain information. Within the past fifty years, a remarkable change has taken place in regard to literature. It has become the practice of many inquiring minds—those devoted to the study of the causes whose recondit processes have transformed the rude savage of primeval centuries into the enlightened and courtly European of to-day—to seek the history of the moral and intellectual growth of nations by the study of their literatures and other artistic memorials. They proceed upon the principle that such a community is in a state of constant development, and that, in every stage of that development, a spontaneous and ineffaceable impression of its physiological conditions is inscribed upon its canvas, its marble, and its literary monuments. This idea has taken a vigorous hold upon the thinking mind, and become one of the most important facts in modern philosophy. Literature is no longer regarded as the casual exhalation of an overwrought brain, the child of caprice, a mere creation of fancy, a "rhapsody of words." It is a structure, resting upon a foundation, and possessing substantial and symmetrical proportions. It has a philosophy whose proportions are co-extensive with the human soul.

One of the greatest philosophic works of the day, and one which has provoked admiration from some, denunciation from others, and wonder from all, expounds and applies this principle; and in the English literature the author traces, step by step, and point by point, the moral and intellectual growth of that singular people. With the greatest clearness the brilliant Frenchman pictures the character of the primitive English from the song of "Athelstan's victory at Brunan-burg." He discovers all the emotions, the joy, fury, and ex-

altation. We see not only the outward forms of the people whose history he unfolds, but we are made sensible of their inner life, their various habitudes, their features quivering with animation and glowing with excitement, as we now see the men of our day in the streets, in their homes, in their churches, and in their deliberative assemblies. Thus we find that the artist, with vision undimmed by the refracting media of centuries, can descend the long aisles of the past, scrutinize its memorials, and find in a legislation, a liturgy, in the song of the minstrel or the declamation of the orator, in the structure of a sentence, or the turn of a phrase, an indicium of a people's character.

By this process he gives us a history more accurate, richer, and more profound than that of the mere chronicler. And when the record which the ordinary historian searches and relies upon is wanting, obscure, or intermittent, the artist can trace the psychological development of a people by a process more subtle than the annalist is master of. No matter how remote the thing to be examined—be it a poem, a phrase, or a sentence—he can display the character of the man who wrote it, of the people who environed the man and made him what he was.

Now what are the components of a literature?—the pages of the historian, such as Gibbon and Tacitus, and a few classical dramas? Certainly, but not these alone. Every human utterance, however great or microscopic, from the generalization of the philosopher or the rapture of the poet, to the doggerel of the daily newspaper, is an essential part of literature, and indispensable to a just and comprehensive conception of it. And when we reflect that many of the melodies which thrilled our childish imaginations, and now seem the perfection of nonsense, have come down to us hoary with years; that they frequently contain the record of some notable historic fact, some heroic deed; that they are tinged with the prevailing sentiment of the age which produced them, in the same manner that the marble, the canvas, or the epic or lyric poetry of a given age are affected with contemporary thoughts and feelings; and when we reflect further, that in primitive times people expressed themselves more in the language of passion and poetry than in that of cold, arid prose, that the latter belongs to a mature age when rigorous analysis and exact expression are in requisition, and the former to an emotional age when men act from impulse and not from reflection; and that the more emotional a people may be, the more natural, simple, and unaffected their manner, the less their reserve, the less restraint they will encounter, the more they will pour forth their joys or their lamentations in song—we may safely predict that in the period which we are rapidly approaching, if we have not already entered upon it, when all history shall be rewritten, and the historian shall trace, not the march of armies, but the pressure and progress of principles; not the cunning of the diplomatist, but the conflict of truth and error for the mastery, and of truth with truth for adjustment, that even these child-rhymes shall, under the magic touch of modern criticism, light up the sombre ages of the past and become a further revelation of the mysterious and complex development of him who is "in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

The New York Times, a patronizing paper, published in a pure and progressive city, has written a little tear-compelling article about San Francisco. Read: "San Francisco is in many respects the most American city on the continent, especially in its defects, there almost always carried to extremes. Statistics show that, last year, almost three hundred divorces were granted in the city, nearly one divorce for every working day. Suicides are so common, likewise, that the newspapers often chronicle six or seven a week. This shows at what high pressure people live. They have as a rule, no repose, no regular method, no wholesome self-discipline, no understanding of themselves. Their condition, like their wants and expectations, is artificial. They exist in a continual state of excitement; the days and nights are in a constant whirl. What they do to-day they wish to undo to-morrow. Marrying without reflection, without any guarantee for the future, they soon discover their mistake and seek release from the bonds they have so eagerly and unhesitatingly imposed upon themselves. Life is emotional, sensational, carnival-like. Nothing is, nothing has been, everything is to be. Life, property, the whole community, is speculative. There is no solid foundation anywhere of serious, recurring work. All the inhabitants, from the lowest to the highest, from the poorest to the most prosperous, look to some lucky venture for the golden reward of some spasmodic effort. When balked of their aims and hopes, they impulsively throw off the life which for the moment seems unendurable. The town is a mine of gold and gunpowder. It may yield yellow treasures, or explode with terrible effect; enrichment and ruin follow hard and continually one upon the other. The precious ores of California have benefited the world, but have injured its metropolis by making the real unreal, by making all material blessings contingent on uncontrollable circumstance. What San Francisco needs for healthful development is the acceptance of the idea of regular work with proportionate compensation, and the relinquishment of faith in convulsive and unearned success."

There was a singular incident lately in one of the Hartford churches. Wong Shing, in full Chinese dress—pig-tail, cork shoes, and mantilla—officiated as deacon at the communion service in the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. He was one of the first Chinese boys who went to New England to get an education. At Monson, Massachusetts, he was converted, and when he returned to China he became connected with a Christian mission.

LXXXI.—Sunday, June 1.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Potato Soup Maigre.
Fried Flounders, with Lime Juice.
Boiled Squabs on Toast.
Baked Tomatoes, String Beans.
Beef a la Mode, Mashed Potatoes.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Apples a la Religieuse, with Whipped Cream.
Fruit-bowl of Apricots, Cherries, and Oranges.

APPLES A LA RELIGIEUSE are large baked apples with the cores taken out. Make an incision around with the point of a knife. Put a small pat of butter in the holes left by the cores; put them in a baking-pan with a glass of water, sprinkle fine sugar over them, bake slowly, and serve with their own syrup and more powdered sugar sprinkled over them. When carefully done the skin above the incision will rise and look like a veil set over the apple.

BLOUSES IN A BALL-ROOM.

How the One-Hundredth Night of "The Assommoir" was Celebrated in Paris.—A Tribute to Naturalism in Art, and to M. Zola, its Chief Apostle.

PARIS, May 2.—The Assommoir has reached its hundredth night. It is a dramatic event; but there are so many events just now that perhaps it may be as well to explain. It is the great naturalistic play of the period, as the book on which it is founded is the great naturalistic romance. What is naturalism? The art of being natural—a simple thing, you will say, but in the hands of a gifted Frenchman a theory admitting of wondrous developments. Thus, in *The Assommoir*, M. Emile Zola has painted low society to the life, or rather to the death. He has given us the most startlingly awful picture of the back slums of this great town ever done in black and white. It is uncreatable, and of course it is universally read. Zola is the man of the hour, and it will not be his fault if he is not the man of the epoch. He is trying to found a school. A naturalistic or nothing, he says to painter and actor, as well as to writer. Tell the very truth in all its horror, or you will never be sharp enough to see it in all its beauty. Classicism is dead, Romanticism is dying, Naturalism is the infant here. The painters have taken his advice, and we have the impressionist school; the dramatists have taken it, and the play of *The Assommoir*, which has now filled the coffers of the Ambigu for one hundred nights, is the result. It is a sensible play. I defy you to look on a certain scene of death from drunkard's softening of the brain without getting off your liquor for four and twenty hours. The hundredth night of a Parisian play is generally celebrated by a supper of the company. It was felt that something new should be done in this instance in honor of the new school. Let Classicism and Romanticism sup—Naturalism would give a costume ball, and a costume ball like no other—a travesty of low life. The card of invitation was in the form of an etching of a dirty wine cooper in patched apron and wooden shoes, who held a smaller card in his hand thus inscribed—of course in French:

"On the occasion of the centenary of *The Assommoir*, the authors of the piece and the management of the theatre of the Ambigu have the honor to invite — to the ball which will be given at the Elysée Montmartre on the 25th of April at midnight.

"One will crack a crust.
"Gentlemen as workmen.
"Ladies as washerwomen."

These cards were sent right and left to all the great theatres of Paris, to the studios, and to the salons. It was understood that for one night only a good part of the most polished society of the capital was to adopt the dress, speech, and manners of a barrier ball. The very scene of the revel was a low dancing hall on the exterior boulevards, in the Clichy quarter. It is described in the novel and represented in the play as the scene of the death of "Gervaise," the drunkard's wife. She perishes of cold and want in the snow before the door. The students and counter-jumpers who frequent the place danced there as usual up to 11.30 on Tuesday night, then the police hurried them out to make room for M. Zola's guests. A great refreshment counter was set up where you could have the very best things from Brebant's in the very roughest style. Everything was to be in keeping—you see it was a rough's ball. The wine was poured out of filthy looking pewter measures, just as in the small dram-shops. There was plenty of *pate de foie gras*, but it was in lumps like boulders and sandwiched between hunks of bread as thick as your fist. At 12 all was ready and the first sham workman arrived, while the real ones, who happened to be night wanderers on that part of the boulevard, formed a crowd at the door. Some of the invited had compromised the matter by putting a blouse over their evening dress, but the most of them were frankly and unmistakably *voyou* from top to toe. There was tremendous make-up in every characteristic of low-class debauchery, folly, and crime. Here was the rough of the outer boulevards, who steals behind you on tiptoe at night, whips a knife in between your shoulder blades, and then borrows your watch—short blue blouse, greasy black silk cap with a very high crown, "No. 6" curls plastered flat on the brow. The man with the rather longer blouse, coquettish cut about the pantaloons, highly polished boots, clean hands, white face, long, almond-like, cunning eyes, a flower-stalk between his clean-shaven lips, lives wholly without work, even without so much of it as is involved in doing murder—others work for him. Salute Infamy in Profundis and let him pass on. The white-bloused fellow is a bill-sticker—also, but this is only in real life, the most brilliant student of declamation the Conservatoire has turned out for ten years. The brawny fellow in shirt sleeves and a leather apron is a blacksmith—and a very distinguished counsel. The little man in the striped cotton night-cap and high pantaloons is his bellows-blower. Nothing near so perfect as this little fellow's make-up and nothing more hideous. He has stained his arms brown, and made himself as hairy as a badger or worse. He looks like some narrow-chested gorilla who has stolen some bather's clothes. By and by he will go up into the gallery and light electric matches, and look down on us through his thicket of locks, with eyes all afire with excitement, outglaring the glare. In private life he collects shells, coins, etc., and is generally found feeding the sparrows of mornings in the Tuileries. That first-rate house-painter, with cleanliness for his only fault, is the artist Clairin, who went up in the balloon with Sarah Bernhardt and is that lady's very good friend. The old, battered Invalidé is another painter, Jules Dupre. The zinc-smith is Rochard; his mate, Dick de Lonlay. One of the printers is Gervex the painter. The sewer man is Edouard Philippe, a bit of a dandy in real life. *Place aux dames!* Here come the washerwomen with René Luguet at their head, some of them carrying the short wooden bat with which they beat the linen. Angèle is, I suppose, a washerwoman bride. It is not a moment too soon to judge from her appearance. I must not say more. Her happy thought is the success of the evening: Oh! these French! By and by we shall have Blanche Pierson, Gabrielle Gauthier, Kalk, Léonide Leblanc, all trying to outdo one another as hours of the back slums. As yet it is a little too early for that; the theatres are closed, but their companies have hardly had time to effect the double change of costume and to drive here. Meanwhile we may continue our analysis of the crowd which, among the men, contains not a few well-known in the best French society. The tall white-haired man with the blouse thrown over his dress-suit is the Russian novelist, Tourgueniev. Prince Galitzin is hard by; Belot the novelist, Detaille the great military painter, swell the throng. The sentimental dandy in complete evening wear, without so much as the affectation of disguise, is François Coppee the

poet. He is asked why he has not come in travesty. "So I have." "In what character?" "A tavern waiter." Many men have done the same thing, not taking the notice on the card *au service*. René de Pont Jest is in full court costume of the time of Louis XVI. There is a scream of derision when he comes in. But all eyes are soon turned to another figure—a burly bourgeois of middle height, with short scrubby beard, turn-up nose and large expanse of forehead crowned by spare locks, though he is still of middle age. It is Emile Zola, the founder of the school. And these 1,500 dancing zanies may be supposed to be his disciples—what a thought! He, too, is in plain evening wear. He hates this and almost all other amusements, and he soon slips away. Now the theatres pour in their large contingent. The greater the actor, as a rule, the meaner his travesty: Dupuis of the Varieties is a pork-butcher's boy. And here comes the guests of the evening. *The Assommoir* lot, not altogether, but in twos and threes. They wear the costumes of the piece. This middle-aged man with the intelligent face, who is trying to talk to half a dozen people at the same time—a fate even for a Frenchman—is Gil Naza, who plays "Coupéau," the leading part. Just one hour ago he was dying of delirium tremens at the Ambigu—a horrible death. (He walked the mad-house hospitals for three weeks during the rehearsals of the piece.) He had the fancy that black beetles were crawling all over him, and after a vain convulsive effort to keep them off his face with nervous twitching fingers emaciated into claws he bounded from the floor in terror and fell back a corpse. This pale woman with the delicate features and charming, refined expression is "Coupeau's" wife, "Gervaise," otherwise the famous actress, Helene Petit. At a still later period of the evening than her husband, "Gervaise" was pershing of cold and hunger, as I have already explained, before the Elysée Montmartre. Yet here she is at the Elysée Montmartre once more, and certainly in no risk of dying of hunger—for look at that pile of provisions on the sideboard; and as for dying of cold, a Hotentot would never have the coolness to do that in this atmosphere of a Turkish bath. A loving arm has lifted the poor frail form out of the gutter and is now encircling it in a very lively waltz. "Gervaise" wears the blue merino dress and cotton gloves in which she was married—at the Ambigu. Her rival, "Big Virginie," is just engaging herself for the quadrille—"Virginie" with whom she has that Homeric battle in the wash-house—the two drenching each other with buckets of real hot water on the stage, and tearing a real chemise a night off each other's backs, regardless of expense. Delessart wears the slop-made Sunday suit of working-class swifdom, which has helped to make him irresistible with the women as "Lautier," the villain of the play. "Mme. Boche," the concierge, is in her frightful frock of Scotch plaid. "Mme. Bottes" and "Bibi-la-Grillade," those animated sinks for the risings of all the wine-pots of their quarter, are there to the very life of the scene. It is two o'clock, and we are in the thick of it—dancing as only the French can dance, vilely as to the step, but with the energy of men possessed. It is not easy to imagine anything more grotesque. Grave men holding positions of honor in the professions and in society find the memory of their student days revived, and "fool it for one night only" as they fooled it five and seventy years ago at Bullier and la Reine Blanche. The women dance quite decently, all but a few who are the scourgings of the ballet and who soon show that they have little to assume to fit them for the parts of rag-pickers and *blanchisseuses*. The gathering is as select as possible, but there are some exceptions—persons whom it is quite superfluous to plate with vulgarity, as they are of that metal all through. By three the quieter people have had enough of it; by four the mere acting is all over, and it is a real rag-picker's ball. The refreshment counter has been twice cleared, and now they are frying potatoes in a huge pan to satisfy the still ravenous crowd. They sing and shout the accompaniment as the band plays popular airs. Every possible variety of travestied thief, loafer, laborer, and virtuous mechanic dances every possible variety of the can-can. The daylight peeps in reproachfully on the steaming, dusty crew, the little gorilla trying to stare it out of countenance by the light of his electric match. It is Pandemonium, with every devil doing what he d—pleases, and thus we celebrate the new literary work of nature according to the French rite.—RICHARD WHITEING in *N. Y. World*.

A commandant of cavalry, a good soldier but rather rough to his men, understood that there were many murmurings against him. The commandant is a man of quick action, so when next a grand manoeuvre was ordered, he addressed his soldiers as follows: "I hear that some of you have complaints against me; now, if any of you have anything serious to say, I would be glad to have you ride out from the ranks that it may be explained." At this the whole corps moved forward. The commandant looked a second, and then crying "Halt!" went on with the exercises without a word. A restaurant is full of sad suggestions and pathetic possibilities, and we are constantly reminded of the flight of time and the mutability of all things. A young man glowing with the fire of youth, and radiant with its alluring hopes, enters and sits down to a table; a waiter approaches, receives his order, and departs. Years roll by; the young man becomes careworn and middle-aged. He eats his soup and orders a roast. The pitiless years shower their snows upon his head; he grows querulous and feeble, and is carried away to his long home just as the waiter heaves in sight, and the proprietor steps up to ask if any one has taken his order.

It is asserted that one of the most shocking moments experienced by Byron in the course of his checkered and emotional career was that in which, when seated at a superb coign of vantage on the Alps, immersed in dreamy and unfathomable musings, he was recalled to earth by a something, which proved to be an empty bottle, labeled "London stout, Barclay, Perkins & Co., entire," rolling to his feet, while a female voice, unmistakably from the realms of Cockayne, said in deprecatory, yet not wholly displeased, accents: "Oh, now, 'Enry, don't."

Andrews' *Bazar* is responsible for this: "My darling," wrote a husband to his wife, "I shall not be home till very late this evening. Do not wait up for me. It's for thy dear sake I work by the light of the pale, effulgent moon, as if it were the bright, dazzling sunshine." She didn't wait; she went and got a detective and hunted him up.

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1879.

We have it at last, *Pinafore*, but what availeth it, as the catechism would say, to have *Pinafore* without the fever? We are neither humming its tunes nor quoting its jokes, although they are good tunes and good jokes. The independence of California judgment is all very well in its way, and perhaps it is right enough that we do not abide by the dramatic dictum either of Boston or New York, for upon my word they are both easily pleased, but it is high time we had something that somebody else has. We have had no grasshoppers, no pedestrian mania, no coaching clubs, but let us at least have the *Pinafore* fever. I think its partial non-success has been due to two causes: First, the vague manner in which it has been advertised, owing to the *Pinafore* Company having alternated with the Berger Family. One never knows till fairly seated whether the Bergers are going to blow their horns and ring their bells, or whether the *Pinafore* people are going to dally with sharps and flats in that utterly disinterested way they have. Of course, no sane person would deliberately go to hear the Bergers any more. There are more beautiful objects in life than a young woman half concealed by a silver cornet or a saxophone, and the music of those bells is simply appalling. They have, therefore, tacked Sol Smith Russell on to the bill to give it weight, and they have succeeded admirably. Mr. Russell has made several visits to San Francisco, and on each occasion has favored us with precisely the same songs, antics, and contortions. This time he gives a German song, in which he introduces a new expression in his legs—those long, solemn, thin, twin legs—an expression which is really funny; but then no one wants to spend an evening with the Bergers merely to see Sol Smith Russell's legs queerly twisted or pointed for five minutes or so. The other cause for the perfect equanimity with which people have undergone *Pinafore* is the simple atrocity of the performance. There is something very sad about a scratch company at best, but a scratch *prima donna* is surely the saddest thing in life. I do not remember ever to have suffered keener agony of a certain rasping, exasperating kind than while this *prima donna* was parting with a high note. People would drop in at the main door now and then while this feat was taking place, and I wondered what they wondered. But a strong calm seemed to be written in the faces of all concerned, players and audience, and nothing disturbed it. There was not the shadow of a smile, nor the ghost of an encore. This to Sullivan's easy tripping melodies; this to the Gilbertian wit! There is something really charming about *Pinafore* itself, a charm which has so captured that delightful old fellow the "Easy Chair" of *Harper*, that he has given it no less than two several rhapsodies in two several months, and advises everybody to go hear it again and again, for that the thirtieth hearing is more attractive than the third. This is warm praise, indeed, but as everybody has been doing no less during the last six months, it must be warranted. Do you remember Thomas Whiffin, a minor actor in vaudeville, who strutted his brief hour upon the boards of Bush Street Theatre with singularly bad luck? He had a soft English accent, and a humorous eye, together with a certain genius for making himself up well. He is the *Pinafore* admiral *par excellence* of all in New York, and there are many. I gather from reports that it is a most daintily drawn character, without the almost inevitable exaggeration, yet retaining the spirit of burlesque. Barrows, the young actor, who takes the part at the Bush Street Theatre, seems nervous and affrighted at the sound of his own voice, a circumstance not to be wondered at. He is ordinarily rather a clever actor, but, in this instance, the personation really means nothing in particular. He looks and acts very like Raymond, but he does not in any way make us understand the delight New York takes in "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B." As for the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, choruses have been so utilized latterly that the Bush Street people have been obliged to branch out and find a new set. This is by no means a disadvantage. One does not find so many studies from the antique as around the corner on Mission Street, but that is a pleasure which people give up, under such circumstances, very cheerfully. These girls and boys are so new to the business that they take quite a genuine interest in it. Harry Gates reappears as "Ralph Rackstraw," and has resurrected his one solitary opera gesture for the occasion. But he has a nice voice, and he shines like a new electric light by comparison with those around him. The boatswain, Carpenter I think is his name, has a fine uncultured voice and a most refreshing enthusiasm. I thought he would precipitate himself into the body of the house he came so perilously near to the edge of the stage in the fury of his new artistic ardor, but he had a good pair of sea legs on and stuck to *Pinafore* right manfully. Fortunately we are not to judge of Gilbert and Sullivan by the Bush Street performance. We are to have *Pinafore* and *Pinafore* again, and only the clairvoyants know where it will stop. Amy Sherwin, who made a successful (?) *début* after all in *La Traviata* the other night, is to sing "Josephine" shortly; and I see Emelie Melville's name on the bills as the "Josephine" at the Standard next week. I can not imagine the little sea-maiden of the English *navée* more prettily presented than by our own little fair-haired *prima donna*. Perhaps I shall yet find out the fascination of all this rollick-

ing British nonsense. Meanwhile, we keep on going to the opera, where we now have the genus *prima donna* in groups like cherries on a tree, and to the theatre where Lawrence Barrett adheres to the legitimate with admirable perseverance and singularly bad judgment. Discreditable as it may be to own up to such a state of affairs, it is nevertheless true that people are more tired of Shakspeare than they are of Lawrence Barrett. At intervals it becomes necessary to lay the old man on the shelf, and one of those intervals has come. It is only as each generation discovers the beauties and the wealth of his text that he is periodically unearthed. Just now there seems to be no new generation on hand, and the old one knows *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Richelieu*, by heart. The old French cardinal always falls in with the Shakspearian brotherhood and almost seems like one of them. When one knows the plays by heart, and Mr. Barrett with all his excellences, mannerisms, and idiosyncracies by heart as well, a performance does lose something of its attractiveness. What a pity we had not the *Duke's Motto* to begin with. There are hundreds of people to whom the "I am here" of Lawrence Barrett in his most sepulchral tone is the very height of histrionic power. They will cheer and applaud it to the echo when they will let "Othello's" farewell or "Hamlet's" advice to the players go by without a manifestation. If people like that sort of thing, why not give it to them by all means. And who will not confess to a liking for the ubiquitous little "Duke," especially when he is well set, as they promise he shall be next week. I suppose we shall not have any *Rosendale* during the present season. That is to be reserved for the great coming season, as it will probably be the *pièce de résistance* of Lester Wallack. What a really queer thing it would be if we should all abide by our first fancy after all, and choose Lawrence Barrett still for the only "Elliott Gray." What an effect he had upon the young men of the day in the height of his *Rosendale* time. How exceedingly Barrett they became. How measured were their accents, how straight their carriage, how brisk their walk. But they have all become so dreadfully *blaté* now that the energetic style has gone. If, as they say, players mark the times, they are drifting now rather to the Coghlan style, although Coghlan himself made a genuine *fiasco* in San Francisco. This, mainly, because he would try tragedy in which he was simply absurd. In elegant comedy, on the contrary, he is irreproachable. I wonder how we shall like his sister, Miss Rose Coghlan, who appears next Monday, together with Miss Nina Varian, in *London Assurance*. New Yorkers say she is rather a nice looking girl so far as her face is concerned, but with a short, bunched figure, and with an astonishing amount of genius in dressing dowdily. *Per contra*, they accredit with a delightful voice and that cultivated grace of manner, which, in an actress who is to be so constantly before us as a leading lady, is inexpressibly charming. I fancy she is the kind who will not be over well liked just at first, but will gradually win us. Perhaps that is the better way, if the process be not too slow and tedious. These visions which burst upon us in an electric manner do not always wear well. Erratic genius is to be admired, but, in these days, when the stage seems closer to every day life, because it pictures us more naturally than ever before, and because the theatre is more generally frequented than ever before, nothing will enchain us so long as the frequent temptation of a cultured lady. Will Miss Coghlan justify the encomiums that have crossed the continent? It will be such a new and refreshing sensation to have encomiums justified that in this hope I remain,

Yours, lovingly,

BETSY B.

The New York *Herald* says: "Mr. Lester Wallack writes from the West that he has met with gratifying success, notwithstanding the fact that he is a stranger in that locality. One of the St. Louis critics, writing of him, says, 'His style is almost as foreign to the West as would be that of an out and out foreigner, and it became necessary for the actor to create a school for his audience. Some acquaintance with his dramatic method and technique is required for a thorough understanding of his incisive and yet legitimate comedy.' A just remark, for Mr. Wallack has created a school of his own. Most artists are glad to get a lesson or two in it, and the public usually enjoy the progress of the pupils."

Chopin was once invited to a very swell London reception, was introduced and lionized, and shown marked attention by the hostess. After supper she asked him to play, but he excused himself on the plea that he had not come prepared. The lady was not a little annoyed, for she knew that her guests had counted upon hearing the great artist. Forgetting herself, she said, rather harshly: "Monsieur, I invite you to my house, I introduced you to my friends, I give you supper, and you refuse to play. How is this?" "Mais, Madame," answered the artist, meekly, "j'ai mangé si peu."

The murder of Porter and wounding of Barrymore in Texas might have reasonably been expected to prove a widespread advertisement of the *Diplomacy* theatrical company to which they belonged, insuring crowded houses wherever they went afterward. On the contrary, the party played to exceedingly small audiences on their way northward, and have finally broken up in Chicago, with salaries unpaid.

The amateur musical talent of the city is just frantic with curiosity regarding the Melville *Pinafore* crew *début* at the Standard. Everybody almost has "a sister, or a cousin, or an aunt," in the combination, and society blood is fairly boiling with expectation. If this attempt don't make the *Pinafore* business go, then all hope is lost.

Said Mr. Fitch, of the *Bulletin*, to Mr. MacCrellish, of the *Alta*: "I think that fat editor of yours is laboring under the delusion that he owns the paper." "He must, indeed, be under some such delusion," was the thoughtful reply, "if he is laboring."

When Miss Neilson was told by her London physician that she must rest from the stage for a season, she was told also that she could either do so or die.

John B. Gough may be an Englishman, but it was American whisky that gave him a start in life.

ARCHERY NOTES.

Rapid as was the progress of archery in the East when Maurice Thompson's articles first excited public interest in this charming sport, its popularity on this coast has been none the less remarkable. As an example Mr. Peters' large stock of Highfield bows and best arrows is now nearly exhausted. In fact, the "best arrows" as the archers call them, have all been sold; but the second grade of arrows, \$2 cheaper by the dozen, can still be procured. The Highfield bow has proved itself an excellent article. It is durable, and loses but little of its strength after a season's work. Mr. Ward, of the Pacific Archery Club, has a Highfield which he purchased three years ago, and it seems to shoot quite as well now as the day it left the shop. Peters, on Montgomery street, has a good range in the cellar under his store, where those who want a half-hour's practice can hammer away to their heart's content. He has ordered a lot of the Horsman bows, and we will soon have an opportunity to compare them with the English wood.

Every archer is anxious to know something about the old weapons that did such execution at Cressy and Poitiers, and I have hunted up the following interesting facts about the bow in the days of its power on the battle-field, from an ancient book, a dozen copies of which do not in all probability exist on this continent. In the reign of Edward III. the government regulated the price of bows. A white bow was one shilling; a painted bow one shilling and sixpence; a sheaf (24 arrows) of sharp arrows one shilling and sixpence, and a sheaf of blunt arrows one shilling. Yew was the favorite wood for the manufacture of bows; but to prevent a too rapid consumption of yew, buyers were ordered to make four witch-hazel, ash, or elm bows to one of yew, and no person under seventeen years of age, except those possessed of portable property worth forty marks, or the sons of parents owning an estate of ten pounds sterling per annum, was allowed to shoot with a yew bow under penalty of a fine for each offense. Twenty-five cents for a good bow seems comfortably cheap, but the good old times are gone, and \$25 nowadays does not seem extravagant for a really fine piece of wood. That \$250 that Will Thompson carelessly mentions as the figure for a Spanish or Italian yew of extra workmanship is, however, rather alarming. In the reign of Henry IV., the highest price permitted for a yew bow was three shillings and four pence, and it was made a penal offense to use bad materials in the use of bows and arrows.

It will be a long time no doubt before American archery clubs begin to wear uniforms, but some distinctive color in a match adds a great deal to the picturesqueness of the gathering. The Royal Company of Archers, the oldest archery organization in Great Britain, turn out in grand style at their annual matches. The uniform has been much changed, but at present it consists of a dark green tunic with black braid facings, with narrow stripe of crimson velvet in the centre; shoulder wings and gauntleted cuffs similarly trimmed; dark green trousers with black and crimson stripe; a bow case worn as a sash of the same color as the coat, with a centre piece of two arrows crossed, surmounted by a crown; a black leather waist belt with richly chased gold clasp; a short sword, gilt hilted, made after the fashion of a Roman gladius; Balmoral bonnet, with thistle ornament and eagle's feather. The mess uniform consists of a dark green dress coat with velvet collar and gilt buttons, with a crown on them, white waistcoat, and black trousers. I should like to see the Bow Club, or Pacific Archery Club, rigged out in this costume, or the Merry Foresters in the mess uniform sitting down to clams, hard-boiled eggs, and bottled beer under the "trysting tree" at Adams' Point.

The prizes of the Royal Company are shot for at ranges of 180 yards, 200 yards, and 300 yards. It seems a difficult thing to make any sort of a respectable score at 200 yards, but I suppose practice will bring an archer up to the mark, and the enthusiastic toxophilite shoots late and early.

The Pacific Archery Club inaugurated a pleasant custom, last Saturday, of going off with bows, baskets, arrows, targets, prizes, and good company to some nice spot, and there measuring skill at the target. Mr. Welles carried off the prize for the forty-yard range, with a score of 154, with 30 arrows and 29 hits, and Miss Craig the ladies' prize at thirty yards, score 138. The second ladies' prize was won by Mrs. Hervey Darneal, score 112. The final arrangements for the tournament will be completed next week. It is probable that the shooting will be held on Friday and Saturday, June 13th and 14th, at the Oakland cricket ground. It will be open to all archers, and as all are beginners no man who can pull a bow should hesitate about swelling the throng. QUITTER.

We are glad to observe that Mr. Bradford, the artist, has accepted a commission to paint some views of Yosemite Valley. Mr. Bradford has lately painted nothing, we think, but the scenery of circumpolar regions, atoning for its poverty in forms by an opulence of colors that a dolphin dying on an opal slab from a surfeit of rainbows would be proud and happy to display. We do not question the accuracy of these representations of nature between two lucid intervals; it is useless to do so. Nobody can follow Mr. Bradford into the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" to see if the ribs are iridescent; he has it all his own hyperborean way, and pursues his advantage with the pitiless rigor of his most beloved winter. But in our famous valley he must more circumspectly paint. We all have been there and studied each of its three phases—drunk, sober, and indifferent; though how constitutions easily prostrated by a blast from Greenland's icy mountains can endure the fierce extortions of the lower latitude, only a surgeon of the Spanish Inquisition could rightly say. As for merely sentimental terrors, or portents and presages, we should prefer "the wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore" to the melody of the Valley 49er.

The bill before Congress, giving all religious denominations equal rights and privileges on Indian Reservations, ought to pass; the rum-seller, the cattle-stealer, and post-trader should each have the right to be scalped in the manner of the most favored denomination.

Dr. Carver, the champion shooter, goes about London in long hoots outside his pants, riding a Californian horse with a Mexican saddle, and astonishes the natives.

My Sacred Place.

Upon God's throne there is a seat for me.
My coming forth from Him hath left a space
Which none but I can fill. One sacred place
Is vacant till I come. Father! from Thee,
When descended here to run my race,
A void was left in Thy paternal heart,
Not to be filled while we are kept apart.
Yea, though a thousand worlds demand Thy care,
Though heaven's vast host Thy constant blessings own,
Thy quick love flies to meet my feeble prayer,
As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone
In endless space; but Thou and I were there,
And Thou embraced me with a love as wild
As the young mother bears toward her first-born child.

A BRIEF STORY ABOUT CHAMPAGNE.

Champagne, like everything which is nice, keeps improving, and each brand has its season in the world of fashion. The Russian soldiers in 1815, when marching on Paris, bivouacked in the vineyard of Mons. Cluquot, the husband of the afterward famous widow, and they liked the Champagne so well that it became the favorite brand among them for fifty years. New Yorkers, who are sixty years old, can recall the time when Schneider Champagne, Anchor brand, was all the rage; then came Heidsieck, then Moët, then Roederer, then Mumm, as the successive fashions—and, lastly, Pommery. One finds this brand, with its modest and scarcely discernable label, at all the swell banquets and receptions. It is dry, and has a nice bouquet. It is better than a Seidlitz Powder or a fresh Congress, and there is not a headache in ten bottles of it—*New York World*.

The "Binograph" is the name of the new pictures just introduced by the photographic firm of Dames & Hays, 715 Market Street. There is nothing supernatural about them, but by an ingenious device of the artist the same person is reproduced in the photograph. For instance, here you are in violent argument and dispute with your own political self; you sit comfortably in a chair and watch yourself sleeping on the lounge; you tickle the ear of your other self with a feather and laugh at your own frantic feelings. But take a look at the gallery display, and further explanation here will be unnecessary.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

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*A little cottage stood within a vale,
Near by a rippling brook,
Where I oft told the old, old tale,
And many a kiss I took;
And ere I left, a parting glass
We took our hearts to cheer,
For well I knew the little lass
Loved Falk's Milwaukee Beer.*

A correspondent asks, "What is a bat?" A bat, my friend, is that part of a brick which will encourage your neighbors' hens to vacate the bed of peas which you have just planted.

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"Oh," said the afflicted wife, weeping over his body, "he said he would take off his flannels anyway, and, poor man, he little thought how soon he would go to that place where flannels are never needed."

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Nature's Revelations of Character, or Physiognomy Illustrated, is the title of a recent work giving a description of the mental, moral, and volitive dispositions of mankind as illustrated in the human form and countenance. Joseph Simms is the author, and his work is the fruit of nearly twenty years' diligent observations of nature, and presents a new and complete analysis and classification of the powers of the human mind and body, together with the physiological signs by which every faculty is disclosed. Published by D. M. Bennett, Liberal and Scientific Publishing House, 141 Eighth Street, New York.

The new thing in theatricals, introduced by the attempted assassination of Booth, is for the audience to have pistols and guns instead of opera glasses, and if the actor doesn't please, shoot him on the spot. The critics in the front row will be provided with hand grenades.

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WANTED.

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. 1, 1877.

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Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
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Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
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Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
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thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,
Plaintiff, vs. EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-
GUIRE, Defendants.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described
in the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by
said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three
thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note,
payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assess-
ments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount
found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises
conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds
applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorney's fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that
the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.
And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.
Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.
[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.
L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
MALISSA KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file hereto, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of
BERTRAM T. TIBBITTS, deceased.—Notice is
hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the es-
tate of said Bertram T. Tibbits, deceased, to the creditors
of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased,
to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four
months after the first publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of Bailey & Harrison, No. 430
California Street, the same being her place for the transac-
tion of the business of said estate in the City and County of
San Francisco.
MARY TIBBITTS,
Administratrix of the estate of Bertram T. Tibbits, de-
ceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 16, 1879.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the 25th day of June, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY,
the 15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER
Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors, held on the fourteenth day of May, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 6) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco,
California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eighteenth day of June, 1879, will be delinquent, and
advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment
is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth day
of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together
with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.
By order of the Board of Directors.
C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.
Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

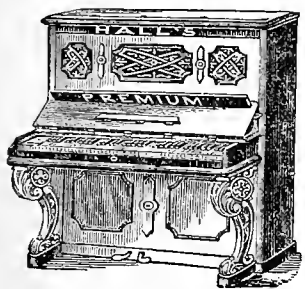
ANNUAL MEETING.—OFFICE OF
The Alpha Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, May 17, 1879.—The twelfth annual meeting of
the stockholders of the above named company, for the elec-
tion of Trustees and the transaction of such other business
as may be presented, will be held on Monday, June 16th,
1879 (third Monday in June), at one o'clock P. M., on that
day, at the office of the corporation, Room No. 29, Nevada
Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia. Transfer books closed on Monday, June 9th, at three
P. M.
WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

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and winter. In the midst of an orange grove, with all the
comforts of a home, overlooking San Gabriel Valley, twenty
miles from the sea. Not equaled by any place in the State
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Gabriel Mission, and four miles by carriage to the Villa.
Send notice to San Gabriel Post Office, Los Angeles County,
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Pants, - - - \$5

Suits, - - - 20

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Pants, - - - \$7

White Vests, fm 3

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FIRST CLASS IN ALL RESPECTS.

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for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Families. 2nd Entrance
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Ready for Sale

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If you are proud and rich, and willing to pay \$20, we can suit your fancy for \$15 or \$16.

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DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

EAST BRANCH MINING COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, East Branch Mining District, Plumas County, California.

NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following described stock, on account of assessment (No. 12) levied on the 16th day of April, 1879, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

	No.	No.	
	Cert.	Shares.	Amt.
Crego, Cyrus.....	83	50	\$2 50
Crego, Cyrus.....	85	100	5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	11	100	5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	36	100	5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	37	300	15 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	39	200	10 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	41	100	5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	43	100	5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	97	300	15 00
And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 16th day of April, 1879, so many shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, on THURSDAY, the 26th day of June, 1879, at the hour of three o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.			
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.			
Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street.			

**UNDER THE
BALDWIN.**

The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

"THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR."

A Typical Frisco Girl of a Startling Type.

BY CHARLES WARREN STOODARD.

"Well, *hardly* ever!" said the gallant Captain, with a vague gesture, as he slipped his cable and bowed himself into space. For half an hour I had basked in the reflected sunshine of gold lace tempered with navy blue. It was high noon, high tide, high time to be drifting down toward the Club, but I held him spell-bound by one button in high relief, and the substance of the interview was not unlike the following:

"I know her, my dear fellow," said I, with customary and pardonable fervor, "I have known her for ages. As a child she was pink and white, pretty and pert. In trundle-bed society she was *posé* to a degree she will never again approach until she is *passé*."

"And at school? At school she was one of those dormitory heroines who are always called Tom, Dick, or Harry, or possibly Jack, by the adolescent adorers of her class. She was the possible Jack who whistled like a magpie, who marched through wet marshes in fishing suits, who smoked in the seminary-tower, and could say 'dammit' without a shudder!"

"It was she alone who withstood the blast when a sectarian revival swept through the institution and mowed down the inmates by hundreds. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and when the hysterical tribes united and implored Jack to surrender, that the clerical siege might be raised, the defiant girl was found locked in her chamber with licorice and a novel for rations and utter disgust seated upon her 'banged' brow."

"She strummed the inevitable piano-forte with superficial grace, sang with uninteresting correctness, could fill a chasm in any conversation with her narrow-gauge-French, and flirted—flirted like a hornet. Girls are liberal with their sting. But yet their sting is in no wise to be avoided; there is hardly more harm than honey in it."

"I have seen her blossom into society, coy, conscious, coquettish, and invite admiration with that negative magnetism which is, perhaps, twice as compelling as any other force. She has thrilled me on the street with a sudden recognition that was as paralyzing as it was unexpected, and I know that I dropped my cane audibly and doffed my hat with the wrong hand when I was fully three paces in the rear."

"At the opera I felt myself a happy convenience, a verbal directory for the *élite* in the boxes and the stalls. Her interest wasn't centred in me; but then, thank heaven! her interest was not centred—it radiated like the quills of the fretful porcupine. To be sure, she retained me between the acts with smiles and glances. Her glance was light, her smile a transfiguration; but, like the blind butterfly, it was impossible to capture her without probably fatal results."

"At the kettle-drum, 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,' did ever queen receive homage with such chilling indifference? She had lived too long to be unconscious of her power, but not long enough to have learned its limit."

"She offended a *coterie* of admirers; and that night, standing by her mirror, clothed in white samite, loosening her Medusa-locks of writhing gold, this butterfly became a fury, and rocked between rage and repentance until the dawn betrayed her."

"After this, having loved and suffered as only a child can love and suffer, she was borne to Europe in the bosom of her highly respectable family."

"She developed an individuality, attributable to a change of climate and a constant change of scene. She adopted the manners and customs of the continental races, enlarging and improving on each. Her vocabulary is materially altered. It is no longer possible for her to express her emotions in the American dialect, but French, German, and Italian are as necessary to her as the black coffee and cigarettes of her adoption."

"Oh, that wisp of paper which she rolls at intervals, the small, flat, fumiferous cigarette, with a tropical twist at each end—charming enough in her lips, but a mere delusion in mine. It is her handiwork; she has wasted much good tobacco in the construction thereof, but she burns it with the operatic abandon of a parlor 'Carmen.'"

"Her name redounds in the tourist columns of *Galvani* and the *American Register*. She is scouring the North Sea coast, climbing Switzerland or the Dolomite country, or has gone to Spain for her health."

"When she at last settles in Rome, as every one does sooner or later; when she has outgrown an affected preference for Florence, though 'Ouida's' *Winter City* still thrills her with a joy which is half regret, she plunges into the social fury of the Roman season, and drives and dies daily, finding salvation at last in the first flush of the Italian spring."

"By this time she is surfeited with experiences, and finds life an easy bore. It is rumored that she is heiress to millions: a halo surrounds her. She is much sought in every circle, and with the tact of a woman—if indeed a woman have tact—she plays her sisters for all they are worth, and comes off at the close of the contest as unruined as a sucking dove."

"She knows everybody worth knowing, has interviewed crowned heads, has been complimented by princes and

earls for clever horsemanship, or torchlight sketching in the frosty Bois de Boulogne."

"She rides well to hounds, and braves the treacherous fields of the Campagna, where, without moving, she and her cob might easily plunge headlong into a wild abyss, the stronghold of the defunct banditti."

"Remonstrate with her, and she takes the wall at a leap, calling back on the wind for you to follow; there is defiance in her eye, exultation in her laugh, and her bosom is shaken with the splendor of her triumph."

"Delicious contradiction! The right touch at the right moment would burst the flood-gates of Hysteria, and she is still the girl with the 'give-away' mouth."

"By this time she has danced demurely in the *Carnival Masque* at the Grand Opera; supped with an anonymous cavalier who sought in vain to discover her identity, and who, with a touch of mediæval chivalry, follows her carriage to the Palazzo, where she alighted in his very arms, and was fearfully happy because she barely escaped being wicked."

"Her stars begin to pale. Life palls upon her. She believes her fondest love is unrequited. She dreams of convents, and paces her apartments like a caged pantheress. It is a question whether she becomes reckless or religious. She is either at intervals, and equally charming in each rôle."

"I have seen her, with exhausted Europe at her feet, and Egypt and the East an affair of the last winter, cast herself upon a divan of tiger skins, and declare the two hemispheres a blank."

"She had been in spirit to the sources of the Nile; she had again dreamed her dream in moonlit Karnak, yearned for Osiris in the Sacred Isle, knelt at the Holy Sepulchre, and echoed the shrill scream of the sabre-dancers of Jericho."

"She was coiled like the Serpent-Queen on a couch of leopard skins; her plastic arms were laden with the barbaric jewels of the Orient; a mummy necklace from its Theban shore; at her girdle hung Nubian amulets of beaten silver; and these she toyed with as she babbled in Arabic. I know her armlets of Roman gold, her Neapolitan corals and carved tortoise shells; her Vesuvian lavas and Florentine mosaics, her silver flagreys of Genoa, and the numberless gew-gaws of Venetian glass."

"She cultivates elegant superstitions; she burns pastiles and incenses; her Bedouin Scripture bearing the name of Allah, her gods are the gods of Egypt. This she declares with the hope of dazzling me with brilliant heresy, and all the while she toys with an amber rosary, whose flashes of flame start through her white fingers and recall her to the slopes of Olivet, where a bearded Jew bartered this prize away—"the pearl of all his tribe."

"Meanwhile she is clad in garments that fit her like a seventeen-button glove. She poses from the antique with artistic care; every angle is a revelation. There is not too much caution in the disposal of her faultless limbs."

"We are old friends. She is a good fellow, with artistic instincts of the highest order. There is a physical luxury in a graceful pose which is not to be scorned in this tedious life."

"I know the lines of beauty; she knows that I love them and respect them like a man. She is too feminine not to do herself justice for my sake, when to do otherwise were to be false to truth. What woman is false under the circumstances?"

"I presume. Have I ever presumed? Possibly! For after a few sharp words, which were less biting than brilliant, if I withdrew and passed three days of respite in amusing and unrumored suspense, a brief line comes to me, a message that might have been discharged by order of a major-general, to wit: 'You are forgiven. Come up and dine as usual.'"

"If I ever get so treated, it is more than likely that I at least presumed."

"Of course, I dined as usual at my favorite *Trattoria*, and my emotion knew nought of her once faithful subject for days thereafter."

"But the winds change, and the season, and all things that survive us. There was a meeting, and a making up, such as is sweeter by far than the clam's eternal serenity; and beyond that hour there was no flaw; there were frequent reunions here and there, on the rail, on the diligences, in gondolas."

"There were partings again and again, followed by avalanches of letters, such as only women write—letters that read like pages from romantic histories, and that delight even the unbelievers, for who will not pardon a woman her cleverness, though he knows that she is for ever dramatizing to the last degree?"

"There was nothing left her now but to write her novel. She had pinned her hero—her heroine was, of course, herself. All that was bitter or sweet in life she drew from copiously. She had exhausted experience at twenty; she must now realize her part. 'So runs the world away.'"

"She writes with apt enthusiasm, a souvenir of her youth. Men and women are her playthings; she agonizes in violet ink; she murders while she smiles. There is but one drawback to her complete though momentary joy: it is the burden of manual labor. To write much is to weary much. She despairs a thousand times."

"At last she is in print, in the market, in the *Review*. Ah, joy! the pride of maiden authorship! Congratulations flow in upon her. Alas! she has achieved her triumph too easily, and within three moons she is sighing for new worlds to conquer."

The Captain swung uneasily at anchor, but I had not yet said my say. What I was heading for seemed to retreat as I approached it. With herculean persistency I resumed:

"This paragon, my dear fellow, returns to us at last a finished work of art. Again we meet at the opera, the kettle-drum, the *soirée*. With one accord we adore the past, and depreciate the bitter fate that entralls us upon the outskirts of civilization."

"She chats glibly on art; the galleries of Europe are at her tongue's end; she knows a Titian from a Tintoret, and the glimpse of a chromo throws her into a violent convulsion."

"She has reverted to the original faith by easy stages through graduated episcopacy. Her costumes are Worth's own, specially adapted to the society drama in which she figures largely."

"Even her English has an alien air, and she reads only French—a language in which she thinks with ease. There is nothing left to be desired but the one thing needful: she is interested in everything."

"She has brought back with her a touch of that Continental Bohemianism which is the key to secret gardens of delight."

"She agrees with me that the philosophy of life is to do unto yourself as others would have you do unto them! And this is not all: we mutually pity the man who has committed the stupid error of marrying his own wife!"

"Seeking, for her sake, some object of interest, in a luckless moment I introduce the Navy. *Eccce!* She hails the boys in blue with genuine enthusiasm; she is crazed with an intermittent nautical fever; she welcomes anything on sea legs, from an Admiral to the thrush-throated 'Ralph Rackstraw.'"

"Her ambition now is to sail her pleasure-yacht in undiscovered seas."

"Let charming landmen charm never so wisely, they may not hold her for a moment when the Navy heaves in sight. It is ever thus, my Captain; in one of your bright buttons there is metal more attractive than gleams from the coffers of the heir to the riches of Cræsus."

"Why is it? Is it because of all the sexes the feminine is the drollest? I do not say that the gender is inexcusable, though I must confess that it is altogether unaccountable—but let me not crib from my suppressed essay entitled 'What I know about girls.' Or is it your jaunty salt-sea air that heightens the pollenarius flush of her peach-blow cheek?"

"You quicken her imagination; you have summered in many a port, from the Spice Islands to the ice belt; you have fired your broadsides into the extensive camps of the *élite*, and have shaken the best society to its foundations; you have basked in the aquatic calm of the Venetian lagoon, revelled in the deep delights of Naples, luxuriated in the suburban charms of Villa France, that limbo lying betwixt the fashionable heaven of Nice, and the distracting hades of Monte Carlo; and as for Honolulu—there you were but little lower than the king."

"Is it the aroma of riotous living that attracts her? Is it your suspected virtue that trebles your market value? No answer?"

"*Bastanza!*"

I removed my clutch upon the Captain. I resumed with the next breath:

"This is no fable. She is not a myth; she is one of a startling type. You know her, my dear fellow; you have seen her a thousand times. Now, have you not?"

"Never!" cried my victim, with great violence. The concussion brought twenty pedestrians to a sudden halt."

"What! Never?" I shrieked, feeling that I had lived and labored in vain."

The Captain's eyes met mine. A deeper scarlet dyed his weather-beaten cheek. All hands breathlessly awaited a response. His face grew pale; he dipped his colors, as it were, and then in a voice trembling with emotion, he made answer—an answer that set us all afloat again, and the world wagged still, for the words he uttered may be found in the fore-top of this article triumphantly nailed to the mast!

When the waters of Niagara first flushed with delight in the smile of the Princess Louise, she said: "Don't speak; let me drink in the whole scene," and subsequently remarked, "I never have seen, and never shall see such a grand sight again. What I would have missed had I not seen it." If Princess Louise, when standing in view of the falls, had simply said "Don't speak," and kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When Grant was gazing on the ruins of the Coliseum, he merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and remarked to his companion, in a tone full of feeling, "Let's take something to drink."

The true Bohemian never loses his head. When the landlady reduces the rations of the hungry Bohemian to a point that excites the side-glances of the snifty boarders; when the towels and part of the furniture vanish from his room and the key is demanded; when a crisis is rapidly coming on and taffy can no longer be given, then, behold, the young man maketh love to the landlady's daughter, takes her to the theatre, and greeteth her with smack oscorial. Humdiblah, what a smack! And after that he liveth on the fat of the land, and, sitting up with Julia, burneth the parlor gas till early dawn.

Never worry about trifles and soon all will

JACK REDE'S HEART.

A Sentimental Story of the South Seas.

In a well lighted, plainly furnished room in the old Marine Hospital in San Francisco sat the resident physician at his writing-desk, entering on his records the result of the examination of a man's heart, who had died with that important organ in a remarkably diseased condition.

On a couch in the centre of the room, and exposed to the full light, lay the figure of a middle-aged man. It was finely proportioned, although much emaciated, and the regular features and muscular development indicated he had possessed both beauty and strength in his youthful days. The pallid face, half concealed under a long beard, had upon it a stern expression of determination, which the firmly compressed lips still further increased. It would seem indeed this man must rather have died upon the field of battle than in peace upon his couch, if we were to judge from the expression of the features. His right arm stretched out from his side was tattooed in true sailor fashion with curious and mystical figures; among these was one drawn and worked with remarkable skill and patience. It was the head and bust of a young girl, and so well was it executed we might suppose it was the actual likeness of some one he had desired to keep in close and constant remembrance.

The doctor's writing was finished, and he sat musing on the case he had been describing. "I do not know," said he, while telling the story; "I do not know that I ever saw a human heart so entirely diseased and completely worn out as that of Jack Rede. It scarcely seems possible a person could live at all with an organ in such a condition. What could cause such a disorganization? What had been the life of the inanimate body that contained it?"

While engaged in such thoughts there came a tap on the door, and upon it being partly opened there was thrust in the weather-beaten face of an old sailor, who slowly entered when he perceived the doctor was alone. A rough, rugged man, yet his face had a general good humored expression, which inclined one in his favor at once. He was short and stout in figure, slightly bow-legged, and his rough hands as knotted at the joints as some of the ropes may have been he had pulled upon in the long course of years. He was known in the hospital by the name of Tom Marlin, and was also known to have been for many years the intimate friend of Jack Rede.

Tom was a strange character, and although uneducated, his keen powers of observation and good memory had stored up a great amount of curious information. He had spent his life among men of many nations, and had acquired some habits and notions from all, which made him what might be termed a conglomerate character of many men's peculiarities. One of the most strongly marked characteristics of the old sailor was his superstition and tendency to always explain the mysterious events of life by supernatural agencies.

"Would your honor have time to spare me a few words about that unfortunate corpse as lies there?" said Tom, pointing at the same time to the body with the end of his finger, with a solemn expression on his face.

"Certainly, and more particularly, as there was something curious about his disease—about his heart I mean—and I would like to ask you of his past life."

"I know'd your honor would like to hear of it. Mayhap your honor would allow me a whiff of the pipe in the meanwhile? There's no unpleasantness from Jack there, but you see, the room seems close like, and a whiff of a pipe might be agreeable. And then again, if Jack's speerit is cruising this way, he'll like it to a certainty. He always did in life, and why shouldn't he now?" Saying which, Tom gravely lit his pipe and seated himself squarely down beside the body, very much as if he were going to spin a yarn with it as he used to when in the life.

"Jack Rede was an old shipmate of yours, Tom?"

"Well, he was, your honor. Many years we sailed together through storms and calms, and many a jolly spree we had ashore; and then sometimes we used to cruise around the South Sea Islands, and settle down on one of 'em for a while, and sort of marry Injun fashion, and we'd stay there till it grow'd to be wearisome like, and then we'd slip our cables and put off, and take a voyage on the high seas. Jack, as he lies there," said Tom, giving a side look at the body, as though he thought he might be listening to all he said, "he could a kept better company than the likes of me, but he had no pride, and always said my natural gifts was considerable, if they'd been schooled. Your honor, he was the smartest sailor I ever saw step a plank—know a ship from truck to keelson—and had an uncommon heap of other learning. He had geography, astrology, and navigation at his fingers ends, knew the languages, and the fine arts, as music and botany, could talk Latin like a jurist, and dance like a Frenchman, more's the pity he lies there a cold corpse now." And Tom, wiping his eyes, sent forth a volume of smoke that covered him like a cloud. "But," continued he, "I know'd all along, and years ago, what he was coming to. What does your honor think he died of?" said he, turning suddenly to me.

"Hypertrophy and ossification of the heart."

"Hard names them, but saving your honor's pardon," said Tom, "it was something else killed Jack, and he know'd it. I heard him say it over and over, he know'd he'd die of it."

"Of what, Tom?"

"The curse, your honor. He was cursed by a woman that he deserted and treated wrong, more than fifteen years ago. I was with him and heard her, and there's her picture on his arm now," pointing to the dead man's arm.

"How was it, Tom?" said the doctor, as he was filling his pipe again. "Tell me the story. I never heard of a man's dying of a woman's curse before."

"Howsomever that may be," said Tom, "it's true as holy writ, and if your honor could find a bit of spirits to wet my whistle, I'd ransack my ideas and give the true history of it."

Tom sipped his grog and smacked his lips with a gusto that none but an old salt could appreciate, and then suddenly he seemed to recollect something, and getting up, went and took a piece of cotton cloth lying on a chair, and very carefully draped it around the body, after putting the outstretched arm to one side, leaving the face alone exposed; then, taking his pipe and lighting his pipe, he said with a satisfied air:

"Jack was uncommon decent about his body, and I'm sar-

tin if his speerit is around, he'll feel better to have it kivered up, than otherwise."

"How long had you known him, Tom?"

"Ever since he run away from school for a cabin boy," replied he. "Jack Rede—which is his right name—was the son of an English parson as lived in a country town, it's name I can't overhaul just now. You see they took a deal of care with his education, to make a parson of him, too, but there wasn't a timber in him to build that kind of craft, and he turned out otherwise. We all has our gifts, and every human has his weakness; Jack's weakness was in his morals, he hadn't enough for ballast to keep him on an even keel, and what he had was uncommon loose. He had a strong idee, too, he must do just what pleased him, and have everything he wanted—if he could get it—and he was always jolly and social when he had his own way and nobody went contrarywise; if they did, then look out for squalls, for Jack was the devil all over. His religion was mixed and variable, and like weak ground tackle, as couldn't keep him off a lee-shore. When Jack was a boy he went a voyage, and was wrecked on the coast of Africa, and was taken by the Arabys."

"Don't you mean the Arabs?"

"It's all the same, only spelled different," said Tom, with a deprecatory look, at my interruption. "He was taken by the Arabys, made a slave, and kept three years till he grew to be Mahumedan and turned Turk. It was an awful setback on his morals, to say nothing of religion, and he never got over it; for he always said it was as good a religion as any, and he believed it just as much. According to which, if it is true, Jack may be flirting round in heaven with them Hoorays the Turk's believe in."

"Hoorays, Hoorays, Tom?"

"Sartain, sure," said Tom impatiently. "Hoorays, the Mahumedans call 'em. Turkish she-angels as wait and tend on good Turks in heaven, and it's comfortable doctrine for them as likes women. Jack could never be made to believe afterwards that women had any souls to speak of, unless they shared one with the man they was spliced to; and, your honor, the amount of wives that man had was terrible to think on. One time, I remember, he was king of a tribe of cannibal niggers 'on the west coast of Africa; he was married to their queen."

"But Tom, how about Jack's heart and the curse?—are you coming to it?"

"I'm overhauling it as quick as the course allows, your honor; and how can a man spin a true yarn, or build a ship, without laying the bottom timbers first. Ye see I must expatiate Jack's ways before you can understand his doings afterwards. Wasn't he a rum 'un, your honor?"

"A bad one, I should say, Tom. A man of violent, unrestrained passions, who let them run riot to his own detriment. I think I begin to understand now what might easily have caused his disease of the heart."

"Avast! avast there! if your honor pleases," said Tom, with an air of impatience at my supposition.

"We ain't come to that yet, nor the curse as eat his heart up. I'm just bearing up, beating to windward—as it might be—to reach that very pint, where Jack's heart was damaged, and we're close on it; let's weather that pint, and I can bear away with a flowing sheet."

Ye see, Jack and I, about fifteen years ago, was down in Tahiti, and he says to me, says he, "Tom, I'm tired of this cruising about, let us go somewhere and lay off in comfort a while, where there's nothing to do, and plenty of grog, grub, and gals, to make it sociable." Says I, "Where-a-way will it be?" Then he overhauled his memory, and slapping his hands together, suddenly sung out, "Let us go to Old King Sindbad's island, where we went five years ago; we're big men there, and even Sindbad himself is afraid of us." "Agreed," says I, "and we can get our outfit here, find a whaler as is going to cruise in them latitudes, and when near enough the island for a small boat to fetch it, we can quit the ship." Ye see, some years afore that time, Jack and I was making a trip in a small craft from island to island near the Kingsmill group, and was driv from our course a long way by a storm, but we was loaded down with stuff for a trading voyage, and didn't care where the wind come from. We had plenty of grog and grub, and some orange, lemon, and other plants in tubs, and some garden seeds, for an island, where them things was unknown, besides we had a lot of nicknacks very valuable in them parts. Well, as luck would have it, we made an island considerable out of the track of vessels, a perfect little garden of Eden; the people was handsome, and at peace, no ships or missionaries had been there to convert 'em or civilize 'em, consequently they was well off and happy, Jack said, and I opinionate he was half right. Those islanders thought we was good speerits sent down from the clouds, a sort of little gods like, to bring blessings to 'em, and when those trees grew and bore fruit, with the garden seeds likewise, the king of that island was a friend to us; he just offered Jack all his daughters and younger sisters for wives; tabooed our bodies and goods, so as if any one should dare raise their hands agin us, they would be killed out of hand, and most likely cooked and eaten next day by the nobility, who had that special right exclusive. What we ever left that island for is more'n I can tell, but sailors and some other folks never does know when they're well off. Well, your honor, we spent half our cash in Tahiti, buying our outfit to go back there. As we wanted to please Old Sindbad and his royal family, we bought a small barrel of rum, plenty of tobacco, and a little ship-bread, and some old tower muskets, besides a lot of nicknacks of all sorts, for we wanted to make a good many presents to the islanders. They were amazing fond of music, and of almost anything to make pleasant sounds, and they had the habit of using a sort of flute they invented out of reeds, and when the young men is courting the gals, they go piping round the bushes like sick quails; 'cordingly I took a large lot of jews-harps for 'em, as being the least noisy.

After we was ready, by good luck, a whaler come in, that was going to cruise in the seas where our island was, and the master agreed to take us as passengers to the Kingsmill group, but Jack never let out where we was really going, or where King Sindbad's island lay. I forgot to say that Sindbad was a name that Jack in his devilry give the king, and the natives took to it at once, but in course it wasn't his true name. We had fair winds all our passage out, and in a few weeks come in sight of a small island not a day's sail from

ours. Well, at night, we, unbeknown to any but the middle watch, slipped quietly off in our boat, which they helped us to do for some bottles of rum we giv 'em.

Jack had his instruments, and know'd how to navigate anywhere; so on we sailed with a fair wind, and by the morning—twenty-four hours after—was in close by the island. It was pretty early, and about the time the natives went out in the surf to swim, so I ran up to the masthead a little white flag with a blue star on it, and it was just like one I had made for the king's war canoe. When they saw it, they scattered ashore to tell the news, for they know'd who we was. Such a tooting of shells and running about as there was on that island; you would have thought they was crazy. Soon we could see the king's Panama hat and red feather (which Jack had give him years afore) waving about among the trees, and coming down to the shore with all his chiefs and hundreds of natives.

Them people are just like big children in their doings, and give themselves up to their feelings in a manner as seems to us ridiculous. They tied a long rope to our boat and towed us ashore to the king in quick time, and that jolly old cuss caught Jack and I, and rubbed noses with us till, what with his rubbing and that of the chiefs, our noses was red as cherries for a week's time. They took us with our goods up to their big council-house, and the people made a great circle round us with their king, priests, and chiefs. They was as glad to have us back again as if we'd made 'em and their island, too; and when we got out some trinkets for them all—some bright colored calico for the women, and a bottle of French brandy, which the king's eyes snapped at when he tasted it—they was ripe and ready for such a jollification as church-going folks would roll their eyes up at.

They are the best built and comeliest people I ever seen in the South Seas, and the women, when they ain't tattooed, the handsomest. They all bathe three or more times a day, and, as for their clothes, they're always clean, for they don't wear enough to make much note of. As for their color, it varies from that of a new saddle to an old one, according as they expose themselves in the sun. Their eyes and hair is black, of course, as it always is in them islands where ships don't frequent.

Old King Sindbad was about the most easy-natured and jolly old pagan I ever run across; but he had his weaknesses like all of us. He never could quit rum when he had it to drink, and when he was drunk he wanted to kill somebody, and when he killed any one—as in course he did sometimes—he was bound to take 'em off into the bush, have a feast, and eat 'em; and otherwise he was the peaceablest man in the world. He was so come over with joy at our return, he just made Jack a sort of Prince of Wales, to take the throne after him, and me a kind of prime minister. Then he ordered a house built for us, the best they knew how to make, and give us as many slaves as we wanted. Their houses are built of a kind of fine basket work, with a strong sort of leaves woven in the roof to keep the sun out, and they're better than ours are for their country.

The king has it mostly his own way in everything; next come the chiefs and their families, as a nobility, and then the common people; but the lowest down are the slaves, who are natives from other places, that have been taken prisoners in war. Howsomever, they'd had no wars to speak of for many years, and their slaves was about as well off as the common people. There was no earthly thing they really wanted to make 'em happy as couldn't be found on the island, saving, perhaps, rum and tobacco; and I opinionate they was too weak minded to have them comforts without injuring themselves.

When the natives all stood round us in the council-house, after we come ashore, there was a young woman stood apart from the crowd with a slave waving a big feather fan over her. The king made signs for her to come inside the circle to us, but she was shy, or modest like, and wouldn't do it; this made Jack and I notice her. She was about the handsomest female human I ever set eyes on, and that's saying something, when a man has been over the world and in many great cities. Jack was taken all aback when he saw such a beauty in such an out of the way place. She was taller than the women of the island, for they was rather short, but she was perfect every way in her shape. Her color was something like we see inside of those big sea-shells, pinkish and white, and her features clean cut and regular, with great brown eyes like some kind of deer—gazel, I think Jack called 'em; her hair was brown black, and thicker and finer than I ever saw on a woman afore, and she had it braided round her head like a turban, with a single white flower stuck in front. Her dress was made of some kind of white bark that was cut in fine threads and worked over till it was most as soft as silk. It was woven into a sort of long fringe, tied about her little waist with a narrow belt covered with small black and white shells, and it hung down below her knees; round her neck was another of the same kind of fringes that fell down over her bosom and shoulders. They fitted close to her, like feathers on a bird, wavy and smooth. Her arms was bare, with bracelets of black and white beads round each, and her little feet was part covered in sandals wove out of bark. There she stood in all her nat'ral beauty, and no fol de rols or gimcracks stuck round her to spile natur's crownin' glory, a perfect woman.

They told us that she was old Sindbad's daughter, and that her name was Loota. It might have been that she was daughter of one of his wives, for one was 'most white; but she looked no more like the old pagan than I did, and I always opinionated there'd been furriers round that island afore we ever see it. Jack tried very hard to find some presents to take her fancy, but she received 'em proud and distant, like a queen, and handed 'em over to her waiting maid. Everybody seemed to love and obey her, and she seemed a different creature from the natives.

Time passed smooth and easy with Jack and me on the island, and well it might, for we had everything our own way, except with Jack, who somehow couldn't make much headway with Loota. She was always shy with him, and if he attempted any fooling, as he might with the other gals, she pouted her lips, tapped her little foot on the ground, and, walking off, he would see no more of her that day. He didn't take it very easy, but swore to me the little witch took him more aback than any woman he had met, and that he thought more of her than any one he had ever seen afore. The fact was, I didn't believe Jack would settle down happy with any woman for a length of time, if he could find an

gel with the garden of Eden for her homestead. He was restless and variable by nature, and his temper too stormy for a loving gal; but if he went after a thing and wanted it bad, he didn't care what it cost or how he got it.

Loota passed her time mostly flitting around the pleasant parts of the island like a happy bird, or singing, laughing, and making pretty ornaments for women's use out of flowers, shells, and such things. Jack, in general, was round about near to her, but sometimes she scolded him off in such a pretty way. It was a pleasant thing to be scolded by her. Wherever she was, everything seemed brighter and more happy—ever the birds sang louder. In course, I wasn't in love with her, for she looked higher than any poor ugly looking sailor like me, but I loved the ground she trod on. Them was the pleasantest days I ever had, cruising round that island with Loota and her friends, and it seems pleasant to think of them now, for I did nothing there I have ever been sorry for since. About every day we used to go down to the shore, and lying under the shady trees among the sweet flowers, watch the smooth waters rolling in on the white sand beach in little ripples, the wind just stirring the leaves; and down in the clear waters we could see the fishes darting about among the coral like flashes, and overhead the sea-birds sweeping round, while the little birds in the trees were chattering like crazy things. If that wasn't poetry, your honor, I'd like to know what is.

As the weeks passed by, and Loota kept up her offishness to Jack all the same, he began to grow cross and restless as a bear; and sartin sure it was a curious thing, for he was one of the best looking fellows in those days you ever saw, and he had the ways of a gentleman when he saw fit. He used to wear a white linen suit, with a blue and white turban on his head to protect it from the sun, and a red silk sash round his waist, and the awful liar told Loota that that was the dress of the great chiefs in his country.

Well, after a while Jack found out that the old women bad warned her, and told her the white men always came to the islands and took wives for a while, and then went off across the seas and never came back again, and that there was no truth in them or their words. This made Jack awful mad, and all he could say or promise didn't seem to alter her opinion for some time; but I noticed when she met him sudden and unexpected like she used to turn red as a rose. Women has such uncommon contrary ways, I never could understand if she was taken with him then, or otherwise.

Like all humans, Loota had her weakness, of course, and that was a love of music; even a jewsharp well played would make her eyes flash in a minute; and as for singing, her voice was sweeter than any bird's, and if she heard a tune once she could sing it right away.

Jack, one day, in hunting for something in the bottom of his big sea chest he had packed up in Tahiti, found a kind of Spanish mandolin he had forgotten all about, and he could play it like a master, and sing the prettiest songs and dances (as the Spaniards and Italians do) I ever heard. When he tuned it up that evening and went out under the cocoanut trees, and commenced a Spanish song and dance, it was just amazing the effect it had on them natives, for it seemed to make 'em wild with pleasure. After a time Loota, who had caught the strange, sweet sounds at a distance, came toward them, as a bird might be lured by the sounds of a flute.

She had her long black hair that evening flowing loose around her like a cloak, and it reached down to her ankles; on her head she wore a beautiful wreath of white flowers. Without a word she came straight up to where Jack was playing and singing, and, seating herself at his feet, sat looking up in his face and listening to the strange, sweet sounds that seemed floating through the air and coming back in echoes round the shores. What they said to each other that night I don't know, but afterward she seemed different toward him, and couldn't keep away from him long. 'Twas something like when a good thaw comes in spring and takes away all the ice and signs of winter—at least it seemed that way with Loota and Jack; but he, with his pride and self-conceit, took it all as a matter of course, and sometimes I thought he meant to punish her for keeping him off so long a time.

It wasn't many days before the feasts and junketing for Loota's wedding was getting ready by the natives. Jack and Sindbad were busy as the devil in a gale of wind making a kind of grog from the juice of cocoanut trees, so that the king and all the high chiefs could go off by themselves and have a jolly time. Then there was lots of secret sort of meetings between the priests and Loota, and sometimes Jack was with 'em. When I asked him about it and what it meant, he would curse, laugh, and say it was witchcraft, and cussed paganism, but he wasn't afraid of man, beast, or the devil, to say nothing of woman.

Ye see, your honor, them natives is amazing superstitious. I can't rightly explain their religion, but they believe in all kind of spirits, and think there's a good or bad one in every living thing, even in flowers and trees. Then every high chief has a priest for his family, who they keep busy most of the time praying to bad spirits and driving 'em off by burning herbs, gums, and sich like. The good spirits they don't pray to much, for they say they won't harm 'em anyhow, and it's time thrown away. Howsomever, there's one most curious thing they believe in, and that is praying folks to death as their enemies, or ones that have harmed them. They do it by making a clay image of the heart, brain, stomach, or some of the vitals; then they build an altar in some out-of-the-way place of white stones, and, putting this image on top, fire away prayers and smoke at it for weeks and months, till the person takes sick and dies, and if they won't die, why they goes over it again.

["And do you believe in anything of that kind, Tom," the doctor asked.]

Well [continued he], there's sartin sure something in it, for I have seen it; and what I sees I sees, and what I hears I hears, and if I knows a thing I believes it. What would your honor have a poor, uneducated man believe anyhow, among such a heap of different religions all over the face of the earth, and each one somebody swears is true? What sort of work would there be if there was as many kind of books and teachings in navigation, and each different? How would we find our course over the great seas? The fact is, I opioniate there's a little good in all of 'em, and when I finds it I lays it by for use.

Well, in course of time I found out what they did to Jack, and what he had to do before Loota would consent to marry

him. The priests took him and Loota to a hidden kind of place away in the woods, and, placing both inside a circle of black and white stones, set fire to some strong gums in shells around them, and made Jack take a solemn oath he never would quit the island, or, if he did, he would take Loota with him; and, if he broke his oath, his heart should belong to Loota forever, and she could do what she pleased with it, and kill it any way she had a mind to. Then they went to work and made, out of red earth and gum, an image of a human heart (meant for Jack's), and put in it drops of blood from Jack's arm and from Loota's arm. Then, in that place in the woods, they built up an altar of white coral stones, and in two shells, put together on the top, they put the heart. Of course Jack swore to anything they asked him, rather than lose Loota, and cared just as much about it as he did for the whistling of the wind. "Swearing didn't cost anything," he said, "and he was ready to swear till blue blazes came, if it would please 'em."

It was a jolly wedding they had, and old King Sindbad nearly drank himself to death, which I believe was just what Jack wanted, so he could come into the throne. Well, Jack behaved as near like an angel as he know'd how for some months, but it got to be an old story with him—having one of the sweetest creature's in the world for a wife, and ruling the natives almost as a king—and then his evil natur began to show itself. I don't know as if he exactly ever struck Loota (when he was sober), but he grew to be cross with her and didn't seem to care to please her. He had learned her to speak English, which she did in the prettiest broken way ever was heard, but he took advantage of her understanding it to curse her in it sometimes.

He and old Sindbad soon began drinking hard together, and would go off into the woods, and sometimes stay for weeks, on a spree; then, when he come back, he was so ugly nobody dared go near him, and even Loota shut herself up with her women. Well, things went on in this fashion for months, from bad to worse. Loota never complained or said a cross word to him, but I could see she grew pale, and sometimes I caught her with the tears in her great, mournful looking eyes.

One day, after Jack had returned from one of his sprees in the woods, we was sitting down by the beach, smoking together. Loota had been shut up with her women some days and I hadn't seen her. Jack was cross as usual and cursing things in general; just then we heard a rustling behind us, and, turning round, there stood Loota, looking pale as a ghost and dressed in a loose robe of white. She didn't say a word, but took a little bundle, rolled up in a sort of white mantle made of birds' feathers, from her bosom, and opening it, laid it on Jack's lap; there it was—the prettiest and loveliest little baby ever was seen. I thought it wasn't in human natur not to be shaken up by such a sight, specially its father, but Jack only looked at it curious like, as if it had been some strange creature and not his own flesh and blood, and then got up and quietly put it in Loota's arms. She never said a word, but turned round and walked away with her head down and her hands pressing her child against her bosom.

There are some kind of men in this 'ere world that never can be happy unless they can busy themselves in deviltry or mischief; they want to be fighting against something or somebody all the time; living quiet and respectable in their families is just a sort of slow hell for such, and Jack Rede was one of the kind. If he could have gone off to the coast of Africa, fighting and stealing niggers, and then shipping 'em across to Brazil for slaves, or taken his part in some good hard fighting going on somewhere, he would have become as amiable as anybody, and as contented as a tiger with a full stomach; but his nature wouldn't take to goodness or peaceableness for a continuance, and I knew from his silence and glum looks something was in the wind, and that he meant to quit the island the first chance.

The natives was such a childish, kindly sort of people, I never thought they would take notice of Jack's bad treatment of Loota, but I made a mistake in them, and found out they had a quiet way of righting themselves in pagan fashion that wasn't comfortable to think of. It happened one day I was walking in the woods, near the place where the priests carried Loota and Jack for their pagan ceremonies, and built an altar, and put the clay image of Jack's heart atop of it in the shell; when I heard a strange kind of music like a dead march, and a tapping, hollow sound, like a drum. Well, your honor, I crept up carefully through the bushes, till I saw the most curious sight I ever heard of.

You see, the natives were very jealous, and careful no white man should ever see their pagan ceremonies, and wouldn't often even talk about them, so I kept still out of sight and watched.

There was about a dozen of the priests around the altar, making the strange, solemn music, and one beating the drum; and seated on the ground near by was old Sindbad himself, with a bottle of rum between his legs, and he smoking his pipe, looking as solemn as an old owl. They was all painted as black as soot and cocoanut oil could make 'em; and they each one had a crown of red feathers around his head, and a bright red spot painted over the heart. I suspicioned at once they was cussing or praying Jack's heart to death. After a few minutes more singing, each cut a piece from the heart of some creature they had killed, and threw it in a fire that was burning in the centre of the circle, and then each went marching off, one behind the other, without saying a word. I waited a little while in order to be sure they wasn't coming back, then I went up and looked in the shell on top the altar to see the clay heart; and sure as I am telling of it, they had run a long fishbone through it that Jack's heart might be affected likewise, and that by slow degrees, and constant cursing and praying, it might be killed.

Now, perhaps, your honor will only laugh at such things I am telling I saw; but, nevertheless, curses ain't pleasant things to have sent after one, and where there's so many sent in that fashion, there must be some good reason for it. They ain't comfortable things to have flying round a fellow's head, or to sleep under, I opioniate. According to my ideas, all religions has some truth in 'em, and why ain't the honest prayers and cusses of those poor heathens just as strong in the Lord's eyes as the Pope of Rome's?

Not long after these things happened, Jack and I was standing down by the shore one morning, when he turned to me suddenly and said in a short crusty way, "Well, Tom, are you about ready to slip your cable, and quit this cursed island?"

"Well, Jack, I don't exactly know," says I. "It's a pleasant sort of place for a contented man." But I did know I'd long been expecting he'd say something of the kind, I knew him so well.

"Tom," says he, "you can go or stay; but I hope I may be cussed, if I stay an hour here longer than I can help it. It is killing me by inches, and if I stay here two months longer, I shall drink myself to death in company with Old Sindbad."

"And Loota, Jack?" said I, but I couldn't get out a word more, my throat felt dry and choky like.

"Loota is a woman, and like the wind changeable. A week's time will dry her eyes," said he, in a savage sort of way, as though he didn't want to talk about it.

Then he went on and told me he kept his canoe hid away, some distance out of sight of the village, always ready; and the first vessel he saw off the island, with the wind so we could fetch up with her, he would come for me, and we would slip away. Although my heart was sore for Loota, I knew there was no use saying a word to a man with a heart like Jack Rede's. Then, again, I knew if he went away and deserted Loota, it wouldn't be safe for any white man among the natives, aggravated as they would be, by his leaving her, for they thought more of her tears than of the lives of many white men, 'cordingly I knew I must go.

Not many days after, just at the first peep of dawn, Jack shook me by the shoulder, and said in my ear, there was a vessel in the offing we could come up with, and we must start. Well, like Indians stealing on their enemies, we stole away from the place, where they had been so kind and loving to us.

We had got almost clear from the island, and had only one headland to pass, that loomed up perhaps twenty feet above the sea, and was covered with cocoanut trees. I began to breathe easy and think we should get off without a soul knowing of it, when looking up at the bank above us, there stood Loota, pale and upright, and her eyes were flaming. At first I thought she meant to kill Jack or herself, but she didn't. She looked like some queen who was passing judgment on her slave when she turned to Jack and said:

"Man with the lying heart, you creep away like a thief that goes in the night. You swore before the priests your heart should be theirs, if you did as you are doing now; but Loota gives it back to you; it is too bad, and she gives it back with a curse, not her curse, but the curse of her people in their prayers. It must die with you, little by little till the lies and the heart are all dead."

Hearing a smothered sort of groan I looked round at Jack, who was white in the face, and had his hand clutched over his heart. In a minute he came to, and, swearing an oath, said that a sharp pain had taken him in his heart, like the stab of a knife; that it was owing to his hard drinking, and would go off.

When I turned to look at Loota she was gone, and we never caught sight of a native again. We soon came up with the vessel, for she lay becalmed, but quick as the sun came up, the wind came up too, and we were soon out of sight of the island.

From that time till he died, Jack Rede had spells on him of pain his heart; many a night have I set up with him when the big drops of sweat would stand on his forehead, and he crying out, in the numbness of his senses, the names of women; or, when the pain was at the worst, always for Loota to take her hand from his heart. The night he died the last word on his lips was Loota.

Now, your honor, as a medical man, can call it hypertrophy, or ossification that killed him, or what you like, but nothing on this earth can satisfy Tom Marlin it wasn't that curse put upon him for his bad treatment of Loota, and, likewise, he deserv'd it.

HERBERT C. DORR.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879.

X. has in vain essayed the theatre, novel-writing, journalism—fortune remains unkind.

"Still out of luck?" queries a friend, on seeing him walking the boulevards on his uppers.

"Out of luck?—why, sir, if I were to turn shoemaker everybody would instantaneously be born without legs—that's the sort of luck I have."

"Well, how is poor So-and-so?" said some one to So-and-so's friend, a broker.

"So-and-so? Why, he's dead; died last night."

"Last night? At what hour?"

"10½."

"Ma, lend me a pencil; I want to draw some ladies."

"Draw some ladies! Why, Johnny, this is Sunday."

"Well, I'll draw them in their Sunday clothes."

Proposition declined with spans.

"Then, doctor, the symptoms of my malady are grave?"

"Without a doubt."

"Are they alarming for you?"

"No; but they are for you."

Traveler at Country Railway Station—What is the way out of here, eh?

Porter—Be the door, sor!

It is sometimes hard to decide which gives us more pleasure, to hear ourselves praised or to hear our neighbor run down.

LXXXII.—Sunday, June 8.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Soup Purée à la Conde.
Fried Clams.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise (See Vol. LV, No. 5).
Spinach. Stewed Tomatoes.
Roast Ducks, Current Jelly. Baked Potatoes.
Cress Salad.
Cherry Pudding, Cream Sauce.
Fruit-bowl of Apricots, Cherries, Oranges, and Peaches.

PURÉE À LA CONDE.—Wash pint and a half of red beans; put them in a stew-pot with one-third of a pound of raw ham, a bunch of garnished parsley, two small leeks, and a half head of celery. Use no salt. Pour on one quart of water and one quart of stock, or broth; set on the fire, heat slowly, and after boiling, skim well; then add a very little salt, pepper, and ounce of butter. Clear and simmer slowly for about three hours. When done remove the ham and vegetables, pass through a sieve, using a wooden spoon; put the purée back in the stew-pot, dilute with stock if not thin enough, boil and skim again; finish with one large spoon of butter and a small teaspoonful of sugar. Serve in a tureen with small square croutons fried in butter.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On the new and most excellent steamer, *The State of California*, we made a trip to Oregon. Let us first dispose of this splendid vessel by saying that she is one of the best and fastest ocean steamers that we have ever seen. Commodious, elegant, staunch, steady, well commanded by Captain Debney; well engineered by James A. Jones; well officered, well provisioned, well appointed, and well administered by its owners, the Pacific Coast Navigation Company. The following statement of the engineer will interest steamboat men who will look to the accomplishment of a first voyage as an indication of a ship's powers, and will give authentic information to travelers of the time required to go to and from our sister State of Oregon.

MEMORANDA—STEAMSHIP STATE OF CALIFORNIA

	Up Trip.	Hrs.	Min.
Whole time from San Francisco to Portland.....	65	10	—
Running time to Bar.....	43	—	—
Running time to Portland.....	30	—	—
<i>Down Trip.</i>			
From Portland to Astoria, running time.....	5	32	—
From Astoria to San Francisco, running time.....	40	45	—
From Bar to San Francisco.....	39	51	—
Whole time from Portland.....	56	—	—
Running time from Portland to San Francisco.....	46	52	—

J. A. JONES, Chief Engineer.

On our down trip from Portland to Astoria the ship made twenty-four miles an hour, which is the fastest sailing we ever experienced. Of our trip we can only say it was ten days of uninterrupted enjoyment. Oregon was to us a revelation. We knew that California was bounded on the north by Oregon; we knew that Portland was situated on the Wallamet; that the Wallamet emptied into the Columbia; that the Columbia emptied into the sea, dividing Washington Territory from the State of Oregon. We had heard that the country was rich in forests of timber; that it was of agricultural value; that fish abounded in its streams. We had a school-boy's idea of its geography of coast range, rivers, Cascade Mountains, broad prairies and rich valleys; but we had no realizing sense of its splendid domain, and the inexhaustible fertility of soil, its expansive primal forests; its River Wallamet, more beautiful than the Sacramento, draining a valley more productive than the Sacramento and San Joaquin combined. We had no idea, till we saw it, that the Columbia was the grandest and most picturesque of all the great rivers of the world; that it had scenery upon its banks in comparison with which the Hudson and the Rhine sink into utter insignificance, and that it and its tributaries penetrate a land which for food producing capacity has no equal on all God's five broad continents. Oregon is a wonderful State, and tried by what seems to us to be the true test of a land's real wealth and ultimate greatness—viz., its power to produce food—it has no superior in the world.

As we neared the mouth of the Columbia we saw a great fleet of boats, and nearer we saw their nets dragging the river for salmon. We will not particularize their description nor go into a detail of Oregon's most interesting industry—viz., the canning of salmon—stopping only to submit the figures of last year's production to indicate how important this trade has become. Upon the Columbia, and mostly at Astoria, are thirty-two great canneries, employing upon an average of over one hundred persons each (four thousand in all), of which three thousand are Chinese. In 1878, the Columbia river alone produced 475,000 cases of salmon each, containing forty-eight one-pound cans to a case. This salmon catch has continued for fifteen years, with no apparent diminution of the run. The law now confines the catch to certain summer months, from April to August, and gives to the salmon a Sunday free from the fisherman's toils. Continuing these statistics we observe that an equal number of canneries are established elsewhere upon our coast. The Sacramento, Eel, Bear, Rogue, Umpqua, and Tillamook rivers, Gray's Harbor, Frazer River, and the great northern river, the Ukon, all abound in salmon, the catch of which is only limited by the labor and capital expended upon it. One hundred millions of pounds of salmon may be annually contributed from our coast to the world's hungry mouths; and while we are upon the fish question, we may observe that far away into the interior, where the Columbia and its tributaries extend, the great three-hundred pound sturgeon noses his way, and that in all the smaller streams and brooks are found plentiful trout.

Astoria is the Venice of the north built into the waters of the Columbia, standing upon piles—wooden houses on wooden sticks—so constructed, for no other reason that we could observe, than that it is cheaper to drive piles and build upon them than to grade a somewhat uncomfortable and hilly background. Astoria is a city of patient hopes and great expectations; located on the banks of this great river it expects to await the good time coming when it shall realize its geographical advantages and reap the harvest of an expanding commerce. For half a hundred years its owners have looked out upon the great waters of the Columbia and wondered for half that time why the ships went sailing by to that inferior and interior town of Portland. Still they do, and Astoria sits and smiles, confident of its ultimate greatness, when it will be crowned queen of the Columbia, and all its tributaries shall bring gifts and pour them into its willing lap. We would not dampen the ardor of its friends by suggesting that it is just possible that an interior railroad system may concentrate the trade of Western Oregon at Portland on the Wallamet, and that the great trade of Eastern Oregon and Idaho may seek the shores of Puget Sound and pass out to the great ocean over that broad highway of commerce, the Straits of Fuca.

Portland is one hundred and fifteen miles from the sea, situated upon the beautiful Wallamet, some six miles above where it empties into the Columbia; a city of twenty thousand inhabitants—good inhabitants, that go to church, don't gamble in stocks, are a little slow and puffy, but always sure and content with a steady, healthful, honest progress. There are more commercial buildings now in process of erection at Portland than San Francisco. We visited Albany, sixty-one miles up the valley of the Wallamet, by rail—a rich and productive valley of farms and orchards, forests, and partial clearings and natural prairies; a valley from thirty to sixty miles in width, containing 5,000,000 of acres covered with groves, grasses, wood, and copse, and every acre of it is fertile and productive. The Wallamet is naviga-

ble an hundred miles or more, except at Oregon City, where locks are provided around a waterfall—a fall which gives power to make a great manufacturing city.

An old farmer whose acquaintance we made, and who was born, as he informed us, in "old Kaintuck," raised in "Illinoi," and came to "Californy" in 1849, and to Oregon in 1852, assured us that he had raised seven hundred pounds of potatoes to the acre, had a neighbor with a beaver meadow upon which he "grew" six hundred bushels of onions, and that upon one field which he had successively cultivated to wheat for twenty-two years without fertilization he had raised last year thirty-six bushels of wheat to the acre; that Oregon "was sure of a crop;" that every bulb, plant, seed, and shrub put into the earth was sure to grow; that the rains were not so uncomfortable as the snows of "Illinoi;" that the summers always afforded abundant opportunity to mature the "crops;" that any man who had health, and was willing to work, could make himself independent anywhere in Oregon; that the best lands, with good improvements, houses, barns, fences, and orchards, and near the town, were worth \$50 an acre; that good farms could be bought at from \$20 to \$40; that desirable lands, unimproved, could be purchased for \$10 an acre; that the Chinese would cut, burn, grub, and clean wild land at from \$7 50 to \$10 per acre; that wood on the navigable streams was worth \$2 50 a cord; that all kinds of living was cheap; that anybody who was too lazy to fish could buy salmon for two cents a pound; that all fruits of the temperate zone grow luxuriously, and could be had for the picking, and that it was an "infernal Californy lie" that the people were webfooted, and if they were it was better than to be hoof-bound and quarter cracked, as they were down the coast.

Back from Portland, and at early hour in the morning, we took the Oregon Steam Navigation Company's beautiful steamer, *The Wide West*, for the Cascades, down the Wallamet, up the Columbia, past Vancouver (an old Hudson Bay trading post, now a government military post), up the broad Columbia with its full banks and its grandly picturesque scenery, great basaltic columns cleanly carved from the Cascade hills; basalt above basalt, and above the basalt great towering, forest-clad mountains, over which leaped great water-falls, and down the sides of which came trickling streamlets, some clinging to the fern-clad, shrub-covered sides, some leaping over from the rocky parapets—sheer falls from a hundred to a thousand feet in perpendicular, forming rainbows, sparkling in the sun, drifting their waters in wide trails of foaming spray, playing fantastic tricks with sun and wind, dodging in and out from sun to shadow, hiding behind leafy groves, resting in pools their own force had dug, then dancing away in streamlets to swell the great waters on their way to the great ocean.

It was a beautiful sight. We shall never recover from the indignation we felt when we reflected how we had been imposed upon by the Rhine; that we had gone abroad, traversed oceans, spent our money, and all these years since our return from Europe been impressed with the nasty little Rhine, its trumpery, ruined castles, and its terraced vineyards, as something picturesque and beautiful, while all these years this splendid river of the Columbia has been rolling its waters so grandly to the sea, bearing out through riven mountain ranges, through deep rocky gorges, a volume of water, in comparison with which the Rhine is but a tiny streamlet.

We stop at the Lower Cascades, and take train six miles up the left bank of the stream. At this place the Columbia has broken through the great rock-ribbed mountain chain of the Cascade range. This was in the prehistoric time a great waterfall, where the discharge of the great inland sea leaped its rocky barrier two thousand feet in height over its battlements of basalt. Then the waters of the inland sea formed a crevice at the base of the hills, trickling under for a few thousand years, and then bursting through, leaving a great natural bridge over and across which the Titans and mountain gods of St. Helen's and Hood had friendly passage. The mountains quarreled, and in their great struggle the bridge fell down, and the waters passed unchallenged to the sea.

Here General Sheridan had his first battle with the Indians. The log-house, pierced with balls and arrow-heads of chalcidony, still stands frowning over the foaming waters. Then, again, we take steamer sailing upward and inward; then again at The Dalles (the trough), through the narrow chasm of which the great stream dashes in mad fury, we take another train upon the Oregon bank, passing again basalt columns, towering mountains, primeval forests, incoming mountain streams, till we reach the calm broad upper waters, where the steamer *Harvest Queen* takes the passenger to Lewiston in Idaho, a thousand miles from the sea.

The Columbia and its tributaries furnish fifteen hundred miles of navigable water, three thousand miles of river coast, every foot of which is capable of agricultural improvement—not a marsh, nor desert, nor barren spot along its line. The Walla Walla country, and the region beyond, all unite in pronouncing the great granary of the continent. Rolling lands, soil-clad to their highest summits, and capable of raising wheat for millions of people; a land for sheep and cattle; a land abounding in plenty; a land of minerals, gold and silver, of grain and wool; a great inland empire, abounding in everything necessary for the sustenance and support of a great people.

Oregon is a better State than California. It has a better and more promising future; and unless this city of San Francisco looks to itself, there will spring up somewhere upon Puget Sound a great commercial emporium that shall challenge with us the commercial supremacy of the coast. Oregon will, in no distant time, outnumber us in population. Washington Territory is an empire in and of itself, and both State and Territory have as yet millions of unappropriated lands. There is now a large immigration pouring into the country; and while Jim McShafter, Colonel Beale, Lux & Miller, Throckmorton, and other land cormorants are holding their broad acres beyond the reach of purchase at \$40 per acre, better lands and nearer to a better market may be bought for \$5, or appropriated for nothing, or secured at government price. Oregon has escaped the greedy, black, speculative spider that stretches his web over the soil to steal and hold prisoner the industrious fool that comes to plow. This is telling now in favor of our sister State. It is getting ten immigrants to our one. It is taking industrious and working men away from California.

Jay Gould is projecting a railroad to the Columbia, another transcontinental highway that shall leave us to enjoy our charming climate, our land thieves, and our stock gamblers. He is in negotiation for the purchase of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, its magnificent boats, its railroads, and all the paraphernalia of its equipment. Gould has demanded of the Company a selling price, and the Company has submitted its figure, which is a large one, for his consideration. Gould evidently means business, and unless California and Oregon, the valley of the Sacramento and the Wallamette, the cities of San Francisco and Portland, have sufficient energy to complete the railroad gap of 270 miles between the termini of the California and Oregon and the Oregon and California Railroads, both States, valleys, and cities will have occasion to lament their want of enterprise. Oregon, with its 95,274 square miles, and its 60,000,000 of rich acres of agricultural lands, its 3,000 miles of navigable shore, its unlimited forests, its splendid fisheries, is a prize too magnificent for California to miss; and California with its mines, its wine, its fruits, its commercial facilities, its transcontinental railroads, is too splendid a prize for Oregon to forego. These two young people ought to join hands in the holy bonds of matrimony. United by the steel rail in commercial wedlock, they would be dowered with a princely inheritance, and together might found an imperial dynasty, and together compose an empire of population.

European Sand-Lots.

It has become tiresome to one, who admits that he has only an indistinct idea of the subject, to hear Socialism, Nihilism, and Kearneyism ruthlessly thrown together and spoken of as analogous evils. When one has been eccentric enough and unfashionable enough to read all the available news concerning the growth of these great political cancers on the body national—when one has done this, it seems strange to him that thoughtful minds can class them together as similar excrescences. They are as unlike as chalk and cheese. No one will deny that, of all the ways to do a thing, the lazy way is the most likely to be chosen. The lazy mind will always jump at a conclusion, rather than struggle through the underbrush of reason, through the tangled labyrinth of facts, to crawl to it by the only honest path. Because a thing is not blue, a great many people immediately think it must be yellow, forgetting that the rainbow contains a variety of other colors. The word "Kearneyism" should never have been invented. It means nothing. If it is intended to express hoodlumism, rowdyism, or lawlessness, then we have a new and a useless name for an old disease. Kearney has developed no new phase of any of our old complaints.

Even a dunghill has to be made. Kearney has made nothing—excepting, perhaps, some money and a rather bad odor. Since he has been let loose upon us he has changed nothing, perchance not even his linen. An attempt at anything like the latter would be a signal to his comrades that he was "going back on them." For a man who has talked fight on each and every occasion, he has taken more whippings, with less retaliation, than any man of equal stamp and notoriety the world ever heard of. As a class, there are no Kearneyites; as a class, there are millions of Socialists. The Socialist seeks to accomplish with his brains what Kearney would attempt with his brogans. An Irishman playing a violin was once asked whether he played by note or by ear. "Nayther," said he; "I play by main stringth." And that is the way Kearney would revolutionize this country. To use his own vernacular, he is off, considerably off, his nut. Why does Bismarck grow pale? Why does the Czar tremble? Is it because an idiot rises among the other vermin of a sand-lot and calls them "lecherous hell-hounds," "bloated thieves," etc.?

No; the cause of their anxiety lies in the fact that every day and hour they are being made to feel that brains are at work against them. The Nihilist, especially, is no nobody. He is the somest kind of a somebody. He is the professor of a university; he is a student; he is a high official; he locks arms with the nobility—he is the nobility. The very secret police can not be trusted by the Czar. The feeling of discontent and rebellion is a deep-seated and a quiet one—it permeates the very air that he breathes. Nihilistic publications are scattered by the tens of thousands, yet no trace can be found of the printers. A Nihilist turns informer, earns the gratitude of the Government, and thinks himself safe. Do his comrades call him traitor on the Russian sand-lot, and make the air blue with their bluster? No; when next the sun rises, it shines upon the cold corpse of the informer, a knife sunk to the hilt in his bosom. While having not the slightest sympathy with either, who can help but prefer the silent and determined Nihilist to the braying and cowardly Kearney? Until that faculty which, among the lowly, is called "low cunning," and among the high-born is designated "diplomacy"—until that faculty falls into the ranks of Kearney, we have nothing to fear from him. The "main strength" idea is a failure; the Safety Committee proved that fact once, and can do so again. If every Nihilist and Socialist were of the Kearney stamp, neither the Czar nor Bismarck would ever have another wakeful hour.

The difference between brains and brogans is exactly the difference between the European cancer and the Californian pimple.

JOHN C. CHALMERS.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1879.

The first Nihilist societies were formed by Russian students about the year 1859, and the doctrines they adopted were chiefly derived from a book which is not generally supposed to have any Nihilist tendencies, Büchner's *Force and Matter*. The circulation of this work in Russia was forbidden by the Government, but it was secretly introduced into the country, and read with avidity by the Russian youth, together with another German work, by Max Stirner, called *Property and the Individual*, which had also fallen under the ban of the Russian censors. Out of these two books, the former of which preached materialism and the latter socialism, the Russians evolved the doctrine of Nihilism, which they also professed to find in other popular works, notably Buckle's *History of Civilization*.

The trail of the serpent is over all humanity. Man comes naked into the world, is snaked through life, and goes naked out of it.

THE SPRING VALLEY WATER COMPANY.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—You did dare some months ago to print my hastily written and somewhat passionate communication in defense of the Spring Valley Water Company. The ARGONAUT is a bold paper, and I thank you. It requires some courage nowadays to concede to property its just rights. As a rule newspapers illustrate their independence by toadying to the mob and pandering to all the vicious prejudices of the ignorant. The *Bulletin* and *Call* have waged and are waging a most unjust war upon twelve millions of property, and endeavoring to wrest it for an inadequate price from private hands that it may become the property of the municipal government. The argument is, that as water is a necessity the city should steal it for the use of the citizens, and appeals to the citizens to uphold them in the endeavor to take from me my 500 shares of Spring Valley water stock for less than it is worth. Bread is a necessity, but this does not justify the city authorities in breaking into a grain warehouse or stealing from a bread wagon. Meat is a necessity, but Mayor Bryant would not be authorized to send his police and drive a band of Lux & Miller's beeves to the slaughter-house. If San Francisco needs Spring Valley, let it purchase the property in an honest way, and not endeavor to confiscate it by the strong arm of municipal violence. The *Bulletin* would "condemn" our property for the public use, and its measure of valuation is what it cost us. This is a shameful and dishonest piece of reasoning to hide a crime. The cost of a thing is not the measure of its value; has nothing to do with it. Mr. Pickering's 50-share lot on Pine street cost in 1849 only sixteen dollars. Would it be honest for the city to condemn it for its cost. Time and the growth of the city has given value to Mr. Pickering's lot. The same considerations have given value to my shares, and it would be dishonorable for the city to get them at less than their present market value, as it would be to eject Mr. Pickering from his homestead by paying him for it sixteen dollars, accumulated interest, and value of improvements.

If the city needed the *Bulletin* newspaper for publishing official announcements, would it be deemed honest to seize it, paying Mr. Fitch only what it has cost him, viz: the price of type, presses, and printing material. The idea is not only absurd, but it is criminal. My five hundred shares of Spring Valley Water Company's stock is worth what I can get for it. It is properly capitalized upon the interest it earns me. It has a recognized market value, and to take it from me and my co-owners for less than its worth is robbery and pillage. If San Francisco desires water let her go to Tahoe, Blue Lakes, or Russian River for it; let her try the experiment of damming streams, building reservoirs, piping valleys, tunneling mountains, and distributing water through the streets of a city; let her buy iron, make contracts, advertise and build a water system. It would cost her not twelve but twenty millions of dollars.

Let her dig artesian wells and distribute in four-inch pipes, till Spring Valley is driven to close her mains. The town would burn to ashes in one windy season. It would be decimated by contagious diseases coming from the malaria of its filthy streets and the foul gases from its unflushed sewers. Its sand dunes would overwhelm its houses; its streets would be filled with dust; its parks and public places would be brown and unsightly with barren desolation.

Spring Valley for now more than twenty years has been lied about, misrepresented, vilified, and decried till public opinion has been poisoned to its very core concerning it. The last ragged remnant of *Bulletin-Call* virtue seems to hang upon their continued and continuing lies about this property. They have let up on the railroads; all is serene in that direction. The gas company is all right. The butchers' monopoly does not afflict them. Stock gambling meets with but an occasional and feeble suggestion of being an immoral and dangerous business. But the Spring Valley Water Company is the bloody head and bare bones which the good Mr. Pickering and the good Mr. Fitch hold up to the community as the most oppressive and grasping and dangerous of monopolies.

There is a cause for this, and I think I know what it is. I am not a disinterested writer. I own five hundred shares of its stock, and as I said in my last communication, it is honestly mine, honestly come by, and the same code of morals that justifies an editor in depreciating the value of this property, which is mine under the law, justifies the burglar in stealing my spoons, or the thief in stealing my cow to feed his children milk.

The Spring Valley Water Company is shamefully misrepresented in reference to its history, its legal rights, its management, and the purposes it accomplishes. It is the legitimate growth of an early enterprise that was started and carried on by the very best and most enterprising men of San Francisco. To give the names of its officers, directors, and prominent stockholders would be to give a list of the most honorable and prominent gentlemen that have ever resided upon this coast. It has grown to its present dimensions by a slow process. It has developed with the growth of the city, and more than kept pace with it, and every step of its progress has been honorable and creditable. It has supplemented the mules and water-carts of the earlier time, and through a quarter of a generation protected the most windy city of the continent from any great conflagration. It has reduced the rates of insurance to the minimum, and saves the citizens of San Francisco \$3,000,000 in the rate of interest alone. It is served to every house, home, store, factory, and shop on this peninsula where it is needed, and in advance of the line of street improvements and suburban dwellings; and when the character of the seasons is considered, I declare that no other city in America is more generously or cheaply provided with water.

The water is the best that God provides. It comes clear and sweet from the heavens; it flows over grassy hills, untrod by flocks; it is stored in great, deep, clean reservoirs. The only living thing that swims its waters is the sparkling trout. It is brought in iron mains, and distributed as pure as any spring or catchment water can be. It is soft, sweet, pure water. The best evidence of its value is that no epidemic or diseases has ever come from it; nor can any chemical analysis find in it any deleterious substance.

There is no city in civilization where so small a fraction of water-rater payers are compelled, and that most unjustly, to bear the whole burden of supplying a great city with water.

Only seventeen thousand water consumers. Upon this fraction of the population is devolved the whole expense and burden of protecting the property, the wealth, the comfort of three hundred thousand people and \$300,000,000 of property. The thing is an anomaly in municipal government, and the moment it is proposed to devolve a part of this burden upon all the people and all the property these two twin idiots of journalism cry out like a pig under the gate.

The indisputable fact is that there is no just cause of complaint against Spring Valley or its management. It is honorable, it is honest, and it is generous. The property has never paid more than eight per cent. per annum on the investment. In the early time money at interest paid three per cent. per month. The rate of interest to-day at the banks upon commercial paper is twelve per cent. per annum, while all these years Spring Valley has not averaged an interest of six per cent. per annum. It has not been watered any more than real estate has been watered by the growth of the town. It has not increased in value beyond a legitimate and healthful increase. All this uproar and complaint is not by consumers, but by these twin villains of the press and a few miserable politicians who would go to the Legislature, or to the Board of Supervisors, or to Congress, upon the swelling cry of this false clamor against monopolies.

A few dishonest people who do not drink much water themselves, who seldom wash, and never intend to promote the public good by drowning themselves, think to conciliate public favor by endeavoring to steal the Spring Valley Water Company's property. This can not be done; its tenure is protected by law. No one wants to do it except a set of selfish, dishonest demagogues, who hope to obtain popular favor by seeming to endeavor to accomplish an impossible result. I thank the ARGONAUT for this opportunity to ventilate an indignation I most honestly feel against a dishonest press and demagogue politicians, who are endeavoring, by all sorts of misrepresentations, to so vitiate and debase public sentiment that through legislation and courts it may steal my property and the property of other stockholders in this water company.

GINGO.

So far the Republicans present an united and smiling front to the enemy. They wrangle a little at the primaries, but this is a good sign and augurs success. A united Republican party, with independent, able, and honest candidates, resolutions accepting the new Constitution, and a non-partisan judicial ticket of learned and honest lawyers, will be invincible against any opposition that can be brought before it.

Kearney's address to his associate idiots is a fanfaronade of nonsense. It shows to what abuse language may be put. It is the lying indictment of an ignorant and unprincipled Irishman against the country that has given him an asylum, the laws that have given him protection, and the society that has endured him. Out of his entire Convention we notice less than twenty native-born citizens, and of the twenty ten are of Irish parentage.

Lawrence Barrett (to hotel waiter):

H—L
"Why in do you
allow a man
his
to leave cold cakes—a-t—my
p-a-n
place?"

Pinafore has got into the churches. They seem to be gently paving the way for the introduction of the music by accustoming the congregations to the points in the text, and we have no doubt that before many weeks we shall have the tunes done in slow time as voluntaries, offertories, etc. The greatest progress, thus far, seems to be made by Dr. Stone's congregation, under the musical leadership of its own original "Dick Deadeye." At the vesper services last Sunday the printed programme closed with the hymn beginning—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord;"

The last verse running as follows:

"The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

Congregation—"What, never?"

Response—"Well, hardly ever!"

Song of the Bumble-Bee.

Come where the clover is kissed by the sun;
Come where the honey-bees drowsily hum;
Come where the bumble-bee, happy old thing,
Brings up the boys with a sting-a-ling-ling!

Precious old bumble-bee, bird of my youth,
Sharper thy tail than the arrows of truth;
How oft when the school boy steps into your realm,
You knock him stone blind with a touch of your helm.

How oft, when the picnicking children of men
Sit down at the door of your grass covered den,
You will kick a big man 'cross a ten-acre lot
By the lift of your foot when it's heated red hot!

Far worse than the candidate's buzzing to me
Was the petulant buzz of a boy-hating bee;
Appalling to men and to gods was the sight
When a barefooted boy got a bumble-bee bite.

Bee of the bumble, like memory's chimera,
The notes of your bagpipe call up the old times;
And still boyish hearts, light as birds on the wing,
Will howl when you tinkle your sting-a-ling-ting.
—Burlington Hawkeye.

Man at C. P. Ticket Office—Please give me an upper berth.

Ticket Agent—My dear sir, here it is—no charge; and please accept this pass, good for life, all over the road and its branches. It has been waiting here for five years for the man who first asked for an upper berth. What name?

Man—It is for my wife. She is going across the continent alone, and I am afraid—
The slide falls at window.

ARCHERY.

When evening's banner, fringed with gold,
Droops wide and cool its shadowy fold,
Young men and maidens fair to see
Come trooping round the gray beech-tree.
The sun's last arrows, vainly spent,
Are lost beneath this leafy tent;
The pale young moon hangs dim and low
Her fading gleam of silver bow;
And slowly up the southern skies
The hunter rides, whose starry eyes
Have watched love roses come and go
Many a thousand years ago—
His glittering shaft drawn keen and bright
Against the gloomy wall of night.

The true cord holds the bow it lends,
And graceful yields to the strength it lends,
And hums a soft æolian air.
The orange bough, though sapless, bare,
Yet thrills to thoughts of bridal booms,
And loving eyes in festal rooms,
And wedding bells heard high and free
Above the slow song of the sea.
O happy feet, that lightly came
Within the magic of this game.
The tender glance, the glowing cheek,
Are signs of hopes he dares not speak,
And knotted tresses, backward flung,
Are tangling nets when hearts are young.

O maiden! sighting shining rings,
About thee flits, on airy wings,
An unseen archer, crowned with flowers
That hold the dew of morning hours!
Take care, take care! his dimpled hands
Hide fletters strong as brazen bands;
And the shining rings he holds up to thee
Are the golden links of thy destiny.

SUSAN E. WALLACE, in the *June Atlantic*.

Archery Notes.

The executive committee who have been managing the details of the first Pacific Coast Archery Tournament, have decided to hold the contest at the Oakland Cricket Grounds on the third Friday and Saturday in June, which will be on the 20th and 21st. The tournament will be open to all comers, and every one who can pull a bow and hit a four-foot target at twenty yards should not hesitate about entering, for even should he not carry off a prize he will have "lots of fun," which, after all, is one of the main things in life. The committee have secured several handsome tents, which will be pitched on the grounds in a line at right angles to the targets. These will be six in number for the greater convenience and expedition of the shooters and the better view of the spectators. Each club will wear some distinguishing badge or uniform—green, blue, or white—and on each tent will float the flag of the club, whatever the taste of the members of the various organizations may decide that to be. The first day's shooting will be for the club cup, a handsome piece of silver, and will be shot for at three ranges—30, 40, and 50 yards. There is a good deal of interest felt in the contest, as so far as can be learned from the practice scores, the records of the clubs do not differ much. The teams will consist of five, each club being allowed that number to shoot at the different ranges. Now, in a team of five, one or two may be able in nearly every case to run up a handsome score, but the remaining three may shoot but indifferently well. In another team, though no one member may shoot as well as the captain of the preceding team, yet the average of all five may be so good as to overcome that advantage. This will make the balance so even that the destination of the club cup is beyond the ken of the most sagacious.

The shooting on the second day will probably open with the contest for the gold arrow, or champion prize. This will be shot for at 60 yards. After this will follow shooting at other ranges for prizes, and to all these contests every archer will be welcome.

In order to allow the committee time to calculate on the number of contestants, each archer who wishes to participate should leave his name at F. M. L. Peters' bow shop on Montgomery Street, or address the secretary, Dan O'Connell, Oakland.

The first installment of the Horsman arrows, of which we have heard so much, and which Will Thompson has declared fully equal to the imported arrow, has arrived. They are much inferior in finish to the Highfield old dead arrow, but as the lot which Peters received has none heavier than 3 shillings, it will be difficult to say how they will fly, until some 4 or 5 shilling arrows are sent along.

A good bow string is, as every archer knows, an indispensable portion of the bowman's tackle, as the safety of his bow very much depends on the firmness of his string. The English strings, of which there are many, are mostly made of hemp, and the material which comes from Italy answers the best. The catgut string, while being very strong, is too much influenced by heat and moisture to prove at all times of a proper tension. The Flemish strings have a superior excellence over the other strings, first by the reason of the substance, and, secondly, by the care taken in twisting and winding the threads forming the body of the string. The waterproof silk string is made of the best twisted oiled silk, and is generally laid and twisted in two colors, forming as it does a handsome trimming for a fine bow. Every archer should know how to put a string on his bow. It will be noticed that on one end of the string an eye is already made, the eye for the other end as bows vary in length is left for the archer himself to make. It is nothing more than a timber hitch, but the best plan to follow is to ask a practical archer to show you the right way of making it. I should recommend every archer who can obtain a quiver for the safe keeping of his arrows not to be without this valuable portion of a bowman's outfit. It preserves the arrows, and protects them from the damp.

The archers' ranks are swelling every day on the Pacific Coast, and the claims of archery as a fascinating and health-giving exercise are fully allowed. Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, says of archery: "It is an exercise most wholesome for the ladye, a pastime most honeste for the minde, and, as I am able to prove myself, of all others most fitte and agreeable with learynge and learned men. Therefore I not only love shootynge, exhorte all to shootynge, but I also use shootynge."

DIVORCED IN THE DESERT.

Andrew Jackson Hathaway, in 1849, was a well to do young farmer of Iowa, with a wife precisely such as a thriving young farmer should possess; a bright boy of twelve and a sweet-tempered daughter of between ten and eleven years of age constituted the two domestic idols of the Hathaway altar. Their names were, respectively, William Henry Harrison Hathaway and Janet Dalrymple Hathaway. The father of the elder Hathaway had served as a lieutenant under Jackson at New Orleans, and belonged to a prime family of Davidson County, Tennessee, which had formerly lived in Virginia, and had good revolutionary blood in its veins. Andrew Jackson Hathaway's father's helpmeet came from a representative Rhode Island family, and, according to the archives of Providence Plantations, a family renowned for its deeds of valor during the "times that tried men's souls." This little bit of pedigree has nothing much to do with the sketch that follows, although pedigree sometimes helps a man as it almost always does a horse. And, again, it is as well to show that our Hathaway family had a pedigree that any American might be proud of, for Mrs. Hathaway, too, came from good revolutionary stock, with an even divide of Massachusetts and South Carolina in the make-up. Her name was Vashti, she having been christened after an old maiden aunt of Fall River, Massachusetts. Andrew and Vashti grew up on neighboring farms in Ohio, where both William Henry and Janet Dalrymple were born. It may not be uninteresting right here to state that the young love that existed between Andrew and Vashti was not entirely uninterrupted—on account of the youth of the parties, however; nothing else—and, whether they cared or not whether the "Man in the Moon was Looking," they each kept an eye upon the nocturnal movements of "the old Stormer" (as Andrew felicitously nicknamed his sweetheart's suspecting sire), as night after night they exchanged sentiment, and something else, over the front yard gate.

It was upon one of these delightful occasions that Andrew and Vashti had plighted their troth, as had Lucy and Lord Rutherford almost two centuries before, by breaking a silver coin between them, and had mutually invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact.

The reader will perceive, now, why the Hathaways named their daughter Janet Dalrymple. And it may not be out of place—indeed, it isn't—to state that, of all Scott's heroines, the "Bride of Lammermoor" is perhaps the most widely known. Her sad story, you know, is, in the main, true. The maiden's name was not Lucy, as Sir Walter has it, but Janet—Janet Dalrymple—who was a daughter of Lord Stair. She and Lord Rutherford had plighted their troth, had broken a silver coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should be false to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet vehemently insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother acted in the most cruel manner in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, managed to perfect an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers, xxx., 2-5, as an excuse for her obedience to her imperious and unrelenting parents' commands. The lovers parted in sorrow—Rutherford in great anger, and Janet overwhelmed with grief. The former had not in him the spirit of Young Lochinvar, nor the latter the wit to run away with him. The poor thing was, in fact, badly frightened. She was carried to church to be wed in a semi-crazed and more than half dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from her bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the floor, profusely bleeding from a stab; and the bride sat near, in her night clothes, bidding those who had rushed to the scene, "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" Janet died in three weeks, insane. Duobar of Baldoon recovered, but never opened his lips on the causes which led to the tragedy. Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. It was a queer fancy of the Hathaways: this naming of Janet. Calling the boy after Harrison was entirely proper, and extremely American. It is as well to state, to keep up the connection, that Andrew and Vashti were married at the home of the latter in Ohio, in 1835; Andrew's father and mother both died in 1840, and Andrew inherited the Hathaway farm. In 1846 he and his family moved to Iowa, and here Hathaway farmed it until the winter of 1849-50.

It was a bitter cold day in December, 1849. The snow was piled six feet deep, on a level, and the mercury marked 24° below zero. That day Deacon Hathaway—for Andrew had joined the village church and had been made a pillar thereof—had two logging chains snapped into pieces by the intense cold, and the realization of some other mishaps made him red hot, although the atmosphere was unmistakably Siberian. Deacon as he was, Hathaway expectorated a multiplicity of Flanders oaths that day, and his arrival home was marked by no distinguishing exhibitions of serenity. Indeed, so exercised was Hathaway that, while in the act of pulling off his boots, he got enraged and kicked one of them clean through the window. This little episode elicited a broad grin from William Henry, and the remark that he thought that Jackson—a white mule, not the head of the family—had kicked over the corn crib; Janet glanced sympathetically at her mother—who had burst into tears simultaneously with the flight of the boot aforesaid—and then joined that good woman in her demonstration of grief. Andrew took in the domestic tableau at once; and, dispatching William Henry for the boot, patted Vashti upon the forehead, and said:

"I'm not mad at you, dear, so don't cry."

"I know you're not mad at me, Andrew," responded Mrs. Hathaway; "but you lose control of yourself so much, lately, that you make things very unpleasant at times. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—I say this very feelingly, Andrew, for I love you, oh, so very, very much—but here are Billy and Janny growing up so fast; and, my dear, you ought to at least set them no bad examples. Only a week ago you came home in just another such a fit, and ripped off both your back suspender buttons in your anger."

"But, Vashti—"

"Oh, you always have some excuse. I know things don't go always as you would like to have them; but there's no use in your getting mad—and especially before the children. It nearly breaks Jaony's heart to see you in a passion, and Billy, as you must have noticed, has already commenced to make fun of you. Another thing, now that we are on the subject, let me tell you, Andrew, that you are not only vic-

lent, and very violent, too, in your temper, at times, but you are very obstinately set in your ways. You never consult me, either, in any of your movements, and when you make up your mind to do a thing, nothing except disappointment or disaster can change you. Don't you think it would be better, first, to make me acquainted with your projects, or some of them, and let me put my little stock of wisdom and womanly plans together with your hopes and undertakings? Two heads, you know, Andrew, are said to be better than one, and it strikes me that husband and wife should be full partners; and it would be so pleasant, too. I want to share with you, as you ought to know, in all your pleasures and griefs, in all your prosperities and adversities. I want to be a part of you in all things, and at all times and places. I know you love me, and I know we get along pretty well, generally. And, were it not for your quick temper and obstinacy, we would be the happiest couple in the world. Now, I say this from the most loving standpoint, Andrew, and I say it for your own good, and for the happiness and future prosperity of you, my dear husband, myself, and our dear, loving children."

During this speech Mrs. Hathaway and Janet had prepared the evening meal; William had plugged up the hole in the window with some cast-off garment, and the family sat down to supper.

The silence which followed Mrs. Hathaway's speech was broken by Janet, who inquired:

"Papa, mamma says we are going to start for California in the spring. Is that really so?"

"That is really so," responded Mr. Hathaway.

"Yes, dear girl, we start for California in the spring," interrupted Mrs. Hathaway. "Your father apprized me of his intention a few days ago, and that settles it. Neither of us knows anything about that far-off country, although the St. Louis papers are full of glowing descriptions of the beautiful land of flowers and gold. Lots of Iowa folks are going though in the spring, and I don't mind breaking up and going West once more."

"They tell me that you can pick up gold in the rivers and on the roads out there in California," said William. "I don't believe that, but I do believe it's a better place than Iowa; it is too cold here; I don't like the winters here at all."

"You are right, William," remarked Mr. Hathaway, "the winters in California are as mild as they are in Florida, so Fremont says, and that is one reason why I want to go there. It is an old saying that a rolling stone gathers no moss, I know, and it may be a true one; but I have rolled so long, and so often, that I am going to try it once more. From the little I can glean from the newspapers, and from other sources of information, I am of the opinion that it is just the country for us to go to."

Spring came, and May found the Hathaways, with two good teams and wagons, half a dozen steers, two or three cows, two saddle horses, and a good stock of provisions, on their way to California.

The little party had good luck, losing none of their stock except the cows, and meeting neither hostile Indians nor thieving white men.

From the moment the party crossed the Missouri river, however, Hathaway's mode of action was never interfered with with any degree of success. He consulted neither Mrs. Hathaway nor any other living person. He made and broke camps when and wherever he pleased; watered his stock whenever he saw fit, and sought advice of no one or no thing except a map and a dial.

Upon leaving Salt Lake, Mrs. Hathaway hazarded a suggestion touching a choice of roads, and William Henry rallied to the support of his mother; Janet, however, stood by her father, and the mother and son yielded. But Mrs. Hathaway said:

"As we are evenly divided in our opinion as to which is the best road, Andrew, I will yield, as I always do; but I would like to ask you one question: Suppose I had not yielded my preference, and suppose both Billy and Janny had preferred my word, what would you have done under the circumstances?"

"What would I have done? Why, my good woman, I would have gone right on just as I am—just as if no one were here but myself. I am at the head of this expedition, and it must go my way. I don't propose to take advice from an old woman and a couple of children in this section of the wilderness—not as the roads are. I don't consider your judgment good in the premises, however much you may consult authorities. I have got a map and a general description of the country through which we are traveling, and I am going to stick to that compass if I never reach California."

"Why, Andrew!"

"No, there's no why, Andrew! about it. It is common sense decision, and there can't be any appeal. I'll say this, though: whenever, in your wisdom, you deem my course of pilgrimage uncertain or unsatisfactory, you can go some other way—or take the back track altogether; and you may take the whole outfit with you, except the poorest saddle-horse you can pick out. Now, I want you to remember, once for all, Vashti, that I am infernally tired of your fault-finding and suggestions. I am determined to have my own way. Whenever you want to go contrary to my way, let us separate."

"Why, Andrew Hathaway, what a speech!" ejaculated the wife. "Why, the children themselves are amazed at you." And all sobbed betterly except that obstinate man, Andrew Jackson Hathaway.

It was several days before perfect harmony again prevailed in the Hathaway camp, which, however, when it did set in, lasted until the party arrived at a point on the Humboldt desert, where the Lassen trail intersects that of the Carson.

At this point had congregated some forty odd persons, all of whom but Hathaway had concluded to take the Lassen trail. Mrs. Hathaway was aware that her husband's map pointed out the Carson road as the one to be followed. She, however, preferred the Lassen trail for the reason that a good crowd was going that way; and, further, because both William and Janet had besought her to prevail upon their father to change his mind. Thus fortified, Mrs. Hathaway approached her husband, who was seated upon a pile of blankets repairing a bridle.

It was a lovely morning in September, and all things in nature seemed to smile. The imperial orb rode up the

eastern sky and flung its splendors upon the majestic Sierra which rose like battlements before it. There was inspiration in the scene and sublimity in the solitude of that vast landscape untouched by hand of art.

Mrs. Hathaway opened the conversation by saying, in dulcet tones:

"Andrew, I was just thinking, as I gazed upon those magnificent elevations before us, of the greatness of God. I have been in the most perfect state of enchantment for an hour, not only in surveying the mountains before us and the desert behind us, but meditating upon the conspicuous creations of our heavenly Father. I never felt my littleness so much before, and, in the contemplation of the mysteries which transcend the scope of earthly penetration, I recall an anecdote of your father's, the effect of which has for many years been engraved upon the tablets of my heart—I mean the one he used to tell of old John Randolph of Virginia. Randolph was walking, one evening, accompanied by a favorite boy, you remember. All at once, arrested by a magnificent sunset in that incomparable section of Virginia known as the Shenandoah Valley, he violently seized the nigger and said: 'Sam, if any man ever tells you there is no God, tell him that John Randolph says he lies.' The same sentiment seems to take possession of me as I gaze upon the Sierra Nevada Mountains. By the by, Andrew, there is a man in the party here who has made the trip over the Sierra several times. He calls the mountains before us the rim of the golden valley, but says there is no time to be lost in getting over them, as the snow generally commences to descend in October, and sometimes fall to a depth of twenty odd feet. I wish you would have a little chat with him after you have mended that bridle, as he is greatly opposed to the Carson road. He says it is all dust and alkali."

"He does, eh? Well, you just tell Mr. Knows-It-All that I like dust and alkali, and for that very reason, if for no other, I am going to take the Carson road. I half thought your John Randolph story and other utterances were a blind to get at the softer part of me, but you can't do it," replied Hathaway, roughly.

"But," said Vashti, feelingly. "Billy and Janet both want to go by the Lassen trail. The whole party, in fact, start off in that direction in an hour."

"All right, let them start, that don't interfere with my plans in the least. My map directs me to go by the Carson road, and I am going that way if I go alone."

"Then you may go alone, Andrew Hathaway!" said Vashti, with unmistakable force and composure.

"What! you take the Lassen trail and me the Carson?"

"That is precisely the situation, unless you consent to yield for once in your life, Mr. Hathaway," rejoined Vashti.

"And William and Janet, they—?"

"Go with their mother by the Lassen trail," added Mrs. Hathaway.

"But you will become the laughing-stock of the whole party."

"You are the laughing-stock of the whole party, and I am heartily ashamed of you."

"But this is a serious turn affairs have taken, and you may regret it," said Andrew.

"It is most serious, Mr. Hathaway, and I regret that circumstances force me to act as I do," replied his wife.

"Then do as I want you to. I would rather stay right here all winter than take the Lassen trail."

"And I would remain right here all winter and the summer following before I would go one foot by the Carson road. My mind is made up; I propose to start in an hour. What do you say?"

"I say you go your way and I will go mine."

In less than an hour Mrs. Hathaway and her two children were on the Lassen road, and Andrew, astride of an old saddle horse, moved off sorrowfully in another direction.

Neither party looked back until a gap of many miles had been opened, each expecting that the other would yield. At last, Andrew turned his animal about, and, to his utter astonishment, no living object met his gaze in that vast expanse. His heart sank within him; great, scalding tears chased each other down his rugged cheeks; despair took possession of his soul, and the miserable man cried in agonizing accents:

"Divorced in the desert! My God! what have I done?"

Then he wheeled about and pursued his course, the very incarnation of misery. Once he turned and rode a mile or two on a canter the other way. But the mountain breezes blew the dust before him, and he at times became completely enveloped in clouds of alkali sand and other sedimentary matter. With nerves and reason almost shattered he went into camp weary and alone the first night of the separation. In the meantime, Mrs. Hathaway and her children had joined the party that had started in advance of them, and had got along as pleasantly as could have been expected under the circumstances. William firmly believed that his father would join them during the night, and when morning came and found him not, he burst into tears and wept bitterly. The mother was overwhelmed with grief, but only once did she give way to her feelings, and that was when Janet, at breakfast, said:

"I dreamed all night of my papa, last night. Oh, my poor, dear papa; I wonder where he is?"

These words went like daggers to the wife's heart, and then she wished to God that she had taken the Carson trail. She even went so far as to consult with her son upon the feasibility of returning; but William opposed such a course as adding folly to folly.

In about a month Mrs. Hathaway and her children arrived at Sacramento in good health, and without the loss of an animal. She sold her entire outfit for several hundred dollars; which amount, added to the thousand odd that she had safely tucked away in the lining of her dress, she invested in furniture, etc., and at once set up business as a hotel keeper. By dint of industry and perseverance, coupled with flush times in and about Sacramento, Mrs. Hathaway not only made lots of money but really amassed a fortune. Up to 1852 both William and Janet assisted her in her household duties; then she put them both to school, where Janet remained until she graduated with honor. In 1857 William, who had clerked it with success at Marysville, went to San Francisco and engaged in the hardware business for himself, and married a Boston lady the following year. Janet, in 1858, married a rich farmer of Santa Clara County, and has lived to see children and grand children grow up around her. Mrs. Hathaway still lives, residing with her daughter at San José.

Andrew met with hard luck from the start. The third day after his separation his horse fell down and died, and he footed it into the mines of Northern California, taking out his first dust on the Feather River. Once he accumulated over \$5,000, and built a saw mill, which was in a few months after destroyed by a storm. Then he got together a couple of thousand of dollars and commenced merchandizing in Grass Valley, but a fire soon swept all of his property away. Then he went down into Southern California, and from there he drifted into New Mexico. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and the South, Hathaway was criving a stage coach in Texas. He at once joined the Confederate army, and was severely wounded at Pea Ridge while cannonading a regiment under Ben McCullough. He was again wounded at Chickamauga under Longstreet, and was subsequently taken prisoner in Virginia and sent to Columbus, Ohio. In 1866, although fifty-one years of age, he joined the Fourteenth United States Infantry as a private, and came to the Pacific Coast again in 1867. For twelve years had Hathaway again drifted about on the Pacific Coast, never learning or hearing a word of his family—William having retired from business and gone to Europe a long time before—until one day in September, 1878, when he saw some mention of his wife's name in a San José paper.

The old man lost no time in ascertaining the whereabouts of his long-lost beloved; and on the 19th of September, 1878, just twenty-eight years from the day he was "divorced in the desert," his feeble steps carried him to the house that contained his wife. He rung the bell, and old Mrs. Hathaway answered the summons herself. Mutual recognition was instantaneous, and, without explanations, the old couple hugged and kissed and blessed each other.

Then each rehearsed their histories from the time they broke camp in the Humboldt desert twenty-eight years before. Andrew told in detail the stories of his unfortunate career, and Mrs. Hathaway briefly recited her successes, not forgetting to inform him how she had never retired at night without praying God to return him to her once more.

"And, now that we are reunited," said Mrs. Hathaway, with an affected air of earnestness, "I want to ask you one question."

"What is it, my darling, what is it?" cried the old man, in accents of tenderness and love.

"How did you find the Carson road?"

"Miserable, Vashti, miserable—all sand and alkali."

Then they embraced each other again, and were again united, after having been, twenty-eight years before, "Divorced in the Desert."

BEN C. TRUMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1879.

The Legend of the Mist.

We stood in the Mission garden, burly Padre Joaquin and I, After the singing of Vespers, when sunlight was leaving the sky. The fresh winds, freed from the ocean, dispersed the dull heat of the day, And the languor that overspread Nature seemed lifted and driven away.

Over the near rising hilltops the white vapors rolled in a cloud That drifted down into the valleys, enwrapping the fields in its shroud, And coolness blew from the mountains like freshness that followeth rain.

Raising the down drooping vineyard, reviving the life of the grain. Then pointed the Padre to eastward, where the winds had tangled the mist

And rifted a cleft, whose rough edges the sun bent forward and kissed. "Listen," he said "to the story—the legend that sometimes is told Concerning the birth of these vapors that wrap hill and vale in their fold:

It chanced, in the earlier ages, a famine seized on the land; The rivers were dried from their sources, drunk up by the thirsty sand.

All life died out of the rivers as slowly the pools decreased, Till the breath of the stagnant waters grew poisonous to man and beast.

The grass died out of the pastures, the cattle grew faint and failed, And, all through the stricken country, town, city, and village wailed. Then wailing passed, and the people moved dumbly in their despair, Or, looking up to the heavens, spoke an unheeded prayer; For still the heavens were cloudless—in an arch of brazen beat Never a fog or a vapor stayed the unspitting heat; Even the falling of darkness brought no relief in its train, Neither dews, nor breath from the ocean, nor cooling foretoken of rain;

And daily, in every temple, with wailing arose the cry, The moan of a stricken people, a nation in agony, Till at length there came an answer: 'Lo! we have heard your cry: The nation has sinned, and a victim is needed—for one must die.' Then each man looked at the other—dumbly then bowed the head, Turning to silence homeward, filled with unspoken dread, For no man throughout the country, from valley to mountain high, Dared offer himself as a victim, and say, 'I am ready to die'— Till at length the chief of the people awakened from his despair, And cried, 'Here am I—a victim. The good gods gave me a care. This people is mine to cherish, and now, when I hear their cry, It is but just I should answer. Take me—I am ready to die.' Then answered the priests, 'Make ready! That which the gods require

Is just, and the life of a victim will fully assuage their ire.' Then, at the head of the people, who gathered from far and nigh, And blessed him with broken voices, he climbed up the hill—to die. And then on the highest hilltop he knelt in the sun's full blaze, And round his bare head a halo seemed cast by the scorching rays. Then, bending, he looked to westward, and waited the coming death, While down in the valley the people prayed in an under breath; And as they prayed, on a sudden, in a moment, when no man wist, There rolled on the hills from westward a cloud of refreshing mist, Reviving the famishing country, o'erspreading it all with its wings, Blessing the air with its coolness, refilling the dried up springs; And when the first mist had vanished, and the noon sun once more shone,

The people looked up to the hilltop, but the martyr-chief was gone, And never, so saith the legend, shall the sea mists fade or fall, For the death of the martyr-chieftain shall ever and aye prevail."

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

It is all wrong to let your church choir go off singing in the opera of *Pinafore* between Sundays. A dreadful thing recently happened on this account at a Marysville funeral. The pastor, a tall, white-haired man, much resembling an admiral, arose in the pulpit and had no sooner finished, in a sing-song tone, the remark, "We miss his presence in his usual haunts," than the choir sprang to its feet and shouted in return, "And so do his sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

There is something curious about a keyhole. A man can always find it in the dark, when he is going out, and never can discover it by moonlight when he is going in.

COUNTRY BRIC-À-BRAC AND ART.

Bucolic *bric-à-brac* is peculiar. Any one who has enjoyed the pleasure of an hour in a country parlor must have pondered then and there over the curious theory of ornamentation displayed. The taste of country people in the matter of house-decorating is uniform, melancholy, and unique. There is always the same rigidity and solemnity, the same air of funereal fuss and feather, and the same harmony of unharmoniousness. Country people and virtuosos have the common trait of valuing things more or less highly according to the associations connected with them. There is, nevertheless, a variation of ideas as to what associations may be considered valuable. Plato's pocket-handkerchief, or a lock of Cleopatra's hair, would not possess half such charm for honest country folk as a sampler worked by Jane Maria with the entire alphabet in four different styles. These happy people know nothing of Plato's dangerous doctrines, and think of Cleopatra only as a disreputable woman who has been much written up in the ARGONAUT, but Jane Maria is the idol of their hearts and the pride of the county. There was rejoicing and critical appreciation when she finished Moses in the bulrushes in colored worsted, and when she completed George Washington in Berlin wool, borne to glory by two angels in floss, the whole county felt that Jane Maria had a future! A student in tone and color might have suggested that the angels were a shade too pink, or that George Washington, for a spirit, lacked transparency, but he would have been laughed at. This deliciously conservative preference for home art is the secret of much, in country *bric-à-brac*, that is unfathomable. It seems strange that people who are face to face with nature every day should not learn to despise, or at least detect, the absurdly artificial. But Dame Nature has a way of her own. She is never communicative to those who interview her through the medium of the plowshare and with mercenary intentions, but fills with treasures the minds and imaginations of those who seek her with no ulterior motives. Let us imagine ourselves in the "best room" of the typical country farm-house. The *tout ensemble* is bewildering and difficult to describe. Each ornament is aggressive, rampant, and detached—stands on its merits and speaks for itself. One pauses involuntarily in their midst to wonder at the originality of invention displayed. It is not true that there is nothing original under the sun. No year goes by but something is evolved from the bucolic brain and rag-bag that stands alone and unrivaled in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. In this country parlor the idea of arrangement is pastoral, and the grouping of the articles of *virtu* suggests a flock of sheep scattered at random. There is an evident partiality for flowers (artificial flowers) made of worsted, shells, wax, feathers (chicken feathers), and everything and anything. The *pièce de résistance*, and kept under glass, is a bouquet of hair-work, each flower made of a sample of hair from some member of the family—a fair proportion of the prismatic colors being represented. Pendent from a picture is a large garland of faded artificial flowers, dear to the female heart as souvenirs of generation after generation of bonnets. On the centre table in a china vase, with roses in relief, bloom flowers of bright-hued carpet-ravelings, flaunting imitations of impossibility. If there were only such a thing as a decorative conscience! How it would smite the head of the house whose portrait, painted in China from a photograph, glares in a heathenish manner from the deepest recesses of a pine-cone monstrosity. This latter, an alleged frame, is a precious relic of what is now, alas! almost a lost art. The value of its obtrusiveness cannot be overestimated. Its wonderful proportions quite distract the eye from the picture within. As an offset to this, over the door and worked in perforated card-board is the motto, "No cross no crown" in the form of a rebus. On the wall the ubiquitous *Chronicle* gift map recalls the time when the whole family went to Europe, in their minds, with Charles Warren Stoddard. The omnipresent chromos betray the taking of one or more cheap periodicals, and a colored lithograph of a horse-race reveals that the head of the house is a little "horsey." It is, perhaps, as well that city *bric-à-brac* is not quite so transparent. A whole corner of this room is filled by a high-backed horsehair sofa decorated with tidies. On one tidy stiff-legged squirrels roam the dizzy heights of an improbable peavine, and on another a war-horse with arched neck and plethoric tail, and curious as to anatomy, paws the ground in crocheted fury. Mysteries in spatterwork and curiosities in card-board decorate the wall at irregular intervals; and a wonderfully tall cornstalk, reaching away above the picture of Grant and his family, attests the nearly overlooked agricultural element. Meaningless bunches of dried grass, brown with dust, and some large candy hearts, elaborate in detail, and grimy with age, add to the variety. In this list, taken from nature, there are some things amusing, some absurd, and some exasperating. This last adjective refers to the already mentioned wax-flowers. There is nothing in the whole range of imitation that fills one with such a shivery sensation of horror as these stale, cold, clammy, odorless parodies on nature. One ought to have confidence in nature; but it is hard to understand why she did not in the very beginning get out a copyright on vegetation, and stop the wax-flower business. There is one thing more in connection with this apartment worth noticing, and that is the air of complacent gratification and of grandeur attained that surrounds the possession of these treasures, and radiates from the treasuries themselves. These simple, sensible folk do not do as Michael Angelo and other Bohemians have done. They do not set up a hopelessly lofty ideal as a standard, and wear out a restless, feverish life in pursuit of it. They know better, too, than to wait on fickle inspiration. When they want a work of art they go to work and construct it by rule, and when they have followed all the printed instructions they feel that perfection is attained—that it is according to Hoyle and above reproach. A sense of rest and satisfaction is their sweet reward of artistic labor. There is something pathetic as well as ludicrous in this childlike simplicity, and one may very well wonder whether we should not all be better and happier if we could give up this unholy hankering after fine French bronzes, rare old china, and the unattainable, and relapse into the chromo stage of cultivation.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2, 1879.

MINERVA.

The imagination is so delicate that even words wound it.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAIRIES.

Serenade in the Tropics.

When the nights are heavy with musk,
And the stars are ripe in the gloaming,
The low moon breaks like an apple of dusk
Through the shadowy leaves like a pomegranate husk,
And I know that my lady is coming.

By the primrose's javelin plume,
And the cereus open, as though
An April frost, in its delicate loom,
Had woven the snow-flakes into a bloom
Of capricious and odorous snow:

By the shadow that, like a glove,
The passion flower's leaf has thrown
In the lists where the laurels breathe and move,
By the sweet syringa's piping of love,
And the jessamine's bugle blown.

But the lisp and the laugh of the leaves
In the bushes are low and sweet,
At bo-peep, hid in the tamarind sheaves,
For the hour of blossom on midsummer eves,
And the sounds of her coming feet.

Like the sudden bloom through the husk
Of the primrose at eventide,
She comes by eddies and pools of musk,
That flower to shape in the fragrant dusk,
And follow her open eyed.

And the blush and the bloom afford
Such a harmony, hour by hour,
My soul confesses a fond accord
To the sweet responsive word for word
Of the night in its perfect flower. WILL HARNEY.

Asleep at the Switch.

The first thing I remember was Carlo tugging away,
With the sleeve of my coat fast in his teeth, pulling as much as to say,
"Come, master, awake, tend to the switch; lives now depend upon you."

Think of the souls in the coming train and the graves you are sending them to;
Think of the mother and babe at her breast, thick of the father and son,

Think of the lover and loved one, too—think of them doomed every one
To fall, as it were by your very hand, into yon fathomless ditch.

Murdered by one who should guard them from harm, who now lies asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood, sleep had o'ermastered me so;
I could hear the wind hollowly howling and the deep river dashing below.

I could hear the forest leaves rustling as the trees by the tempest were fanned;
But what was that noise in the distance? That—I could not understand!

I heard it first indistinctly, like the rolling of some muffled drum;
Then clearer and nearer it came to me, till it made my very ears hum;

What is this light that surrounds me, and seems to set fire to my brain?
What whistle's that yelling so shrilly? O God! I know now—it's the train!

We often stand facing some danger, and seem to take root to the place;
So I stood with this demon before me, its heated breath scorching my face;

Its headlight made day of the darkness, and glared like the eyes of some witch;
The train was almost upon me before I remembered the switch.

I sprang to it, seizing it wildly, the train dashing fast down the track;
The switch resisted my efforts, some devil seemed holding it back.

On, on came the fiery-eyed monster, and shot by my face like a flash;
I swooned to the earth the next moment, and knew nothing after the crash.

How long I lay there unconscious was impossible for me to tell.
My stupor was almost a heaven, my waking almost a hell—

For I then heard the piteous moaning and shrieking of husbands and wives,
And I thought of the day we all shrink from, when I must account for their lives.

Mothers rushed by me like maniacs, their eyes staring madly and wild;
Fathers, losing their courage, gave way to their grief like a child;

Children searching for parents, I noticed as by me they sped,
And lips that could form naught but "Mamma" were calling for one perhaps dead.

My mind was made up in a second, the river should hide me away,
When, under the still burning rafters, I suddenly noticed there lay
A little white hand. She who owned it was doubtless an object of love

To one whom her loss would drive frantic, though she guarded him now from above.

I tenderly lifted the rafters and quietly laid them one side—
How little she thought of her journey when she left for this dark fatal ride!

I lifted the last log from off her, and while searching for some spark of life,
Turned her little face up in the starlight, and recognized—Maggie, my wife!

O Lord! Thy scourge is a hard one—at a blow thou hast shattered my pride;
My life would be one endless night-time with Maggie away from my side.

How oft we've sat down and pictured the scenes of our long happy life;
How I'd strive through all my life-time to build up a home for my wife;

How people would envy us always in our cosy and neat little nest,
When I would do all of the labor, and Maggie should all the day rest;

How one of God's blessings might cheer us, how some day I p'raps should be rich—
But all my dreams have been shattered while I lay there asleep at the switch.

I fancied I stood on my trial, the jury and judge I could see,
And every eye in the court-room was steadfastly fixed upon me;
And fingers were pointed in scorn, till I felt my face blushing blood-red.

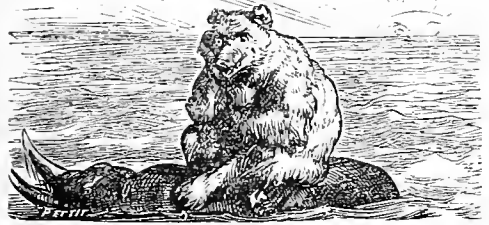
And the next thing I heard were the words, "hanged by the neck until dead,"
Then I felt myself pulled once again, and my hand caught tight hold of a dress,

And I heard, "What's the matter, dear Jim? You've had a bad nightmare, I guess,"
And there stood Maggie, my wife, with never a scar from the ditch

I'd been taking a nap in my bed, and had not been "asleep at the switch." GEORGE HOEV.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1879.

The ARGONAUT is somehow and almost unconsciously drifting into native Americanism. It is not with premeditated design, for its writers have no feeling against men of foreign nationalities, no prejudice for or against any particular religious belief; do not believe that any church is going to destroy American freedom, or that any nationality is going to overturn republican government. But we see, as every intelligent person can but observe, that there is crowding in upon us a most objectionable foreign immigration, and that, of this class, by far too large a number are pushing themselves into objectionable prominence in our political affairs. There are two distinct nationalities growing up in our land—German and Irish—and the more ignorant and cheeky of these people have begun to arrogate to themselves the election of our law-makers and the choice of our officers. These two nationalities combined control the balance of political power in all our large cities. None but a German or whom the Germans may desire can get an office in St. Louis or Cincinnati. Socialistic Germans are organizing and arming to wrench the political management of Chicago from the native-born, with the avowed purpose of dividing the property by arbitrary taxation, that beer and bread, and sausage and blood pudding, and sauerkraut and Schweitzer-case, and music and tobacco, may be free. This political ascendancy is being acquired through the indifference of the American born and the unconscious and perhaps natural sympathy of foreigners for their compatriots and co-religionists. When a respectable German or Irishman sees one of his countrymen proposed for office, it is not unnatural that he should vote for him. A Catholic or a Jew sees one of his faith asking votes; it is perhaps not unnatural that he should accord it. But when it comes to an organization of nationalities and a combination of co-religionists to direct and control the politics of our country, then we have a right to be annoyed, to be alarmed, to be indignant; and, being annoyed, alarmed, and indignant, we have a right to say so; and, undertaking to say anything, we must be permitted to call Germans Germans, Irish Irish, Catholics Catholics, and Jews Jews. Our readers will reserve to themselves the privilege of neglecting to read or patronize our paper, and, unless we discuss these questions in a dignified and courteous manner, they will exercise this privilege by discontinuing the ARGONAUT. Those intelligent persons who attentively read our writings will observe how carefully we endeavor to discriminate between those of foreign birth who come among us for business purposes and those whose sole and only occupation is political agitation and official loot. We have many nationalities who do not thrust themselves into political prominence. The most noticeable are the Englishmen and the Frenchmen. We have no especial annoyance from any except the Irish and Germans, and God knows that their politicians are simply and awfully dreadful. They are worse than the lice or locusts of Egypt, the grasshoppers of Kansas, the potato bug of Colorado; they are worse than the curculio among vines or smut in wheat; they are more annoying than the Scotch itch, tetter, or poison oak. Jews, as a rule, are most excellent citizens, and rarely become candidates for office; but when a gentleman from Jerusalem does go in for a place, he invokes the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; he despoils the political Egyptians; he parts the waters of the party sea; he traverses the desert of importunity; he smites the rock of cheek and the waters gush out; he reaches the promised land of office, and, O Moses! how he does fatten on the milk and honey of official perquisites.

Our issue of May 24th contained a tabulated statement of the defalcations, swindles, and tangled accounts of our criminal city officials for a few years past. We left the manuscript and went to Oregon. It was printed. It contained the names of eight of Irish, four of German, four of English, one of Scotch, one of Dutch, and one of American birth. Eight were of the Catholic faith, seven of Jewish, and four Protestant. There was only one American, and no Republican among them. Our object was to show first, that

a large preponderance of our city officials are of foreign birth, and that of the thieves in office none have been of the Republican party. Upon our return, after eleven days' absence, we found our desk piled with communications, some vilely and personally offensive, some over well-known signatures, many anonymous, and all from Jews. We are convinced that the table contained two errors. Conrad Helriegel and Emil Niemeier are not of the Jewish but of the Lutheran faith. In all other particulars our statement was correct. The *Jewish Observer* gives us an editorial notice intended to be personally offensive, and it is, we believe, not the second, nor third, or fourth time that this neither very talented nor very respectable newspaper has thus noticed one of the editors of the ARGONAUT. We accept it, however, as the organ of a religious class, and we shall not be expected to apologize to our respectable Jewish fellow-citizens so long as this sheet, sustained by them, is permitted the license of premeditated misrepresentation and offensive personalities. We understand, of course, that there are Jews and Jews. We understand the wide gulf that separates the cultivated and well-born gentleman from the ignorant and dirty of that religion. We understand and fully appreciate the fact that Jews, as a rule, do not seek office, do not thrust themselves offensively forward into our political affairs, and are good citizens; but we also know that there is a class of meddlesome and most unprincipled individuals who are pleased to call themselves "Israelites," but whom we are pleased to style "vulgar Jews," who are the most obnoxious, persistent, and clamorous of all our foreign-born adventurers for place. We say that, as a rule, they are not to be trusted in office; that they are dishonest, incompetent, discourteous, and unreliable in public positions, and that the history of our municipality justifies us in this assertion. We speak of "Jews" using the term for want of any other. We do not desire to use an unkind nor a discourteous word, but we know of no other mode of designating their nationality than by writing "English Jews," "German Jews," "Polish Jews," and, after diligent inquiry, we find none of the faith, but the ignorant, who object to the term. We desire to make an end of this Jewish business, by saying now, and for the last time, by way of explanation, that we have a multitude of friends (social and business) of the Jewish faith. We respect them, and believe they appreciate us in this endeavor to drive a set of their vulgar co-religionists out of our American politics—a class that is utterly despised by respectable men, and forever dragging their good name into disrepute by their questionable proceedings. Those business men, bankers, and professional gentlemen, who are justly proud of their religion, and who are justly ashamed of the adventurers who are endeavoring to slip into office through the doors of a synagogue they never visit, are in full accord and sympathy with us in this endeavor to Americanize American politics.

And now we come to another and kindred topic, and having printed from the associated news dispatches the following, we demand to know what it means. Mr. Eugene Kelly mentioned therein is a wealthy Catholic Irish banker, formerly from San Francisco, and of the firm of Donohoe, Kelly & Co. But read: "The Catholic archbishops and bishops 'in a large number of wealthy laymen of the city and county, last night, at the rooms of Xavier Union. Eugene Kelly introduced John E. Devlin, who read an address of 'welcome to the reverend visitors. Representative Catholics were present from many States, including California 'among them, and discussed plans of the Catholic Colonization Association of the United States. A meeting was 'held on Friday of the bishops and laity interested. The 'object of the association is to promote and assist the colonization on the prairies of the West of sober, thrifty, and industrious Catholics. A preliminary meeting of the Board of Directors was held yesterday at the residence of Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's. Bishop Spaulding, the chairman, made an address. The association did not propose to relieve pauperism except by preventing it; but it 'proposed to aid the industrious workman to find a home 'for himself and family in the West under Catholic auspices, 'which would secure for him and his children all security 'sought by Catholics.' This meeting was recently held in the city of New York. It means, we presume, that the Catholic archbishop, the bishop, and the wealthy laymen of Catholic faith and Irish birth are importing to America Irish Catholics. We ask: why is it more desirable to 'promote 'and assist' Catholics to a home on our Western prairies than Protestants? If this is a national and American movement, why discriminate in aiding a Catholic Irishman to find for himself and family a home rather than a Protestant Irishman? If it is charitable, why confine it to Catholics? To us it seems narrow, bigoted, and unpatriotic—neither liberal nor consistent; neither generous to Ireland or America. The industrious, working Irishman who is a Protestant needs a home in America just as much as one who professes the Romish faith, and America welcomes those of all religions, and finds in the foreign Protestant quite as good a citizen as it does in the Catholic. What a howl would go up if the Episcopalian clergy and wealthy laymen of the English Church should combine to import their professing members and exclude from the benefit of their funds the Dissenter.

Why not have immigration associations in aid of Dunkers, hardshell Baptists, Methodists, or Swedenborgians? When this Catholic colony is established upon our prairies of the West, will its members exercise an intelligent political freedom independent of the archbishops, bishops, and wealthy Catholic laymen? Will its schools be free common schools in the American sense, and will its children be educated in them without sectarian teaching? We know, and every intelligent American knows, that this movement is intended to promote the interests of Catholics and the Catholic Church, and has not the welfare of the government or of American in view. It looks to us as though it had some sinister purpose not at all in accordance with the spirit of American nationality, nor in accordance with the spirit of the Divine Master, who taught a wider philanthropy and a broader generosity than confine themselves to the profession of any one religion or the members of any one church. We trust we shall not wound the sensibilities of any one of our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens in discussing this question, nor offend them by asking what the movement portends.

And while we are upon this subject of foreign nationalities, we beg to pay our compliments to our German fellow-citizens, and demand of them what we Americans are to think of the following resolutions passed by a German club in San Francisco at a recent meeting:

WHEREAS, The Mayor, Auditor and District Attorney have expressed openly that they would condemn the Spring Valley Water Works, and sell them to the city of San Francisco for \$12,000,000; and whereas, said \$12,000,000 would plunge into debt not only the present, but the unborn generation; therefore, be it
 Resolved, That we warn these officials against so doing.
 Resolved, That if they will not heed this warning, that the Working-men's party of California shall rise en masse and hang them.

In the names of the great King Gambrinus and all the belly gods of Germany what does this mean? Upon what unhappy times have we fallen that a band of illiterate Germans, possessing neither property nor sense, can convene and deliberately proclaim their threats against the officers of an American municipality, and threaten to hang American citizens if they shall purchase water for the consumption of an American city? We demand to know whether this is the insane raving of a band of political fools and idiots, or is it the German way of exercising political influence in an American republic? Does this German workingmen's club represent the average German workman's mind in its endeavor to work out the problem of republican government, or is it the expression of a band of socialistic criminals who think to frighten American citizens by mouthing the empty threats of an ignorant and unprincipled Irish drayman? We ask the *German Democrat* to give us the solution of this phenomenon. What does it portend? To what is it leading? We ask for advice. What shall we do with these naturalized and unnaturalized Germans who meet, form military organizations, arm and drill themselves, and threaten to hang us and our officials? We seek counsel. We can not read these resolutions printed in German; we can not understand these threats pronounced in German. We see this German invasion of our country. We hear that in Germany there is a great dangerous party that assassinates kings, and proclaims its deliberate intention to subvert all laws and confiscate all property. We see it coming to our country, growing in numbers, increasing in audacity and insolent boldness, forming clubs and military organizations, and threatening our lives. We ask the better class of Germans what we are to do? We are uneasy. We fear our institutions are imperiled. We hope we are not unnecessarily alarmed, and that with the assistance of intelligent, respectable, property-owning, and law-abiding foreign citizens, we may be able to avert this threatened evil. But the danger that causes anxiety to Bismarck must not be underrated by us. The movement that disturbs a great military power like the German Empire may reasonably create anxiety in a Republic like ours. In this connection we would suggest to the German editors that it would be more satisfactory if they would discuss this question upon its merits and have less personal abuse for a writer for the ARGONAUT. We see our name and that of our journal looking out from the hieroglyphics of an unknown type, and though we guess the comments are not complimentary to us, we are undisturbed as to what we can not read.

We see but one political remedy for this great evil that is growing up in our land, and that is the formation of an American party; a party that shall embrace all native-born and all intelligent foreign-born, who are willing that American politics should be controlled by Americans and American offices held by Americans. A foreign citizen, duly naturalized, who has been in the country twenty-one years, should be regarded as native-born and should be eligible to any position of honor or profit. Let the laws be so changed that none should be naturalized till they had been upon the soil as long as the native-born, and none should hold office that are not intelligently competent. We have made a mistake in the liberality of our election laws. We should have had an intelligence, property, and moral test as a qualification for the exercise of the elective privilege, and the sooner we correct this mistake the better it will be for all. A continuance in the direction where we are now drifting will wreck our republican government, and we shall fall into an-

archy and chaos, to be succeeded by a strong military government after perhaps a bloody and disastrous struggle. It is altogether illogical and absurd that this vicious and foreign element should exercise such dangerous political power as it does in our nation. It is not creditable to the sense of the American people, nor to the better element of foreigners that seek asylum among us. We divide upon political questions, separate into party organizations—Republicans and Democrats—while all the propertyless and vicious combine. Our position is illustrated to-day by stating the proposition as presented by California politics. We are just now forming party lines to choose a judiciary to interpret a new organic law, a Legislature to give legal vitality to its provisions, an administration to supervise its workings in State, municipal, and county governments. There are no political questions involved; there are no proper party issues. It is a simple question of good laws, good courts, and good government, against bad legislation, corrupt tribunals, and ultimate hell. Yet good society lacks the intelligence to unite for the protection of property and for the preservation of order. Our journalists, our politicians, and our property-owners can not agree upon the best way of bringing about a result that all desire. The kind of party we propose would enable all patriotic persons to unite—Republicans and Democrats, Northern and Southern men, foreign and native-born—in the formation of an American party, and this party should embrace all the intelligent, property-owning, order-loving, decent people of the State of California, and having for its underlying idea the Americanization of American politics, and the placing of all offices in the keeping of adult male citizens who have been twenty-one years upon American soil. This is the kind of party we should desire to see firmly planted upon our soil. We are quite sure it would attain a healthy and national growth. But it will never be. We are all torn to pieces by ambitious party demagogues. We are under the shadow of a coming Presidential election. We are rent by factions, disturbed by sectional jealousies; and our impending State election is to be contested by four parties, struggling to destroy each other, with a possibility that a combination of ignorance with crime, and vice with idleness, may give us the government, the courts, and the Legislature, that shall make, interpret, and enforce our laws.

In the absence of any such organization as we suggest, and in view of the fact that of the two great distinctive national parties, one—the Democracy—is temporarily demoralized by the sloughing off of its head (the chivalry), and its tail (the workingmen); in view of the fact that parties, like snakes, can not successfully wriggle forward without either head or tail, and in view of the fact that the Republican party has an organization, and has a respectable following; that it is the party of organized intelligence, property, good morals, and respectability; in view of the fact that this is an off year in Federal politics; that there are no questions in this State dividing Southern from Northern men, and no antagonisms of interest between respectable foreigners and native-born citizens, we recommend and cordially invite all gentlemen and good citizens to unite with the Republicans in giving to this State and city good government, a good judiciary, and a good legislature. The Republican State Convention will nominate a non-partisan judicial ticket, embracing the best learning and the highest integrity of the bar of the State. We see no reason why we should not also unite upon the Legislative and municipal ticket, always providing that the Democracy honestly and unreservedly foregoes the making of nominations. In this way we can harmonize all political jealousies, forego all party conflicts, and for once, like honest and intelligent men, work together for the public good. This would dispose of all these vexatious questions that are now distracting us. It would lay the Kearney ghost. It would dispose of the *Chronicle's* attempt to hybridize politics by an unnatural cross between the chivalry and the Irish. It would drive back into its den this hungry communistic German wolf with its gleaming teeth and its angry howl. It would rebuke the sectarian Catholic, and the class clamorous Jew, and, better than all, it would give us political repose, and permit us to go to work in a direction and for the accomplishment of ends from which this most unprofitable political contest, this never-ending party struggle, is now diverting us.

If there is any conflict that seems to us unnatural and unprofitable, it is that between labor and capital. If there is any community in the world where this conflict should not exist, it is California. If there is any period of time when such a condition is altogether undesirable, it is now. There are communities in the old world where wealth has been accumulating for ages. By the operation of peculiar laws this aggregation of capital has been concentrating in the hands of the privileged few. Laws of primogeniture and entail working through long periods of time have concentrated the wealth of a nation into the ownership of the few, and left the great struggling mass of the industrious many to feel its oppression. Perhaps France is the best illustration of the terrible condition to which a people may be brought by the operation of a system that reduced the ownership of lands to the possession of privileged classes. England, in

the feudal ages, was another illustration of the same unfortunate condition of affairs. When the crown, the nobles, and the church can monopolize the domain and reduce the people to that strait of poverty that they become vassals to the soil, are deprived of its ownership, have no participation in the profits of their labor, are too poor to acquire land of their own, and are unable to remove from the country, and are deprived of any participation or voice in its political affairs, then theirs is a deplorable condition. If this condition is only to be ameliorated by revolution, it is neither a matter of surprise nor of regret that they should make successful effort to effect governmental change. France made this change when Louis XIV. arrogantly proclaimed himself the state. The Napoleonic wars—the result of a great revolution—changed the condition of France, and the dynasty of Napoleon was compelled to declare itself Emperor of the French. The Government of France is to-day republican, and the French people are among the prosperous ones of Europe. This great change was produced by the enactment of laws that allowed the division of lands, and enabled the people who tilled the soil to own it. From France we took the first hints of our government. France was our school-master in republicanism, and we have, ever since the formation of our republic, enjoyed the same character of laws in reference to the acquisition, ownership, and distribution of lands as has proved so desirable to the French people, and has in so wonderful a degree contributed to their prosperity.

While we are contrasting the liberal laws of our own country with those of Europe, let us call the attention of all foreign-born citizens to this general fact: There is no reform demanded in France by Communists, in Germany by Social Democrats, or in Russia by Nihilists, or in England by the agricultural laborers, nor anywhere by the working classes, that is not possible under our existing laws. There is not upon the statute-book of California, nor in its code, civil, criminal, or political, a single law that the most advanced reformer of Europe has demanded, except those that guarantee to the owners of property its enjoyment. There are in Europe, especially in Germany, wild theorists who have in contemplation the division, distribution, and enjoyment of all property in common. Those men would not be content with our laws; but we have all the power, all the liberty, all the protection, all the political privileges, all the freedom of conscience, of education, of personal rights, of exemption from military service, that the most advanced of the intelligent reformers of Europe have ever demanded. It seems to us very marvelous and very absurd that in a government where every white male citizen over twenty-one years of age is clothed with full political power, and enjoys its absolute and unrestricted exercise, where all are born in perfect equality, where education is provided for every child at no cost to the parent, where there is a press free to the verge of license, where there are labor and large wages for every willing worker, where there are broad fertile lands to be taken as a gift, where there are vast ranges of metaliferous bearing mountains and no restriction against their working, where there are vast primeval forests bounding navigable streams free to the woodman's axe, where there are oceans, inland seas, and great rivers abounding in fish, and open to free fishing, that there should be an organized band of conspirators to agitate for political reforms. There is only one possible way for these demoralized and worthless Americans, and these criminal adventurers, lazy, whisky and beer guzzling foreigners to improve their conditions, and that is by going to the country and going to work. They will accomplish no good for themselves by howling upon the sand-lot. A new Constitution, a successful election, a judicial tribunal, a governor, a mayor can not give labor, nor bread, nor free drinks. There is no way of wrenching men's accumulations from them, except by overturning the government and inaugurating an armed insurrection; there can be brought about no change in land tenures or division of personal effects except by violence and war. In event of violence, strife, and contention, the poor must suffer and the destitute must starve. We commend these reflections to the consideration of those decent-minded men who have some little sense, and know what is for their best interest, and the best interest of the class to which they belong.

Kearney has so far won his fight with the *Chronicle*; has maintained his party organization, its name, and himself as its president, and has placed a ticket before the people with Mr. William F. White, a farmer of Santa Cruz County, for Governor. He has swung his shillalah in defiance of the honorable bilks. He has adopted the motto of Donnybrook, and wherever a head raises itself in opposition to himself as Dictator he hits it a bloody whack. Mr. White is an old and respectable resident of the State, whose life has hitherto been so obscure that nothing ill has ever been said of him. He comes now for the first time under the calcium light of a party investigation. If he has ever done anything worse than to put the largest potatoes at the top of the bag, and the best, largest, and ripest strawberries on the top layer of the box, it will be found out and proclaimed. His qualifications, his fitness, and his intelligence, will not become matters of investigation; such questions cut no figure in the party whose candidate he has become.

Wm. F. White, the Workingmen's candidate for Governor, comes within the ARGONAUT'S definition of "native-born" citizens. He has been an American twenty-one years. We are pained to observe the narrow and bigoted native American prejudices shown by the *Chronicle* in sneeringly alluding to the fact that he was born in Limerick, and came unwillingly to the country, at the age of eighteen months.

The Watsonville *Transcript* describes Mr. Wm. F. White as a "place-hunting, time-serving, unscrupulous, untrustworthy old trickster in politics, who has been hunting for 'office in every campaign for the last twenty years.' Verily a politician is not without honor save in his own county newspaper, and among those of his friends and neighbors who know him best.

At this writing we can not know whether Judge Morrison will accept the nomination of Kearney to be Chief Justice or not. We do not see how it would be possible. Morrison has two distinguishing characteristics: he is a devoted Roman Catholic, and he is an honest and honorable man. His religious opinions ought to make him despise Kearney as infidel to all beliefs and a renegade to a church in which he has been born and to which he owes a just allegiance. No self-respecting Roman Catholic can receive political favors at the hands of Denis Kearney. Judge Morrison knows also that he has neither the requisite law learning, nor the judicial experience, to be Chief Justice of California, and that his elevation to that position would be a matter of regret to the bar of San Francisco, all of whom would desire to have him continue in his present position of usefulness as a *nisi prius* judge.

Mr. McKee is also nominated by Kearney for the supreme bench. The remarks we have made in reference to Judge Morrison will apply with equal force to Judge McKee. Judge McKee is not esteemed as a jurist of sufficient ability to adorn the supreme bench. In justice to himself he ought to decline, and thus save himself the mortification of finding how few people there are in California who think him competent as a Supreme Judge.

Judge Morrison, when put in nomination by the Irish Convention over whom the Irish drayman presided, was complimented for "his zealous efforts to aid the business of naturalization;" and Judge McKinstry was not kindly received by reason of some decision he had rendered for or against the Hibernia Bank. The name of not one lawyer of eminent learning or judicial ability was mentioned for judge in the Kearney Convention.

There are now four political parties in the field: The Republican, the Democratic, the Honorable Bilks, and the Workingmen's piece party, or, as they delight to abbreviate themselves, the W. P. C. Party. Kearney leads the W. P. C.; the *Chronicle* leads the Honorable Bilks; the Democracy are keeping a lively lookout, and the Republicans are steadily minding their own business, and earnestly preparing for their State Convention. It looks now as though Mr. John F. Swift would be the Republican nominee for Governor, and would be easily elected.

The *Chronicle* is in the throes of a tremendous labor. It is making prodigious efforts to strangle the Workingmen's movement that it may be safely delivered of a successful party. It is too soon to prophesy what will be the result of the contest between the W. P. C. and the H. B. organizations. The Democracy occupy the position of the wife who witnessed the fight between the husband and the bear, or, perhaps, a better simile would be to compare that party to the she-tigress watching the conflict of two males of her species, resigned to become the mistress of the victor.

The devil rebuking sin is illustrated in the *Chronicle's* moral lecture to Kearney for associating by implication Mr. Delegate Dean with the thieves who oppose him. In the same column the *Chronicle* denounces Kearney as a "brainless liar," a "mean and mendacious coward," a "blatherskite and blackguard." The *Chronicle* should add to its boast of "enterprise and influence" that of "dignity and decency." If a prize could be offered to the champion blackguard, we should witness the struggle between the *Chronicle* and Kearney with great interest.

We are pained to observe that several of the Republican ward clubs have allowed Republican ward plug-uglies of audacious cheek to impose themselves by authority upon General and Mrs. Grant so soon as they shall arrive in our city. The nasty sweating palms and bad breath of ward politicians are not the welcome to which this distinguished American should be subjected. There should be a movement among gentlemen to give him a proper reception, and there should be no element of politics in it. As a military hero, it should only be remembered that he was brave and generous, and that he was the President of the whole nation.

The New Constitution party is now only three weeks old, and it has one hundred and forty clubs organized in forty counties. This looks like a healthy beginning, but it should be remembered that squabs are largest when

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

A visitor elegant, apperceiving the little girl of the house, her says: "How comest thou thyself, dear little?"
 "Very well, thank," responds the infant.
 Then the visitor adds: "And meanwhile it must demand of me how I myself carry."
 The infant, with candor—"I do not care how you do."

"For five days a group of shipwrecked voyagers have been tossing about on a raft, a prey to the tortures of hunger and thirst.

The fatal resolve is at last taken to cast lots and see which one shall die to save his comrades. The unfortunate man sees six knives presented at his throat by men with hard wolfish eyes.

"No, no," he mutters hoarsely; "your hands might tremble: give me a pistol and let me blow out my brains."

"Don't you do it," cries one of the party; "if there's anything I'm fond of it's brains *en tortue*."

Scene: At St. Petersburg.

Janitor.—I can't stand this any longer, sir; I don't mind doing the duties ordinarily expected of one in my position, but I can not be on watch all the twenty-four hours to see that the Nihilists don't stick revolutionary posters on the wall. I've gone eleven nights without sleep now.

Proprietor.—But, my poor Ivan Ivanovitch, I did not make the law which all owners of houses are obliged to obey, providing for a fine of 500 roubles if a placard is posted up on the premises, and imprisonment if the offense is repeated. Here, drink this coffee—it will keep you awake. To-night I will go on watch and you can get a good sleep.

Janitor.—Thanks, my good master, your nobly considerate conduct lends me renewed strength.

(An hour later the janitor comes into breakfast.)

Proprietor.—Great Todleben! * where have you been? why, man, there's a revolutionary placard pasted on your back!

Janitor.—Is there? I suppose I must have closed my eyes for a minute or two. They have a keen eye for business, those Nihilists. Let's tear it up.

Proprietor.—No; don't tear it up, because some of the fragments might be found and we might be sent to Siberia. Burn it up, coat and all—I'll give you a new one. Now, go back to your post, and for the love of heaven do not doze a wink.

(The Janitor returns. The proprietor watches him from a window, and whenever he nods shouts, "Now, then, Ivan Ivanovitch, keep awake!") In the course of the long, long, weary day the police arrive.)

Official.—We have come to search the premises.

Proprietor.—But, count, I belong to no association. I am merely a peaceful citizen who passes his days and nights watching to see that his watchman doesn't fall to sleep.

Official.—I have General Gourko's orders to enter your house and see that you have no concealed arms.

Proprietor.—All I have is an old shot-gun without lock, stock, or barrel.

Official.—The Nihilists could easily furnish you those. Your shot-gun is confiscated and you may thank your lucky stars that you get off so easily. What's in that drawer?

Proprietor.—Knives.

Official.—Knives! I confiscate them.

Proprietor.—But, Prince, they are table-knives, and to-night I give a dinner party—my daughter is engaged to be married, and this is to celebrate her betrothal.

Official.—You must eat with your fingers, that's all.

Proprietor.—But, Grand Duke, how are we to carve the fowls?

Official.—Tear 'em in pieces, or bite out chunks—it'll be in the family. Where's your bed-room?

Proprietor.—Here, your Imperial Excellency, and if you find any deadly weapon in it I want to be sent to Siberia.

Official.—I might send you there if it were worth the trouble, for here is a razor which in the practiced hands of a desperate man might be used to slay the whole imperial family. I will confiscate the razor.

(The family dinner takes place, though under disadvantages, and the unhappy man forgets all the trials and troubles of the day. At the dessert, just as he is about to propose the health of the soon-to-be wedded pair, he receives a note conched in these terms:)

"You are a traitor! You have to-day given up to the tyrants the arms in your possession. You have, therefore, been doomed to death. Yours respectfully,

"THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

"per Tomski Collinsovitch."

Proprietor (tearing his hair).—There! That's all that was lacking to make it complete. Read that!

His Future Son-in-Law.—You were wrong, sir; there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

Proprietor.—Wrong! was I? Perhaps you are a Nihilist? (with bitter sarcasm.)

His Future Son-in-Law.—I have the honor to be the Chief of Section 217, and I don't care who knows it.

His Daughter.—Yes, pa, and that is why I lo-ho-hove him. (Casts herself into her lover's arms.)

Proprietor.—Merciful heaven! are you a Nihilist, too, Paulovna?

His Daughter.—Yes, pa, and so are my sisters, and my cousins, and my aunts.

All the Guests.—And so are we—all of us.

Proprietor.—I will denounce you to the authorities—call the police.

His Future Son-in-Law.—If you utter one word I will fire this train and blow up the house, which we had mined as a precaution lest the police should make a descent on us while we were at dinner.

Proprietor.—And here I have been passing my days and nights keeping watch on my janitor.

Omnes.—Your janitor! Ho-ho! Look out of the window and see what your janitor is doing.

Proprietor.—May I be knouted and sent to Siberia if my janitor isn't covering the whole front of the house with four-sheet revolutionary posters! (Faints.)

* "Great Todleben" is a popular Russian exclamation, much like our "Great Scott."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Archery Tournament.

"Ho, archers! on to-morrow's morn
 Twang the bow and blow the horn.

"Chivalry and beauty, blent,
 Will be at our tournament,

"Bold as bowman ever stood
 In the ranks of Robin Hood.

"Fail not one to cast his dart
 Straight into the target's heart,

"And thus win the sweet applause
 Justly due us—for our cause,"

* * * * *

Twang of bow and blare of horn
 Roused the echoes of the morn.

Rag and tag, and bobtail, all
 Hastened at the trumpet-call.

Half a dozen archers fleet
 Sallied down the muddy street,

And before him each one bore
 A target big as a cellar-door.

Bore it like an olden knight
 Bore his shield into the fight.

But instead of coats of mail
 Dressed they *a la* Spotted Tail.

At the very verge of town
 Each one cast his target down,

Called for pretzels and for beer—
 Danced a war-dance on his ear—

While the scorers marked the spot,
 And the distance to be shot.

Twenty paces—O ye gods!
 But they cried out, "What's the odds?"

"Were it less or were it more,
 We can hit a cellar door!"

Then each valiant archer stood,
 Posed himself like Robin Hood,

Pulled his bow-string to his ear,
 Shot, and missed the target, clear!

Then with wide-distended jaws
 Hoodlums yelled, and loud applause,

Mingled with uproarious fun,
 Snote each archer's tympanum.

Sadly back along the street,
 Like an army in defeat,

Trod the heroes who at morn
 Sallied forth with blare of horn;

And the daily papers told
 How each one had pierced the "gold,"

Fairly at a hundred paces,
 With an ill-wind in their faces!

—Indianapolis Herald.

The Garden.

"Come into the garden, Maud,"

For the black bat, Night, has flown,
 And the cats that danced on the onion bed

Have left it, at last, alone:
 But there isn't an onion in the patch

That I would care to own.

"For the breezes of morning move,"
 And the sun is climbing high.

And I look at the garden patch I love,
 And think I should like to die;

I could kick every cat in the neighborhood
 Clear up the azure sky.

All night the onions have heard
 Brindle and Tabby, and Tom;

And the truck patch looks as it had been stirred
 By an eight-inch Ericsson bomb;

If you mentioned the pansy bed in a word,
 You would have to call it a "glom."

They have made one long, wild tear,
 From the porch to the alley gate;

They are coming again, I swear,
 And I collar the shotgun and wait.

And bridle wails, "Is he here? Is he here?"
 And the gray cat yells on the gate;

And the black cat yowls at the other in fear,
 And the yellow cat wails in hate.

They are coming, I hear their feet,
 On the roof and the porch they tread;

They are coming to wrestle and beat
 Down the earth in my onion bed.

But I hurl them back in retreat
 With a handful of powder and lead,

And I laugh at their wails and scrambling feet
 On the roof of my neighbor's shed.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

A Tale of Love (For Young Married People).

Sweet William went to court the lovely Nell,
 Sing ho! to Aphrodite and her dove,

And oh, he vowed to ever love her well,
 Sing ho! to gentle Cupid, god of Love.

So attentive, too, was he,
 It was very plain to see

That he cherished her all other maids above;
 So the neighbors all looked wise,

And the spinsters rolled their eyes,
 Singing ho! for gentle Cupid, god of Love.

In time the lovely Nellie married Will,
 Sing hey! for Aphrodite and her dove;

And though kind friends were prophesying ill,
 Sang hey! for gentle Cupid, god of Love.

Then, in all sincerity,
 Swore they deathless constancy,

And to cherish each all others else above;
 And quarrel would they never.

But they'd live in peace for ever.
 Sing ha! ha! the merry Cupid, god of Love.

Alas! for best laid plans of mice and men,
 Sing ah! for Aphrodite and her dove,

For oft they fail to carry out, and then
 Sing ab! for fickle Cupid, god of love.

So they talked it o'er one day
 And they thought the only way

That their happiness could possibly improve,
 Was to get them a divorce—

From their neighbors' though, of course—
 Sing ho! ho! to jolly Cupid, god of love.

—Modern Argo.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Grecian ladies counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth.

A Steubenville woman calls her cow Wedge, because she always has to drive her in.

A fellow who fell in love with a schoolma'am called her "Experience," because to him she was a dear teacher.

Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers bile the water on shore.

In Morocco the "swell society girls" live on the fat of the land, for obesity is there regarded as a mark of great beauty.

"Clara" writes that she hopes that the electric light will never be introduced for parlor use, "because it can't be turned down."

Don't grow old too fast, says the *Christian Intelligencer*. But the warning comes too late for Clara Louise Kellogg and Susan B. Anthony.

Vassar girl, eating her first gooseberries: "N'yum! N'yum! yum—m—m—m!" Wouldn't I like to see the goose that laid these berries!"

A pretty, wealthy, and accomplished Pittsburg girl has married an ignorant and ugly negro to spite her parents. Black ingratitude!

"I have got so in the habit of being married by an Episcopalian clergyman that I really don't feel satisfied with any other kind," said a Chicago widow.

A poetess sings: "Tho' I were dead my heart would beat for thee." This would certainly be a "dead beat" darling, and we don't want it and won't have it.

He caroled: "Now, my dear,
 Will you have a glass of beer?"
 And she answered: "George, I'd sooner
 Have a schooner."

When a Chinaman makes love to a girl he doesn't rave about his heart panting for her, etc. No, he simply tells her he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

A young man in Nebraska sent an offer of marriage to a girl in Iowa whom he fancied, and in reply received this telegram: "Come on with your minister."

Emma Kelly, of Carson City, Nevada, fifteen years old, committed suicide because she was ashamed to beg any longer for her sisters and brothers; and in a note which she left she apologized for bad spelling because she was in a hurry.

Now, Lilla N. Cushman has gone and said it again, in the *Yonkers Gazette*. Her poem begins, Oh, rain upon my mouth thy kisses sweet." Lilla, you are the most covetous woman we ever knew. Don't you want a whole thunder shower?

A sweet little girl from Oquawkah
 Was an in-de-fat-iga-ble talkah.
 Her muscular lung
 And versatile tongue
 Were the wonder and pride of Oquawkah.

She helped him out of the difficulty by a suggestion. Her parents refusing to allow him to see her, he had himself arrested for breaking into a building, and then subpoenaed the girl as a witness. By this means he secured access to her long enough to accomplish marriage, by the friendly help of a minister.

The lady who married the coachman intended to keep the affair secret, and had some reason to think she could do so, as she had four lady confidants as bridesmaids to help keep her confidence. Nevertheless it got out, and at once the principal and four confidants naturally suspected the preacher of telling about it.

We hear of an excessively modest lady who can not talk to a gentleman (excepting, of course, her husband) without blushing, who turned scarlet red, as usual, when, on asking "Charles" through the telephone which connected home with the office what time he would be home to dinner, a strange male voice replied:

"While heiresses in the East were engaged in marrying coachmen and big buck niggers," says a Western paper, "Dakota has set the noble example of winning a rich merchant's daughter with a poor cavalryman," which is romantic and at the same time in good taste, while as a business transaction no one can deny that it beats the coachman and nigger marrying.

The kind of clock that Cincinnati girls receive for a wedding gift marks the quarter hour by a delicious chime so soft and low as to seem like the echo of music heard in a dream, music that softer falls than petals from blown roses on the grass or night dew on still waters—a clock to mark the "noiseless foot of time that only treads on flowers." *Wow!*

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary under the escort of a superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me!" one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures? Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home; this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.

Now is the season of love and light,
 When thoughts of a summer suit
 Follow by day and haunt by night
 The fashionable galeot.
 When the little maid, for a little love,
 Casts aside her infantile doll,
 And flouts in the face of heaven above
 A striped parasol.

Maria Antoinette is described in the *Souvenirs of Madame Vigée Le Brun*, just published in London: "She was tall, admirably proportioned, plump, without being too much so; her arms were lovely; she had small and perfectly shaped hands, and charming little feet. She walked better than any woman in France, holding her head very upright, with a majesty that denoted the sovereign in the midst of her court, without this majestic bearing detracting in the least from the sweetness and grace of her whole aspect. The most remarkable thing about her face was the brilliancy of her complexion. I never saw anything like it."

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 5, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—The annual hegira has begun. The horn of Flora McFlimsey has awakened all Fashiondom to the knowledge that the days have come when the best worshipped saint of these latter days, Appearances, demands of all the devout and faithful that they enter on that pilgrimage whose Holy Grail is a tin cup of sulphur water, and whose promised land is the wave-washed beach of Santa Cruz or the rock-ribbed glories of Yosemite. And the devout are no laggards, for the Paladins and Paladinesses of a hundred homes are already forth trooping to break economic launces against the steel of infidel stage-drivers and the polished brass of heretic hotel-keepers. Yet rather different from their prototypes in the dead centuries are these modern crusaders. For the rags of asceticism have given place to the summer ulsters of self-indulgence; the water flagon and the leathern pouch of maize are supplanted by the more seductive brandy flask and the more gratifying Poodle-Dog hamper; the Cœur de Lion casque has become a broad-brimmed sombrero, beneath which paterfamilias exudes plenty and perspiration; and in a score of vine-hung valleys, by a hundred brooks whose clear waters, down tumbling into crystal pools beneath the alders, gurgles an endless satire on the insipidity of the champagne of metropolitan existence, Fashion accepts gratefully the lax etiquette that permits a sybaritic and endless lounge in a wrapper, and turns eagerly from the wearying worship of ceremony to the indolent worship of self. The fading away of the fashionables is already apparent at the theatres, though the arrival of the summer season is more deeply impressed on me domestically. Madge, from the fact that Betsy B. has joined the wanderers and gone to breathe Yosemite air at a dollar a breath or thereabouts, while her promise to keep you *au fait* with events theatrical devolves on this queerer quill of mine. And so, *allons voir*. The Opera wound up with a floral apotheosis on Monday night at Marie Roze's benefit, and the landatory hand-concussions of hundreds, led as usual by the stentorian flapping of Mr. Mapleson Roze's palms, convinced the fair artist that they knew what they liked, and they liked her, whether she could sing or not being a question too trying to grapple with. The song-birds trimmed their plumes for a long flight eastward on Tuesday, to warble in concert at Virginia and Salt Lake City, and then seek summer roasts at Eastern watering-places. The season has been a success from one point of view, the Strakoschian, and the managerial pockets are thickly lined according to guarantee, but whether the \$21,000 loss of Baldwin, and the disappointment of the critical, would induce a coincidence in the impresario's views, is as easy of answering as the popular Hibernian query as to the natatory accomplishments of a duck. There has been a duet of sensations this week—the *début* of Miss Rose Coghan, the new leading lady at Baldwin's, and the Emilie Melville Pinafore Company; and taking them in historical order, Miss Coghan first will interest you. The play was *London Assurance*, that bright, artistic little comedy whose myriad pleasantries create continual wonder and belief that the cute little Irishman did really originate it, since this love-child that came of his first intrigue with Thalia has some beautiful birth-marks that its half-sisters, born of French flirtations and unscrupulous amatory roving in Thespian realms, are barren of. Nina Varian "Grace Harkaway" came first, pretty as of old, sweet voiced and graceful, though not quite as prettily draped as ever, and altogether as attractive as one of Midon's pink and white creams with the flavor left out. Intellectuality is not a prerequisite to New York prestige nowadays, Madge, and the pabulum on which a dramatic constitution is built up consists mainly of a strawberry ice in place of soup, and a vanilla soufflé or a chocolate cream as a *pièce de résistance*, the printed menu being interspersed with valuable hints as to the best modistes and coiffeur constructors to affect. So it happened that Miss Nina had but a nerveless hold on the part, and failed to endow it with congruity or great vitality. The cynical lines were recited precisely as you may hear them from the lips of a Mills Seminary graduate, babbling cynicism as it had been revealed to her blasé discernment through Ouida's spectacles, and the rôle was not understood, and consequently weak, dramatically. We all waited anxiously for the new leading lady, however, and when she tripped on, wearing a sombre riding shroud and a beautiful smile, we smiled, too, and informed her with our hands and feet that we were glad she had come. She is pretty, Madge, unfortunately for her art; for her smile, which she continually wears, is the comedy smile of Neilson, Caveadish, Lewis, and all your pretty women who unconsciously dispense it continually, and narrow their facial expression into one cabinatory groove that prevents versatility of impressions. Her eyes are beautiful, and well handled, though the beautiful chromo of over-wondering astonishment and ultra-delighted surprise which she presented when overwhelmed with flowers caused a cynical female being behind me to remark that she must have bought them herself. Her voice is high-keyed and peculiar, and she is often inclined to too rapid enunciation, but physically she is charming in *ensemble*. I did not like her art, however. She depends unconsciously on her looks, and is not impersonal enough. Her "Lady Gay Spanker" lacked subtlety and sharp discrimination. The "horsy" flavor of the rollicking English lady all evaporated when filtered through the glass of the lady's refinement, and instead of being a foil to "Grace" she was enough like her to be her sister. Her scene with "Sir Harcourt" was rather superficially done, the double series of impressions which she is required to convey to the audience and to her senile lover not being made, and one unacquainted with the part would have imagined her accepting her proposal in very truth. The contrasts between her common sense and "Sir Harcourt's" idiocy, and between her adult shrewdness and "Dolly's" adolescent follies, were thereby lost, and though her performance was pretty and pleasing it did not argue great intellectuality or keen discrimination, or possess full dramatic strength. Her "Lady Teazle" in *School for Scandal* was not particularly charming, though calling into play her strongest attractions. We shall have to see her in the emotional before we can judge of her fairly, however, for tears are as tryptic to comedy reputations as they are to complexions, and a creature that dazzles in comedy silks may be lustreless in a personal serge. Speaking of silks, she wore a beautiful

dress in the last acts, white satin and brocade, with cardinal trimmings, and the front wealthy in bead work. It was Worth, of course, since it appears nowadays that every Parisian dressmaker of note has that name; for though their signs may be inscribed "Marie Rubanrouge," or "Jeannette Soieblen" in their own pretty city, a trans-Atlantic voyage by some peculiar linguistic phenomenon invariably Anglicizes the name into the monosyllable just mentioned. *London Assurance* went very nicely. O'Neil and Morrison should have changed places, however, for there was a total lack of unctuousness about the former's "Dazzle" that betrayed a poverty in the oil bottle of his dramatic cruet. It is such a clearly limned part, though, that no one could do it badly, especially the finished James. Mr. Bradley, as "Sir Harcourt," was primarily clad in that beastly dressing-gown that looks like a map of Ireland with the snakes left in, and an impervious cloak of *blanc ennui*. Both the audience and himself were admirably bored at first, but he came out strongly and finely later on, only marring his work by finally dropping the coat of affectation, which had become nature with the character, in his apology to "Lady Gay." His "Sir Peter Teazle" was a very clever burlesque of the part. The other sensation has been *Pinafore*, and a most agreeable sensation it proved. I did not understand its charm before, Madge; but done as the Emilie Melville people did it at Oakland on Wednesday night, I can understand the furore and know that it will be *chic* directly here, as elsewhere. It is such a pretty, refined little stream of melodious romance, bubbling through two acts in a way that pleases as much as it surprises you, in a charming succession of fresh choruses in the eddies, and myriad melodies in the run. It is so bright, too, that one longs to be an Englishman, red neck-tie, conservatism, and bull-dog notwithstanding, to appreciate the sharp points that continually pierce the wind-bags of Albion's egotism and fuss and feathers. Flavored especially to suit an English palate, it is nevertheless a universally tempting dish, for it has a *sauce piquante* of satire and human nature in general and an originality and queerness in its melodies that all enjoy. And it was charmingly done; so much so that the apologetic statement that it was a first performance becomes entirely supererogatory, for there was a barrenness of flaws that would have done credit to a week's practice. Emilie Melville was the "Josephine," of course, and a charmingly dressed and acted "Josephine" she appeared. Her voice is peculiar, and not altogether satisfactory from a penchant for flattening in the upper register that becomes more than a suspicion at times, but this counted little against the sweet sympathy of her music in general and the piquancy and ease with which she carried her part. Ben Clark was a surprise. You know how purely and clearly he sings, Madge, but you do not know what a picture of the sturdy sailor he presented in addition. He made love to "Josephine" with the most perfect assurance and abandon, and nobody was a whit surprised that she preferred him. Frank Unger's "Admiral" was also a novelty. The gentleman discovered the secret that a burlesque character is not to be burlesqued itself, and singing it well, playing it high comedy instead of low, and making it refined and quiet, the "Admiral" proved a fine foil to the others and richly successful. Mr. Goodrich's "Corcoran" was well sung and acted, and the same applies to Clay Greene's "Deadeye" and Mr. Edward's "Boatswain." "Buttercup" and "Hebe" appeared in the persons of Misses Mattie and Alice Wheeler; the former being a naïve and pleasing piece of acting, augmented by a clear and powerful voice that made one wish she had more to sing; and the latter, good in all respects. But the choruses were the feature, singing and acting with a power and dash that made it at once apparent that they were not the stage fossils one ordinarily hears. Amateur enthusiasm, combined with careful drilling, produces wonderful results, and that they enjoyed the requisite training both their work and Stephen Leach, who led them, fully vouched for. The females were nearly all sisters and cousins, judging from appearances, though an aunt or two, keeping considerably in the background, was perceptible. Dietz Hall, a wretched place to sing in, was bad for the voices, and the Standard Theatre, where they are to open to-night, will exhibit the little operetta in a way that will enable our people to understand the mania and participate in it as well. *Au reste*, there is not much to tell. Lawrence Barrett has been doing some charming work as the "I am here" hero in *The Duke's Motto*. I don't know as the play will ever die, for it has a vitality that promises to resist being shrouded in the cere-clothes of dramatic oblivion for many a day to come. It is one of Barrett's most charming performances, since it is full of the strong effect which his admirable stage art enables him to improve to the fullest. Speaking of Larry, he is to give us what promises to be a rare treat next week. It is called *A New Play*. Its remote authorship is, of course, a mystery, since from sand-lot screeds to confessional compositions nowadays authorship is something to be guessed at. In its present form, however, it is entirely the work of W. D. Howells, the popular *littérateur*, and that its language is beautiful and its lines replete with delicacy goes without saying. It is very peculiar, the action being located in Shakespeare's time, and the dramatic personæ being a company of archers of the Globe Theatre, London, for whom the greatest of dramatists is making a play. The speaking parts are confined to a few characters, and said to be very strong. I shall go to see it primarily out of curiosity, though I have a sneaking idea that I shall be immensely pleased, judging from the reports of people who know. Otherwise, next week's news comprises the same double bill at the Bush Street Theatre, with Sol Smith Russell as the "Admiral" in the *Pinafore* party—a strong change for the better, though Barrows was not at all bad. Baldwin's will put on *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, and *Engaged*, with Miss Coghan in both; and with two *Pinafores* running, Barrett's new piece, and the Market Street attraction, the conscientious amusement-seeker will have his hands full. Yours, nervously,

AMELIA A., proxy of Betsy B.

Mrs. Judah's benefit on Wednesday afternoon was a success in every way, the volunteer performance containing nothing to cavil at under the circumstances, and receipts to the amount of \$2,300 appearing to swell the worthy pocket of the most estimable beneficiary.

It is the ruggedest highway that calls out one's strength, not the valleys of sensuous ease.

PRELUDES—IN DIVERS KEYS.

The concerts of Mr. Edonard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, of which eight are announced as a series—six evening concerts and two matinées—will be given at Dashaway Hall, and commence on next Monday evening. The programme for the first evening presents Mr. Remenyi in what may be said to be his specialties—Sclavonic songs and dance tunes, his playing of which is said to possess a peculiar charm—and a transcription for violin of a *Nocturne* of Chopin. The fashion of playing Chopin on the violin has come very much in vogue of late; Sarasati, Wilhelmj, and other prominent *virtuosi* have been playing various of the *Nocturnes*, and, from their frequent recurrence on their programmes, I should say with a good deal of success. Remenyi, however, I believe is the only one who has gone beyond the *Nocturnes*; he has transcribed *Valses* and *Mazurkas* as well as one of the *Polonaises*, which I observe he played in Paris. Besides his Chopin, Remenyi will play Ernst's *Otello Fantasia* and two *Caprices* (Nos. 21 and 24) of Paganini. The residue of the programme will consist of Mendelssohn's *Rondo Capriccioso* by Mr. Dulcken, who brings also a composition of his own, "Nuit de Mai," and the *Gavotte* of Martini, and songs by Mrs. Thurston, who is reported to be an exceedingly attractive soprano.

Although this sort of programme is sufficiently attractive for one or two concerts in which the virtuosity of Mr. Remenyi would be the feature, I cannot but think that it will prove rather light diet for a season of eight. Perhaps it is the intention of the management to present more variety than is at present announced, but if so it should be stated as early as possible in order to have any effect on the subscription. If, for instance, Mr. Boscovitz—whose recitals are waited for—would join forces with Remenyi, with, perhaps, the coöperation of a good violoncellist, there would at once be the possibility of a series of concerts, each of which might be made very interesting.

The opera season has gone out in a blaze of glory. There were the usual last nights, benefits, presents of diamonds, etc., etc., and customary interviews with the impresario, big talk about "most successful season," enormous receipts, and more of the same sort. Of course, there is not likely to be a syllable of truth in the whole batch of stuff; benefits, presents, and statements are undoubtedly shams alike, the first and greatest of them, prince of shams, Strakosch himself. I hope we have seen the last of him.

When Arthur Sullivan made his operatic beginning in London—about ten years ago—with *Box and Cox*, there was scarcely a newspaper in England that did not warn him that he was trifling with his beautiful talent and pursuing an unworthy and most reprehensible course in occupying himself with such light subjects. He was urged to stick to the legitimate thing, to write oratorios, symphonies, etc., to prepare his shoulders to receive the mantle of Sterndale Bennett, and become the English classicist—to remain a heavy weight. But Sullivan had his own idea of what he preferred to do, and perhaps, as well, of what he could do best. The humor in him needed an outlet, and as music is his language it was in music that he found himself best able to express it. I remember how at Leipzig, where—it is well-nigh twenty years ago—we were class-mates, he was usually so full of genuine fun that it not infrequently brimmed over into his work, and resulted in contrapuntal exercises of the drollest, or pretended serious compositions of the most extravagant character. His conversation was of the wittiest, his wit light, airy, graceful, so that I, for one, was not surprised when I found him devoting himself to a *genre* that seemed preëminently suited to him, and in which I was convinced that—as soon as he had acquired the necessary practice—he would be very successful. That he has been successful we have known for a long time, and now that we have heard his *Pinafore* I think it must be easy to see why he has been so. The thing is the very essence of musical wit; it is genuine melodic fun. It has the smoothness and flow to be expected from a musician of Sullivan's talent and experience, the consummate skill in formal construction that is to be found in his more serious work, the melodic quality that has made his songs so popular, along with an appreciation and grasping of Gilbert's humor that is positively delightful. Of a character so radically dissimilar to that of the French *opéra bouffe* that it can in no sense be considered an outgrowth of this school, it has nevertheless something in common with the best work of Offenbach, viz.: the occasional parody on grand opera that is accomplished through the skillful turn of a phrase or bit of tone-color or modulation. It is never quite a burlesque or a grimace—Sullivan, as well as Offenbach, is too refined for that; they leave this sort of business to Lecocq and Hervé. *Pinafore* is simply a bright, pretty musical farce, in which nothing but sweet, healthy music will be found, and which never could have been written by any other than a musician capable of much higher things.

In preparing his *Pinafore* performance for the Bush Street Theatre Mr. Gardiner has done one thing that I think we have cause to be grateful for. He has demonstrated that San Francisco can, on occasion, furnish a decent chorus of young, fresh voices, and that with a little intelligent training such a chorus can be made to act so well as to make it one of the most enjoyable features of an opera. This, in all our previous seasons of opera, serious or bouffe, had never been done before; the regular opera chorus is a thing without voice or animation. It has legs and moves not; ears, and sings not in tune; eyes, and keeps them mostly on the green box at the footlights or the conductor beyond them. It never knows its part, and—worst of all—it never has any voice left; it has usually sung it out in futile endeavors to become a *prima donna* or a church choir tenor. Mr. Gardiner has found a chorus of voices, and added to it—through careful training—a chorus of actors, and the result is a delightful performance.

Miss Amy Sherwin is the next Josephine, and it seems to me should be a very charming one at that. Her *début* is fixed for Monday night (I call it a *début*, since the appearance in *Traviata* was only a public execution, with Strakosch as headman) at the Grand Opera House, where I understand she will be well supported. Any more Pinafores? S. E.

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Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the eleventh (11th) day of July, 1879, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertisement and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.

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names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

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Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.**CAUTION!**See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.**SOLD EVERYWHERE.****IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE**Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.THE MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK
Plaintiff, vs. EDWARD MAGUIRE and ELIZA MA-
GUIRE, Defendants.Action brought in the District Court of the Nine-
teenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the com-
plaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the
office of the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
Edward Maguire and Eliza Maguire.You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District, of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein (a copy of which
accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the
day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if
served within this county; if served out of this county, but
within this judicial district, within twenty days; or if served
out of said district, then within forty days—or judgment by
default will taken against you.The said action is brought to obtain a judgment of this
Court for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage described in
the complaint and executed by the said Edward Maguire
and Eliza Maguire on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1877, to
secure the payment of a certain promissory note made by
said Edward Maguire at the same time for the sum of three
thousand dollars gold, and interest, as provided in said note,
payable to plaintiff, or its order, and taxes, street assess-
ments, and attorneys' fees at ten per cent. on the amount
found due, and costs, all in gold coin; that the premises
conveyed by said mortgage may be sold, and the proceeds
applied to the payment of said promissory note, interest,
taxes, street assessments, and attorneys' fees, and costs, all
in gold coin; and in case such proceeds are not sufficient to
pay the same, then to obtain an execution against said Ed-
ward Maguire for the balance remaining due; and also that
the said defendants, and all persons claiming by, through,
or under them may be barred and foreclosed of all right,
title, claim, lien, equity of redemption, and interest to said
mortgaged premises, and for other and further relief.And if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as
above required, the plaintiff will take default against you
and apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the com-
plaint.Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 13th
day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and seventy-eight.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By J. H. PICKENS, Deputy Clerk.

L. E. PRATT, Attorney for Plaintiff, 230 Montgomery
Street.**IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE**Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant:You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.

By W. STEVENSON, Deputy Clerk.

SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.**NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of**BERTRAM T. TIBBITS, deceased.—Notice is
hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the es-
tate of said Bertram T. Tibbits, deceased, to the creditors
of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased,
to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four
months after the first publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of Piley & Harrison, No. 430
California Street, the same being her place for the transac-
tion of the business of said estate in the City and County of
San Francisco. MARY TIBBITS,
Administratrix of the estate of Bertram T. Tibbits, de-
ceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 16, 1879.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the 28th day of June, 1879, will be de-
linquent, and sale at public auction, and, unless pay-
ment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.**MEXICAN GOLD AND SILVER**Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Virginia, Storey County, Nevada.Notice is hereby given at a meeting of the Board of Di-
rectors, held on the fourteenth day of May, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 6) of One Dollar per share was levied upon the
capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of the
Company, No. 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco
California.Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on the eighteenth day of June, 1879, will be delinquent, and
advertised for sale at public auction; and, unless payment
is made before, will be sold on THURSDAY, the tenth day
of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with
cost of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the
Board of Directors.

C. L. MCCOY, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 9, San Francisco, California.

ANNUAL MEETING.—OFFICE OFthe Alpha Consolidated Mining Company, San Fran-
cisco, May 17, 1879.—The twelfth annual meeting of
the stockholders of the above named company, for the elec-
tion of Trustees and the transaction of such other business
as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, June 16th,
1879 (third Monday in June), at one o'clock P. M., on that
day, at the office of the corporation, Room No. 29, Nevada
Block, No. 209 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia. Transfer books closed on Monday, June 9th, at three
P. M.

WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.



COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At this train for Monterey. At Monterey, this train connects with the train for Pescadero stages via San Mateo (excepted). Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. On Saturdays only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4.45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On Saturdays ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 13, 1879.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, YUMA, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879. Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 P. M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.35, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1.75; Santa Clara, \$1.65; Congress Springs, \$2.75; Santa Cruz, \$4.25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3.25; Santa Clara, \$3.05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2.50; to Los Gatos and return, \$1.25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4.25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3.65; to Wright's and return, \$4.25; to Soquel and Santa Cruz and return, \$6.50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGONER, G. P. Agent.

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COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALA,

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M. DAILY, VALLEJO Steamer from Market Street Landing, connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. [Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connecting at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M. DAILY, ATLANTIC Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M. DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles. [Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, SAN JOSE Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. [Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

3.00 P. M. DAILY, NORTHERN Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. [Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, ARIZONA Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Florence (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phoenix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. [Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. [Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M. SUNDAYS EXCEPTED, Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. [Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M. DAILY, THROUGH Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M. DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. [Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M. DAILY, OVERLAND Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and coast. Public conveyance for Milwaukee and connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Fernside.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Delaware Street San Jose.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
B 6.10	12.30	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
7.30	1.00	8.00	B 7.00	8.00	B 7.00	8.30	B 6.10	7.00	7.30	8.30	8.30	8.30	8.30
7.30	1.30	10.00	B 10.00	8.30	F. M.	8.30	F. M.	F. M.	8.30	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00
8.30	2.00	10.00	B 5.00	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30
9.00	3.00	12.00		11.30		11.30		4.30		11.30	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.30	4.00	P. M.									1.00	1.00	1.00
10.00	4.30	1.30		12.30		12.30					3.00	3.00	3.00
10.30	5.00	2.00		1.00		1.00					3.30	3.30	3.30
11.00	5.30	3.00		2.00		2.00					4.00	4.00	4.00
11.30	6.00	4.00		3.30		3.30					4.30	4.30	4.30
12.00	6.30	5.00		4.00		4.00					5.00	5.00	5.00
.....	7.00	5.00		5.30		5.30					5.30	5.30	5.30
.....	8.00	B 7.00		6.30		6.30							
.....	8.30	B 8.10		7.00		7.00							
.....	9.20	B 9.30		8.10		8.10		A. M.					
.....	10.30	B 10.45		9.30		9.30		F. M.					
.....	11.45	B 11.45		10.30		10.30							
				11.45		11.45							

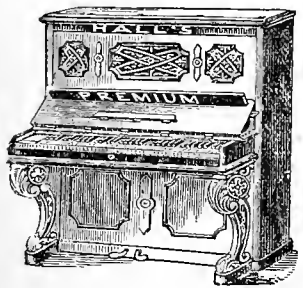
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W. P. RHOADES, LESSEE.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named company, held this day, Dividend No. 4, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared, payable on THURSDAY, June 12th, 1879, at the office in this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, in New York.

WM. WILLIS, Secretary,
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

S. W. RAVELEY,

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And Printer of the Argonaut,

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SPRING STYLES

Just received from his London and New York Houses of

FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

Of the very newest styles ever seen.

Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$5
Suits, - - - 20
Overcoats, - 15
Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



For Paris and London

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

Not to be equaled by any house on the Pacific Coast for largeness, variety, or quality of stock, for workmanship or elegance of style, only WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

The only house in the city that receives fresh Patterns and New York and Paris Fashions weekly. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our own make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

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At 11 A. M., by catalogue, we will sell

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Life-Size Marble Statue of "California," by Hiram Powers.
Life-Size Marble Statue, "Nydia, the Blind Girl of Pompeii," by Randolph Rodgers.
Life-Size Marble Statue, "Rebecca Meeting Isaac," veiled figure, by Benoni.
Life-Size Busts of "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter," with Column Pedestals, by the same Sculptor.
Life-Size Marble Group, "Flora and Zephyr," on Fluted Column, by the same Sculptor.
Life-Size Busts in Marble of "Dante" and "Apollo Belvedere," on Columns of Oriental Alabaster.
Life-Size Busts of "Cicero," "Demosthenes," and "Augustus Caesar," with Fluted Columns.
Life-Size Busts of "Plato" and "Seneca," on Pedestals of Cipolino Marble.
Marble, Parian, and Basque Groups of Horses, Dogs, Vases, Animals, and Busts.
Solid Bronze Figures, Vases, and Urns.
Rare Oil Painted and Porcelain Vases.
Two Coats Veritable Antique Mail.
Elegant Carved Oak and Walnut Mantels, with Mirrors.
Large Lacquered Japanese Vases on Stands.
Carved Japanese Fire Screens, with Embroidered Silk Panels.
Rare European and American Oil Paintings by Foreign and American Artists.
Magnificent Rosewood, Carved Case and Legs, Steinway Grand Piano, with Marqueterie Inlaid Music Stand, Silk-Embroidered Cover, etc., etc.
Oak and Walnut Elaborately Carved Mantels, in Game and Fruit, with Mirrors complete.

....ALSO....

Magnificent French and English Crystal and Bohemian Glass Chandeliers, 4 to 12 Lights, with Brackets and Candelabras to match.
Gas Logs, Screens, and Sets complete.
Carved Oak, Walnut, and Bronze Gilt Mantel, Hall, Library, and Parlor Clocks, with Vases, Figures, etc., in Bronze.
Elegant Laurel Wood Billiard Table, with Fixtures complete.
Persian, Aubusson, and Wilton Pattern Carpets, Persian and Smyrna Rugs, Body Brussels Carpets, etc.
Blue Satin Draperies, Green and Gold Brocade Valances, with Elegant Real Lace Curtains, Gold and Enamelled Cornices to match.
Elegant Parlor Furniture in Blue Satin.
Turkish Easy Chairs in Raw Silk.
French Ormolu Cabinet, with Painted Panels.
Oriental Alabaster Centre Tables.
Mosaic Inlaid Marble Tables.
Elegant large Size French Plate Mantel Mirrors, with Carved Gilt Frames.
Black Walnut Plate-Glass Front Book Cases.
Elegant Walnut Carved Library Table, with Chairs to match, upholstered in Leather.
Carved Extension Table, with Slideboard, Buffet, and upholstered Chairs, all to match.
Decorated China ware, Cut Glass and Plated ware.
Marqueterie and Gilt Chamber Suit, with Canopy, Satin Curtains, etc.
Herring's Fire and Burglar-proof Safe for Silver and Jewels, to match set of furniture.
Rosewood Dressing Stands and Cases, with Plate-Glass Mirrors.
Rosewood Armoire a Glace, with full length Mirror.
Rosewood and Walnut Chamber Furniture in suits complete, with Spring and Hair Mattresses, Feather Bolsters and Pillows, etc.
Oak Hall Buffet, with covered Chairs to match.
Lounges in Fancy Silk Brocade.
Rocking and Easy Chairs, Library Steps, etc.
Together with many other rare and elegant articles of Furniture too numerous to detail.

NOTICE.

The house will be open for examination any day previous to sale from 11 A. M. to 3 P. M. Parties desiring to see the property can do so by obtaining cards of admission, which can only be had at the office of the Auctioneers.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO.,
Auctioneers.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 24.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

L'ASSOMMOIR—THE LOADED BLUDGEON.

Emile Zola's Famous French Novel.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ARGONAUT BY J. C. WARO.

"*L'Assommoir*" is one of the greatest novels ever printed, having attained a sale in France of over one hundred thousand copies. Zola, its author, has attained a measure of success that is unparalleled in this generation, and his style and method in forcing realism in literature is the talk of all Europe. His novels are the result of long study and careful observation and of notes not from the lips of his characters. In "*L'Assommoir*" he paints town society to the life. He gives the most startlingly awful picture of the slums of the great town ever done in black and white. The book is unreadable, and therefore it is universally read. As a specimen of the new school of realism, we present the first chapters as literally translated as has yet been attempted in English.]

Gervaise had waited for Lantier until two in the morning. When chilled by the cold draught from the window where she had been waiting in her thin gown, with aching head and face bathed in tears she threw herself completely worn out upon the bed. For a week past, as they left the *Veau à deux têtes* where they took their meals, he had sent her to bed with the children, and had returned to her only late at night, always saying that he had been out looking for work. On this night, while she was watching for him, she thought she saw him enter the ball-room at the Grand Balcon, from whose ten flaming windows the dark crowds circulating on the outer boulevards were brightened as though lighted by a conflagration. She thought she saw little Adèle, a burnisher, who dined at their restaurant, walking five or six steps behind him, her hands hanging as though she had just taken them from his arm, so that they might not appear to be together as they passed the bright light from the globes at the door. When Gervaise awoke at five o'clock quite stiff, and with pains in her back, she burst into tears, for Lantier had not come in. He had slept away from her for the first time. Seated on the edge of the bed under shreds of faded chintz which hung from an arrow fastened to the ceiling with a string, her eyes filled with tears as she looked around the miserable room. It was furnished with a walnut bureau with one drawer gone, with three flag-bottomed chairs, and a little greasy table, on which stood a broken water-pitcher. An iron bedstead for the children had been added to these, fencing off the bureau and filling up two-thirds of the room. Gervaise and Lantier's trunk stood open in one corner showing its emptiness, a man's hat much used was tucked away under a pile of dirty shirts and stockings, while along the walls or on the furniture hung a shawl with holes in it, and a pair of much-worn pants stiff with mud—the last rags such as the clothes merchants would not buy. On the mantelpiece between two odd zinc candlesticks there was a package of rose-tinted pawn tickets. And this was the best room of the hotel, the first floor room, looking out upon the boulevard.

Side by side on the pillow two children were asleep—Claude, eight years old, with his little hands thrown outside the coverlet, was breathing gently, while Etienne, who was only four, lay smiling, with one arm around his brother's neck. When the tearful eyes of the mother reached them another of spasms of sobs overcame her, and she stuffed a handkerchief in her mouth to stop the cries which escaped her; and in bare feet, not thinking of replacing her fallen slippers, she returned to place her elbows on the window-sill and resume her last night's watch, examining the pavements from afar.

The hotel was on the Boulevard de la Chapelle, at the left of the Barrière Poissonnière. It was an old two-story building, painted wine-red up to the second story, with blinds rotted by the rain. Between two windows, and over a ground-glass lantern, one might read, "Hôtel Boncœur, kept by Marsouillier," in large yellow letters, of which the mouldiness of the plaster had obliterated parts. Gervaise, interfered with by the lantern, raised herself, with the handkerchief still at her lips, and looked to the right toward the Boulevard de Rochechouart, where groups of butchers in bloody frocks stood before the shambles, the cool wind every now and then bringing a disagreeable smell, the odor of the slaughtered cattle. Then she looked to the left, along the ribbon-like avenue which stopped almost in front of her, at the hospital of Lariboisière, then building. Slowly from one side of the horizon to the other she followed the wall of l'Octroi (city toll-house), beyond which at night she had heard groans of people being assassinated; and she searched the distant angles, the dark corners black with filth and dampness, fearing to find there the body of Lantier pierced with dagger wounds. When she looked beyond this gray interminable wall, which encircled the city with a desert band, she perceived a great light, a sunny haze, already filling with the murmurs of a Paris morn. But it was always toward the Barrière Poissonnière that she turned with extended neck, bewildered at the uninterrupted flow of men, beasts, and carts, which came from the heights of Montmartre and La Chapelle, and passed between the two squat buildings of the Octroi. The noise from the hoofs of the cattle came to her, and she saw a crowd which, from sudden checks, would spread out upon the sidewalks—an unending defile of men going to their work with tools on their shoulders and bread under their arms, a crowd continually engulfing and drowning itself in Paris. As Gervaise thought she might find Lantier among them she leaned farther out, running the risk of falling, and then she would put the handkerchief tighter

over her mouth, as though to repress her grief. A gay young voice made her leave the window:

"Is the master at home, Madame Lantier?"

"No, Monsieur Coupeau," replied she, trying to smile.

He was a zinc-worker, who occupied a ten-franc room at the top of the house. He was going by with his bag over his shoulder, and, seeing the key in the door, had entered in a friendly way.

"Do you know," continued he, "that I am at work at the hospital? Hey! what a month of May! It stings one this morning."

He noticed Gervaise's face all red with tears, and when he saw that the bed had not been slept in he shook his head quietly; then coming upon the little bedstead of the children, and seeing them still asleep with the rosy cheeks of cherubim, he continued, in a subdued voice:

"Well, well, the master is not very steady, is he? But don't be worried, Madame Lantier. The other day when they were voting for Eugène Sue, a good man it seems, he was just like a madman. It may be that he has passed the night with friends abusing that beast of a Bonaparte."

"No, no," murmured she, with some effort. "It is not as you think. I know where Lantier is. We have our troubles like all the rest of the world. *Mon Dieu!*"

Coupeau winked his eyes to show that he was not to be deceived by that story, and went off, after offering to go for milk for her in case she did not want to go herself. She was a good, brave woman; she might come to him whenever she was in trouble.

As soon as he left Gervaise went to the window again. From the *barrière* through the cold morning air still came the noise of stamping cattle. She could recognize the locksmiths by their blue frocks, the masons by their white overalls, the painters by coats from under which long blouses hung. This crowd from afar presented a neutral tint, in which faded blue and dirty gray predominated. At times a workman would stop suddenly to relight his pipe, while the rest pushed by without a word or a smile, their pale-cheeked faces turned Paris-ward—which one by one swallowed them through the yawning street of the Faubourg Poissonnière. But at each corner of the Rue des Poissonniers—at the doors of the shops of two wine-merchants, who were taking down their shutters—some of the men slackened their steps, and, before entering, stopped on the edge of the walk, still glancing at Paris; but their hanging arms showed they were already won over to an idle day. Before the bars groups were offering to treat, forgetting everything else; then standing around, filling the saloons, spitting, coughing, and clearing their throats with small glasses of liquor.

Gervaise was watching the left hand corner—the saloon of Père Colombe, where she thought she saw Lantier—when a large bareheaded woman in an apron called to her from the pavement:

"Say, Madame Lantier, you are up very early this morning!"

Gervaise leaned over. "Ah! it's you, Madame Boche. Yes, I have lots to do to-day."

"Yes, isn't that so? Things don't do themselves."

And a conversation was immediately engaged in between the window and the sidewalk. Madame Boche was the *conciERGE* of the house of which the restaurant of the *Veau à deux têtes* occupied the ground floor. Many a time had Gervaise waited for Lantier in her room, rather than remain alone with the men who were eating in the room near by. The *conciERGE* said she was going two steps to Rue de la Charbonnière to catch a clerk in bed from whom her husband had not been able to get pay for the mending of a coat. Then she talked about one of her lodgers, who had come in with a woman the night before and who had kept every one awake till three o'clock in the morning. But while she talked she was watching the young woman with intense curiosity, and she seemed to have placed herself under the window only for the purpose of finding something out.

"Is Monsieur Lantier still abed?" asked she, suddenly.

"Yes, he's asleep," replied Gervaise, who could not help blushing.

Madame Boche saw the tears come into her eyes, and doubtless satisfied, she was going away saying that men were miserable lazy fellows, when she returned to cry out:

"It is this morning that you go to the wash house, isn't it? I've something to wash; I will keep a place for you and we can talk." Then, as though suddenly overcome with pity, she said:

"My poor little one, you would do better not to remain there; you'll get sick; you are blue with cold now."

Gervaise kept by the window, however, for two mortal hours, until eight o'clock. The shops were all open. The stream of blouses had ceased coming down from the heights—only a few belated ones cleared the *barrière* with long strides. The same men were standing around the wine shops, continuing to drink, to cough, and to spit. To the workmen had succeeded the workwomen—the burnishers, the *modistes*, the florists—all wrapping themselves in their thin clothes, and all trotting along the outer boulevards. They were in groups of three or four, talking in a lively manner, laughing, and giving bright glances as they passed. Now and then there was one all alone, sad-looking, pale, and thin, skirting along the Octroi wall, and trying to avoid the filth of the gutters. Then the clerks passed, blowing their fingers and eating their sou's worth of bread as they walked. Emaciated young men, with coats too short, with eyelids

heavy and clouded by sleep; little old men, who rolled along, pale-faced, used up by long office hours, looking at their watches to regulate their walk to a second. And the boulevards had assumed their morning quiet. The rich men of the neighborhood were sunning themselves; bareheaded mothers in dirty petticoats cradled swaddled children in their arms, or sat on the benches to adjust them; little brats, with running noses, unbuttoned, were pushing, crawling on the ground, in the midst of laughs, and cries, and caterwauls. Then Gervaise felt that she was suffocating, overcome by the frenzy of her anguish, and hopeless indeed. It seemed as though all were over, that the world was coming to an end, that Lantier would never come back again, never any more. Her gaze lost itself as it wandered over the old shambles, black with slaughter and stench; the new hospital, so bleak, showing through the still gaping hole of its rows of windows the naked halls where death was sure to mow. In front, behind the Octroi wall, the flashing sky, the sunrise spreading over the immense awakening of Paris, dazzled her.

The young wife was seated on a chair, her hands were hanging down, but she no longer wept, when Lantier quietly stole in.

"'Tis you! 'tis you!" cried she, wishing to throw her arms about his neck.

"Yes, 'tis me, and what of that?" answered he. "May be you're going to begin your nonsense again." And he pushed her away. Then, with an angry jerk, he threw his black felt hat at random on the bureau. He was a young fellow of twenty-six, small, of very dark complexion, handsome features, and delicate moustache, which he was always curling with a mechanical movement of his hand. He wore a workman's overalls, and an old frock coat buttoned tightly at the waist, and spoke with a decided provincial accent.

Gervaise, sinking again into her chair, complained quietly, in short sentences:

"I have not been able to close my eyes. I thought some one had given you a bad blow. Where have you been to? Where have you passed the night? *Mon Dieu!* Don't do it again, or I shall go crazy. Say, Auguste, where have you been?"

"Where! I had business, *parbleu!*" said he, with a shrug of his shoulders. "At eight I was at the Ice House, with the friend who is going to open a hat factory; I got belated; then I preferred to sleep there. Then, you know, I don't want any spies upon me. Shut up!"

The young woman again began to sob. The noise of voices, and the rough movements of Lantier, who upset the chairs, awakened the children, who sat up, half naked, brushing their hair with their little hands, and who, hearing their mother cry, began to scream, tears flowing from their half-opened eyes.

"Ah, there's music!" cried Lantier, furious. "I warn you that I take to the door again, and this time, for good. You won't hold your tongues? Good-night, then! I return to where I come from."

He had already got his hat from the bureau; but Gervaise threw herself in his way, crying:

"No! No!"

And she stopped the little ones' tears with her caresses. She kissed their hair, and laid them down with tender words. They soon quieted, and, laughing on their pillow, amused themselves by pinching each other. The father, however, without taking off his boots, had thrown himself upon the bed; he looked worn out, his face white and hard as marble from his badly spent night. He did not sleep, but, with wide-open eyes, looked around the room.

"It's nice and clean here," murmured he. Then, after looking at Gervaise a moment, he added, wickedly: "You don't clean up any more, then?"

Gervaise was only twenty-two. She was tall and slender, with delicate features already drawn by the hardness of her life. Uncombed, in slippers, shivering in her white gown, on which the furniture had left its dust and dirt, she seemed to have grown ten years older during the hours of agony and tears which she had just passed through. But the words of Lantier soon brought her out of her timidity and resignation. "What injustice!" said she, becoming bolder, "you know I do all I can. 'Tis not my fault we are here. I'd like to see you with two children in a room where there is not even a stove to heat hot water with. Instead of using up your money when you came to Paris, you ought to have settled us down somewhere as you promised."

"Halloo!" cried he. "You lived as well as I on the money, and it is not for you now to turn up your nose."

But she took no notice and went on:

"Well, we might still get out of trouble. Last night I saw Madame Fauconnier, the washerwoman of Rue Neuve. She will take me on Monday. If you will begin with your friend of the Ice House, we will be above water before six months are out—in time to hire and fit up some hole where we shall be at home. Ah! We must work, work!"

Lantier turned over as though he had heard enough, which made Gervaise angry.

"Yes, that's it. It's not work that will kill you. You are bursting with your ambition. You want to dress like a gentleman, and walk the streets with girls who can wear silk dresses, don't you? You don't find me good enough since you made me put my dresses in pawn. And now, Auguste, I wasn't going to speak of it. I wanted to wait till I saw you where you passed the night. I saw you go to the Ice House with that brazen Adèle. Ah, you choose

nice one—she is. She put on airs of a princess. She who runs with every man in the restaurant."

With one bound Lantier threw himself from off the bed. His eyes of inky blackness started from his sallow face; his anger caused a perfect tempest in the little man.

"Yes, yes, the whole restaurant," repeated the young woman. "Madame Boche is going to turn her away, and her big gawky sister, too, because there is always a chain of fellows on the stairs."

Lantier doubled his fist, then resisting his longing to beat her, he seized her arms, shook her violently, and sent her falling on to the children's bed. They began to cry again, and he lay down growling with the ferocious look of a man who is making a resolution to do something about which he hesitates still.

"You don't realize what you have done, Gervaise. You are wrong, as you will soon find out."

For a moment the children sobbed, and the mother, bending over the edge of their bed and holding both in her arms in one embrace, repeated many times, monotonously:

"Ah, if you were not here, my little ones; if you were not here—if you were not here!"

Quietly stretched out, with eyes raised to the bits of faded chintz above him, Lantier no longer listened. He seemed absorbed by an idea. For more than an hour he remained so without giving up to the sleep which weighed so heavily upon his lids. When he did turn and lean his head, determined face upon his elbow, Gervaise was putting the room in order and making the children's bed. She had already taken them up and dressed them. He observed her as she swept and dusted the furniture. The room was dark and cheerless, with its smoke-stained ceiling, its paper which dampness had detached from the wall, its three chairs, its dilapidated bureau, the greasy dirt on which could not be removed but only spread by the duster. And while washing herself, after arranging her hair before the little round looking-glass which hung on the sash, and which he used in shaving, he seemed to examine her naked arms, her neck, and all else that was bare, as though he were making comparisons, and there was a contemptuous expression about his mouth. Gervaise limped slightly on her left leg, but it was scarcely perceived excepting on her tired days, when she gave up to it completely. On that morning, used up by her bad night, she dragged her leg along as she leaned against the wall.

Silence reigned. They did not exchange a word more. He seemed to be expecting them. She, while thinking over her wrongs, forced herself to appear indifferent, and hastened on with her work. As she made up a bundle of dirty clothes which had been thrown into a corner behind the trunk, he at last opened his lips and said:

"What are you doing? Where are you going?"

At first she did not answer. Then, when he repeated the question, she decided to do so impatiently.

"May be you can see. I'm going to wash all that. The children can't live in filth."

He let her pick up two or three handkerchiefs, and after a little asked:

"Have you any money?"

Upon that she arose, looked him straight in the face without dropping the dirty shirts of the children which she held in her hand:

"Money! Where do you think I could have stolen any? You well know that I had three francs day before yesterday on my black skirt. We breakfasted twice on that, and it goes mighty quick with the pork butcher. No, very certainly, I have no money. I have only four sous for the wash-house. I don't earn it as certain women do."

Not noticing the allusion, he rose from the bed and passed in review the few tattered things which hung around the room. He ended by taking down the pants and the shawl; then opened the draw of the bureau, added a frock and two chemises, and threw them all into Gervaise's arms, saying:

"Come, take that to the pawn."

"Don't you want me to take the children also?" asked she. "Ah, if they only lent on children what a comfort it would be."

She went nevertheless to the Mont de Piété. When she returned, at the end of a half hour, she put a five-franc piece on the mantelpiece, adding the ticket to those already lying between the candlesticks.

"There's what they gave me," said she. "I asked for six francs, but it could not be done. Oh, they'll take care of themselves. And what a lot of people always there!"

Lantier did not immediately take the five-franc piece. He might have wished her to change it, leaving him something; but he decided to slip it into his waistcoat pocket, after seeing on the bureau the remains of some ham in a paper with a bit of bread.

"I have not dared to go for milk, because we owe her for a week," explained Gervaise. "But I will come home early. You will go for some bread and cutlets while I am away, and then we will breakfast. Get a *litre* of wine, also."

He did not say that he wouldn't. Peace seemed made. The young woman was finishing her bundle of dirty clothes, but when she wanted to take Lantier's shirts and stockings from the bottom of the trunk, he told her to leave them alone.

"Don't touch my things. Do you hear? I don't want you to."

"What don't you want?" asked she, drawing herself up. "You certainly don't intend to put on those rotten things! They must be washed," and she looked at him uneasily, finding on his handsome face the same hard look as though nothing thereafter could soften it. He got angry, snatched the things from her hand, and threw them into the trunk again.

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!* Mind me for once, when I tell you I don't want you to."

"But why?" returned she, becoming quite pale as a terrible suspicion passed through her mind. "You don't want your shirts now—you are not going to leave. What difference does it make if I take them?"

He hesitated a moment, troubled by the ardent look which she fixed upon him.

"Why—why?" stammered he. "*Parbleu!* You will be telling all over that you keep me; that you wash, that you sew, that you mend. Well, I don't like it—there. Attend to your own business, and let me attend to mine. Washerwomen don't work for dogs!"

He besought him, saying she had never complained. He the trunk in a brutal manner and sat on it, as he

screamed "No!" in her face. He was master of whatever belonged to him. Then, to avoid the looks with which she pursued him, he returned to the bed and stretched himself upon it, saying that he was sleepy and didn't want her to bother his head any more. And this time he really seemed to sleep.

Gervaise remained for one moment undecided. She was tempted to push away the bundle of clothes with her foot and sit down and sew, but the regular respirations of Lantier ended by reassuring her. She took her bag of bluing, and the bit of soap which remained from her last wash, and going up to the little ones, who were playing quietly with some old corks before the window, she kissed them, saying in a low tone: "Be good, make no noise, papa is asleep."

When she left the room the subdued voices of Claude and Etienne alone disturbed the silence under that dark ceiling. It was ten, and a ray of sunshine entered the partly open window.

On reaching the boulevard Gervaise turned to the left, and followed the Rue Neuve de la Goutte d'Or. Passing the shop of Madame Fauconnier she saluted her with a nod. The wash-house where she was going was about half way down the street, at the point where the pavement begins to ascend. Over a low building three enormous reservoirs for water—zinc cylinders, strongly bolted—showed their gray sides. Behind them the drying-room arose, in two very high stories, shut in on all sides by thin-bladed blinds, through which the cool air passed, and allowed the clothes, drying on cords of brass, to be easily seen. At the right of the reservoir the narrow pipe of the steam engine blew off, with rude and regular puffs, jets of white steam. Gervaise, without raising her dress, and like a woman used to puddles, entered the door, which was encumbered with *eau-de-javelle* jars. She already knew the mistress of the wash-house, a delicate little woman, with weak eyes, seated in a room with glass windows around it, with the register before her, and pieces of soap on shelves, bluing balls in bowls, and pounds of bicarbonate of soda in papers. In passing she asked for her board and brush, which she had left there after her last washing. Then, having got her number, she entered.

It was an immense garret of a place, with flat ceiling, in which the beams showed, mounted on cast-iron posts, and shut in by large, well-lighted windows. A bleak daylight passed freely through the hot wash-room, appearing like a milky fog; smoke came through certain chinks, spreading, drowning out the ends of the room with a bluish veil, and a thick humidity rained, charged with a soapy odor, a nauseous odor, damp, continued, with some moments of stronger puffs, in which *eau-de-javelle* predominated. Along the forms, on two sides of the central alley-way, there were rows of bare-armed women—bare to the shoulders. All their necks were bare, and their tucked-up petticoats showed colored stockings and strong laced shoes. They beat furiously, laughed, turned clear back to cry out a word in the uproar, and leaned over to reach the bottom of their buckets. They were nasty, brutal, ill-shaped, wet as though in a shower, their flesh reddened and smoking. About them, under them, flowed streams of water. Bucketsful were brought and emptied in a moment. Cocks of cold water squirting from above, the splash of those who beat, the dropping of rinsed linen, the puddles in which they walked going off in little streams on the sloping slabs; and in the midst of cries, of cadenced blows, of the murmuring noise of rain, of that storm-clamor choking under the dampened ceiling, the steam engine at the right, all white with the fine dew, panted and snorted without stop, with the dancing trepidation of its fly-wheel, which seemed to regulate the enormity of the racket.

"Eh! come here, little one," cried the loud voice of Madame Boche.

When the young woman had found her, down at the bottom on the left, the *conciierge*, who was rubbing a stocking furiously, began to talk right on without stopping her work for a moment:

"Go there. I kept the place for you. Oh, I have not much. Boche doesn't dirty his clothes a great deal. And you?—it will not be for long, hey? Your bundle is small enough. Before noon we shall be through, and can go to breakfast. I used to give mine to a washerwoman of the Rue Poulet. But she used up everything with her chloride and her brushes. Then I took to washing myself. It's all gain; the cost only for soap. Say, there are some shirts which you must let drip. Those beggarly children; my word for it, the soot comes out of them."

Gervaise opened her bundle and spread out the children's shirts. Madame Boche recommended her to get a pail of lye, but she shook her head, and answered:

"Oh, no; hot water will do I know."

She had picked out the linen and laid aside some colored pieces. Then, after filling her tub with four pails of cold water drawn from the faucet just back of her, she plunged in the lot of white things, and raising her petticoats and drawing them between her thighs, she entered into a box placed on end which came up to her stomach.

"Ah, you understand, hey?" said Madame Boche. "You were a washerwoman in your own country, weren't you, little one?"

Gervaise, with sleeves turned up, showing her beautiful pair of still young arms rather pinkish at the elbow, commenced to scour her linen. She had just spread a shirt upon the narrow board, which was worn and whitened by the water; she covered it with soap, turned it, rubbed it on the other side, and before answering she took her washerwoman's pounder and began to beat, crying out her phrases and punctuating them with rude but well cadenced blows.

"Yes, yes, washerwoman. When I was ten—twelve years since then—we went to the river. It smelt better than it does here. You ought to see—there was a corner under the trees—with clear running water. At Plassans, you know—you don't know Plassans?—near Marseilles?"

"That's work, that is!" cried Madame Boche, surprised at the force of her blows. "She's smart; she could flatten iron with her little lady arms."

The conversation continued very loud, the *conciierge*, sometimes obliged to lean clear over to hear; all the while clothes were beaten, and well beaten, too. Then Gervaise plunged all into the tub again, taking out piece after piece to rub it with soap a second time and scrub it. With one hand she held the piece on the plank; with the other, which held the short, dog-tooth brush, she pushed from the linen a dirty lather,

which fell off in flakes. The slightest noise of the brush enabled them to get nearer and talk easier together.

"No, we were not married," said Gervaise. "I don't hide it. Lantier is not nice enough to make one wish to be his wife. If there were no children, you'd see. I was fourteen and he was eighteen when the first one came, and the other came four years after. It happened as it happens always, you know. I was not happy at home. Papa Macquart, for a yes or a no, gave me kicks in the back, and then, faith, I amused myself out of doors. They wanted to marry us, but our parents would not have it; and I can't see why." She shook off her hands, which reddened under the white lather. "This Paris water is very hard," said she.

Madame Boche did not hurry with her wash. She stopped and made her soaping last so as to remain and learn the history which had excited her curiosity for a fortnight past. Her mouth remained half-open in her big face, and her bulging eyes glistened. She thought with all the satisfaction of one who has divined:

"That's it. The little one talks too much. They've had a squabble." Then aloud: "He's not nice, then?"

"Don't talk to me about it," replied Gervaise; "he was good enough to me down there, but since we are in Paris I can't make him out. You must know that his mother died last year leaving him something—seventeen hundred francs about; then he wanted to go to Paris. As Papa Macquart always beat me, I consented to go with him, and we made the trip with the two children. He agreed to set me up as a washerwoman, and to work at his trade as hatmaker. We might have been so happy. But, you see, Lantier is proud, extravagant, and thinks only of his own amusement. He don't amount to much, that's a fact. Well, we got out at the Hôtel Montmartre, rue Montmartre. And it was all dinners, carriages, theatres, a watch for him, a silk dress for me, for his heart is not bad when he has money. You can understand the whole thing so well that at the end of two months we were all afloat. At that time we moved to the Hôtel Boncœur, and this infernal life began."

She stopped with choking throat, keeping down her tears. She had finished scrubbing her linen.

"I must go and get my warm water," said she.

But Madame Boche, very much put out by the sudden interruption to these confidences, called the wash-house boy as he passed by.

"My little Charles, you'll be good enough, I know, to get a bucket of warm water for madame. She has no time."

The boy took the pail and brought it back full. Gervaise paid for it—it cost one sou. She emptied the hot water into the tub and soaped the clothes for the last time, bending over the plank in the midst of vapor which wove threads of gray through her blonde hair.

"Stop; put some crystals in. I've some here," said the *conciierge*, obligingly.

And she emptied into Gervaise's tub what remained of a package of bicarbonate of soda, which she had brought with her. She also offered her *eau-de-javelle*; but the young woman refused. It was good for grease and wine spots.

"I think he runs around a little too much," said Madame Boche, coming back to Lantier, without mentioning his name.

Gervaise, her back in two, her hands shriveled up, and plunged in among the clothes, only nodded.

"Yes, yes," continued the other, "I've seen several little things."

But then she exclaimed, noticing the abrupt movement of Gervaise, who rose up all pale, and stared at her:

"Oh, no! I really don't know anything! He likes to amuse himself, I think, that's all. And the two girls who lodge at our house, Adèle and Virginie, you know. Well, he chats with them, and it goes no farther, I am sure."

The young woman stood up straight before her, her face sweating, her arms dripping, and continued to look at her with a profound, fixed gaze. Then the *conciierge* got angry, struck her chest with her fist, gave her word of honor, and cried out:

"I don't know anything—there! when I tell you so." Then she added, calming herself in a gentle voice, such as one uses to those to whom there is no use in telling the truth: "I think he has a good face. He will marry you, little one; I promise you that."

Gervaise wiped her forehead with her wet hand, and drew from the water another piece of linen, shaking her head again. For a moment both kept silent. Around them the wash house had become quiet. Eleven o'clock struck. One-half the women, seated on the edge of the tubs, with a *litre* of wine uncorked at their feet, were eating sausage sandwiched in bread. Only the housekeepers, who had come to wash their small lots of linen, were hurrying as they watched the bull's eye which hung over the desk. A few blows from the pounder was still heard, and now and then, in the midst of subdued laughter, conversation crept in through the glutinous sounds from the jaw bones, while the steam engine, going on without repose or intermission, seemed to raise its vibrating voice, snorting and filling the immense hall. But no one heard it; it was the breathing of the wash-house—a deep drawn breath, heaping up under the beams of the ceiling the never-ending steam which floated there. The heat was becoming intolerable. The sun's rays came in at the left through the high windows, giving the vapors of the opalized water rose-gray and blue-gray tints. And, as complaints arose, Charles went from window to window, drawing down the coarse cloth shades, and then passed along the shady side and opened the casements. They cheered him, they clapped their hands, their gaitery was frightful. At last the pounding ceased. The full mouthed women could only gesture with the long knives in their fists. The silence was so complete that the grating noise of the fireman's shovel taking coal and throwing it into the furnace could be heard regularly at the other end of the building.

Gervaise, however, went on washing her colored clothes in the warm water, thick with soap, which she had kept for them. When she had finished, she went to the trestle and threw them on it, dripping blue puddles on the ground. Then she commenced rinsing. Behind her the cold water spout ran just above a large tub fixed to the ground, over which two wooden bars passed to hold the clothes. In the air above two more bars passed, from which the clothes finished their dripping.

"There, it will soon be over; which is lucky," said Madame Boche. "I will stay and help you wring."

"Oh, it's not worth while, I thank you," said the young woman, who was kneading and dabbling the colored pieces in clean water. "If I had sheets I wouldn't say no."

Yet she accepted the *concierger's* offer, and they were working each at an end, squeezing out the yellowish water, when Madame Boche cried out:

"Look! There's that tall Virginie. What could she come here to wash—that one, with her four rags in a handkerchief?"

Gervaise had quickly raised her head. Virginie was a girl of her own age, taller, and a pretty brunette notwithstanding her rather long face. She wore an old black dress, with a red ribbon at the neck, and her hair was dressed with some care and drawn into a net of blue chenille. For one moment, as she stood in the central alley, she brought her lids together as though looking for something; then, when she saw Gervaise, she came toward her, passing by in a haughty, insolent manner, with a twist of her haunches, and installing herself in the same row, five tubs off.

"There's a whim for you," continued Boche, in a low tone. "She never soaps even a pair of cuffs. A famous lazy one, I'll answer for it. A dressmaker who doesn't even mend her *bottines*! She is like her sister, that scamp Adèle, who leaves her work two days out of three. They have no father or mother that any one knows of, and they live no one knows how; and if one chose to talk about them—"

Madame Boche evidently wished to give Gervaise pleasure. The truth was, she often accepted a cup of coffee from Adèle and Virginie when the little ones had money. Gervaise did not answer; she hurried with feverish hands and prepared her bluing in a little tub which stood on three feet. She dipped in the white pieces, stirred them about for a moment at the bottom of the tinted water, whose reflection took in a bit of lake, and after having wrung them lightly she stretched them on the wooden bars above her. While she was doing this she appeared to turn her back upon Virginie, but she heard her sneering and felt that her glances were upon her. Indeed, Virginie seemed to have come there to provoke her. When for one instant Gervaise turned they looked fixedly at each other.

"Let her be," said Madame Boche. "May be you won't pull each other's hair when I tell you that there was nothing, and it wasn't her—there!"

At this moment, as the young woman hung up her last piece of linen, laughing was heard at the door of the wash-house.

"It is two jokers who want mamma," cried Charles.

All the women stretched out their necks, but Gervaise recognized Claude and Etienne. As soon as they saw her they ran to her in the midst of the pools, stamping on the slabs with the heels of their untied shoes, Claude, the elder, taking his little brother by the hand. The women as they passed uttered low, tender cries on seeing them frightened, but smiling as well; and then they stopped, without halting, in front of their mother, raising their white heads.

"Did papa send you?" asked Gervaise. But as she stooped to tie Etienne's shoe strings she saw as he balanced it in the air the key of the room, with the brass number hanging to it. "What! you bring me the key!" said she, surprised. "Why, tell me?"

The child, on perceiving the key which he had forgotten on his finger, seemed to remember, and cried out, in a clear voice:

"Papa's gone."

"He has gone to buy breakfast, and told you to come here to me?"

Claude looked at his brother and hesitated, not knowing what more to say; then he replied quickly:

"Papa's gone. He jumped from the bed and put all the things in the trunk, and carried the trunk to a carriage. He's gone."

Gervaise sank down, then raised herself slowly, her face quite pale, and carrying her hands to her cheeks and her temples as though she felt her head breaking. She could find but one word, which she repeated twenty times in the same tone:

"Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, mon Dieu! Ah, mon Dieu!"

Madame Boche interrogated the child in her turn, delighted to find herself mixed up in the story:

"Let's see, little one. You must tell—he shut the door and told you to bring the key, didn't he?" And then lowering her voice, and in Claude's ear, she asked: "Was there a lady in the carriage?"

The child was again bothered, but began his story with a triumphant air:

"He jumped from the bed. He put all the things in the trunk. He's gone." When Madame Boche let him alone, he drew his brother before the spout, and both of them amused themselves in making the water run.

Gervaise could not cry. She was suffocating—her back supported by the tub, and her face always in her hands. She shivered every now and then; and at times a long sigh escaped her, while she pressed her fists harder to her eyes, as though trying to destroy herself in the utter darkness of her abandonment. It was like a hole filled with black shadows into which she seemed falling.

"Come, little one! What, the devil!" murmured Madame Boche.

"If you knew—if you only knew!" said she at last, in a low tone. "He sent me this morning to put my chemises and my shawl in pawn to pay for that carriage." And then she cried. The remembrance of the errand to the Mont de Piété, in fixing the fact of the morning, had drawn forth the sobs which were strangling her. That errand was an abomination, the great grief in her despair. Tears flowed over her chin, which her hands had already moistened, without her thinking of her handkerchief.

"Be reasonable, be quiet; they are looking," repeated Madame Boche, who kept officiously about her. "Is it possible to feel so badly about a man? You love him still, hey, my *fauve chérie*? A moment ago you were angry with him, and now you cry for him as though your heart would break. *Mon Dieu!* how stupid we are!"

Then she became motherly:

"A pretty little woman like you! Can it be? I may tell you all now, mayn't I? Well, you remember when I came under your window, I was already in doubt. I imagined this very night when Adèle came in that I heard a man's step with hers. Then I wanted to be sure, and I looked on to the stairs. He was already up to the second story, but I knew Monsieur Lantier's frock coat. Boche, who watched

this morning, saw him coming quietly down, and he was with Adèle, you understand?"

She stopped a moment, turned around, and recommenced in her broad, hoarse voice:

"She laughs, that heartless creature there, to see you cry. I would put my hand in the fire that her washing is but a farce. She has packed off the other two, and has come here to tell how you took it."

Gervaise withdrew her hands and looked, when she perceived Virginie in the midst of three or four women, speaking in a low tone, and staring at her. She was completely overcome with passion. With arms in front of her, looking on the ground, turning, trembling in all her members, she walked a few steps, and seeing a full bucket, seized it with her two hands, and emptied it with one throw.

"You camel! clear!" cried the tall Virginie.

She had jumped back, and her *bottines* only were wet. But the wash-house party, whom the tears of the young woman revolutionized in a moment, elbowed each other to see the battle—those who were finishing their bread got up on the tubs; others ran with hands full of soap, and a ring was soon formed.

"Ah, the camel!" repeated the tall Virginie. "What's the matter with the crazy one?"

Gervaise stopped; her chin out, her face convulsed, she did not answer, not having learned Parisian slang. The other continued:

"Go along, then! She's tired of rolling about in the province; she left a leg there."

A laugh was returned. Virginie, seeing her success, came two steps nearer, drawing herself up to her full height, and crying louder:

"Hey! come a little nearer to see me settle your business! You mustn't come here to bother us. Do I know her—the carcass? If she had wet me I would have nicely shortened her petticoats. You'd have seen. Let her tell what I have done. Say, *rouchie*, what did I do?"

"Don't talk so much," stammered Gervaise. "You know well—you saw my husband last night. Now hold your tongue, because I will strangle you, sure."

"Her husband! Ah, that's good, that is! Madame's husband! As though one had husbands with that limp! It is not my fault that he left you. May he I didn't steal him. You may search me. Shall I tell you? He was poisoned with you, that man was! He was too nice for you. I hope he had a collar on, at least. Who has found madame's husband? There's a reward for him."

They began to laugh again. Gervaise only answered in a low tone of voice:

"You know well, you know well. It is your sister. I'd like to strangle your sister."

"Yes, you go and meddle with my sister," replied Virginie, titting. "Ah, it's my sister! It's possible! My sister has a different style from you. But what's that to me? Can't one wash her clothes quietly? Let's have peace, do you hear; because we've had enough of this!"

Yet she came back to it again, after having given five or six pounds, thinking of her wrongs, and quite carried away by them. She held her tongue for a moment, and then began again three different times in this same way:

"Ah, well, yes, it's my sister! There, are you satisfied? They adored each other, both of them. And he left you with your kids! Nice brats, with their faces full of scabs! It's your Lantier who told us so. Ah! he told us fine things. He had enough of you!"

Gervaise, perfectly beside herself and trembling with passion, turned round and looked for something on the ground. Finding only the little pail, she took it by its feet and threw the bluing water into Virginie's face.

"Jade! she has ruined my dress," cried she. All of her shoulder was wet, and her left hand was stained with blue. "Hold on!"

She seized a pail and emptied it on the young woman. Then a tremendous fight began. They both ran along the tubs, catching up the pails that were filled and throwing their contents upon each other's heads. And each deluge was accompanied by screams. Gervaise cried:

"There! you got that one full!"

"Ah, crooked one! Here's for your filth. Make yourself clean once in your life."

"Yes, yes; I'll clean you, you big codfish!"

"Here's another! Rinse your teeth and make your toilet for this evening."

They ended by filling the pails at the cocks, and continued their nasty talk while they waited. The first pails, badly thrown, barely reached them; but they got the hang of it at last. It was Virginie who first received one full in the face: the water entering at her neck, flowed into her back and breast, and ran down under her dress. She was still stunned by it when a second one caught her sideways, coming full on her left ear, soaking her chignon, which unraveled itself like a string. Gervaise was first splashed on her legs—one pail filled her shoes and spattered up to her legs; two others inundated her hips. And then it became impossible to judge where the blows struck. Both were dripping from head to foot, their waists sticking to their shoulders, their skirts clinging to their backs—gaunt, stiffened, shivering, and dripping on all sides like umbrellas in the rain.

"How queer they look!" said the hoarse voice of one of the washerwomen.

The wash-house was tremendously amused. They had drawn back, so as not to be splashed. Applause and jokes were heard in the midst of mill dam noises—the noises of buckets emptied in all directions—and on the ground ran streams—the two women wading up to their ankles in them. And here Virginie did a very mean thing in throwing a pail of boiling lye that one of her neighbors had left near by. Then there was a cry, for they thought Gervaise was scalded. But her left foot was only slightly burned; and then, exasperated by the pain, she threw an empty bucket with all her strength at Virginie's legs. Virginie fell. Then all the women cried out together:

"She's broken her foot!"

"Well, bless me! the other one wanted to boil her!"

"The blonde one is right, after all, if they took her man!"

Madame Boche raised her arms to heaven, filling the air with cries. She had prudently fortified herself between two tubs, and Claude and Etienne, crying, suffocating, alarmed, clung to her dress with the continued cries of "mamma! mamma!" bursting through their sobs. When she saw Vir-

ginie down, she ran to Gervaise and drew her away by the skirts, repeating:

"Come, go away! Be reasonable. My blood is turned. Upon my word, I never saw such slaughter."

But she drew back, and returned to take refuge again between the tubs with the children, for Virginie had just taken Gervaise by the throat. She squeezed it hard, and tried to strangle her. Then the latter, with a violent jerk, cleared herself, hanging in her turn to the tail of the other's chignon as though she wanted to pull her head off. The fight recommenced without a cry, without a taunt. They did not take hold of each other's bodies, but attacked their faces with open, crooked-fingered hands, pinching and scratching what they got hold of. The red ribbon and the blue chenille of the tall one were torn off, her waist split at the neck, showing her bare shoulder; whilst the blonde, partly undressed, a sleeve of her white gown gone—she did not know how—had a rent in her chemise which showed parts of her naked body. Shreds of dresses were strewn around. The first blood was drawn from Gervaise, three long scratches appearing from her mouth to her chin. She shut her eyes as each blow came, for fear of having them put out. As Virginie was not yet bleeding, Gervaise watched her ears for a while, angry that she could not seize them; but at last she got hold of one of the yellow glass earrings and tore it away, and then the blood flowed indeed.

"They will kill each other! Separate the devils!" cried several voices.

The women drew near. They were of two parties: One excited the two women as they would fighting dogs; the other, more nervous, always trembling, turned away their heads—they had had enough of it, and repeated that they would be sick from it, very certainly. Then a general fight seemed likely to ensue; they called each other heartless, good for nothing; naked arms were now extended, and two or three slaps resounded.

Madame Boche went for the wash-house boy.

"Charles, Charles! Where is he?"

She found him in the front row, looking on with folded arms. He was a great tall fellow with an enormous neck. He laughed, and seemed to enjoy the women's nakedness.

"Ah! You are there!" cried Madame Boche, on seeing him. "Come, help us to separate them. You could easily do it if you would."

"Ah, yes! No, thank you. If there was only one," said he, quietly. "To have my eyes scratched out as on the other day? I am not here for that purpose; I should have too much to do. Don't you fear—there! It does them good; a little bleeding will make them more gentle."

Then the *concierger* spoke of calling in the police. But the mistress of the house, the delicate young woman with weak eyes opposed it very positively, saying, several times:

"No, no! I don't want to compromise the house."

So the fight continued on the floor. All at once Virginie got onto her knees, she had seized a pounder, and was brandishing it, her voice rattling in her throat:

"Here's something, wait! Get your dirty linen ready."

Gervaise quickly put forth her hand and reached for another pounder, holding it up like a club. Her voice was also hoarse:

"Ah! You want some lye, do you? Let me get hold of your skin. I'll make dish-cloths of it!"

For a moment they remained there, kneeling and threatening; hair over their eyes, breasts puffed out, muddy, swollen, watching each other while waiting for breath. Gervaise gave the first blow, her pounder glanced off Virginie's shoulder, and she threw herself aside to avoid the pounder of the latter, which just touched her hip. Then, when more in train, they hit each other as the washerwomen beat their clothes, rudely and in cadence. When they struck the blow was deadened like a blow in a bucket of water.

The women about them no longer laughed; many had gone away, saying that it made them sick. Those who remained stretched their necks, their eyes sparkling with cruel brightness, saying that they were game and bully.

Madame Boche had taken Claude and Etienne away to the other end of the room, where their cries we heard mingling with the sonorous knocks of the pounders.

Gervaise suddenly yelled. Virginia had struck her on the arm just above the elbow. A red spot appeared, and the flesh swelled up instantly. Then she hurled herself forward, as though she would brain the other.

"Enough! Enough!" cried they. Her expression was so fierce that no one dared approach her. With increasing strength, she seized Virginie by the waist, bent her over, brought her face to the slabs, with her back in the air, and, notwithstanding her twisting, she pulled her dress well up. Then, with the pounder raised, she began to beat as she had beaten formerly at Plassans, on the borders of the Vienne, when her mistress did the washing of the garrison, the wood softening in the flesh with a dampened noise. With each tap a red band marbled the white skin.

"Oh, oh!" murmured the boy, Charles, astonished, and with big eyes.

The laugh had gone round again; but soon came the cry of "enough, enough!" Gervaise neither heard nor relaxed. She attended to her business, stooping over, preoccupied with the thought of leaving no part untouched. She wanted to cover all that skin with blows and with confusion; and she sang with ferocious gayety:

"Pan! pan! Margot au lavoir;
Pan! pan! à coups de battoir;
Pan! pan! va laver son cœur;
Pan! pan! tout noir de douleur."

Then she began again: "There, that's for you, that's for your sister, that's for Lantier. When you see them give it to them. That's for Lantier, that's for your sister, that's for you."

"Pan! pan! Margot au lavoir;
Pan! pan! à coups de battoir."

They had to drag Virginie from her hands. The big brunette, her face dripping wet with tears, purple, and confused, took up her things and went away completely conquered. Gervaise, however, put on the sleeve of her gown and pinned up her skirts. As her arm pained her, and she begged Madame Boche to lift up her clothes on to her shoulder, the *concierger* recounted the fight, spilling emotions, and talked of looking her over to see what was done.

"You may have something broken, for I heard

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

Mr. Edouard Remenyi, solo violinist to his Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor of Austria, etc., is a great artist—from the showman's standpoint. That he does not attract large audiences is an accident (of mismanagement, I should say), and not at all his fault; he does every conceivable thing to draw them, is up to every trick of the trade, plays the *farcour* much better than the fiddle, and enraptures ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who go to hear him. The hundredth one—who generally has some little respect for music as an art, and who perhaps has some idea besides of what violin playing ought to be—he disgusts. I have heard Mr. Remenyi play two movements from the Mendelssohn *Concerto*, the *Otello Fantasia*, some transcriptions from Chopin, his own Hungarian specialties, etc., and if this is playing the violin, I, for one, would not be sorry if every violin, excepting those of the orchestra players, were broken up for kindling wood. The guts might remain unmolested inside their original possessors—who would put them to much better use—and the hairs of the bow continue to adorn the tails of the Arabian mares—the violin is sometimes male and sometimes female, but the bow hairs are supposed (perhaps because they make the tone) to be always from feminine tails—and continue in their former useful and delightful avocation of brushing the flies off the rounded haunches. As for Mr. Remenyi—he might get him to a nunnery; he looks as though it would console him somewhat for the loss of his fiddle.

Mr. Remenyi has considerable *technique*—of a certain undisciplined kind; quite enough to play most of the pieces of his *repertoire* much better than he does, and—setting aside his *péchant* for sawdust and spangles—will count as a violinist of about the fourth or fifth rank, of whom it is extremely doubtful whether—even with youth and industry in his favor—he would ever reach the first. He can make much noise on the violin, but has no tone; that is, none of the sustained tone that is the first requisite for a good player. He can make his noise only by constantly shifting his bow (doing this constantly—and disgustingly, even—in the *cantabile* of the Mendelssohn *Concerto*), and sawing his trills out of the fiddle very much as I have seen it done by country fiddlers. In his *piano* passages he is compelled to resort to the same trick of the incompetents; the change of direction is quick, light, and well managed; but it nevertheless disfigures the phrases. His left hand is at times excellent; certain passages—especially rapid scales—he does very well. But he is very uncertain with them, and evidently feels this himself; if a passage is in the least hazardous, he slides and slubbers up to it and down from it. Thirds, sixths, and octaves, are all managed in the same way; they are rarely cleverly or neatly given, and, in rapid tempi, very much mixed. His *staccato* is not bad, though in no way remarkable; his *leggiere* rather heavy; and his *martellato* excellent. His style—individual, genial, magnetic, whatever they may call it—is simply the most abominable caricature of music that ever came to my notice. It is as though he felt that he can not make the points that would be made by a real violinist, and substitutes a sensation of his own. In playing a melody, he howls and slides (like the attempt at *portamento* of a bad singer), expressing his emotion by a series of sudden stunning *fortes* and extreme *pianos*. This, again, even in the *Andante* of the Mendelssohn *Concerto*, and—still more offensively—in the introduction and *Adagio* of the *Otello Fantasia*. His *Nocturne* of Chopin is bathos with frills; his *Mazurka* a grimace similarly embellished. All of these things had to submit themselves to his one style of *cadenza*, which generally consists of some scale passages and a bit of *arpeggio* across the four strings, with a little tail of *pianissimo* with the bow well up on the finger-board. His martial introduction to the *Rákoczy March* is a stirring and a clever performance, and there were good things in his playing of Paganini's *twenty-fourth Caprice*. But, *per contra*, the *twenty-first* would not have counted as a creditable performance from a pupil.

Mr. Ferdinand Dulcken, who figures as musical director of the Remenyi Concerts—that is, has most of the work, playing all the accompaniments besides his solos—has proved himself an admirable accompanist as well as a very enjoyable pianist. His playing of the Beethoven *Sonata* (C sharp minor, so-called "Moonlight") on Wednesday, had many fine moments—the opening of the *Allegretto* was especially refined and artistic—and the *Martini Gavotte*—Monday—was delightful. Other things—the *Rondo* of Mendelssohn particularly—seemed to suffer from exaggeration. This is the more difficult to account for when we know that Mr. Dulcken is a son, and probably pupil, of the celebrated Madame Louise Dulcken of London, who was a friend of Mendelssohn, and certainly knew just how his compositions should be played. Perhaps he feels and sympathizes with his surroundings. I think he would be safer in taking his tone from Mrs. Thurston, who has a noble and beautiful style, and whose singing is—in spite of a weak place in her middle voice—fully satisfying. This lady is an artist. Her voice is beautiful in quality—though, I fancy, forced somewhat out of its original register—and has fine *timbre*, and behind her voice she has brains, soul, and artistic temperament. To the musician Mrs. Thurston must be the special point of attraction in these concerts; her share in them is genuine art work of beautiful and refined quality.

If *Pinafore* affects the general public at all as it does me the managers will make a mint of money out of it. The sparkling wit and charming music draw me to it night after night. At the Grand Opera House Miss Sherwin is making a real *prima donna* part of "Josephine," and singing it very well, too, while the *ensembles*, choruses, etc., are given with great *verve* and a much finer appreciation of the points than I have heard elsewhere. The stage setting is also beautiful and exceedingly effective.

OSCAR WEIL.

There is something attractive about the bruised, scratched, and scarred face of the little fellow who always gives as good as he receives, and comes out of the fight with a glistening eye and a bright row of laughing teeth; but the other boy, that sulks, and mutters, and picks up a big rock—bah! you always feel like taking him by the collar and dipping him off the dock.

ARCHERY NOTES.

The archers of the Eastern clubs have been making some good scores in their practice for the Grand National Archery Tournament to take place in Chicago in August, which I give for the benefit and imitation of our Pacific Coast bowmen. Mr. Gray, of the Highland Park archery team, at Highland Park, Illinois, made the following scores, in 90 arrows at 60 yards at a 45-inch target: Hits, 82; score, 368. Hits, 81; score, 370. Hits, 87; score, 399.

At Titusville, Pennsylvania, some excellent shooting was done the other day by the team from the principal club of that place. Distance 30 yards, 60 arrows each, target 48 inches, Mr. Webber scored 420; Mr. Marsh, 428; O. J. Marsh, 444.

At the Pequosette archery meeting, target 48 inches, ladies' range 20 yards, gentlemen's 30 yards, the best score in 30 arrows was 14 hits, 54 points, made by Miss Ingraham, and the best gentleman's 21 hits, 97 points, made by A. S. Brownelle.

The split bamboo bow of American manufacture is attracting much attention in the East. A correspondent of a New York sporting paper gives his experience of the instrument thus: "The bow I used was six feet and about forty-five pounds pull, yet it readily outshot my English bow, which is in itself a very strong shooter. The same results followed in comparison with a very powerful South Sea bow, and a Japanese war bow, both of which were strictly business bows. To try its endurance I first shot a number of Japanese 38-inch arrows, drawing them to the head, and then in the hardihood of experiment put my foot on the grip piece and drew the cord nearly five feet without damage to the bow. That was about as tough a test as one could well put a bow to. With anything like reasonable and proper use the bamboo bow seems to me to be practically indestructible. It is the only bow that I know of on which the archer can draw the good old-fashioned cloth-yard shaft. Its enduring qualities will be fully appreciated by any one who has experienced the annoyance of having a bow to which he is accustomed break on his hands. Its pull is so smooth and even that one is at first deceived as to its power." If this bow comes at all near the opinion of its eulogist, I should like to see a few of them on this coast.

Peters & Co. received a few days ago one dozen lance-wood, and one dozen ladies' lemonwood bows, which no doubt will be soon picked up. They are of Highfield make, and are the first lancewood bows that have ever been imported by dealers. With them are a good lot of the Highfield best arrows. There has been a great demand for arrows here, and it puzzles the dealers to keep the bowmen in shafts. The tournament will bring together, in all probability, a number of archers from Sacramento, San José, and Gilroy. The club cup, a large silver goblet, elegantly chased, bearing the scores of the different clubs, and open to all archery organizations, each team to consist of five members, will be shot for at distances of 30, 40, and 50 yards, 30 arrows at each range.

The gold arrow will be shot for at 60 yards, 30 arrows each day, and this contest is also open to all comers. The arrow is a handsome piece of workmanship, and will be a grand trophy for the successful archer to hand down to posterity. "The ARGONAUT arrow," a prize offered by the proprietors of this journal, to the lady making the best score at 20 yards, will be one of the trophies of the tournament. This jewel, now being manufactured by Geo. H. Shreve & Co., will be a handsome golden arrow in the form of a pin, with a pendant from centre representing a target with the colors: the white, and blue, and red, and gold, marked in enamel—the score and inscription and name of the victor to be engraved on the reverse in gold. Open to all lady archers.

There will also be prizes to be contended for by individual archers at ranges of from 30 to 80 yards, many consisting of the finest archery tackle, such as bows, best footed arrows, strings, targets, etc.

Perhaps a few of the general instructions to beginners in the art of bow shooting may be found useful to the novice in archery. In taking one's position, preparatory to shooting, observe that the only part of the body to be turned toward the target is the face. For instance, if the target is placed full west, the body should face directly to the north, and the face looking sideways on the left shoulder. The heels should be from four to six inches apart, the weight of the body being equal on both feet; the head inclining a little downward over the heart. In holding the bow the top of the hand must be level with the top of the handle; for as the resistance from each end is where the bow is held, so, if the hand is shifted, the centre of action is changed accordingly. The left arm, which holds the bow, must be held out straight. The bow must be held perpendicularly, and the archer must direct his eyes at the centre of the target, and then, bringing the right hand to the ear, loose sharply and quickly.

The two days for the tournament have been definitely settled—the 20th and 21st of June—and the Oakland Cricket Grounds chosen as the place for the contest. All archers who intend to enter for the individual prizes are requested to write their names on the list at Peters & Co.'s, or correspond with Daniel O'Connell, secretary of the executive committee, Oakland. The tournament is open to all archers, irrespective of race, color, or religious belief.

At a meeting of the executive committee, held on Friday, the following facts developed themselves: The tents, which are very handsome ones, shall be pitched on the Oakland Cricket Grounds Thursday morning, and a target will be set there for those archers who wish to accustom themselves to the range, etc. The targets will be set up in a line about thirty feet apart, each team shooting at its own target, and one from each team following the other down the line in the order of shooting. The scores will be ten points—that is two for the greatest aggregate score, two for the greatest number of hits, and two for each of the best scores at 30, 40, and 50 yards.

Feigenbaum, on Sansome Street, has received some English straw targets and easels, which of course are the perfect thing. Also, some Ayres bows and arrows and tackle of American manufacture.

QUIVER.

An exchange tells of an Alabama lady who cries nearly all the time, and yet grows fat. Her fat is laid on in tiers.

But the young woman wanted to go. She returned no answer to the pityings nor to the garrulous ovations of the women who stood around her in their aprons. When she had received her load she went to the door, where her children awaited her.

"It's two hours; that makes two sous," said the mistress, already reestablished behind her glass windows, as she stopped her.

"Why two sous?" She did not understand that she was asking the price of her place. Then she paid the two sous, and limping considerably under the weight of the damp linen on her shoulder, dripping, the elbow black and blue, and with bloody cheek, she went off, dragging along with her bare arms Etienne and Claude, who trotted along at her side still shaking and smutty with their tears.

Behind her the wash-house kept up its tremendous mill-dam racket. The women had eaten their bread, drank their wine, and they were tapping all the harder and with faces all the gayer and brighter for the fight between Gervaise and Virginie. All along the tubs again those furious movements of the arms, and of those angular profiles of marionettes with broken backs and distorted shoulders bending over suddenly as though on hinges, were going again. Conversation ran on from one end of the aisles to the other; voices, laughs, dirty words, mingled in with the gurgling of the waters. The cocks were spitting, the buckets dashing, and a river running under the forms. Then came the afternoon's great work, the pounding of the clothes. The steam became reddened in the large hall with round sun holes, balls of gold, which the holes of the curtains allowed to pass, and one breathed that tepid, suffocating smell of soapy odors. All at once the room was filled with white steam; the enormous copper lid over the boiling lye rose mechanically along the central stem of the hanger, and the yawning copper hole at the bottom of its brick masonry threw out whirlwinds of vapor, smelling of that sugared savor of potash; and yet beside it the drying boxes were working: bundles of linen in cast-iron cylinders gave up their dampness on a turn of the machine's wheel, panting, steaming, shaking rudely the wash-house with the continued working of its steel arms.

When Gervaise at last set feet in the alley way of the Hôtel Boncœur, her tears came again. It was a dark, narrow alley, with a gutter running along the wall for dirty water; and the smell which she perceived reminded her of the fortnight passed there with Lantier, a fortnight of misery and quarrels—whose remembrance nevertheless filled her with regret, for she seemed to be just realizing her abandonment.

Up stairs the room was bare, full of sunshine, the window being open. That gleam of sun, that sheen of dancing gold dust, made the black ceiling and the walls of damaged paper look sad indeed. There remained only hanging on a nail at the chimney a small silk handkerchief, twisted like a string. The bed of the children drawn into the middle of the room opened the way to the bureau, whose unclosed drawers showed their bare sides. Lantier had washed and used up the pomatum—two sous of pomatum on a playing-card—and the dirty water from his hands still filled the basin. He had forgotten nothing. The corner occupied until then by the trunk appeared to Gervaise like a large, dark hole. She did not even find the small round looking-glass banging up to the sash. Then came a presentiment; she looked to the chimney-piece. Lantier had even taken the pawn-tickets, for the delicate rose-tinted package was no longer there between the unmatched candlesticks.

She hung her clothes on the back of a chair and remained standing, turning around and looking at the furniture, so stupefied that her tears no longer ran. One sou remained out of the four kept for the washing. Then hearing Etienne and Claude already comforted and laughing at the window, she drew near them, took their heads under her arms, and forgot herself for the moment before the gray causeway where she had that morning seen the people and the giant works of Paris awaking from their slumbers. At this hour the pavement, used by the business-people of the day, reverberated over the city behind the Octroi wall. It was on to that pavement, in the furnace heat, that they were to turn her all alone with her little children. And as with a look she took in the outer boulevards right and left, stopping at the end, a dull kind of fear came over her that her life from that time forward might be passed between the shambles and the hospital.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LXXXIII.—Sunday, June 15.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons.

Eastern Oysters.
Cury Soup.
Stewed Terrapin. Hominy.
Crab, Mayonaisse Dressing.
Fillet of Beef, with Truffles and Mushrooms.
Peas.
Roman Punch.
Roast Lamb, Currant Jelly.
Potatoes Cut with Cutter and Baked Brown with Meat.
Lettuce and Nasturium French Dressing.
Cheese.
Charlotte Russe. Brandied Peaches.
Epergne of Appricots, Cherries, Plums, and Oranges in Sections.
White Wine, Claret, Madeira, and Champagne.

To COOK TERRAPIN.—Take four nice female terrapin, throw them into boiling water, boil until the toe-nails will remove easily. Take them up, and when cold enough to handle, remove the shells, sand-bag, the portion of the liver that contains the gall, etc. Cut them in quarters, or smaller pieces if desired; take half a pint of soup stock, melt it, and have ready the hard-boiled yolks of eight eggs, pound them fine, let them boil a few minutes in the stock, then strain over the terrapin and simmer fifteen minutes; add one salt-spoonful cayenne pepper, one of powdered mace, one of cinnamon, one of all-spice, and half a spoonful of cloves, half a pint of sherry, and one and a half pounes of butter; put about one tablespoonful of flour, if not thick enough add more, if too thick thin with sherry. Cook until sufficiently tender; add one pint more of sherry, and set away until next day. When wanted, heat in a bain-marie until ready to dish. Two things are necessary to good terrapin—first, good wine; second, good judgment as to taste and consistency. Some chop the white of the eggs which have been used in the sauce, and throw them lightly upon the top of the dish when ready for the table. Terrapin may be eaten with baked potatoes, rice, or hominy served in a separate dish. I think hominy the best.

LYONNAISE POTATOES.—Having been requested to give this receipt, we comply: Potatoes Lyonnaise are prepared according to taste, that is, as much onion as liked, either sliced or minced. The potatoes must be cold and sliced; for as much onion as you please, and fry until about half done; then add the potatoes and again two ounces of butter; salt and pepper, stir and toss quickly until the potatoes are all fried of a fine light brown color. It may require more butter to fry them, as potatoes absorb more than other vegetables. A little finely chopped parsley may be sprinkled on them when cooked. They may also be fried in oil if preferred.

Mr. Heep said to a drunken fellow, "If I were in your place, I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was, "If yooz in my plaiish, you couldn't get there."

A SOUTH SEA IDYL'S SEQUEL.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

Why does experience profit us nothing? I have asked myself this question a thousand times, and I repeat it now, as I hold in my hand a rare copy of an obsolete volume entitled *South Sea Idyls*. That book contains the chronicles of my emotional adolescence. It was written in the first flush of youth. It is too true not to be discredited, and it has invariably been discredited by the wrong readers in the wrong stages of the narrative. The volume contains experiences in three episodes, respectively entitled:

- "The House of the Sun."
- "The Chapel of the Palms."
- "Kahéle."

There is naked truth enough in these chapters to flood a well. I know this better than any one else, and in proof of it I triumphantly quote the valedictory, which was written in the day of my enthusiasm, while the almond tree flourished, ere the stars were darkened, and before the grasshopper had become a burden and all the daughters of music were brought low! After my third rhapsody, entitled "Kahéle," that soft-eyed savage discreetly took his leave. With the wisdom of an ancient I thus applauded his memory:

"Adieu, Kahéle! I might have upbraided thee for thy inconstancy, had I not been accused of it myself. I might have felt some modicum of contempt for thee, had thy skin been white; but under cover of thy darkness sin hid her ugliness, and thy rich blood leaped to many generous acts that a white-livered sycophant might not aspire to. I can but forgive all, and, sometimes, long a little to live over the two sides of you—extremes that met in your precious corporosity, and made me content with a changeable, and oftentimes cheerless, pilgrimage. For I knew, my boy, that if I went astray you would meet me upon the highest moral grounds; and though I could not rely upon you, somehow you came to time when least expected, and filled me with admiration and surprise—a sentiment which time and absence only threaten to perpetuate."

Time and absence did their work effectually. I returned to the metropolis of the Pacific. A letter followed me couched in appalling English. In it I detected the delicate aroma of the grape-blossoms of Lahaina. In spirit I walked again among pepper groves, and sunned my soul beside the palm-fringed sea. It was a message of love from my *protégé*, and my heart leaped within me as I recalled the fascinating, inconsistent past. I replied cordially, and set sail for other shores. The whole world lay between us. We stood feet to feet; and, had we ascended at that moment, our spirits could never have met in the wide universe. Fortunate fate! we both survive, and I have lived to prove myself a prophet in my own country, where, thank heaven! honors are easy. Once more I drifted back to the land of my adoption. Seven years stretched between me and the glimmering past. I thought of it as of a dream; I dreamed of it as of a thought—not a semblance of reality remained. Listen to the *exordium*! One morning I was summoned from my late breakfast by the postman, who, with the polite discretion which has distinguished him from the first hour of our acquaintance, begged me to open a letter which was inscribed to—

"Mr. Charles Stoddard, California."

It was subdirected to an innumerable lock-box which does not exist. I broke the seal and saw at a glance that the document was unmistakably mine. No one but a savage could have written it; no one but a boned savage stuffed with missionary teachings; one whose meat and drink, whose food and raiment, whose staff of life, whose First Reader, Second Reader, Third Reader, and Speller, and History, and Romance, has been the *New Testament*; one who has oiled the gospel according to St. John in the crown of his hat, and has rolled cigarettes with the Song of Songs; who has stormed the school-room ceiling with Scriptural wads; in brief, a native Hawaiian scripturist. Moreover, his name followed the scrip, which I copy *verbatim et litteratim*:

"PORT GAMBLE, Kitsap County, W. T."

"MR. CHARLES STODDARD, ESQ.—DEAR SIR:—I am very glad to see you my Dear Lord of Our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. This is the first letter I sent to you my Dear. I remember you for the year One thousand Eight hundred and seventy one—before we are to go Circuit the Island of Maui—and gone to Kaupo—from Kaupo to Hana and see the two Rev Father Priests. I am your young servant Kahéle. I live to [left] Honolulu on the last day of July and come here with my Both [which is Boss with a palpable lip!] and then my Both be dead. I had nothing to do here—no one to keep my life—if you please to give me some job then I stay with you for five year. If you see this letter you telegraph for me. This is our second letter to you—[mark with what royal condescension he recalls our former correspondence] because you write me one letter to Lahaina."

"Your young servant, KAHELE."

It was all his own; the tropical luxuriance of language, the impressive majesty of the opening paragraph, the indiscriminate use of the letters *l* and *r*—a characteristic of the Hawaiian tongue—the painful imitation of a difficult language, seldom spoken with much care, and in his case caught wholly by ear. What did I do? I telegraphed him within the hour to work his passage down to my arms by the first vessel that met his eye. All was forgiven on the instant; I pictured that starving prodigal skipping like the young unicorn on receipt of my reply.

I imagined the dusky fellow in the hour of his deliverance, and impatiently awaited his arrival. "No sail from day to day." By and by came a second letter, evidently from the same hand—a flesh-colored envelope, not without blemish, bearing this fragmentary address:

"Mr. Charles W. Stoddard."

By this time he had come to the edge of the envelope, and be stopped short in his tracks. Within, the unhappy scribe continued his heroic struggle with the perplexing intricacies of my name.

"MR. CHARLES WARREN STODDARD—Aloha nui oe:—I received your telegraph on thirteen of this month; when I open it and read my heart is very much of joyful. I wait for the steamer, when he come Seattle then I go to your home. Now, my Dear Both (still hissing) I have no news to tell you about the golden chain of love between you and me. Your young servant, KAHELE."

Again I awaited the arrival of my young servant, and thought of him a thousand times, storm-tossed upon the win-

try seas, heart-sick, home-sick, sighing for the fragrant winds that visit so lightly the green seclusion of his native vales. Once more the faithful postman entered with a letter and a smile; the envelope smaller than usual, hence the following address:

"Mr. Charles Warren S.,
"S. F., Calif."

And within, the latest efforts of this tireless nomenclator:

"WASHINGTON TERRITORY."

"MESSIEURS CHAS. WARREN STOD:—"

['Time can not wither, nor custom stale, his infinite variety.']

"SIR:—This is the third letter I sent to you, my Dear Sir. I leave the Puget Sound on the eighteen of December, A. D. 1878. I go to Seat [Seattle] on the steamer *Alida*, and see the Captain of *Dakota*, the Mail steamer of San Francisco. I tell him I want to work my passage from Seat to S. F. He tell me no. I stay in Seat two days. On the twenty-two of Decem. I coming to Tacoma till this time I write this letter. If you please—in love for your servant—to send me ten dollars inside letter for me to pay my passage. If I stay with you I pay you my owe. Your servant, KAHELE."

He no longer called himself my "young servant;" he seemed to have grown old in the vain attempt to reach a haven of rest. This touched me to the quick. Ten dollars are but as a feather in the balance when there is a soul to save. In hot haste I purchased a ticket, and it was forwarded with a line of solace to the companion of my brighter days. Once more I watched and waited. From my window on the hill I signaled every passing sail. The hours lagged. What if the poor fellow, prematurely aged, had already dropped into the greedy grave that seemed yawning at his feet? What if the means of his deliverance never reached him, but fell by chance into the hands of some worthless straggler who might at any moment cross my threshold and attempt to palm upon me a forged identity? Seven years added to the infant, Kahéle might be equal to almost any one. How was I to detect a fraud unless it were of another color, which, please heaven, it was not to be?

With the dusk, one windy eve, shrouded in cold sea-fog, the picture of desolation, Kahéle stood in the doorway. He was changed. He was a strapping fellow of one and twenty, scantily clad as to his upper works, but bearing himself with an air of decayed elegance, and wearing conspicuously a pair of nobby boots, with tapering hoodlum heels. He had evidently been a swell. He blushed with reference to his flannel shirt, his overalls, his shockingly bad hat. There could be no doubt that this was the youngster who persuaded me in the barbarian days, who wooed me in the "House of the Sun," beguiled me in the "Chapel of the Palms," and distracted me in the third chapter of his career—a chapter that is dignified with his mellifluous name. The ambrosial locks distilling the faint fragrance of coconut oil; the mild eyes, with their ingenuous glance, the depressed nose, the proud, sensuous lip, now mantled with gosling-down—it was he without the shadow of a doubt. To put him at his ease I extended to him the freedom of the town, and he began the new life by immediately going through my wardrobe like a million moths. There was little for him to do but to look interesting. To be sure he surveyed the city, and gave me official returns each evening, after dinner. He drew maps of the streets; had names and numbers at his tongue's end; inspected the chief public buildings, and passed judgment upon them with the obtrusive confidence of a circumnavigator, though I am proud to state that the Palace Hotel staggered him, as he confessed to me that it was finer in some respects than anything in Honolulu. He revered Woodward's Garden, in common with the masses; enjoyed the drama; reveled in the church. He aspired night and day. In confidential moments he broke to me his plans for a future, that seemed to him boundless in its capability. After a fête at Woodward's he longed to enter the arena. The drama inspired him with dreams of the stage. As for the sacrifice of the mass, he more than once talked seriously of studying for the priesthood, and even asked me how much it would cost—he always counted the cost, an example too seldom followed by his betters. A delicious melancholy seized him whenever he inclined to the novitiate, but his ambition was boundless, and I think he preferred a roving commission—one that would admit of his aiding the propagation of the faith by easy stages in every quarter of the habitable globe.

It was about this time that life began to pall. The youth missed his kindred, and mourned for them. Our talks were all of the past. We lived over the riotous days, and renewed our pilgrimages until there was no valley left unvisited, no stone unturned. He chanted his legendary songs in mellow gutturals; sat in the sunshine of the deep bay-window; looked off upon the ships in the harbor, and asked the price of them. His wage was oftentimes spent in fruit stalls, though on one occasion he returned to me with a small casket of jewels, which he had purchased at the street corner, under a torch-light, for fifteen cents. Then it occurred to me that some of his people must be within reach, and I sent him forth to take the city census. Day after day he stood on Market Street, watching for Kanakas; night after night he returned again, empty-handed, plunged in black despair.

At last he caught one on the fly, a mariner, one of a "forec'sle" full of them. That night there was revelry on the water front, and the throb of the calabash quickened the feet of the Hula dancers until day-break; when they all ate of the national *poi* out of one trough and slept the sleep of the just. No trouble now, no languishing, no weariness of spirit. He went his way rejoicing, and returned like the prodigal when he had wasted his portion.

I found that he had, as it were, made his *entrée* into society. He sparkled with fifteen-cent jewelry, and wore his hat over one ear. He babbled in Spanish, and casually observed that the average *señorita* is as handsome as the ditto *Waikine*. He wallowed in verbs, regular and irregular. He once said, as in a dream, *yo amo*, and again, while his mind wandered, *nostros amamos*. The confusion that followed this involuntary confession was not that of a scholar. I asked him where he had been, and why he had sought to master a language which was little spoken save by its authors. He wilted, but without a stammer he told how his evenings were passed in sweet communion with a select few, who, like himself, admired the melodious speech of Spain. But where? With an innocence that threw me off my guard he gave me an address—Pacific Street, near Kearny.

Still harping on his Spanish, I showed him some papers long treasured as an heirloom in this homestead—certificates

of stock in a fabulous Mexican mine, from whose undiscovered bourn no traveler returns; at all events, no living witness has gone farther than levying an assessment—and lived. With the deepest interest he studied the certificates; with the poetic fervor of his race he built his lordly castle and peopled it with the choicer spirits of our acquaintance. It was his wish that we might fly at once to this glittering realm and rest from our labors. I smiled sadly, bitterly; I always do when a bright manhood is painted for me by that youth in whose imperfect lexicon there is no such word as "fail." Kahéle soothed me with savage songs. Together we groped among the evening shadows of Kearney Street, than which no respectable thoroughfare in God's world is worse lighted. It was my wish to hear the guitar touched by the skilled fingers of his friends, who are to the manner born; but ere we reached the quarter he had idealized I turned, and he was gone! Like a shadow he came, like a shadow he departed.

I passed three silent, sensitive, sorrowful days. It is not well to make your idols and to find them clay, and to prosecute the unprofitable business year after year. He returned not. No more I heard his foot upon the stair; no more I listened to his chant—its soft *cadenza* is forever hushed within my chamber. I searched the journals for casualty returns. I haunted the Morgue like a press reporter. I grew morbid and morose. Then I chanced upon his commonplace book; with the lynx-eye of a detective I studied its pages, but gained no clue to the mystery. I discovered among his effects a copy of "Spanish Without a Master, on the Most Simple Principles, for Universal Self-Tuition. Price, Twenty-Five Cents," "The Letter Writer's Own Book," a broken cuff button, and some diamond studs with the glass out—the *debris* of his jewel case. Evidently, if he fled from me, his flight was premature. Why did I suspect aught, and look into the family archives to find proof of his guilt?

The mining stock was missing!

I visited the several boards with the vague fear that I would come suddenly upon the culprit bulling the market with his Mexico. But the Exchange was innocent of him; Pauper Alley knew him not; and his shadow never again darkened Kearny Street, to my knowledge. Then came another letter—the last of the series. It was a wild scrawl, penciled in haste. It ran as follows:

"CITY OF SANTA CRUZ."

"I am gone to Los Angel, and to Mexico—with my wife."

"Aloha. K."

"TO MR. CHARLES."

I might have known it, had I but listened to the lessons of experience; yet doubtless it was written in his horoscope, and I was but a means to an end. Now dawn upon me the significance of the portentous ides of May. Fool that I was! I might have cut the net that enthralled him, and perhaps have spared him for a costlier sacrifice. Insensible victim! Is he founding his fortune in the fastnesses of the mineral hills? Is it well with him in his mountain stronghold? Do the torrents that pour their silver beside his door muffle the tinkling music of guitars, the "click" of castanets, the boom of the hollow drum? Does he dream again of the loves of the Barbary Coast, chief of whom is his Circe?

Yet am I proud of this climax, for did I not write of him years ago, to wit: "He was Kahéle, the two-sided; Kahéle, the chameleon, whose character and disposition partook of the color of his surroundings; who was pious to the tune of the church-bell, yet agile as any dancer of the lascivious *hula* at the thump of the tom-tom. He was a representative worthy of some consideration; a typical Hawaiian, whose versatility was only excelled by the plausibility with which he developed new phases of his kaleidoscopic character. He was very charming, but as diverting in one *rôle* as another. He was, moreover, worthy of much praise for his skill in playing each part so perfectly that to this hour I am not sure which of his dispositions he excelled in, nor in which he was most at home."

He, therefore, went to the devil, that the words of the prophet might be fulfilled! But what does it matter to me so long as I 'a. a. my experiences over and over, and outlive them one or all! Come, daisies and buttercups—the more the merrier; spice my dull life with at least this variety, and let me ago 'ze or let me die:

"For I am of those Azras who, when they love, must perish!"

And I'm awfully used to it.

We hoped there might be a non-partisan judicial ticket. We were the more anxious because it is a fact that the Democracy has some of the best legal talent in its party. Chief Justice Wallace, Joseph Hoge, Samuel Wilson, Hall McAllister, Jackson Temple, William Wallace, John S. Hager, E. W. McKinstry, and others we might name, are excellently good judicial timber; but the political millennium is too far off for the judicial lions and lambs to lie down together. For Supreme Judges of the Republican party we hear named Mr. I. S. Belcher, of Yuba, for Chief Justice; for Associate Justices, Mr. A. P. Catlin of Sacramento, Mr. J. D. Lattimer of San Francisco, Mr. J. E. Hale of Placer, Mr. J. T. Richards of Santa Barbara, Mr. Freeman of Sacramento, Mr. Charles A. Tuttle of Alameda, Mr. O. C. Pratt of Butte, Mr. George Cadwallader of Sacramento, Mr. E. D. Wheeler and Mr. Samuel Dwinelle of San Francisco, Mr. A. Bronson of Los Angeles, Mr. J. W. North of San Bernardino.

We hear a great deal of complaint about the way things were done at the primaries. When a political party expects to succeed there is always a row at the primaries and a struggle in Convention. It is a good sign. It indicates that there is something worth fighting for. It was the *Bulletin* that used to vex its virtuous soul over the way the "boys" did things; now it is the virtuous and exemplary *Chronicle*. When Gilbert A. Grant heard that Republicans were beginning to get drunk and fight over nominations, he hailed it as an encouraging sign of party strength. When the Democracy has a "dead thing," it is sure to quarrel. That it does not do so now, indicates weakness. That the Republicans do row a bit is the best evidence that they intend to win.

Daniel Kenfield, of Tuolumne, is fairly entitled to the nomination of State Comptroller by the Republican Convention.

The dark horse for Governor on the Republican ticket is Mr. Justice A. L. Rhodes, of Santa Clara.

MISS BRACE'S DREAM.

"Truth," said Miss Brace oracularly, "lies at the bottom of a well, and the people of nowadays are too lazy even to go fishing for it. The deceit, and sham, and hypocrisy that one sees everywhere are enough to make him lose his faith in human nature—if he ever had any. Now, for instance, I overheard Fanny Blanchard, the other day, telling a gentleman how much work she did at home, how devoted she was to her 'dear mamma,' how she had made the pretty and elaborate dress she had on, etc., etc. I happened to know that 'dear mamma' and the Ashenputel sister had put every stitch into the pretty dress. So that was *one* lie. Then a little later old Mrs. Gatherum told me confidentially that little Kate Dalton was once an actress in a variety theatre. That was another lie, for I have known Kate Dalton all her life. But in the eyes of the world poverty and crime are boon companions. One falsehood was born of ambition, and the other of malice, and they were equally useless and stupid. If we could only live in the Palace of Truth, and stop trying to humbug our neighbors, we should be so much happier."

Miss Brace had been expounding some of her pet theories to the little circle of friends who had met this evening at the Major's, and this remarkably brilliant speech was the tag end of one of the "expoundments."

When she finished her sermon she was much disgusted to find that instead of making converts of these easy-going worldlings, she had only bored them. Bob was asleep on the lounge, the Major paced restlessly up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him, and the ladies had their heads together over an embroidered chair-cover. As I have said before, Miss Brace was disgusted. She shrugged her shoulders and settled herself back in her chair as who should say, "How stupid they are!"

"My dear girl," said Froude, compassionately, "you're wasting your logic. It's very pretty; but they don't hear it, and they wouldn't heed it if they listened ever so long. You can't overturn the dicta of society any more than you can make a new world. We shall all tell white lies, and cheat each other, and be smiling villains to the end, I suppose."

"She doesn't object to man's dishonesty so much," said Bob lazily, roused by Froude's gruff voice; "it's woman, lovely woman. The truth is, Polly, you're a fanatic on the subject of feminine vices."

"It doesn't look well for a woman to have so little faith in her own sex," quoth the Major, pausing in his march. "The ladies are all agreeable, of course; we accept that as a self-evident proposition; and if you would use a little of the policy you condemn it would be better for you, eh?" raising his eyebrows interrogatively, to take the sting out of his words.

"Oh, she's getting too cynical for anything," chimed in the Major's wife. "You'll ruin all your prospects in life, Polly, if you keep on this way. Of course we can't all be as clever as you are," with mock humility, "but we give and take more pleasure. Now Miss Blanchard is really a very nice girl."

"A charming girl!" echoed Bob; "dances divinely, sings like a nightingale, is always good-tempered."

Miss Brace gulped down her rising indignation. She knew that the charming girl was a hypocritical, selfish little flirt, but as Froude had said, what was the use?

In truth Miss Polly was not fitted for a modern regenerator. She might have done nobly in the old Puritan days of zeal and intolerance, but in the nineteenth century she was out of place. At present she had tact enough to change the subject.

"Silenced, but not convinced," murmured Froude, as he bade her good-night a few moments later, and held her hand a little longer than was absolutely necessary.

"You understand, at any rate," she said, impetuously.

"Of course I do," with a tender intonation very soothing to her irritated feelings.

Froude had that manner with all women. It said so plainly "I sympathize with you, I know all your trials—trust me." It was better than a volume of compliments. In short, it made Froude rather dangerous; just now it served as a valve for Polly's lacerated self-love, and sent her to bed with a pathetic little smile on her lips. Pathetic to us, who knew that Froude wasn't a "marrying man" (to use a phrase which, to my thinking, brings matrimony and merchandise too near together). However, I don't know that Polly was falling, or even stepping ever so guardedly, in love. More likely Vanity was only masquerading in Love's dress. She does that sometimes.

Usually Miss Brace slept soundly, not because she had a clean conscience but because her digestion was good. To-night, however, either Froude or the chicken salad, or her lecture had disagreed with her, and she turned and tossed wearily until it became insupportable. So she arranged the drop-light above her head, got a prosy book, and settled herself to read. It was all in vain; Froude's face danced up and down the page, and her mind wandered off to the evening's conversation. Suddenly the book dropped from her hands, and she saw in its place a tiny figure perched daintily upon the foot-piece of the bed.

Of course it was the traditional fairy god-mother, but instead of being attired in the traditional fashion, with peaked cap and scarlet stocking, she wore a plain, straight, gray gown, finished with a white frill at the throat, her hair was banded closely to the queer little head, and almost concealed by—O shade of Parisian *modistes*!—a white sun-bonnet.

Polly gazed at her with silent awe and admiration.

"If I could only dress like that," she said at last.

"Well, why not?" and the fairy godmother smiled cynically.

"There's nothing to hinder you. Try it."

She pointed a tiny forefinger at Polly, and forthwith that damsel found herself arrayed in exact imitation of the severe simplicity before her.

"Now," said her mentor, "you have an opportunity of putting your theories into practice. You are always shouting at women for their extravagance, and longing for a millennium which shall strip them of the 'dear deceit of beauty.' You're always preaching against shams; suppose you practice a little. How do you like yourself as an emblem of truth?" she asked, as Miss Brace stepped in front of the long mirror.

Polly looked rather discomfited. Her thin hair (or very own) drawn back into a vicious little pug certainly

was not becoming, and the straight, short dress, made her tall, slim figure look like a bean-pole.

"It doesn't look the same on me," she faltered. "If every one else would dress in the same I should not mind it, but people will stare so."

"Of course they will, and laugh, too, probably. I see you're not in earnest. These ardent reformers always recant at the last moment," and the morsel laughed wickedly.

"I'm not going to do anything of the sort," said Polly, irritated into defiance. "Only tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"That's good," said the fairy. "Here, take this," producing from a mysterious receptacle a slender, fantastic, ebony wand, inlaid with innumerable quaint characters in gold, and bearing for its handle a wicked little face with diamond eyes.

Miss Brace gave an ecstatic cry. "How pretty!" she said, and took it eagerly. A sharp shock passed through her as she touched it, but she only held it closer, and the tingling pain soon passed away.

Madame Godmother nodded approvingly. "You'll do," she said. "You want to live in the Palace of Truth? Very well. Just touch your friends or enemies with that, and, trust me, the masks will fall off quickly enough. I wouldn't advise you to put to the test any one that you love much. It's very risky;" and she shrugged her shoulders with an air of skepticism beautiful to behold.

"But if I should lose it?" gasped Polly, bewildered by a sudden accession of power, as many another has been before her.

"That's your lookout, of course," said madame, taking out something that looked like a tiny cigarette. "A match if you please, my dear. Thank you. I hope you'll be happy," and with a mocking little laugh she puffed a cloud of smoke in Miss Brace's bewildered eyes and vanished. But the smoke spread and thickened until Polly was surrounded by a blue mist, and as it slowly cleared away she found herself in an immense hall in the midst of a gayly dressed throng.

They were all our best people—so many familiar faces that Polly felt at home at once. It was Vanity Fair in full blast—the idle, careless crowd, the foolish, purposeless talk she knew so well; the vapid compliments and insincere badinage she hated so bitterly, were all there. But contrary to all expectations nobody noticed her, or if they did it was with a vacant stare which took her in as it would one of the decorations of the room, putting her outside the pale of animate objects, as it were. And Miss Brace, oddly enough, found this harder to bear than curiosity or contempt—so strongly does our vanity assert itself when we would put aside our individuality and curve our defiant I into an insignificant naught.

Polly remembered how Froude had said once of a mutual acquaintance, "I like her very well—that is," after a moment's thought, "I don't dislike her." It brought a pang to Polly. How very probable it was that he liked her in the same way—tossing her into the list of his friends as one tosses a paper into the waste basket.

She stood watching the crowd silently for a while, her magic wand forgotten in her hand. Unconsciously she has pushed her white sunbonnet back from her face to get a better view before her, thus making herself more liable to recognition. Pretty soon Froude passed her with a bonanza belle hanging on his arm—a pretty creature, gay and glad in her youth and fortune. Polly, with an envious pang, grasped her wand a trifle more closely, and as she felt its responsive thrill determined to try its power then and there. Instantly she stepped forward and touched Froude on the arm. He stopped as if he had been shot, and turned on her with a frown.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" said Polly, desperately, trying to think of some test question.

"No, I should think not. What a guy you've made of yourself! You had better go home as soon as possible. I'm ashamed to be seen speaking to you."

"Who is this young lady?" persisted Polly, trying to keep cool, but feeling very queer.

"Oh, it's a little fool I'm going to marry for her money," said Froude, with a kind of swagger in his tone. Just then Polly caught the horrified expression on the young lady's face, and included her in the magic circle by a tap of her ebony toy.

"Do you love this gentleman?" she said, abruptly.

"Love him?" and the stock-gilded nose "tip-tilted" directly. "That stupid old fog? I like to have him flatter me, and he's one more to put on my list of admirers, but he's an awful old bore. Of course I wouldn't marry such a creature!"

Then there were two angry faces, and Miss Brace laughed and left them. Turning a corner suddenly, she came upon a group of her friends just in time to hear the Major's wife say, in ecstatic staccato:

"I'm so glad to see you, Mrs. Banks! When did you get back? We've missed you so much. And you're going to be neighbors of ours, I hear, and eclipse us all with your loads of lovely foreign things. How I long to see them." But Polly's wand happening to touch her elbow just then, she added: "You're a miserable old piece of shoddy, and I hate the very sight of you. I envy you your money and your fine things, but I'd rather take a dose of medicine than call on you. I wouldn't do it if my husband did not have some dull axes for Mr. Banks to grind."

Polly stood aghast at the ruin she had wrought, and would fain have gone away unnoticed, but she was jostled against half a dozen of the group, and the witch-stick seemed possessed, for it resisted all efforts to hide it away and stuck out in half a dozen different directions at once, striking somebody at every turn. Poor Miss Brace turned dizzy at the babel of voices which followed. This was not at all what she had intended or wished. The Major's wife followed her quickly:

"How dare you disgrace us so?" she said, angrily; "you are ugly enough at best, but in that garb you are positively hideous. Try to get away before any one else sees you. You are always doing something disagreeable."

Polly thought of the compliments this lady had always showered upon her. Why, it was only yesterday she had praised her poor friend's beauty and exquisite taste. The Major's wife was celebrated for her amiability and delightful manners. Polly turned away without a word. How could she ever disentangle this dreadful snarl? She began to be a little frightened. The wicked little face at the end of her

wand leered at her horribly and winked—yes, absolutely winked—its diamond eyes.

"I wish I could get away from here," sighed Polly; and, catching sight of Bob, who had always been so jolly and brotherly, she ran after him: "Oh, Bob, tell me how to get away from this dreadful place," she panted, clinging to his arm. But Bob shook her off impatiently. He had a pretty widow on the other side, to whom he was busily talking.

"Don't bother," he said, carelessly.

"But I don't know where to go," moaned Polly.

"I don't care if you go to the devil," replied this genial young man—not angrily, but as if that were a matter of course.

Miss Brace sat down on the nearest ottoman and sobbed aloud. She felt horribly. She had been riddled by shots of truth till she was like a dismantled target. She had given up her scheme of reformation and only wanted to get away. Half a dozen gentlemen came up and stood just before her, talking eagerly—all noted millionaires (on paper), sleek, well fed men with husky, apologetic voices.

"If it's properly developed," one was saying, "it will be the richest mine in America; yes, sir, the richest mine in America. Magnificent ore; only needs development. I know you want to take a hand in this deal, Vesey," turning to some one near.

"Of course I do, if you are dealer," said Vesey, good-naturedly. "Tell us something more about it," and the group hung breathlessly on the silver-king's words. He cleared his throat and began pompously: "Well, as I told you"—when Polly laid her wand on his arm softly, so softly that he did not feel it, and went on unconsciously, but with a totally different manner and tone—"it's a bilk, the biggest humbug of all the humbugs. No ore there—nothing but a shaft. Lord bless you, we don't care whether there was ever a mine or not if we can play our little game. It's a pitfall for stockholders. They put their money in and we take it out," and he glanced complacently round at the blank faces of his audience. They all looked shocked, not because they were shocked, but because it had become second nature to fresco their wholesale manipulations of the market with rose-colored lies.

"Oh, come," said Vesey, "you're joking."

Polly put her hands to her head and held it tight to keep it from flying apart. How had she ever thought she could ever regenerate this Paradise of story-tellers, when they were so unaccustomed to the truth that they did not recognize it when they saw it. The obese stock man went on talking:

"I'm in a pretty tight place now, myself, but I can pull through if I get my schemes carried out. Somebody has got to be beggared, and—"

But Polly did not wait to hear any more. She had caught sight of the fairy godmother in the crowd, and hurried away to give up the wand which had become hateful in her sight. When she reached the place the figure was gone, but Polly thought she saw the white sunbonnet just ahead, and on she flew, jostling ladies and gentlemen recklessly in her flight. Through one gorgeous labyrinth after another she ran, until, all breathless, she fell into the Major's arms and lay there unable to speak or explain. When she raised her head she saw the ebony rod resting against his coat. She snatched it away fiercely.

"Now, you will be like all the rest," she exclaimed, drawing away from him.

"Like all the rest, child? What do you mean? Come with me and tell me all about it. The whole truth, you know."

"I hate the truth," said Polly, emphatically. "I'm a great goose. I thought it would be so nice to have every one truthful, but I must have been mistaken. Now, this dress—"

"Well," interrupted the Major, "I don't think I'd like to introduce you to my friends done up in that fashion, but I like you just as well, and you're really a very clever girl, only a little self-willed, but we've all worse faults than yours."

Polly could not believe her ears. Was this the Major who was always snubbing and scolding her? Had the magic wand lost its power?

"You're very good," she faltered humbly; "won't you please take me home?"

The Major looked at the queer figure before him, hesitated a moment, and then, drawing her hand through his arm, quietly led the way back again through the gay crowd Polly had just left. As they were going out at the fine entrance gate somebody pulled her dress, and looking down she saw the author of all her misfortunes.

"I hope you've had a nice time," she chuckled. "I'd like my pretty toy, if you please."

Polly frowned at her angrily. "You're a wicked old woman," she said, leaning down to give the mite the full benefit of her indignation.

"You're a great fool," retorted the old lady, "and ungrateful besides. I only gave you what you asked for."

"The world's better just as it is," said Miss Brace, with the knowing air of a great discoverer.

"Of course it is. I could have told you that in the first place," and the small woman shrugged her tiny shoulders. "As it is, you've made mischief enough. You growled at Miss Blanchard's fibs, but they won her a husband, without whom the family would have gone to the dogs. When you made the Major's wife say those delightful things to Mrs. Banks you ruined the happiness of two young people, for everybody knows that young Banks and the Major's daughter are hopelessly in love, and they depended on mamma's winning ways to soften the heart of Banks' *père* and reconcile him to the lack of fortune. Now the whole thing is ruined. I hope you feel satisfied. I don't approve of deceit myself," the little creature added, with a sanctimonious air, "but we'll never be able to find the happy medium in that any more than other things. But I've opened your eyes, now I'll shut them again," and she gave Polly a rousing thwack with her stick just across her nose, whereat the latter groaned and awoke with a start to find the sunshine streaming into her face, and her three small nephews beating a devil's tattoo on her door. When she put her hand to her forehead she found a big lump there, so these adventures must all be true, or at least they were as near the truth as Miss Brace ever came again. But she never married Froude.

Q. T. BELMONT, June, 1879.

The woman who picks up information "stoops to conquer" ignorance.

MORE FROM THE IRISHMAN:

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—Your kindness in publishing my last letter gives me courage once more to say a word to your countrymen about their relations with mine. I am not doing this for the purpose of seeing myself in print. I am honest. Like the present incumbent of the Presidency, I am not great, but I am honest. I dislike to see my countrymen misbehave themselves when away from home. I would like to see these children of a much-abused mother act decently before the "quality." I would like to see Irishmen eschew politics as a trade, and devote their energies to occupations that would reflect credit on themselves and the land that gave them birth. I would like Americans to have a better opinion of us. I would like Denis Kearney to be licked. In fact, I wish the millennium had arrived. You Americans are spoiling my countrymen. Your new fangled doctrines of liberty, equality, etc., are food too strong for their digestion. You know we were raised on sirabout, and roast beef three times a day is too much for us. Heaven forbid that I should advocate any measures that would tend to make civilization retrograde; but, to my thinking, the whole fabric of your Government seems built on the assumption that all men are good. You keep no standing army of any consequence, which I take as a tacit declaration that all your citizens are peaceable, and need not the presence of Gatling and Krupp to remind them of the strong arm of the law. You give all the franchise—unrestricted, unqualified. You educate all. In fact, theoretically, your form of government is all that the wildest advocate of the "Rights of Man" could wish for; but practically—well, I know what Lord Beaconsfield thinks. I am going to venture an opinion—something startling; something that great men think, but won't dare say. Obscurity, though an inglorious, is a secure cloak. The whole civilized world is at present agitated with great social upheavings. Angry men meet in secret and plot. Treason is in every land. Kings tremble for their safety, and statesmen stand appalled at the fearful storm that they know must inevitably break over them. And what is the dread agency that conjures this storm? What the necromancy that, like the witches in Macbeth, brews this horrid cauldron? I will tell you—I, Cornelius Cregan, gentlemen: It is education to the masses. Yes, my advanced American friends, it is education to the masses. The people have learned that they have rights. The millions of serfs that the Czar of Russia freed in 1863 (I owe you one, ARGONAUT; I said I was honest) have learned to read. They are now Nihilists, and make a target of their Emperor. The English workingman, that a few years ago was ignorant, smoked his pipe and drank his beer in peace, and was loyal to his Sovereign. What cared he whether Liberal or Tory occupied the wool-sack? He has since learned to read. He reads Lloyd's newspaper, and calls the queen a "royal beggar;" he attends labor protection meetings, and plots treason against the throne that his fathers died to save. Education is a strange alchemist. It elevates us until we almost touch the throne of the Deity, and yet it transmutes loyalty into treason. You will probably say: "Well, my Christian friend, what is the remedy for all this?" "There's the rub"—the murder's out—I leave the remedy for wiser heads to suggest. My Bobemian brains are already addled with the complexity of the problem. But my countrymen? Ah, yes! You Americans are spoiling us. You give us too many rights. We celebrate your national holidays; we attend primaries—I think that is what you call 'em (I hate politics, and am always getting Blaine and Conkling mixed); we nominate all your civil officers, and afterward elect them; we saved your country in the late unpleasantness. Of course, you paid us for it, but nevertheless we saved it. In fact, we are going to sit down on you Americans, if you don't get up and sit down on us. Take away some of our rights. Don't let us drag our blood-stained traditions through your streets every 17th of March. I celebrate St. Patrick's Day myself, but then I am not a citizen. I celebrate it at home; I eat turkey and drink wine. Irish wit is never so sparkling to me as when enthused by Veuve Clicquot; her traditions never so beautiful as when seen through the purple glasses of Chateau Lafitte. Don't let us vote for ten years; I think twenty-one is too long. It would make veritable Spartans of you, and reduce us to a species of helotism. Don't permit us to run all your political engines; don't let us, by our physical energies, run your whole country and disgrace ourselves in the effort. You Americans are lazy; proverbially so. It takes energy and tact to govern Irishmen. The English have never succeeded in pleasing us. The Tories hung and transported us; they hunted our priests, fired our cabins, and desolated our land. We hated them for their cruelty. The Liberals gave us what they called healing measures; they liberated Fenians, defined tenant rights, abolished the Established Church, gave us a land act, and yet we despised them. We thought them weak, their concessions but evidences of fear, their counsels imbecile. We sighed again for the stout old Tory with his hangman and pitch cap. You Americans are a great people, an advanced people, but you are lazy—devilish lazy. CON CREGAN.

SACRAMENTO, June 10, 1879.

A gloomy picture of domestic and social life in Russia is drawn by the Moscow *Gazette*. "Our children," it says, "are trained in the spirit of the West. They chatter in French, German and English, but the *paternoster* is unknown to them. Family life, what is its condition? A young wife thinks it her duty to possess, besides her husband, a 'friend of her heart;' she does not desire nor respect her husband, and her family she regards as a burden. Children only wait until they pass into the higher class at school to regard their parents as worn out, and to treat them with derision. A young girl of sixteen or seventeen seeks for employment in the world, and is over head and ears immersed in science and philosophy. Subjects that one would avoid even mentioning in the presence of a young woman are analyzed, discussed, and commented upon by her in a manner that few specialists are accustomed to do. The object of her existence, as designed by the Creator, is strange and unfamiliar to her. She seeks only for equality with man, without, however, inquiring or being able to indicate wherein these rights consist."

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

INTAGLIOS.

The World.—An Analogy.

On the shore
The sea is breaking,
With the same impetuous passion,
Human, yet inhuman,
Cruel, crafty, overwhelming,
As in ages past.

And the tide
Along the beaches
Treacherously creeping, crawling,
Grasps in greedy clutches
Shells and stones, and shipwreck fragments;
Grasps, and then disdains.

Through the creeks
The tide comes rushing;
All the ocean is behind it,
Pushing and compelling;
Then withdraws, and leaves the marshes
Foul and desolate.

So the world—
The world of men and women—
Drives the weak, and low, and helpless
Into desperate action;
Drives them, helps them not, but leaves them
Ruined on the shore. N. H. DOLE.

Life.

Is life thinking, is life loving,
What remembers, what conceives,
Now but sorrow, now rejoicing,
Ever seeking what deceives?
Or is it breathing, is it feeling,
Every sense a pleased delight,
Or an aching void still craving
Ease from pain, for day the night?
No, not one, but all compounded
Constitute the perfect whole;
Body, mind, and conscience blended
Make of man the living soul.
So creation, stars that glimmer,
Every orb with life that seems,
Boundless space and laws controlling
All that substance has or seems;
Spirit world, whence wisdom, knowledge,
Love untiring guide and bless;
One sole aim for all created—
Happiness in righteousness.
Such, if not the great creator,
Whom no mortal thought may scan
Is the shadow of that brightness
Imaged in the soul of man.—*Boston Transcript*.

Rest.

My feet are wearied, and my hands are tired—
My soul oppressed:
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry, a weak and human cry,
So heart-oppressed;
And so I sigh, a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound around the desert years,
And cares infest
My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Twas always so, when still a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er,
For down the West
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest. FATHER RYAN.

Fate.

There were lamps and the odor of blossoms,
The whirl of the waltz, and the beat
Of instruments tuned to feet dancing;
There were vows and responses sweet;
And into the chaos of color

My heart went seeking a face
That floated amid the gay dancers
Like a rose blown free in its grace.

A glimpse of gold tresses uncoiling,
A glimpse of stars that were eyes;
A sigh from a rose mouth soft parted,
A smile sweet with mute melodies;
And my heart wild whirled with the waltzers,
And misty the lamps faded, and far
The music receded, like straining
Of wave o'er an ocean's gray bar.

"You are sad," laughed a voice. "Come, be merry.

Gay life is fleeting at best;
If you carry a heart in your bosom,
Get rid of it, friend, with a zest."
But ever the music moaned by me,
And ever the face floated fair,
And ever I knew that a siren
Had lured me to follow for e'er.

The lamps went out with the morning,
The warm odors drifted away;
The music was hushed, and the dancers
In dreams of its melody lay;
But e'er, like a beautiful phantom,
The face, in my path, moved in flight,
And ever I follow its circling
From dawn till the dusk of the night.

And subtly it 'scapes from my grasping,
Like a dream a soul woos to stay;
And ever I feel, in mad clasping,
A shadow thin, bloodless, and gray;
Till I cry, in despair: O face fairest,
Grown out, like a rose, from a glance,
Let me hold thee but once to my bosom,
And death may whirl wild in his dance! MARIE LE BARON.

DISTINGUISHED AND EXTINGUISHED.

She was an American and the wife of a clerk at Washington, from whom she separated without being divorced. Paris appeared to her a meet field for her energies and talents, and to Paris she came. She was small, sparkling, and an amusing chatterbox. Her manners were eccentric, and her transitions from mad gayety to tearful sentiment rapid and bewildering. She gave, in a *maison meublée* where she had rooms, card parties, at which she managed to win a deal of money. A chamberlain of the Empress attended them. This attractive niece of Uncle Sam, who was unique in her *genre*, fascinated the courtier, and she tormented him to obtain for her invitations to the Monday evening parties at the Tuileries and to Compiègne. Having ascertained that the police had been taking notes about her, he was embarrassed. But, in revolving in his mind how to please her without getting into a scrape himself, he asked if she thought she could wear gracefully the mask of devotion. The clever little woman jumped at the idea, and it started a train of projects in her fertile brain, one more brilliant than the other. Ere the courtier had taken leave it was agreed that this chamberlain was to attend the Advent sermons of the Abbé Baüer, at that time the *coqueluche* of Bonapartist ladyhood, to affect contrition, to demand a private interview, and to crave admission into the Church. The part traced out was admirably acted. Mere recantation did not suffice for the zeal of the fair catechumen. She insisted on being baptized, which enabled her to appear at the font of St. Thomas Aquinas in a white christening robe, in which she looked really angelic, and with, for sponsors, a lady of the De Merode family and a Princess connected with the house of Savoy. Eventually the "smart" woman was found out. She was for upward of six years a fountain through which official honors flowed. The curious thing was that she could hardly speak French, and that, with her imperfect knowledge of this tongue, she conducted to a successful issue divers political intrigues in which she was engaged by financial companies.

Nell Gwynne was a neglected waif, and as a child was sent to hawk oranges in the pit of Drury Lane, where her pretty ways and bright sayings always attracted a crowd. Her personal popularity among *habitués* of the play-house won the attention of the manager, and as a natural transition, by his aid, she passed from in front of the footlights to behind them. The old diarist Pepys has left clearer indications of her style of acting than any one else, and his testimony, as well as all criticism of her which I have been able to glean, points conclusively to the supposition that Nell Gwynne was an actress much of the Lotta type—a gay, lively little creature, full of dash and spirit in comic parts, but who failed altogether in sentiment, and in heroic tragedy was most abominable. Pepys notes that he "was most infinitely displeased with her * * * in a great and serious part, which she does most basely." Dryden took her measure well, probably, when he wrote the following lines for her to speak after the burlesque "business" of having stabbed herself and then come to life again:

"I am come, gentlemen, strange news to tell ye:
I am the ghost of poor departed Nell;
Sweet ladies, be not frightened; I'll be civil;
I'm what I was—a little harmless devil;
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling in a tragedy."

But in farcical characters she must have been bewitching. Pepys writes, when speaking of Dryden's play called *The Maiden Queen*: "There is a comical part done by Nell, which is 'Florimel,' that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and the Duke of York were at the play. But so great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes like a young gallant, and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her. * * * I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Talent so decided and personal attraction so marked would win the admiration of any audience, ancient or modern, and Nell was always devising some new grotesqueness in costume to add to the fun. In one of her parts she came on the stage unexpectedly, wearing a hat as large round as a cart wheel, and which almost entirely hid her. This was done as a "take-off" on some pastoral play which was being performed at the rival theatre, exactly as in our theatres today Lotta burlesques Modjeska. Fatal or fortunate, as one looks at it from the moral or the worldly point of view, was Nell's famous hat assumption. Her success that night with her enraptured audience exceeded any she had hitherto achieved, yet this was her last appearance upon the stage. When the curtain fell the King went behind the scenes and asked for Nell. Her stage thereafter was at Windsor castle, her auditors the court.

London to-day is dotted with monuments in the shape of hospitals, relief rooms and other places of succor for the poor, which were founded by the munificence of Nell Gwynne. Naturally the poor people were fond of her, and from all the scorn and rage which were lavished on the licentious court of Charles the Second little Nell was ever exempt.

Herr Max Waldstein, of the Statistical Department at Vienna, says that the number of people in Europe who are upward of 90 years old is 102,831, of whom 60,303 are women. Of those who are over 100 years of age, there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 183 men in Austria, and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. There are in Austria 1,508,359 persons over 60 years of age, comprising 7.5 per cent. of the whole population. It is found that the percentage of old people is much higher among the Germans than among the Slavs. In the German provinces of Upper Austria and Salzburg it is 11.5; while in Galicia it is only 4. According to Herr Waldstein, there are in Austria 100 women and 86 men who are 100 years old, 41 women and 37 men who are 101, and 88 women and 60 men who are upward of 101 years of age.

The fellow who surreptitiously dropped a bottle of bees into the grab-bag at a church fair, and wiggled the cork out just before withdrawing his own hand, got his just deserts.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1879.

What has become of that traditional old fossil who has always been a Democrat?—"who has always voted the Democratic ticket, sir; whose father was a Democrat; who was born a Democrat, expects to die a Democrat, and who never voted for anybody but a Democrat"—around whose venerable old musty head hangs the halo of genuine Democracy, whose guide in politics was Thomas Jefferson, and whose political catechism has been the Kentucky resolutions? That old Bourbon who never learned anything new, and never forgot anything old, what has become of him in these degenerate days? We miss him from the busy haunts of politics. The old white hat, with its band of black crape, that seemed to be in mourning for General Jackson; that old crooked-headed hickory cane that hangs so mournfully over an arm attenuated from long holding forth an empty palm for official crumbs. We miss the "once a Democrat always a Democrat," the Democrat "who never scratched a ticket," the "straight out" Democrat, the "regular" Democrat, the "unterrified" Democrat, the "dyed in the wool" Democrat. We miss the Democratic yell at the polls. "Here is your regular Democratic ticket," no longer falls upon our startled ear with its brazen voice; the rich brogue of the Emerald patriot no longer proclaims the "rigular Dimycratic ticket." The great, black, sinewy arm of labor with iron grip no longer stares at us from Democratic tickets as the vignette of Democratic regularity. The last of the "old war horses" have gone trembling down to their narrow houses. Here and there may be seen the shivering anatomy of an old ring-boned and spavined party skeleton, who scents the battle from afar off, and whose plaintive whinny may be heard answering back its recognition of the clash of arms in some distant field of strife. Where is the California Democracy? It seems to have altogether disappeared. It is skulking or hiding. Its leaders are paralyzed, its rank and file are frightened. General Longstreet told us an incident that occurred to him at the firing of the mine at Petersburg. His regiment was in the immediate vicinity of the mine. He heard the "runder of the explosion, felt the lifting earth, saw the black smoke drifting in thick columns over his head, and as it lifted he saw no regiment, not a man visible. He knew they had not been killed. In a moment he realized the situation. Calmly leading his horse to a prominent position that overlooked the field, he calmly ungirthed his saddle, and slowly readjusted it. Soon he saw his regiment forming around him. Man by man they came from their hiding-places and planted themselves in battle line. They saw that General Longstreet was not frightened, and soon soldier after soldier came forth, and there grew up around him full companies, and finally his division stood in battle order, all calm, all serene, all subject to his command. The California Democracy have, we admit, been subjected to a terrible shock. Their constitutional petard has hoisted them. There is treason in their ranks; there is cowardice, confusion, fright. The foreign contingent from Ireland and Germany has weakened; the place-hunters have skeddaddled; but nobody is killed. All the party needs is courage, resolution, and some brave, level-headed leader who will come forward till the old army shall rally around him. As Petersburg was only a small position in a long battle line, so California is only a small space over which the conflict is now surging. The Democracy have every encouragement. Victory is within their grasp. A solid South gives them a masked battery of invincible States. The Senate is theirs; Congress is theirs. The Presidential position is the only place that has not yielded, and that is within their possible chance. New York may be set down as doubtful. Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, Oregon, and California are even battle grounds. This is only a skirmish fight for next year's Presidential election. Shame on the cowardly Democrats, not one of whom dare come forward at this time. If the Democracy had a leader, one blast upon his bugle horn were worth ten thousand men. This is only a fright. So we say to the demoralized, cowardly, run-away Democrats, come back and reorganize. Call your primaries,

call your State convention, put out your straight, old, regular, dyed in the wool, unterrified Democratic ticket. Give Terry, Howard, the *Chronicle*, Kearney, the sand-lot, and the devil, a challenge for a fight. Let the two old enemies maintain their organizations, and the New Constitutional party, with its "Honorable Bilks," and the Kearney party, with its dishonorable blackguards, will be squeezed to death between the two great battle lines. It is a pitiful sight to see a national party, like that of the California Democracy, having the State Government, having the chance of a Presidential success, falling down before the brandished shillalah of this empty-headed, brazen-tongued, Irish drayman, or being driven from its propriety by the eloquent blather of two old rebels like Terry and Howard and the noisy clamor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. It makes us almost wish we were a Democrat, so that we could rally this frightened band. We could make a splendid minority, at least; and if there is any position in politics more desirable than another, it is to champion a right principle at the head of a minority. It is our advice to the Democracy to reorganize, call the roll, and let the traitors step out. Sound the "whoop-up along the whole line." Make the fight. Better be vanquished by the Republicans than be successful with bilks and blackguards. Better an honest minority, and honorable defeat, than victory in alliance with the rabble horde of "chivs" and Irish. And then in event of a next year's Presidential election, there will be a nice little select band of "up and up" Democrats among whom to divide the spoils and loot of a Federal victory. A Custom House, and Mint, and Navy Yard, and all the other eleemosynary institutions for impecunious Democrats, will be open to the small band of unterrified who took the forlorn hope and dared to die.

The evidence furnished by the formation of the New Constitution party in the Tenth Ward and elsewhere tends to show that it is a chivalry movement. There are two kinds of Southern men—gentlemen and "chivs." The gentlemen—well, gentlemen are the same in all parts of the world; the same in the South, or in the North; the same in politics as in the other relations of life; the fact is, "gentlemen are gentlemen." But "chivs!" That's another thing. A "chiv" is a poor, proud white; has a false dignity, and an exaggerated deportment. His education is superficial, his clothes are over-brushed, his hat is over-ironed, he wears a crooked-headed hickory cane which he hangs upon his arm. This habit is acquired in taking drinks—it gives freedom to pour and lift. He is always well born, of good family, and is always either descended from, or related to, a governor or a senator or a member of Congress. His family is one of the "first"—usually first—of Virginia or South Carolina, but the area of genteel birth has extended of late years to embrace Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, and parts of other gulf States. The "chiv's" family was once rich, or, what is a better form of expression, "wealthy, sir." The "chiv" uses the word "sir" with frequency and emphasis. When very emphatic he says "By G—d, sir." The family is of course poor. Formerly the fortune was lost in the United States Bank; latterly impoverishment has been brought about by the war. "The damned Yankees stole our niggers, sir," remarked a "chiv" to us the other day. The pretension of the "chiv" puts himself among the blue blooded by birth and family. The fact usually is that he was a "poor white," of "no account," obscure origin, and never owned a "nigger" in his life, and, if slaves had been sixpence a dozen, would have sold the last one upon the auction block for a drink. The probability is that he descended from a Yankee school-master or tin peddler who drifted southward, became nigger driver, plantation overseer, or something of the kind. The "chiv" pays his gambling debts as "debts of honor." He cheats his boarding house, his tailor, his washerwoman. He borrows money that he never intends to pay. He sponges and begs with the audacity of a tramp. He is a born politician as he is a born mendicant. He is a fraud and a pretense. When the civil war raged he talked loud of "his people," "his country," and he accepted the boast as true that "one Southern gentleman could whip five Yankees," but he never tried it. He did not go to the war, but stayed here and blustered and swelled up with patriotic indignation, and turned red or pale in his face at the recital of Northern aggressions and Southern wrongs—red or pale according to whether he drank brandy or Bourbon. The "chiv" proper never misses a meal nor pays a cent. He never refuses a drink, and he thinks the country is going to the devil because men won't work. He hangs on to the tail of any party that will carry him, or let him ride and tie, or that will help tote his baggage. He is always the first to aid in the formation of a new party. A new pack and a new deal are always acceptable to the gambler when he holds neither ace, face, nor trump, and when luck runs "agin" him. The New Constitution party has proved a godsend to the "chiv." It gives him one last chance before he turns in his chips to the old croupier, whose rake and skeleton hand he sees now reaching out for him. The "chivs" are all old. Their boys are not "chivs." In fact, the last "chiv" is born; the race is running out, thank God! Now, about the Tenth Ward Club, and, here and now, we distinctly disavow any intention to reflect upon the high-toned Southern gentlemen who are

so anxious to bring about a great political reformation under the leadership of the Honorable David S. Terry, and the Honorable Volney E. Howard, and the other "honorable bilks," who have with such honorable condescension, kindly volunteered to amend our laws and purify our Republican party. The Hon. John C. Burch was made temporary chairman; the Hon. H. E. McBride was made temporary secretary. On motion of the Hon. Thomas Talbert—the Hon. H. P. Irving, the Hon. C. W. Bryant, the Hon. Matt Clarken, the Hon. Thomas H. Talbert, and the Hon. A. C. Bradford were appointed a committee on permanent organization. The Hon. Thomas A. Stombs was made permanent President. The Hon. W. B. Norman of Calaveras addressed the meeting. These are not "chivs," but a set of most dignified and most highly respectable old fossils, who are ever on the lookout for some chance at office. They will mistake the trump of the Archangel Gabriel when it toots its final summons to resurrection as a call for them to wake up and take something in the way of political place, and they will march up to the eternal throne, with their crooked-head canes, in confidence that some new Constitution has been ordained for their benefit. If they should be checked by Saint Peter they would think him some infernally insolent Yankee, who "didn't know 'em" and it would be uncomfortable for St. Peter. If they should get in upon the golden pavement they would go for it. If they were asked to chant anthems to the Lamb they would begin by giving cheers for General Jackson, and end up by singing "Away down South, in Dixie." And yet there are some idiot-born northern donkeys who are willing to follow the call of this old rebel resurrection, for at this Tenth Ward meeting, it is recorded by the *Chronicle* that "the Hon. John Lord Love dwelt at length on the policy pursued by the Central Pacific Railroad magnates." If John Lord Love would dwell at length upon his own ears he would never exhaust the subject.

We venture the prophecy that the Kearney party will degenerate into a scrambling piece club before the election. It can not stand the insolence, tyranny, and blackguardism of its alien usurper. It has not two per cent. of Americans in its rank and file. It has lost all the honest native-born American farmers that were in seeming alliance with it when the question of adopting the new Constitution was before the people. Its candidate for Governor is at least but an illiterate Irish farmer. Its other candidates are respectable nobodies, unassailable because unknown. Its judicial ticket has but one able lawyer upon it, and we will not mention his name because he is our friend and we are ashamed of the scabby company he keeps. The New Constitution party is more formidable in numbers and more respectable in its make up. It has a rank and file of earnest, honest men. We are in sympathy with many of the reforms it demands. We opposed the new Constitution; we believed the old one was better. We believe the new one to-day demands more amendments than did the old one. We believe it will cost millions of dollars to interpret it and before we can adjust the machinery of government to it. But it is the law. We submit to it. We accept it. We bow to the majority. We would give it an honest legislative and judicial interpretation. The Democratic party and the Republican party will both stand pledged to do it. Then what the necessity of a party of "Honorable Bilks?" Why should old Democrats think to get a more honest constitutional interpretation from Senator Cole, Samuel Soule, Alexander Campbell, Estee, Lowe, and the other disinterested, played-out patriots of the Republican party? Why should Republican farmers think to be better served by Terry, Howard, Piper, Downey, and the other mixed ingredients of chivalry and Irish s're-heads? Why not trust the Republican party? It is true that the Republican party has been led and officered by a questionable lot, but we are just now cleaning out the Augean stables. The Democracy has run the river of party victory through the Federal stalls at Washington, and we are white-washing the party domicile in California, and disinfecting it from the stink of the ring that has so long roosted in and defiled it. Why now turn out of the old party to follow Terry and Howard and the *Chronicle*?

The course of the *Chronicle* surprises us. There was a time when we knew something of it, when we believed it had a fixed and definite principle. We regarded it, not as an organ of the Republican party, but as something higher and better than a party organ. We thought it a brilliant, fearless, independent newspaper, that had the boldness to assault wrong and the manliness to assert the right. We saw it in opposition to Sargent, Gorham, Carr, and other Republican politicians who were strongly entrenched in Federal power and party influence. We saw it with one bold, audacious blow cut the Republican party in twain and give the administration of Californian affairs into the hands of the Democracy. We watched its course as it combated Sargent, Page, and La Grange, and like Spartans on bended knees, fighting in courts and in the arena of public opinion, we saw it give and take trenchant blows. We admired its courage, its patience, its untiring energy. We saw it emerge from every unequal fight a victor. There was something to admire in the boldness of its assaults upon the entrenched position of

corporate power. Its fight for the new Constitution was a gallant one, and one of fearful odds. It opposed money, power, patronage, and commercial advertising, and it has a right to claim the position of honor in the triumphal march. But the *Chronicle* has lost its head; victory has turned its brain. Caesar, in one of his triumphal entries into Rome, bearing the spoils and leading the captives of vanquished Gaul, had a slave chained to his chariot wheel charged with the duty of saying, "Remember, Caesar, thou art a man." The *Chronicle* thinks to found a party; thinks to overwhelm the Republican organization; having contributed so largely to reforming it, and having stood by it till it was altogether cleansed and purified, it now has the madness and the imbecility to think it can destroy it. The *Chronicle* thinks to fix up and fuse together honorable, patriotic, loyal Republicans with a lot of old Democratic rebel irreconcilables, because, for a moment and for the accomplishment of a single object, which was not a political one and had no party significance, certain honest Republicans and honest Democrats went together. The *Chronicle* is idiotic when it thinks the great, honest, sober rank and file of an intelligent, patriotic Republican party will follow David S. Terry and Volney E. Howard, and vote to give them the political supremacy which they forfeited by their base political conduct. Does the *Chronicle* think that any considerable number of Republicans have forgotten the time when Judge Terry came down from the bench and thrust his gleaming knife into the throat of Hopkins, or that he resigned to kill Broderick, or that he fought to destroy the American Union? Does the *Chronicle* think that any Northern man has forgotten the renegade Northern traitor, Howard, who voted against the admission of California because it was not a slave State? We have never favored the nursing of war memories, and have been the first and most willing to forget political offenses, thus bridging the bloody chasm, but our Christian spirit does not invite us to disband the Republican party in order that David Terry may become Chief Justice, John Downey Governor, and that Volney E. Howard may dishonor the Senate of the United States by his presence. Honest Republicans followed the *Chronicle* into a minority; saw its party dismembered, divided, and beaten rather than allow George Gorham and his associates to dishonor it with their leadership. Defeat with honor was better than triumph with Sargent, Page, and William B. Carr. It would accept defeat again, and will accept it and invite it, if the choice is given between such leadership and a victory that places the bays upon the old Federal frauds that so tarnished and so dishonored the otherwise popular administration of General Grant.

The *Chronicle* over-estimates its power and influence. It all the time forgets the character of those who compose the following of the Republican party. It underrates their intelligence, and it under-estimates their courage. It fails to observe their independence, manliness, and patriotism, and miserably deceives itself when it thinks the crack of the lash of its unknown writers carries any terror to a party that has withstood the shock of civil war, and looked with unflinching gaze upon a rebellion that threatened the dissolution of the American Union and the destruction of free government. The *Chronicle* makes another mistake when it thinks to impose its sounding phrases, and its passionate, denunciatory adjectives, upon intelligent men as argument. It has somehow, of late, fallen into a Chinese mode of warfare—of stinkpots and gongs, loud smells and reverberating brass. It seems impressed with the idea that somehow or other it is charged with the thunderbolts of Olympian Jove, and that it is sitting up aloft, among the gods, to rule the world; that its mission is to reform mankind, or at least that part of it that lives in California; and so we find it assailing with its shameless tirade of abuse everybody and everything that does not fall down and worship it. Except itself, all the press is vile. Country papers are "chickadees." Having been deserted by Kearney, he is the embodiment of everything that is contemptible. His followers are "poodle dogs" and "curs." Quarreling with the Bonanza kings and losing money at stocks, at once the Nevada banking and mining firm is denounced with vituperative vigor, and the *Chronicle* hails great, slanderous expletives on the members of the firm. Breaking with the railroad magnates—whose friend in Goat Island times it was—the journalistic atmosphere is blue with sulphurous invective and personal denunciation. It howls like a hungry wolf, and snaps its gleaming fangs at everything it does. The Republican party, under the leadership of men who are both intelligent and honorable, refuses to follow the *Chronicle* away from its national organization, and to take service under the generalship of a Confederate brigadier, duelist, and Northern secessionist, and the *Chronicle* rains down upon the party and its leaders a tempest of vituperative censure; forgetting all the time that abuse is not argument, and that slander is not persuasion. It forgets, also, that rich men and corporations, railroads and bonanza mines, stock brokers and merchants, those who favor and those who oppose constitutions, Democrats and Republicans, are neither altogether good nor altogether bad; that the Central Pacific Railroad is not an unmixed evil; that men who deal in stocks are not necessarily thieves; and that Republicans or Democrats may be good citizens, even if they

refuse to be driven like dumb cattle under the thong of its abusive and denunciatory adjectives. The *Chronicle* is Sam-Seaboughized, and mistakes slander for argument. It over-estimates its power, and deceives itself as to its political influence. A newspaper has very little influence over the actions of intelligent and thinking men. It has none when it ceases to be honest, dignified, and argumentative. The journalistic proprietor, or newspaper writer, who mistakes epithets for arguments, and thinks to impose upon its readers passionate and angry words instead of well-considered opinions, is simply an unreasoning idiot. The *Chronicle* will not destroy the Republican party, nor induce it to swerve one hair's breadth from the line of its well-defined policy. The Republican organization will—with the exception of a non-partisan judicial ticket—move steadily forward, minding its own business. The Democracy will, if it is not debauched and demoralized by the defection of its alien and Hessian contingent, do the same thing; and let consequences take care of themselves.

The Republican State Convention will embrace the highest political intelligence of the party. The moral virtues will not be so largely represented. There is one peril to be avoided: the party is too strong, too confident of success. The probabilities of an election are so great that there is danger lest bad nominations shall be made. It looks now as though there would be entire harmony and perfect unanimity in the party action, and that the Republicans would go into the contest with all its old animosities forgotten and its old rivalries buried—buried, perhaps, with the hope of resurrection, but at all events buried for this campaign. There is one great fact that the Convention must keep distinctly in view, and that is: that there is no such thing as fealty, or allegiance, or discipline, that will hold the rank and file together against any tricks in Convention or in support of any questionable candidates. It must be remembered that every act of the candidate, his public and political record, his private life and personal habits, will be submitted to the most searching scrutiny of friends and the most unfriendly interpretation of enemies. It must be remembered, also, that the Republican party has no organ. In the city of San Francisco there is no leading daily, and no influential weekly journal, that will recognize any obligation to support a Republican candidate if there is a better man in opposition to him. It must be borne most distinctly in mind, that no person—however clever he may be in the American sense—can be Governor of the commonwealth of California this time who is under the suspicion of being the slave or the partner of the Central Pacific Railroad. No one should receive the nomination who is not honestly in accord with the majority in giving to the new Constitution all the friendly legislation that a fair and reasonable interpretation of the instrument demands. The candidate for Governor should be a gentleman of pronounced legal ability, of unstained honor, and of such a high standard of integrity, and of such habits, that none should question his executive ability or his personal honesty. The candidates for judges should be gentlemen of learning, integrity, and industry, whose past judicial service or whose professional standing gives assurance of fitness for the judicial position. They should each and every one of them be men of studious, temperate habits and legal learning. The railroad commissioners should possess the most eminent business qualifications; men who can not be bought, and men who have enough of character to resist the prejudices of the public; men of judicial impartiality, who will fully and intelligently investigate, and honestly decide, between the corporation and the public. If the ring—any ring—gives us a bad candidate for Governor; if a corporation—any corporation—gives us candidates; if, by any intrigue, or indirection, or conspiracy, or fraudulent manipulation of Convention, the party is imposed upon; if any hidden wires are pulled with any nefarious result—there will be music in the air. But if the Republican State nominating Convention shall be, in the highest and best sense, a deliberative body, and shall result in presenting to the party its representative men as candidates for office, it will have such a support as will surprise itself and surprise the people of California.

The Republican party is gaining ground hourly, both as a national party and in California. General Grant will not be nominated for President, and ought not to be. It was Grantism that came so near killing the organization—that virtue of General Grant's which was a vice; that devotion to friends that spared rascals; that trustfulness that did not suspect because it was so near to him. We hear of no stealing, no defalcations, no rings, no jobs, no dirty work, having the sanction of President Hayes. He is a small man, but perhaps the country needed a small man just at this time. A country, like an individual, has times when tea and lemonade are very acceptable. Tea and lemonade and seltzer water are always acceptable after a night of it with brandy or hot-schotch. There is a fitness in having a Sunday-school teacher succeed a hero. An army must rest after a battle; a man must have repose after a debauch; a fashionable woman must sleep after a swell ball. The Republican party has had a snooze, a nooning, a sort of breathing spell, and it is better for it. The South is being reconciled; the debt is

being paid; the financial question is being adjusted. We are forgetting the war. The wounds are healing. All over the land Democrats are turning Republicans. It is so in California; and just to the extent that the Republican party can be a party of conservatism and repose, just to that extent will it strengthen. Discord, revolution, labor strikes, Molly Maguireism, socialism, nihilism, agrarianism, communism, Kearneyism, solid Southism, are all side issues, and offshoots of the Democratic party. National politics are coming to this complexion, and gentlemen, property, intelligence, patriotism, good morals, are all siding with the Republican party. Corporations, national banks, and rich men are a load to carry at present, but the time is not far distant when they will be brought under subjection of the laws, and then the political millennium will begin.

We are almost sorry that our personal popularity was so great that we were placed upon all the tickets and elected as delegate to the Republican Convention. Our party record is not a good one. In the early days, certainly, we were absurdly loyal. Then, having been tossed in a blanket by Gorham, Sargent, and Mr. Carr, we took the hint and retired. We became a Greeley elector. As between Hayes and Tilden we gave our vote for Hayes only because we thought him entitled to the benefit of the doubt. We are not orthodox for General Grant's third term; we are not as certain of Sherman's personal integrity as we would like to be. We do not think George Evans' political record or personal deportment entitles him to be the Republican candidate for Governor, and we are not altogether certain that if nominated he would not be defeated. His political record is that of a "clever fellow"—"a nice old man," the boys call him, only this is an off year for nice, old, clever fellows with an over friendly disposition to the other fellows who live by ground-slucing their neighbors' pockets. We like George Perkins amazingly, and think him very clever, but we are afraid somebody would find out that he is pooling steamship profits with the Central Pacific Railroad Company, expose the business, and give Perkins away. Some people have such a prejudice against corporations and monopolies that they will not vote for them. Mr. Jewett, of Marysville, is open to several most serious objections. He is a banker, and is rich and respectable. It is true that he is intelligent and honest, and if elected would be both competent and faithful, but he does not chew tobacco and spit on his shirt front, and so he is not presumably strong in the country. Mr. T. Guy Phelps would be available, both from his political antecedents and the size of his boots. In the absence of the second virtue, we may assume that he possesses the higher one of godliness. However, having been allowed the favor of readmission to the Republican party, we shall conduct ourselves modestly, reserving to ourselves the privilege of supporting all the men we vote for, and all who are in our judgment better, abler, more honorable, and more honest than we find on any opposition ticket.

We have an idiotic friend, one of those profoundly wise and impenetrably mysterious politicians who occasionally take us by the button-hole out to the centre of a ten-acre lot, and confidently inform us—on promise of secrecy—that the day is warm, and that it will rain to-morrow. This astute and profound politician advises us to select some new candidate for Governor, some man not named, some dark-horse who has no record; as this friend expresses it: "Some honest farmer, with hay-seed in his hair, who voted for the new Constitution." Now we have great respect for honest farmers; we have great respect for honest men; we do not utterly despise even an honest lawyer or an honest banker; but we are somewhat inclined to think this honest farmer, honest miner, honest mechanic business is overdone, played out, run in the ground. Indeed, we do not see why a farmer should be any more honest, because he is ignorant and does not comb his hair, than if he were intelligent and cleanly in his personal habits. We are unable to appreciate that kind of integrity that seems somehow inseparable from a dirty shirt and badly smelling socks, and we utterly repudiate the advice that suggests to us some profoundly obscure idiot, who has had neither sufficient sense nor opportunity to have arisen from that obscurity, because he is honest. If the Republican party has not strength enough to bear up its gubernatorial candidate because he is a man of intellect and culture; if it is afraid of him simply because he is prominent in position and pronounced in opinions; if it is too cowardly to give the sanction of its endorsement to able and active men, then we say let it go to the devil. We are quite sure that hay-seed, No. 12 boots, and badly smelling flannels will not save it. When we speak of "sweating toil," it is the toil and not the perspiration we respect.

As we understand it, there were two political machines run in San Francisco for Governor—one for Evans and one for Perkins; that the Evans machine ground out the most delegates; that of seventy-five delegates to the Republican Convention from the city, Evans has about, say, forty; Perkins, about twenty-five; and John F. Swift, who had no machine, gets five; and the balance are mysterious persons are unplugged.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Dr. Mary Walker waxes her moustache.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

"Mankind," said a preacher, "includes women; for a man embraces women."

Love is an intoxication. Yes, but a year of matrimony will sober you up.

English ladies' maids lend money to their employers at twenty-five per cent.

Woman's silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

A Boston belle, of Beacon Street, has two French snails for pets. They live in clover and lettuce.

It is the young man who asks for the young lady's hand and receives it that carries off the palm.

A lady always looks the prettiest when she is peeping over the top of her fan, especially if she has a large mouth.

Princess Louise occupies herself with wood inlaying, while many of her humbler sisters have to toil at laying in wood.

"Yes, Agnes, I'm going to have a cream-colored summer silk, provided pa doesn't veto the appropriation ma has passed."

Learning to read, under professors of elocution, is said to be more popular with Paris young ladies than learning to play on the piano.

He said but little, yet as he gazed on the mutilated edge of his best razor he mentally vowed never again to marry a woman with corns.

It is said that widows and widowers never have a honeymoon after a second marriage. They know what it is, and have found it unsatisfactory.

A skipping-rope was placed among the flowers on Kittie Boylan's coffin, in Clyde, Ohio. She had died from jumping it one hundred and twenty times without stopping.

A young ladies' sewing society in Ohio is named "The Silver Thimbles." They are always on hand, and the news they dispense is of the latest and most varied character.

The woman who put her tongue to a flat-iron to see if it was hot now sits calmly and sees her husband pull off his dirty boots on the parlor carpet without a word of dissent.

Florence—"Oh, grandma, isn't it terrible? There's a live dandelion out in the back yard!" Grandma—"Oh, gracious! how careless those circus people are! What shall we do?"

How much more bitter than wormwood and gall it is, when you attempt to kiss—that is, to press your girl's head close to your own, to be jabbed in the ear by the pin that holds her hat on.

"Major," said a lovely widow, "when does a woman stoop to conquer?" "I don't know," answered the major; "but when a man bows assent to one of your propositions, he stoops to concur."

A Wisconsin girl, wishing to prevent her lover going to California, stole all his shirts from the line on which they were hanging out to dry. He couldn't do a better thing than to bring that girl along. She will never let him starve.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "Love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son; I shall reform by and by." "I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father."

Margaret of Italy is fond of poetry, of novels, of government debates and squabbles. She is even interested in archaeology. She reads a little of everything, and when she is about to see literary celebrities is said to "cram" their writings in preparation for the interview.

A poor fellow was engaged to the lady of his choice for fourteen years, and at the end of the time she sued him for breach of promise. He pleaded in defense that his heart was in the right place, but he had not been able to get a day off in which to consummate the contract. He was acquitted upon the strength of this plea and the equally weighty one that he had no money and owed for six weeks' washing.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the post-office corridor yesterday, "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house can speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella. We had to trade it off for a barrel of molasses."

"The true girl has to be sought for," remarks a writer. Of course she does, and any mother will tell you the same thing. Look for her in the parlor, hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano; if she isn't there, she'll be in front of her bureau glass, admiring her hair; should she not be there, maybe she's swinging on the gate with a young man with a tender moustache; if not there, she is promenading the streets and flirting with a drummer. Oh, you'll have to seek for her; and, after you find her, just say that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance.

Baron Huddleson, an eminent English judge, recently took occasion to say from the bench that it was an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie very much better than did a man, and with very much better effect. It was a remarkable circumstance that when a woman made up her mind to say what is untrue she said it in a much better manner than a man. Whether this was due to a man feeling that his dignity was to a certain extent offended by recourse to untruth he did not know; that was a metaphysical question into which he could not enter; but it was certain a woman told a story much more logically, and, if it was untrue, held it to be much more pertinaciously, and with much more the appearance of truth, than a man could. Most righteous judge!

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Procession of the Flowers.

That fragrant harbinger of Spring
The pink Arbutus trailing,
Its errand quick accomplishing,
Had died, sweet sighs exhaling;
The Cowslips and the Violets, too,
Were in their beds thought sleeping,
Though yellow caps and hoods of blue
Were here and there caught peeping—
When, bowing, came young Daffodil,
Arrayed in green and yellow;
Next came his cousin, sweet Jonquil,
A brighter, taller fellow;
Then Lilacs, arm in arm, you'll guess
How fresh and fascinating;
The younger, in her pure white dress,
Narcissus captivating;
Then Honeysuckle, sweet always,
And Woodbine decked in corals,
While Periwinkle, gliding, sways
Her court train green as laurels;
And Peony, with face all red;
Spirea's fair, in guipure laces;
When pert French Pansy turned his head,
And—would you think it?—made such faces.
Then Gossip Bess—you may suppose
Her haste small grace allowing—
She pressed the toes of Guelder Rose
Curled in a ball, in bowing.
The Hyacinths, those sweet Dutch belles,
With Tulips led the German,
When to the Wallflowers (poor ma'amzelles!)
Prim Phlox did preach a sermon.
Sweet Lily Vale wore her green cloak,
Her spray of pearls just showing,
While Ragged Robin's doubtful joke
Set Pyrus' cheeks a-glowing.
The Crown Imperial, Rose Japan,
Prince Feather, looked all orders,
While Daisies and Ambrosia ran,
With Ivy o'er the borders.
Sweet William was so *empress*
"Trim Pink turned pure Carnation,
When Candytuft did sweetly say
"To Mignonette, 'Flirtation!'
Convulvulus in her grip false
Held Sunflower tight as nippers;
And poor young Balsam could not waltz—
He'd come in Lady Shippers.
Here came, with Fleur-de-Lis from France,
The white and saintly Lilies;
Also, Tuberose, that looks askance
On sweet old time Stock Jillies.
Ah! Roses now in every dress,
Red, yellow, white, and blushing—
Though differing each in loveliness,
All fresh and sweet and blushing.
Rich Harrisonia, robed in gold,
In buff the Lady Banksia,
And then dear Daisy's Pink of old,
And fragrant Moss that rooks her;
Small Greville with the pompon red,
Lamarck with grace so savage,
And Rose Lorraine with such a head—
For all the world a Cabbage!
The finer Teas, in *ecru* sheaves,
Near Bourbons finds their places;
'Twould take the Rose of hundred leaves
To chronicle their graces.
The Jessamine, with starry veil,
And Fuchsias came together;
Gardenia, too, so calmly pale,
Breathed sweetly o'er Scotch Heather.
Near Star of Bethlehem appears
The Passion Flower's glory,
As on her glowing breast she bears
Of Jesus' cross the story.
Bignonia climbed upon the wall
And gave great blow of trumpets;
Wistaria blue touched at the call
Clematis sweet as crumpets.
Disheveled strayed Chrysanthemum,
In radiant crowns bright Aster,
While Canterbury Bell swung dumb
As Portulacca passed her.
Chapeau a bras, Larkspur, beside
Gay Columbine, notes taking,
Declared that love to Mourning Bride
Old Marigold was making.
How Sweetbrier caught young French Pea's curls
(And didn't Scotch Rosebush scold her?)
And how his gauntlet Foxglove twirls
'Gainst Coxcomb's Button-holder!
Geraniums near the Roses flock;
Verbenas, too, depend upon it;
And ah! old foggy Hollyhock
Had two bees in his bonnet.
Tall Spanish Aloe broke a lance
With Prickly Pear, for wearing
His spurs, unknighly, in the dance,
Acacia's long hair tearing.
Snapdragon bit his lip, in rage,
And there seemed mischief growing
When Tiger Lily came in late,
His pocket pistols showing.
A drop was in Petunia's eye;
Had ne'er a scent, Syringa;
Nasturtium wore his wig awry,
The cue just tipped a finger.
Sweet Orange Flowers proved too much
For Citronella's fragrant,
While shy Mimosa shrank from touch
Of Quamoclit, the vagrant.
Hibiscus raised his ruby cup,
More rich than any Borgia's,
While Zinnia's sneered at the make up
Of Dahlia's, old though gorgeous.
And to the true Forget-me-not
Devoted Heliotropium,
While some said brilliant Poppy'd got
Suspicious smell of opium.
And brightly, all too swiftly, fled
The summer's bright, glad hours,
When to their duties Flora sped
These fairy, lightsome flowers,
To crown the bride, to deck the nave,
The prison-house to lighten,
To bless the poor, to strew the grave,
The sick to cheer and brighten.
Thus, bent on mission full of love,
Goes forth each tender blossom,
A seed of joy all heaven-wove
To sow in every bosom.

He had his girl at a fire, and had just said: "See the cornice waving, Annie dear," when an inscrutable Providence caused a hose to burst in his vicinity, and he moved away before we could find a brick.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

"Heaven," says a worthy gourmand, whose merit is the greater because he is dyspeptic, "heaven is where we eat, hell is where we digest."

Some one asked the master of a colored servant why the latter always wore an irreproachable white cravat: "So as to know where his head begins," replied the master.

Master Lucien has been taught the fable of "The Wolf and the Lamb," for the edification of his grandmother upon her birthday.

Having recited about half of this interesting apologue, the dear child stops short.

"What is the matter, my love?" asks his mother; "don't you know the rest of it?"

"Oh, yes, ma; but the rest is quite too awful."

"I say," said a bank cashier to a friend, "what do you think that bloated old bondholder, the president of our deposit trap, has had the impudence to do? He has told me to have my books and cash ready for examination to-morrow. Hanged if I haven't a good mind to call him out."

"Oh, never mind; it can't make any earthly difference to you if your books are all right."

"But that is the mischief of it—they ain't."

Sarah Bernhardt is by no means stout, still this does seem to be a little exaggerated:

"An empty carriage drove up to the door, and Sarah Bernhardt dismounted from it."

A remark by the painter Corot, when, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, he saw the first troops marching past his door bound for the Eastern Railway station:

"Poor fellows; how much better it would be for them to go out and sketch."

First Honest Villager—Well, how did Jean Pierre come out? Did they convict him of poaching?

Second Honest Villager—No; there was no evidence against him, and he swore solemnly that he was innocent.

First Honest Villager (with a fearful sneer)—Innocent? Oh, yes, *he's* innocent; just as innocent as I am, the confounded scoundrel.

A servant whose bachelor employer is dead seeks another situation.

"Can I call on your last master?" says the lady to whom he applies, "and obtain your character from him?"

"Not at present, madame—he is dead?"

"Nothing seems to me so ill-bred," says a young man, "as to smoke in the presence of ladies."

"Well," a friend asks, "how do you manage when there are ladies present and you want to smoke?"

"How do I manage? Why, I seem ill-bred."

In a sick-room:

"Ah, my dear friend, you are too kind to come and spend the evening with me, though of course it can be little pleasure to you."

"Oh, nonsense; you mustn't talk like that—mustn't think anything of the sort. Life isn't all pleasure. We can't always expect to do what would be most agreeable for us to do. Some one had to come and see you, you know."

A young gummy (*un jeune gommeux*) has offered himself a large dog of the mountain.

The other day, wishing to give the authority which he exercises upon his dog the gummy obliges him to mount in vehicle; some persons were observing him; he excites himself, and taking his most fat voice:

"Here, Caesar, shall they obey me when I speak?"

Caesar does not budge.

"Eh, well! is it that they hear me?"

And he lifts his cane and menaces to strike the dog.

This one returns himself toward the gummy, pushes a deaf growling, and shows him the teeth terrible.

As soon as that, the gummy, with sweetness:

"Wilt thou mount, my *toutou*; comes, my good dog, comes."

And he makes himself distant in caressing him in the most great deference.

"That Venus," said a critic, severely, "is a pretty poor piece of work."

"It is very easy for you to say so," says a friend of the artist; "still a man has got to have some acquaintance with art before he can sculp a statue like that."

"Oh, bosh, as M. Ruskin says. Sculpture, *per se*, is the simplest thing in the world. All you have to do is to take a big chunk of marble and a hammer and chisel, make up your mind what you are about to create and chip off all the marble you don't want."

Saturday night at the Cirque is *the* night. Everybody that is anybody goes there that night, and no one thinks of going on any other night unless he is nobody.

A young actress sends her man-servant to secure her two seats.

"I want them absolutely," she says, "and if you can't get them at the box office, go to the speculators—you've got to get them."

The faithful servant returns in about an hour, his face radiant with the complacent joy of one who has done a good action.

"You got the seats for the Cirque?"

"Yes, miss; only those ticket speculators are scoundrels. Just fancy, they had the boundless impudence to ask me twenty francs for a ticket!"

"Oh, never mind the cost—you got them?"

"Yes, miss, here they are; but as I thought the price was too steep I took seats for Monday night instead. I got them at the ordinary price, and it is the same play that is to be performed—I made sure of that before buying them."

And this opens the great question—what do people go to the theatre for?

THE SEVEN STAGES.

The field is but a diamond,
And all the men who occupy it mere players;
They have their outs and innings,
And each man in the game plays many parts—
His acts being nine innings. At first the batsman
Nervously eyeing the pitcher's arm,
Then the flying base runner, with spiked shoes,
And flashing eyes, running like fun
To light on first. Then the short stop,
In scramble for the ball, and with woeeful swiftness
Heading the runner off. Then the catcher,
With calloused hands and face in mask,
Jealous of called balls and quick for fouls,
Seeking to win record
Behind the dangerous bat. And then the pitcher,
With sturdy calves and muscle plumed,
With eyes severe upon the striker's bat,
Full of delusive feints and modern curves
And so he plays his part. The sixth change
Shifts to the outer field,
Where, thin and sleek, the player stands,
With hands on knees, watching for a fly.
His stockings shanks, and canvased feet,
Ready to turn again and chase the whizzing ball.
Then on first the player stands with hooped spine,
Crooked elbows and watchful eyes,
Alert at every crook of pitcher's arm,
And ever eager to put the striker out.
The second baseman deals in short flies
And humming grounders.
Affects an athletic's stride along the line,
Guards zealously his place,
And longs for double plays.
The last play of all in this eventful game
Is third man out; and some players
Leave the field with sprained shins,
Sans finger nails, sans teeth,
Sans—victory. —Cleveland Herald.

"Why," asked Ulysses, as he accompanied the swift-footed Achilles on his diurnal family marketing tour, "why do you call your butcher Ixion?"
The son of Peleus looked attentively at the flesher slicing off cutlets, to see that he didn't get in three times as much bone as calf, and then replied:
"Because he's the man at the veal."
The waster of cities sighed heavily, and shaking his head gloomily, said he never did understand politics very well, and so, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.

A poultry speculator in Warren County, Pennsylvania, buys chickens in the country, and writes out a receipt for the farmers to sign. The point of his pencil invariably breaks off just before the signature is reached, and he produces a fountain pen from his pocket. The body of the receipt is written in pencil and the farmer's name in ink. When the speculator goes to town he erases all the pencil marks, and writes out in ink a promissory note for \$100 or \$150, and has it discounted by the bank.

The girls having altogether grown weary of young Cupid's partial darts have taken the bow into their own hands, and it behooves the young man to have a care how he makes a target of himself, lest the twang of the cord pulled by dainty fingers, and the speed of the arrow guided by eyes that are more piercing than itself, shall mark one more trophy of their skill, and perhaps—well, of course, if any girl wants to shoot this way, we'll move up so very near that she will have no trouble in hitting the target.

A Neat Evasion.

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,
And to a blue-eyed minion spoke—
Between the whiffs of opium smoke:
"What, ho! thou Oriental bloke,
Repeat the latest circus joke!"
Shrewd answer made the catiff, for
He knew the fate that was in store
If he retailed an ancient jest;
So, deftly pulling down his vest,
He bent, with salacious low, and said:
"Great Pacha, all the fools are dead,
Except the knave who bows his head."
ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

Now is the season of the year when the man who sees the sign, "Fresh Paint," will walk up to the door, leave the marks of his dirty fingers on it, and go away muttering to himself, "That's so." This proves that he is just about as "fresh" as the paint is.

A Jew, a horse, a gnu, and heifer met, when the following conversation took place: "Did Jew ever see such a punny four as we are?" "Gnu, never." "What, neigh-ver!" Well, hardly, heifer.

Thomas Jefferson was only twenty-three years of age when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. —N. Y. Herald. And where is he now? Dead. Moral.—Don't be too precocious.

Kind Old Lady—"Here, you bad boy, stop dragging your little brother along like that; you may kill him!" Bad Boy—"Gar! Don't care; got another in the house."

Boys seldom follow in the footsteps of their fathers. Jim Mace has two sons who are preachers. If he had been a minister his boys would have turned out prize-fighters.

"Mamie Myrtle," a sweet singer of Illinois, asks in a recent poem, "Where do the winter blossoms grow?" Well, you might look on Mr. Myrtle's nose, Mamie.

"Will the army starve? It could be turned loose in Democratic districts and live off the country. It has done that many a time, and understands the business."

A dignified Detroit judge, to oblige a little girl, recently wrote in an album: "My pen is poor, my ink is pale, my heart it trembles like a little dog's tail."

"I've something in my bosom, Sue,
That makes me feel quite sad,
I can't reveal it unto you—
(It was a liver pad.)"

In Warren, Ark., there is a dignified journal called the *Whetstone*. Its coat-of-arms, at the head of the editorial page, is a revolver.

Debating clubs are anxiously worrying themselves over the problem, which has the most bones, a \$2 corset or a fifty-cent shad?

Mark Twain says of the book he is writing: "It is a book written by one loafer for another loafer to read."

We warn boarders that meat pie is nothing but hash covered with asbestos roofing.

THE SCIENTIST'S DAUGHTER.

The Dangers of Affection and Horrors of Matrimony.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—It is now some months since I wrote you a letter of advice, but, believe me, the delay has not been because I did not know that you needed instruction, for, like most other young people, you require little else, seeing that society imposes upon parents the duty of clothing and feeding their offspring. No matter to what straits a man may be reduced, no matter how hard it may be for him to procure books and necessary stimulants, society looks upon him as worthless if he fails to provide for his family and to satisfy even their factitious cravings. If it were possible for me to lead my own life, your mother had long ere now been sent like Hagar into the wilderness to take pot-luck with the raven and the crows; and I doubt not that, had she been equally free to lead her ideal existence, she would have abandoned you and the rest of my Ishmaels to the buzzard and the jackal before sunset of the day on which she set out on her wanderings. Society is based on the cruel doctrine that what a man loved in his youth that he must pretend to love when advancing years have mellowed his understanding and widened his views until he sees that all he had believed to be peculiar in the life of his youth is but commonplace, and shared with a thousand and one other women more beautiful and intelligent than she. Moreover, it does not take him many years to learn that intelligence and beauty are not of great importance, and are not perpetually attractive; he reaches a state of supreme apathy—the state which Emerson foreshadowed when he spoke of how love of a particular person at last becomes benevolence toward all mankind; "the individual," as Tennyson says, meaning the other individual,

"Withers, and the world is more and more."

But the truth is, rather, that in the supreme apathy the world withers along with the individual. Meantime a family has grown up around the man, toward which he is as indifferent as he is to the families of others, the only essential difference being that he can recognize their faces rather more readily at a distance or in a crowd. True, habit goes for something, and since he has become habituated to the care of his wife and children the pang of spending his money upon them is somewhat lessened. Nevertheless, the suffering is there, though the unhappy man is commonly so indurated that he hardly notices it. I have asked men whose families have been wholly removed in railway accidents how they felt when they reflected upon the affair, and though they acknowledged that at first they were startled and pained, yet when they turned the matter over with themselves when all again was quiet, they found that their first sensation was really and at bottom like that delight which is said to thrill men at the moment of their release from the rack. I wish you to get an inkling of these things before it shall be too late and the irretrievable mischief done, for, as I have observed women, the case with them is not essentially different from what it is with men. Still, I hardly know why I write thus to you, since by so doing I must seem in some degree to confute my own principles; but surely, you should see that if I had any real principles I could not be truly apathetic. But put it on what grounds you choose, it is enough that to write this letter jumps with my humor, and I care quite as much for you as for my time; brain power must be expended in some way, and why not in this? If my memory serves me you are now about six years old and before long you will be falling in love. Deeply as I regret the fact for your own sake, and through your sake for that of the man you will love, I can not shut my eyes to the fact that you will "fall in love"—a keen phrase that, and one showing that love is below you, for we do not rise, but fall into love. Looking into your clear, gray eyes, bright with light rather than color, I have sometimes hoped that you would escape this common fate; that your intellect would rise above it, for your intellect, both by inheritance and original motion, should surpass that of the herd. But, alas, the melancholy fact remains that with love the intellect has naught to do; I should say that it has its origin and realm in the moral nature, in the great sympathetic nervous system of the non-material nature of man, rather than in what might be termed its cerebral nervous system. In general it may be said that nothing but apathy can prevent or cure the pernicious affection called love; but there are instances in which early training on the moral side has been as effectual as on the intellectual side. It was, for example, in the case of the late John Stuart Mill. By a persistent course of nagging I might make you so hateful that nobody would love you, and so hasty-tempered and cross-grained that you could never love man, woman, or child. But think for a moment what trouble and annoyance this would cause me. I have tried it repeatedly, but when I saw that it was disturbing my apathy I at once stopped it. You may remember that at meals I have cried out, "Dorothy, why don't you use your napkin?" or "Why can't you sit properly in your chair?" or "There goes your fork again; if it drops on the floor another single time you shall go immediately to bed," and the like. You were in a fine way to become as impudent and snappish as I could wish you were, seeing that I am away from home most of the time; but even for your sake I could not persist in this method of training, judicious and for your own good though it was. I found out soon that I was really beginning to mean what I said and to feel angry with you. At any cost to you my temper must remain equable, and therefore I desisted and determined to write to you as a sensible being on an equal footing with myself. I will therefore give you the best advice at my command as to how you may discover the folly if not the wickedness of love; and, my dear, no one could have a better opportunity to discover it than is yours, because of your young and tender years. Look around you; *circumspice*, my child. You have many playmates whom you visit at their homes; their parents seem to the outer world the most loving of people and most willing to make sacrifices for each other, but because you are but a child they will not be over-circumspect when you are near apparently playing with their daughters. Now, mark how sarcastic they are to each other, how snappish the husband is when the wife asks him for money, or observe me under similar circumstances. See how the wife slyly hides the newspaper, and how for no better reason than that the father slams the door. Pry into all their secrets; listen under the windows and you will see what love results in. Then come and tell me all about it, that I may be fortified in my opinions and write them out in a great work which I shall dedicate to you, and which you may read with joy when you are a happy—or at least apathetic—old spinster, and "hie!—jaquet" shall be inscribed upon my tombstone.

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Office



AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—We had a treat on Monday night, and a rare one. The bits of glass in our theatrical kaleidoscope are commonplace enough at times, and admirably lustreless at best, whatever forms they take, to eyes that have grown strong in the glare of grand nights at Paris, or the glows of opera festivals at Milan; but now and then there is born of the changes a picture that is photographed in uddying colors on the memory, and will still be fondly lingered over when only a discarded play will remain to tell of the engagement that has become but a remembrance, and the simple grandeur that is a thing of the past. The rôle of panegyrist may seem to fit me, Madge, but if you had seen *A New Play*, by Howells, at the California, you would understand and sympathize. It is a chapter from the grandest memoirs of England, a story of the old, beautiful, chivalrous days of the English renaissance, or the days when Shakespeare wrote and Beaumont versified; when the princely Raleigh was the *preux chevalier* that all the gentlemen of the kingdom copied; when a wooden petticoat was accorded the knightly gallantry that only the gold and gossamer tissues of upper tenor can poorly command nowadays; when art was loved for art's sake; when titled men and ladies fair saw not the rags in which genius was clad, but only the richness of the mentality beyond, nor waited, after the blissful fashion of the present, for it to be crushed by poverty, until, like Lombardy grapes, its vitality was gone before the richness of its perfume was exhaled. It is not *en regle* now, perhaps, to rhapsodize over anything better than a *prima-donna's* face, a *première's* legs, or a *modiste's* marvels, but it surely seems that when the silver of the stage mirror sends back to us a picture of the days that have been, that makes us better love ourselves as beings, and respect our society for the glory of the past that still illumines it, one can be pardoned for not mutely turning from the commercial commonplaces and æsthetic degeneracy of the Victorian era to the grand glories of the Elizabethan. The play tells the sad story of "Yorick," jester at the Globe Theatre, London, whose wife, the "Lady Alice" is loved by and loves, all unknown to her trusting husband, her foster-son, "Edmund." "Master Woodford," a playwright, brings him a play exactly suiting the condition of the three characters. He obtains the rôle of the husband, thereby exciting the hate of the heavy man, "Master Walton," and in the third and last act has his growing suspicions of the faithlessness of "Lady Alice" verified, and learns of "Edmund's" guilt, slaying the son in reality, and by a self-inflicted blow following him out of the world that had grown so bitter. And the story is told so beautifully; the characters are so sympathetically conceived and so clearly limited; their hold on you is made so potent, and their circumstances are so strongly dramatic; the pathway of the plot, intricate as it is, so ornate with the wild flowers of sweet sentiment, so rich with the delicate perfume of poesy, that one could wander indefinitely through its alluring ways, nor ever grow impatient of the end. It is original, too. The motive is new, the jealousy of one player of another; and when one has fatigued of the mock rapture and hackneyed agony of love in its ordinary dramatic aspect of jealousy, of intrigue, or of maternal affections—the themes on which dramatists promise to ring changes through an eternity of play writing—a new and virile motive is not a little charming. The handling, too, is excellent. The few strong characters around whom the interest centres, the dependence on one quality—suspense, the striking unity of the plot, all indicate a clear acquaintanceship with modern dramatic art of the highest class, and claim for Howells, whether he got the original idea from the Spanish or not, high praise as a dramatist. But it was not done full justice to by the players, and one had to read between the lines to know all its beauty. As presented, it was a romanza played *fortissimo*, a reverie subjected to the measured malice of trumpets, a sweet idyl of a flower-grown countryside roared by a bull of Bashan, or anything else you like that is incongruous and unjustifiable. Everybody ranted and roared. The howling was at times tremendous, and forced the impression on one that if morals had been as strong as lungs in those days the play could never have been truthfully written. If the characters had been Shakespearean heroes they might have been properly endowed with the *fortissimo* voices and impressive strut that kings and roosters indulge in by right divine. But they were not. They were living, breathing, common people like ourselves, living in a grader age, but containing the same human nature that animates us.

My experience is that, from pigs to princes, the more noise that is made over a *mauvais coup*, whether of a butcher's knife or of pitiless fortune, the less sympathy the sufferer gets; and if one school of acting could appreciate this, it would increase as much in emotional power as it would decrease in aural agony. Mind you, I am quarreling now with Mr. Barrett's school, and not with Mr. Barrett, for his work as "Yorick" was strong, subtle, and finished of its class, and altogether the finest thing he has done, to my mind. But this gymnastic ranting is barbarous, and why theatre-goers stand it—except possibly from the fact that, from ear-drops to intoxicants, society clings rather fondly to the barbarities—I can not understand. Possibly, too, the actors are right, for a grand dramatic poem, read with dignity, would make but an ungainly showing beside the cheaper and more striking jingle of the nineteenth century verse; and, as long as the balcony *encored* Barrett over and over again, we dress circle people had better content ourselves with a curl of the lip and a shrug of the shoulders and keep quiet. Jeffreys-Lewis played "Lady Alice," appearing in blonde coiffure and the typical dress of Tennyson's "lily maid of Astolat." It was no anachronism, however, for fashions changed but rarely in those days, and the Elaines of the Arthurian and the Alices of a later era had only romance to occupy them instead of the ennobling, mad scramble after the car of fashion which busies their sisters of to-day. There may be thrown on the car perhaps a queen of Parisian infamy—whose discarded lord was a loafer of the Boulevards, and who studied governmental science in a milliner's work room or a *Closerie de Lilas* ball—but she is tasteful and dresses magnificently, and hence has a royal right to rule her devout worshippers. Miss Lewis did not play it well, though the sins were sins of omission and not of commission. The rendition was something akin to a love song interpreted on a zither from which the sympathetic chords were absent. There was an innocence and simplicity, a sinlessness in sin, and a plenitude of sympathy in the character which Miss Lewis did not make apparent, but rather transformed it into the guilty intrigue of a modern French drama. It is a noble part, one that makes us long for the artistic discrimination of an Eyttinge, without her matured corporeality, to delineate. Miss Lewis is not impersonal enough—no English actresses are—and has not the sympathetic power to adequately fill such a rôle. She is an instrument perfectly attuned to the strong passions of hate and jealousy; but when she is required to mould herself into the semblance of a softer love or a simpler sorrow, the melting of the obstinate substance takes place so ill that the ensemble is full of angles, instead of being smoothly complete, and can never be a perfect copy of its model. Mr. Keene played "Edmund," dawning on us like a winter sunrise in a white and crimson doublet, and violet tights—a *bizarre* combination that gave him the picturesque beauty of a porcelain painting half baked. His hair was light, and worn *a la mousé*, and he was altogether unlike Keene till he began on his saponaceous diet and indulgence in tympanic intensity. It was in his usual style, and very good of its bad kind before mentioned. His *pose*, however, was awkward in the sad confession scene—a beautiful idea, by the way—wherein he was bent forward with his hands in a position that made one sure either that he was not well or had become a convert to the physiological theory of the ancients, that the spleen is the seat of melancholy. Wilson, as "Walton," roared beautifully, and when the three—Barrett, and Keene, and Wilson—settled down to business they literally made Rome howl. But the play is lovely, Madge, and I should adore it if I could see it presented in an age that does not call Joe Murphy an actor, a tawdry burlesque a triumph of art, and rate that actor highest whose voice would insure him a standing engagement as foreman of a fire company, and whose peripatetic art gives a grand dramatic performance the flavor of a Platt's Hall pedestrian exhibition. Outside of *A New Play* there is not much else to record. Rose Coghlan has been doing some charming work at the Baldwin, as "Miss Annie Carew" in *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, and "Suzanne" in *A Scrap of Paper*. Her style is not the commanding, but the insinuating. She has the golden gift of naturalness, and hers is a sort of canary-bird art, whose trills strike a responsive chord in your heart just as its woes over an obstinate seed induce a pathetic sympathy in you without moving you very deeply in either case; and still further pursuing the ornithological idea, her notes are uttered so fast at times that you can not distinguish them individually. The city has been seized with the *Pinafore* epidemic as I predicted, though the virns of the Emelie Melville Troupe is the only kind that appears to have much potency. They have had a grand success all through the week, and the last row of seats has been at a premium every night. Deservedly, too, for they have all fitted charmingly into their rôles, and with the exception of the "Captain," who is vocally weak compared to the others, and the "Buttercup," whose eighteen-year-old air is admirably unfitted for an old bumboat woman, and wholly destroys the unities, the performance is very pleasing. Mr. Unger's "Admiral" grows better every day as new ideas are brought to bear on it, as do "Josephine," and "Ralph Rackstraw" by the pretty *prima* and Mr. Clark. The other troupes have been but meagrely successful, in spite of some charming singing by Miss Sherwin and Walter Campbell at the

Grand Opera House, and Sol Smith Russell's "Admiral" at the Bush Street. Next week comes *Ours* and Lester Wallack, the New York beau ideal and "an actor as is an actor," after a triumphal series of jams at Chicago. I am sincerely glad he has come, and if I mistake not the California on Monday night will express the same fashionable sentiment, for art of his kind is not often seen here. There is going to be strong opposition though, for the Baldwin will produce *The Danichefs*, the Bush Street is going to play a strong card in *Josh Whitcomb*, by Denman Thompson, and the *Pinafores* will continue at the other places. And amid it all I shall be,

Yours industriously,
ANELIA A., proxy for BETSY B.

The Return of Uncle Josh.

It is with a satisfaction entirely foreign to the usual dramatic announcement that we notice the return to us of "Uncle Joshua Whitcomb," the quaint old New Hampshire farmer, who, way out here on the fringe of the continent, made his first great success, and left us with mutual benedictions, to win the applause and the hearts of some of the largest audiences on the continent. What we said of him and his art the rest of the country has more than approved; what we prophesied has more than come to pass. And while welcoming back the homely and quaint old character we are also glad to shake the hand of, and extend our congratulation to, Mr. Hill, the business manager and prime mover in all these triumphs. For it was Hill that made the present "Uncle Josh" possible and popular. It was his industry, and business ability, and honorable dealing that forced the character on the public after having lifted it from the obscurity in which he found it; it was his good judgment and liberality that has made successful the way ever since, and though he has not said it, it is greatly to his credit, and he is a gentleman and a business genius. Next Monday night "Uncle Josh" makes his reappearance at the Bush Street Theatre, and this simple announcement is sufficient to secure a greeting that for quality and sincerity few actors in this country have ever been able to command.

To Mrs. Judah.

"The sweet shall not depart from Judah."
Because thy sweet rendition of the ways
In which our mothers only do excel
Have wrought within our hearts a potent spell
Do we vouchsafe to thee this meed of praise.
Thy mother-motions innocently lavs
Thy pure heart bare; there is no need to tell
The strange observer why we love so well
One who so naturally the Mother plays.
Thy winsome manner, so replete with grace,
Seems like a holy garment draped about
The ripened fullness of thy after days;
So may sweet memories of thy simple face
Clothe the bare boards that knew thee, while the shout
Sinks, at the mention of thy name, in praise.
SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879. PERCY VERE.

Lester Wallack is being followed very closely by the newspapers of New York, and the amount of John the Baptist work they are doing is something refreshing and interesting. The New York Herald of a recent date says: "The Mapleson Opera Company attracted thousands, but the pleasure given by our New York favorite seems to excel, if we may believe journalistic description, even that attraction. When he reaches California Mr. Wallack will probably receive from the large-hearted people of that section tokens of regard that will make him feel like the boss brilliant in the coronet of stars who preceded him. Few gentlemen among our dramatic artists have so quietly entered what to them was a professional *terra incognita* and so promptly won success. It serves to show that true art will always own its admirers and pay just tribute to the winner."

During a performance at the Boston Theatre lately, a reckless individual in the family circle allowed his programme to slip through his fingers, which fell suddenly on the head of a society man. The effect of the concussion upon an object so tender may well be imagined. Smelling bottles were called for, but before they could be brought into requisition, a young lady at his side, whose glove had recently been cleaned with naphtha, applied her hand to the sufferer's nose, which immediately brought him to.

Woodward's Garden would certainly lose its attraction if Barrett, and Keene, and Wilson were permitted to figure in *A New Play* another week. It is seldom that one encounters three such sublime roars in one cage. The noise when they were in full cry was simply, and dreadfully, and damnably awful.

The pedestrian mania shows no sign of diminution. On the contrary, the interest in the saw-dust track at Platt's Hall is rather on the increase, as the days wear on and the steppers still hold out.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 12, 1879.

EDITORS ARGONAUT:—My attention was called to an article which appeared in a late number of the ARGONAUT, in which the name of the late Jasper O'Farrell appeared in a list of defaulters in office. The only office (except State Senator) ever held by Jasper O'Farrell was that of State Harbor Commissioner. During O'Farrell's term of office one of the commissioners, of whom there were three, was indicted, tried, and convicted of embezzlement. At that time a thorough examination was had by the Grand Jury of the affairs of the Commission, and Jasper O'Farrell was not in any manner criminally implicated in the acts for which his co-commissioner was convicted.

Respectfully,
JOHN J. ROCHE.

SALT-WATER BATHING.

To those who now spend time, money, and patience to cross the bay and dip in the debilitating slack and shallow waters of the Alameda shores, we hereby convey the information that there is a better and more healthful place to bathe than these heated mud flats, and that is at North Beach, where the clear, crisp water of the ocean courses through the Golden Gate. With the present accommodations at the Neptune and Mermaid baths, under the new management, there is little to be desired by the swimmer. There are wharves running to deep water, long distance rafts, elastic diving boards, and a recently erected aquatic gymnasium on the deep water pier. There is a safe beach and graduated depth of water for those who do not swim, and a competent and experienced swimming teacher to give instruction and see to the safety of all. The dressing accommodations are good. Private apartments have recently been fitted up for families and ladies, and every attention given to the comfort of those who desire to be as retired as possible. These accommodations having been provided the patronage of ladies is now large and increasing every day. The water is somewhat colder than at Alameda, but this is its great recommendation. To bathe in the warm salt water of the muddy flats is to be debilitated and experience a clammy, sticky feeling that is disgusting; to take a fresh water shower as an antidote destroys the whole purpose of the bath. The charm of sea-bathing is to let the salt water dry, if possible, on the skin, thus bringing out a healthful glow. This tonic effect can not be secured except from the clear, cold, ocean water. It can not be experienced in a tank, where hundreds of bathers stir up the fine precipitated mud from the bottom, and wallow and spit from daylight till dark. Again, the time and price to the North Beach bath is a consideration. It costs thirty cents and a full half day to go across the bay, and then twenty-five cents for bathing accommodations. The charge at the Neptune and Mermaid baths is two tickets for twenty-five cents, for first-class accommodations, and three tickets for twenty-five cents on the men and boys' side. The car fare is but five cents each way, and to those who need a little exercise the walk is not a long one, going straight out Montgomery Avenue, and then a few short blocks over the hill. The bath can be taken after four o'clock in abundant time for dinner, or the early morning plunge at any hour after daylight that suits the bather's convenience. Try the ocean water once, and you will soon be convinced that it is the only element for an invigorating and healthful bath.

TWO LETTERS FROM RICHARD WAGNER.

During the Grand Operatic Festival in 1876, a number of new Grand Pianos of the most celebrated European as well as of several American makers had been placed at Mr. Richard Wagner's disposal; among them a new Centennial Concert Grand Piano made by "Steinway & Sons," of New York, which from its wonderful power, beauty, and sympathetic quality of tone far outshone all rival instruments, and which Mr. Richard Wagner at once chose for his own private use.

In the beginning of 1879, Mr. Wagner was requested by Mr. Theo. Steinway to send this Grand Piano to the Steinway Central European Depot, in order to receive the latest invention, the "Tone Pulsator," patented in July, 1878. On sending the Grand, Mr. Wagner writes as follows:

"BAYREUTH, March 11th, 1879.

"MY DEAR MR. STEINWAY:—I miss my Steinway Grand as one misses a beloved wife; it is wanting constantly, wanting everywhere. I no longer indulge in music since that Grand is gone, and trust that its absence will not be too long protracted.

"Very truly yours,
RICHARD WAGNER."

The following letter was written to Mr. Theodore Steinway by the great master shortly after the return of the Steinway Grand (now containing the Tone Pulsator) to his home:

"BAYREUTH, April 11th, 1879.

"MY DEAR MR. STEINWAY:—Really you ought personally to have witnessed the gratification which I experienced upon receiving back your magnificent Grand Piano; you certainly would not have asked me to add another word.

"I do indeed deem it humiliating for so many other branches of art, that this art of building pianofortes alone should so closely approach such undeniable ideal perfection. I know of nothing in Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Literature, and unfortunately also Music, which—since I have comprehension of same—could compare with the masterly perfection reached in pianoforte building.

"From your communication, however, I readily perceive with what enthusiastic love you seek to attain the incorporation of the most 'spirituelle' tone into the piano which heretofore had only served as the exponent of actual musical sound. Our great Tone Masters, when writing the grandest of their creations for the pianoforte, seem to have had a presentiment of the ideal Grand Piano as now attained by yourselves. A Beethoven Sonata, a Bach Chromatic Phantasie, can only be fully appreciated when rendered upon one of your pianofortes.

"Although I do not possess the slightest dexterity in pianoforte playing, I delight in being able to do justice to your assumption of my inborn and cultivated sense of tone. For sounds of such beauty as those coming from my Steinway Grand flatter and coax the most agreeable tone-pictures from my harmonic melodic senses.

"In a word, I find your Grand Piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art. And with a thousand thanks for this new attention, I delight in being able to call myself Your friend,

"RICHARD WAGNER."

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—AS—

JOSHUA WHITCOMB,

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HIS COMPLETE DRAMATIC COMPANY.

[From the New York Herald of Nov. 28, 1878.]

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It is expected that this reservation will sell for enough to pay back to the shareholders all the money paid for the shares, and leave them their farms and village lots free of cost.

Capital Stock, \$150,000, divided into 60 shares of \$2,500 each, payable \$500 cash, and \$500 in one, two, three, and four years, in MONTHLY INSTALLMENTS. Half shares issued when two persons will combine to take one share.

Those wishing to visit the property can obtain excursion tickets at \$3.00 by applying to the Manager. Leave here at 7 to 9 A. M., and return at 7 P. M.

HOTEL AND COTTAGES FOR RENT.

The right man can rent the above property on very easy terms if applied for immediately. Call or send by mail for circulars and beautiful lithographic views.

The Subscription Book of the Stock of this Association will be open and ready for signatures on MONDAY, June 9, 1879, at the office of the Association, No. 12 Montgomery Street, near the Hibernia Bank. M. THEO. KEARNEY, MANAGER.

MANUFACTURERS OF JEWELRY & DIAMOND WORK

We are prepared to furnish designs and manufacture to order any article of Jewelry desired at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

WATCH REPAIRING AT THE LOWEST RATES BY SKILLFUL WORKMEN.

GEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

We beg to inform our friends and all connoisseurs that we have received a shipment of the celebrated

POMMERY & GRENO CHAMPAGNE,

The favorite of all gourmets in Europe and the Eastern States. We guarantee the quality of this Wine to meet the demands of the most fastidious.

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Sir Wm. Temple's Works. 4 vols, 8vo, half calf.
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Microscopic Journal. From its commencement to December, 1877. 12 vols, 8vo, cloth.
Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. From 1830 to 1875. 46 vols, half calf, gilt.
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REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

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SAW MANUFACTURING CO.

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SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's Files.
Repairing of all kinds done at short notice.

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AT VERY LOW PRICES AT

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COOS BAY COAL.

\$7.50 per Ton; \$4 per Half Ton.

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Office and Yard, 14 Post Street. Branch Office, 419 Pine Street, opposite Calumet.

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COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
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Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt.

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MINING, MILLING, AND RAIL-
way Supplies.
Function Bush and Market Streets.
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GEO. W. GIBBS & CO.,
IRON, METALS,
NOS. 33 and 35 FREMONT STREET
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IRON—Bar, Band, Hoop, Plate and Sheet, Norway Shoe
Shapes.
PIPE—Morris Tasker & Co.'s Boiler Tubes and Gas Pipe.
STEEL—Naylor & Co.'s best Cast Steel; also, Spring Tire,
Tee, and Flaw.
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ANVILS, VICES, FILES, RASPS, NUTS, WASHERS, BELLOWES,
AXLES, SPRINGS, BOLTS, CUMBERLAND COAL, etc.

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LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,
Port Wines, Sherries,
And all the choicest brands of
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mento Street.

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OFFICE, 513 BUSH STREET.
Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

JENNINGS S. COX.....OLIVER TEALL.
COX, TEALL & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS, 303 Montgomery Street, under
the Nevada Bank, San Francisco.
Auction Salesroom, H. M. NEWHALL & CO., 309, 311
and 313 Sansome Street.
J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.
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ORIENTAL BOUQUET
SOAP.
EXCELLED BY NONE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
STANDARD SOAP COMPANY
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THE ORIENTAL BOUQUET SOAP
is manufactured to compete with Colgate's Bouquet
Soap of New York. It claims to have no superior as a
toilet soap, equaling the best in quality, and offered to the
trade at a much less price. R. P. THOMAS.

S. P. R. R.
NORTHERN DIVISION.
REDUCTION IN RATES.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAIL-
road Company is now prepared to issue Regular,
Special, and Excursion Tickets at GREATLY REDUCED
RATES to the following

Well Known Summer Resorts.
REGULAR UNLIMITED TICKETS.
To Pescadero.....\$3 50
To Gilroy Hot Springs.....5 00
To Aptos.....4 75
To Soquel and Santa Cruz.....5 00
To Monterey.....7 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs.....14 00
To Paso Robles Hot Springs and Return.....25 00
SPECIAL LIMITED TICKETS,
(Good if used within two days).
To Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz.....\$4 25
To Monterey.....4 75
SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS.
To Pescadero and Return.....\$6 00
(Limited to September 30, 1879).
To Paraiso Springs and Return.....12 50
(Limited to October 31, 1879).
SPECIAL LIMITED EXCURSION TICKETS.
SOLO SATURDAYS ONLY.
(Good for Return until following Monday, inclusive).
To Aptos.....\$6 50
To Soquel.....and Return.....\$6 50
To Santa Cruz.....
To Monterey and Return.....6 50
PRINCIPAL TICKET OFFICE:
Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, between Third and
Fourth Streets.
A. C. BASSETT, H. R. JUDAH,
Superintendent. Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

MULLER'S
OPTOMETER!
The only reliable instrument for Testing
Defective Vision.
135 Montgomery Street,
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental
Hotel.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.
EAST BRANCH MINING COMPANY.—Location
of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.
Location of works, East Branch Mining District,
Plumas County, California.
NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following de-
scribed stock, on account of assessment (No. 12) levied on the
15th day of April, 1879, the several amounts set opposite the
names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

No.	No.	Cert.	Shares.	Am't.
Crego, Cyrus.....	83	50	\$2 50	
Crego, Cyrus.....	85	100	5 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	11	100	5 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	36	100	5 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	37	300	15 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	39	200	10 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	41	100	5 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	43	100	5 00	
Martin, A., Trustee.....	97	300	15 00	

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of
Directors made on the 15th day of April, 1879, so many
shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary,
will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company,
on THURSDAY, the 25th day of June, 1879, at the hour
of three o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of sale. R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
Office, Room 6, No. 315 Pine Street.

R. P. & H. N. CLEMENT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Nos. 2, 3 and 4, SHERMAN'S BUILDING,
Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco
(P. O. Box 770.)

H. T. HELMBOLD'S
COMPOUND
FLUID EXTRACT.
BUCHU.
PHARMACEUTICAL.
A SPECIFIC
REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES

....OF THE....
BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-
ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness
of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of
Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Does in every case.
HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
nent physicians all over the world in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour
Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a
thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
INVIGORATES THE STOMACH
And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to
healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities,
and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single
trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating
of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE,
OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients"
may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by
calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents.
All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!
See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant:
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of
BERTRAM T. TIBBITS, deceased.—Notice is
hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the es-
tate of said Bertram T. Tibbits, deceased, to the creditors
of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased,
to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four
months after the first publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of Pexley & Harrison, No. 430
California Street, the same being her place for the transac-
tion of the business of said estate in the City and County of
San Francisco. MARY TIBBITS,
Administratrix of the estate of Bertram T. Tibbits, de-
ceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 16, 1879.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-
ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of wor-
, Gold Hill Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the fourth day of June, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 37) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street San Francis-
co, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the eleventh (11th) day of July, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the 25th day of June, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office.—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

ANNUAL MEETING.—OFFICE OF
the Alpha Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, May 17, 1879.—The twelfth annual meeting of
the stockholders of the above named company, for the elec-
tion of Trustees and the transaction of such other business
as may be presented, will be held on MONDAY, June 16th,
1879 (third Monday in June), at one o'clock P. M., on that
day, at the office of the corporation, Room No. 29, Nevada
Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia. Transfer books closed on Monday, June 9th, at three
P. M. WILLIAM WILLIS, Secretary.

SPRING VALLEY WATER WORKS.
Office 316 California Street, San Francisco, June 2,
1879. The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the
Spring Valley Water Works, for the election of Trustees for
the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other busi-
ness as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at
the office of the Company, on WEDNESDAY, June 13, 1879,
at 12 M. By order of the Board of Trustees.
WM. NORRIS, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
the Standard Consolidated Mining Company, San
Francisco, Cal., June 2, 1879.—At a meeting of the Board
of Directors of the above named company, held this day,
Dividend No. 4, of fifty cents (50c) per share, was declared,
payable on THURSDAY, June 26th, 1879, at the office in
this city, or at the Agency of the Nevada Bank of San
Francisco, in New York. WM. WILLIS, Secretary.
Office, Room 29 Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, third floor, San Francisco, Cal.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—THE STATE
INVESTMENT AND INSURANCE COMPA-
NY.—Dividend No. 73.—The monthly dividend for May,
1879, will be paid on June 10, 1879, at their office, Nos. 218
and 220 Sansome Street.
CHS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
San Francisco, June 5, 1879.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.,
Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, June 7th, 1879.—
At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named
Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 49) of fifty cents
per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, the 16th day
of June, 1879. Transfer books closed until 17th inst.
A. W. HAVEN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF
THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada
Block, San Francisco, June 7th, 1879.—At a meeting of the
Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this
day, a Dividend (No. 32) of fifty cents per share was de-
clared, payable on TUESDAY, June 17th. Transfer books
closed until 18th inst.
C. P. GORDON, Secretary.



COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. At Pajaro, the Santa Cruz R. R. connects with this train for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. At Salinas the M. & S. V. R. R. connects with this train for Monterey. STAGE connections made with this train. (Pescadero stages via San Mateo excepted.) Parlor car attached to this train. (Seats at reduced rates.)

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. On SATURDAYS only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4.45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On SATURDAYS ONLY, the run of this train will be extended to SALINAS—connecting with the M. & S. V. R. R. for MONTEREY. Returning, leave Monterey Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

3.30 P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES
To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving SAN FRANCISCO via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Summer, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, Yuma, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily from Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHTS, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.38, 6.45, 8.32, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$7 75; Santa Clara, \$1 65; Congress Springs, \$2 75; Santa Cruz, \$4 25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3 25; Santa Clara, \$3 05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2 50; to Los Gatos and return, \$1 25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4 25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3 65; to Wright's and return, \$4; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, \$6 50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL CO.

No. 310 SANSONE STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIF.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma, Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows. (Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.)

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. (Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.)

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry. and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Palisade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.)

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAKLAND FERRY), LOCAL PASSENGER TRAIN TO HAYWARD AND NILES.
(Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M. (Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.)

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and Antioch. (Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Madera, Visalia, Summer, Mojave, Newhall (San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phoenix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma. (Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson. (Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.)

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River. (Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.)

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R. connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. (Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.)

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PASSENGER
Train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. (Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.)

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East. Public conveyance for Mills Seminary connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Oakland.		To Alameda.		To Peninsula.		To East Oakland.		To Niles.		To Berkeley.		To Idaho to Idaho Street.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
B 6.10	12.30	7.00	B 7.00	B 7.00	B 7.00	B 6.10	7.00	7.30	B 6.10	7.30	B 6.10	7.30	B 6.10
7.00	1.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00
7.30	1.30	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	8.30	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00	9.00
8.00	2.00	10.00	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	9.30	P. M.	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30	10.30
8.30	3.00	11.00	B 5.00	10.30	10.30	10.30	4.30	11.30	11.30	11.30	P. M.	1.30	P. M.
9.00	3.30	12.00		11.30	11.30	11.30					P. M.	1.30	P. M.
9.30	4.00	P. M.		P. M.	P. M.	P. M.					1.00	3.30	3.30
10.00	4.30	1.30		1.30	1.30	1.30					3.00	4.30	4.30
10.30	5.00	2.00		2.00	2.00	2.00					4.00	5.00	5.00
11.00	5.30	3.00		3.00	3.00	3.00					5.00	5.30	5.30
11.30	6.00	4.00		4.00	4.00	4.00					6.00	6.00	6.00
12.00	6.30	5.00		5.00	5.00	5.00					6.30	6.30	6.30
	7.00	6.00		6.00	6.00	6.00							
	8.10	B 7.00		7.00	7.00	7.00							
	9.20	B 8.10		8.10	8.10	8.10							
	10.30	B 9.30		9.30	9.30	9.30							
	11.45	B 11.45		10.30	10.30	10.30							
				11.45	11.45	11.45							
		</											

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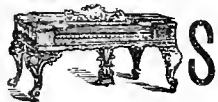
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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

Steamship Company, General Office, San Francisco, June 10th, 1879. — Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY, the second day of July, 1879.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

S. W. RAVELEY,

STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

And Printer of the Argonaut,

518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

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SWIMMING
BATHS

FOOT OF

LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.**TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY**
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When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?*Why wade in a tank,*
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Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde.
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.**REMOVAL.****H. A. CALLENDER,**

DEALER IN

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SILVERWARE, ETC.

Has removed to

734 Market St., between Kearny and Dupont.

SAN FRANCISCO AND
NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN
Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs' Springs; Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers; connection made at Fulton for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.**3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted,**
Steamer "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA
San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip: Petaluma, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50; Fulton, \$2.50; Laguna, \$3.00; Forestville, \$3.50; Korbels, \$3.75; Guerneville, \$4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.
JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.**SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING**
Company.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees, held on the twelfth day of July, 1879, an assessment (No. 58) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY, the fifth (5th) day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.**BOARD IN PRIVATE FAMILY.****A FEW YOUNG GENTLEMEN**
can be accommodated with room and the very best of board in a pleasant private family by addressing R. B. D., this office. The location is on California Street, between Leavenworth and Jones, and only ten minutes' ride from Kearney Street, cars passing the door. The best of reference given and required.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 21, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

CAPRICE AT CAPRI.

BY CHARLES WARREN STOOOARD.

The Saturnian days are over! They began in the edge of Naples, where the market boat shook out its sails the moment I came on board, and with the chorus, "Addio, bella Napoli," we drifted into the stream—fishermen, and maidens, lovers, landsmen, and lazy lazzaroni, the inevitable *padre* inclusive—as merry and as wise a crew as ever went to sea in a bowl. For five hours we floated in the blue bay at the mercy of the wind and tide; sometimes a passing cloud threw a shadow or a shower upon us, and each was equally welcome. A furnace heat danced upon the still water; the air was light and fitful; the flapping canvas seemed more for ornament than use. Strong men fell upon the oars and beat solemn time to the shrill falsetto of one chanting cherub whose song was full of sadness. What could he know of love and death that he grieved for them in midsummer, in mid sea? His elders laughed, and slept, and woke again, to drink of the sharp wine of their own dear island; they had lived and loved; death could not rob them of the past. Faint voices were in the air; voices that bore down to us upon the freshening breeze. We drew in the oars, trimmed sail, composed our souls in peace, and when the sun was low and our full prow breast high in golden foam, with a shout of triumph we rushed into the deep shadows that hung from the island cliffs, and exchanged greetings with the happy islanders—a twilight litany that ended only in the warm embraces of our friends on shore. It was thus I came to Capri, with the one hope of lying fallow through St. Martin's summer. My intents were honorable; I was not wholly selfish in my flight from the work-a-day world. Fatima had touched me, through the post, with mild complainings. Were we not friends? Doubtless. Old friends? Aye. The age of our friendship wasn't to be mentioned above a whisper. Strangers in a strange land? By Jove! the strangest land under the sun; strangely sweet, strangely sad, strangely poetical. Why would I not visit Fatima in her Capri castle, rather than turn tramp in Switzerland, or whistle to the dawn over the crowded trails of the Tyrol? I would; a thousand times I would. So I rushed headlong down through Italy, and paid two francs for a bench and a broil in the market boat, rather than give ten and join the rabble on the semi-weekly steamer, with a glimpse of Sorrento thrown in. You know Capri Marina, with its brown strip of beach, its stranded fleet of fishing boats, under gauzy canopies of drying nets, and the single row of flat-roofed oriental houses that back into the hill and defy the elements? Well, I refused the donkeys that were offered me tail foremost, and repulsed the donkey girls—who reviled me from that hour—preferring to foot it, like a pilgrim, up the steep stone stairs to Capri on the cliff. Was ever thousand feet of wall so clad with verdure! Terrace upon terrace, like giant steps, climb to the saddle of the island; on each side is the sea, and at the two ends two mountains that carry the gray olive groves into the very sky. Under these peaks, on the narrow strip of highland that hangs like a hammock between them, is little Capri, with the Hotel Tiberio, and there dwelt Fatima with her royal welcome. It was a royal welcome; it began at the beach; it was renewed at every turn of the steep and thorny way that wound up the hill between high walls cushioned with fern and lichen; it culminated in the small piazza in front of the hotel, where the hall of justice, post-office, Scopar's Osteria, and the cathedral face one another in rival dignity. There was an anti-climax in the court of the Tiberio, where the buxom landlady fairly embraced me, and said with some emotion that I was considerably overdue; the fact was indisputable. Then Fatima led me in triumph to the great dining-hall where new faces smiled upon me, as we sat down to sup. "Little Jay," from Connecticut, pursuing art in her Capri studio, and T., with his grizzled beard, her tutor, the concluding half of our quartet, prepared the figs. Pepino, the young Neapolitan attendant, set wine before us, a full flagon at each right hand; Mrs. Ross buzzed like a queen bee about the room, doing the landlady to the letter. Five centuries ago Queen Johannes of Naples feasted in that chamber—the Tiberio was one of her summer palaces; in that hall she took her rouse and kept wassail, but happily for the giddy queen all this is numbered among the unwritten histories of its past. Then it was a convent of nuns, then a priestly college, and at last it is a hospice of no little fame, a strange, rambling tenement, haunted of ghostly memories, and certainly occupying the finest site on the island. My room, like the prophet-chamber, was on the wall at the top of the house, the one apartment in the tower that overlooked the dome of the cathedral, a square room, with groined ceiling, and a tiled floor, and pale frescoes on the walls—a little chapel without a saint, though there was a niche for one in the corner. That night I looked out from my window upon a moon-lit valley sloping to the sea. Beyond the far horizon, in the white wake of the moon, lay the African coast. I heard the waves beating upon the abrupt shore far below me—the waves that were blown over from the hot sands by the hot desert-winds. The village was wrapped in sleep; the flat roofs, which are promenades at twilight, were all deserted. Close at hand towered one stately palm. I seemed to recognize it on the instant, for at that moment the text of the Howadji came to me, word for word, and I greeted the exile of the Orient in his name. Has he not said: "I knew a palm tree upon

Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig-leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung a balcony, and so looked, far overleaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mists of southern Italian noons, it looked upon the broad bay of Naples, and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden—permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from Sorrento, where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Pasilipo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples." And I slept that night with my hand almost buried in its silver plumes.

In the gray dawn the bells of the *Ave Maria* recalled me from my dreams; I heard those winged choristers—the larks—chirp their matins and the quail piping the first canonical hour; I arose and looked out upon the world to realize that we were in it, but not of it, for the sapphire sea flowed all about us touched with heavenly light. It is the chief charm of Capri that one feels quite at home in it; I returned to my pillow and began where I had left off, though it was sunrise and the great figs, chilled with dew, were bursting on the boughs. When next I woke Pepino stood beside me; he was one of those lads who swell their garments to repletion; whose bulging buttons threaten to fly hither and thither on the slightest provocation, yet somehow manage to hold the poor fellow together in a state of suspended dissolution. Pepino dared not smile, for he had awakened me, and some people are savages before breakfast. I smiled for him, and we rehearsed a page or two of "Italian for Beginners," those easy idiomatic sentences which, fortunately, are never used and never can be used in real life. Pepino melted and became as pliable as wax. He seemed to take it as an unmerited favor that I had not slain him on the spot. He bore a message from Fatima and morning greetings from the artists; they were even then reveling in figs and cream, and missed me horribly. Would I join them, or would I breakfast in bed, or would I remain undisturbed until the second breakfast at 1 P. M.? In any case, would I please have my own way under all circumstances, and kindly allow them to go on spoiling me to the bitter end? Of course I would! Who wouldn't? Pepino prepared my bath with joy unspeakable. I arrayed myself in purple and fine linen; I was just as fresh and sweet as I could possibly be; I felt like a strong man to run a race, and I dove down the long stone stairs into the breakfast hall, making the best time on record. Saturnian days indeed! We devoured great stacks of figs and cried for more. Never was such a delighted soul as Pepino on that celebrated occasion; he adored a pig. Then we smoked, and leaned out from the west balcony, and gazed upon the shining sea, the shimmering shore, the happy island at our feet. What fun! "Little Jay" forgot to be prudish—I am told that all the "little Jay" sort of girls in New England are particularly prudish. Big old T. seemed to have achieved the odic capture of the little woman, and the very idea rejuvenated him. I observed that in all our expeditions, on land or sea, on foot or in the saddle, the towering T. invariably led the charge, supported by Connecticut Jay in all her war paint; but let me swoop down the cliff into one of those eagle-nests that abound, especially on the African side of the island, and surprise Miss Propriety in a revery and a red shawl, all under a painter's parasol, and no sucking dove might coo more softly. What a lark to poke fun at the grizzly, and see her burn scarlet and hate me through and through!

Have I digressed, I wonder? Sufficient unto the day was the excursion thereof; every sunset found us somewhere; every moon-rise, somewhere else. We went up into the housetop to pray, and forgot to pray because all Capri was on the roofs at that moment, and we were dumb with delight—and then we didn't want them to see us at prayers anyhow! We could walk over half the town on the roofs, that lapped one upon another. Some of the streets of that quaint village are tunnels under and through the houses; some that are wider, and open to the light, are bridged over at intervals—airy arches on which the populace pose in fine relief. All this we saw from a housetop in Capri, and marked how love's young dream could stem floods of mellow moonlight, and was not ashamed nor affeared of staring stars. One day, when I had gone forth from my chamber, burdened with the exasperating monotony of the hour, I discovered upon the roof our landlady, seated, like Patience, upon a chimney pot, with a spy-glass pressed to her bosom. Sea and sky were pink; the distant shore like a memory of shores enchanted; the rippling waves were soft as silk; the wind blew scarcely above a whisper. I asked Patience to reveal to me her mission. She did so in a spirit of calm and steadfast faith that touched me deeply. She was looking for water-spouts! I gathered from her revelation that water-spouts grew near us; that it was their custom to drop their crystal pipes from the bellying clouds directly in front of the hotel, that they writhed in mid air like swan's throats, that they swung to and fro like pendant serpents, while from their compressed lips stole deadly music, such as turns to stone the ear of the most ancient mariner; and so they lay in wait for passing sails, and these they stealthily approach, and on a sudden lick up like flame, or as the pendulous serpent darts upon the insect with his forked tongue! There sailed the queenly ships unmindful of the fell prophesies. One bearing toward the vexed waters that boil between Scylla

and Charybdis, this to Spain or the Antilles, this to Egyptian sands, and that—she scours the southern seas, where the fiery cross burns nightly, and the sails are filled with musk. Ah, me! I pointed to the sky, as naked as a sea-shell, and asked if the silver chains of her water-spout might spin themselves out of space? She answered not wisely, but too well, this old improbabilities. Her speech was broken, her lips were bedewed with wine, and the unnatural light of her countenance shone not upon us again for three whole days. Strange that an island but a span long, beloved of the Emperor Augustus, wherein Tiberius built twelve villas, in honor of the twelve gods, should grow to seed! Did I not in vain search singly and in groups for the golden eggs of that imperial goose? The nests are there, belittled and befooled, but hardly as much as a broken shell remains to our late day. Did I not walk in the dark chambers of the College of Crime, whose novitiates were fattened to satiate the appetite of Tiberius? How could a sumptuous sin flourish in such mean quarters? What did I find there? Drifts of dismantling dust, and a snail that spat froth when I took it in hand, and that squeaked and slobbered in the slimy mouth of its shell.

Was it for this reason we followed one another about the house, and about the hills in the pursuit of pleasure? The hands of the clock made their tread-mill round. Figs began to pall upon the appetite; we sought consolation in dominoes at Scopar's, where the game ran high and culminated in copious draughts of coffee or hot-scutch at 9 P. M.—which is a late hour for Capri. We invited the song and dance. At night we sought our pillows to the metallic tinkling of mandolins and guitars, mingled with occasional spurts of accordion music—sawed off in lengths to suit—and the voices of men and women resounding in rustic discord. The boisterous melodies in the wine shop were more than once rendered too forcibly, and the theme of island gossipry was those nocturnes in black and blue. For the sake of variety we were bidden to the bridal of the chaste Lucia, who had waited seven years for the return of her innamorata; and not in vain, for he brought with him ten thousand hard-earned francs, and came home to claim his *sposa*, lapped in provincial ease. It was then that the handsome barber danced the *tarantella* with the blushing bride, and the hunchback postman, like a caricature, ambled in their steps. We screamed with laughter. We fed on stale cakes and bad marsala; an orchestra from Sorrento thrumming the while, and dashing Federigo of the *Quississana*, breaking the hearts of the Capriotes on the terrace in the moonlight. We all paired off that evening, and, as for me, I accepted the smiles of one of those smooth-faced, big waisted, flat-footed donkey girls—such as artists rave upon, and who lie in wait for husbands, playing for high stakes in every case. Anon fresh arrivals disturbed the serenity of our life; we were no longer sole masters of all we surveyed. The galled T. winced at this seeming intrusion, and increased the temperature of the house. In despair I turned to Fatima, and suggested instant flight. We packed our saddle-bags, to the comic despair of Pepino. New raiment, which I had ordered from Naples—the fig leaf is the only garment of domestic manufacture in that isle of innocence—came at last. Fortunate hour! Twenty minutes later I would have dropped to pieces. Farewell! but not forever. The whole village followed us to the sea, where we entered into a ship and *did* Sicily, from the heart of Etna to the island's edge. A thousand plans were shelved for the time: private theatricals under the patronage of the Prince of Capri, another voyage to the Azure Grotto, and the circumnavigation of the island when the moon was round and full. Pepino dried his eyes with a ten-franc note; a salute of three guns was fired from the roof of the Tiberio, and we sailed into the South for a season. All that time I dreamed of Capri. I lived over again the deliciously monotonous life; I recalled events that had not impressed me until now, but now grew and magnified. Then with Palermo at our back we turned to Capri; in hot haste we sought again the familiar haunts. Fraternal greetings awaited us—alas! and disappointment also. The Tiberio was in mourning; the lady of the spyglass was no more; the brothers of the *Misericordia* had borne her to her long home—a home which, in her case, was about as broad as it was long. Pepino was banished; even then he strutted his brief hour in brilliant Naples looking for a job. "Little Jay" was broken in health; the transmigrating T. had changed his spots and lorded it in Rome. Vesuvius was frosted to the knees; the wind was nipping and eager; I felt the approach of winter in my bones. Was it any wonder that we all hardened our hearts, settled our bills, and departed?

From Naples we looked back and saw a glory upon the cliffs beyond the sea, but depreciated it with one accord; for the light of other days was fairer, and there was the shadow of new graves in this afterglow. We looked again; a great cloud was moving upon the face of the waters; the island had been spirited away, and too late I remembered that we had neglected to ring in Buchanan Reid's never to be avoided couplets, beginning:

"My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit hies—"

But not to-day, pretty Versicles; come again to you, when we are less sad.

L'ASSOMMOIR--THE LOADED BLUDGEON.

Emile Zola's Famous French Novel.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ARGONAUT BY J. C. WARD.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

Three weeks afterward, at about half-past eleven, on a fine day, Gervaise and Coupeau, the zinc-worker, were eating brandy-plums together at "L'Assommoir" of Père Colombe. Coupeau, who was smoking a cigarette on the sidewalk, had forced her to enter as she was crossing the street on returning from carrying home her clothes; and her great square clothes-basket was on the floor near her, and just behind the little zinc-covered table.

"L'Assommoir" of Père Colombe was at the corner of the Rue des Poissonniers and the Boulevard of Rochechouart. The sign bore, in long blue letters, the single word: DISTILLATION. At each side of the door, in half barrels, were two dusty rose laurels. The enormous counter, with its rows of glasses, its fountain, and its tin measures, stretched out to the left as one entered; and the large room was ornamented on all sides with big casks, painted bright yellow, and shining with their brass hoops and grooves and varnish. On the shelves above them bottles of liqueurs, jars of fruit, and all sorts of vials in good order, hid the walls, and reflected in the glass their bright tints of apple-green, pale gold, or tender lake colors. But the great curiosity of the house was at the end, on the other side of an oak railing, and shut in by glass: the distilling apparatus that the consumers could see working—the still with its long, serpentine neck descending below—a devil's kitchen, before which drunken workmen came to dream.

At this hour in the morning "L'Assommoir" was generally empty. A large man of about forty, Père Colombe, in a waistcoat with sleeves, was waiting upon a child of ten, who waited ten sous worth of spirits in a cup. A ray of sunshine entered through the door and dried the room, always damp from the spitting of the smokers. And from the counter the casks in the room sent forth a liquorish odor, an alcoholic fume, which seemed to thicken and intoxicate the very dust flying in the sun.

Coupeau was rolling up another cigarette. He was cleanly dressed in a frock and a little cap of blue linen, and showed his white teeth when he smiled. His under jaw protruded a little, and his nose was rather flat, but he had fine chestnut eyes, and the face of a happy dog, and a very good fellow. His thick curly hair stood right up, and he still retained the delicate skin which belonged to his twenty-six years. Before him was Gervaise, in waist of black orleans, with her head bare, just finishing her plum, which she held by the stem. They were near the street, at the first of four tables ranged along the casks before the counter. When the zinc-worker had lighted his cigarette, he placed his elbows on the table, pushed forward his face, and looked for an instant at, without speaking to, the young woman, whose pretty blonde face on that morning certainly had the creamy transparency of fine porcelain. Then alluding to something known only to themselves, and already discussed, he asked simply in a half tone:

"So it's no? You say no?"

"Oh, very surely no, Monsieur Coupeau," replied Gervaise, smiling quietly. "May be you will not speak to me about it here. You promised, too, to be reasonable. If I had known I should have refused your treat."

He did not reply, but continued to look at her closely, with great tenderness, which seemed even passionate to judge by the corners of his lips—little corners of a pale rose color, somewhat moist, and which allowed the rich red of the mouth to appear whenever he smiled. She did not draw back, however, but remained placid and affectionate. After a little pause she said again:

"You don't think of it, really. I am an old woman, I am. I have a big boy eight years old. What should we do together?"

"Pardi!" whispered Coupeau, winking his eyes, "what others do."

She looked annoyed.

"Ah! if you think it is amusing? One sees you've never kept house. No, Monsieur Coupeau, I must think of more serious things. *La rigolade* leads to nothing, do you hear! I have two mouths to be filled at the house, and they eat a great deal, you may depend! And then, too, my misfortune has been a famous lesson to me. You know, as for the men, I don't care for them now. They won't catch me again for a long while."

She spoke without anger, and with intelligence, and as coolly as though, in talking about work, she was giving the reasons which prevented her from putting starch on a neckerchief. One could see that she had come to her conclusion after mature reflection.

Coupeau, affected by what she said, repeated: "You give me a great deal of pain, a great deal of pain."

"Yes, so I see," returned she, "and I am sorry for you, Monsieur Coupeau. You must not feel hurt. If I wanted to amuse myself, it would be rather with you than another. You look like a good fellow, and you are kind. I don't put on the air of a princess, and I don't say it might not have happened. Only what's the use when I don't want to? I have been at Madame Fanconier's since a fortnight. The little ones go to school, I work, and I am content. Hey? the best thing to do is to remain as one is." And she stooped to take up her basket. "You make me talk; they are waiting for me at mistress's. You'll find another, you will, Monsieur Coupeau, prettier than I, and who'll not have two brats to drag around after her."

He looked at the bull's-eye framed in the mirror, and made her sit down again, saying:

"Wait a moment; it's only twenty-five minutes past eleven; I have still thirty-five minutes. You are not afraid of me—the table is between us. Ah, you detest me so that you can't have a little talk with me."

She put down her basket again, not to disoblige him, and they talked like friends. She had breakfasted before she had gone with the clothes; and he had eaten his soup quickly so as to come and watch for her. Gervaise, while she answered, suddenly looked out of the window between the jars of fruit to see the passing in the street, where the breakfast had made an extraordinarily pressing crowd. On the

sidewalks, where the houses were crowded together, there was a hurrying of feet, a swinging of arms, and a jolting of bodies. The late ones among the workmen who had been kept at work, with disagreeable expressions of hunger, shot across the pavements with great strides and entered the baker's together, and when they reappeared with a pound of bread under their arms, they went three doors above to the *Veau à deux têtes* to eat their six sous' allowance. Besides the baker's there was also a fruiterer's, who sold fried potatoes and muscles with parsley; and there was a contional denife of workwomen in long aprons carrying *cornets* of potatoes and muscles in cups; others—pretty, bare-headed girls of delicate appearance—bought bundles of radishes. When Gervaise leaned over she perceived the shop of a pork butcher full of people, from whence children came holding in their hands a breaded cutlet, a sausage, or a bit of hot black pudding, enveloped in greasy papers. The whole length of the walk was sticky with black mud, even in fine weather, from the tramping of the marching crowd. Some of the workmen already left the eating houses and descended in bands, talking, with their hands beating their thighs. They were heavy with food, and went on quietly and slowly in the midst of the joltings of the crowd. A group of them was standing at the door of "L'Assommoir."

"Say, Bibi-la-Grillade," asked a thick voice, "do you pay a treat of rot-gut?"

And five workmen entered and stood around.

"Ah, thief of a Père Colombe!" said the same voice, "we want some of the old kind, and not in nut-shells; fair glasses, you know."

Père Colombe quietly served them. And then three more arrived. Little by little the blouses concentrated at the angle of the sidewalk, but ended by pushing into the room between the rose laurels gray with dust.

"You are stupid!" said Gervaise to Coupeau. "Certainly I loved him. Only, after the disgusting manner in which he left me—"

They were talking of Lantier. Gervaise had not seen him again. She thought he was living with Virginie's sister at the Ice House, and with the friend who was to get up a hat factory. But she did not intend to run after him. It had at first given her so much pain that she even wanted to drown herself, but now she had reasoned with herself, and all had seemed better. May he with Lantier she might never have been able to bring up the little ones, for he spent so much. He might call and kiss Claude and Etienne, and she wouldn't show him the door. Only for herself she would be cut to pieces before she allowed him to touch the ends of her fingers. And she said it like a resolute woman having her plan of life well marked out. While as to Coupeau, he joked and asked broad questions about Lantier so pleasantly with his white teeth that she did not think of feeling hurt.

"Ah, you beat him," said he, finally. "Oh, you are not good. You whip people."

She interrupted him with a loud laugh. It was true, yes, that she had whipped Virginie's great carcass. That day she could have strangled some one with a good heart, and she laughed louder because Coupeau told her that Virginie, mortified by what had happened, had left that quarter—her face, however, preserving an infantile sweetness all the time. She put forth her plump hands, saying she would not hurt a fly; she only knew about blows from having received lots of them in her life. Then she began to talk of her youth in Plassans. She was not a gad-about at all; the men bothered her. When Lantier took her at fourteen she thought it nice, because he called himself her husband, and she thought she was playing housekeeping. Her only fault, she assured him, was being too sensitive, loving all the world, and going distracted over people who gave her afterward so much trouble. So when she loved a man, she did not think of nonsense; she dreamed only of living always very happily with him. And as Coupeau giggled and talked of her two children, whom she certainly had not placed to hatch under the coop, she stretched forth her hand and slapped his fingers, and added that very surely she was built on the same pattern as other women. Women thought of their homes and worked like everything in the house. She took after her mother, who was a great worker, and who died in harness, after serving Papa Macquart like a pack-horse for more than twenty years. She was more delicate, for her mother had shoulders big enough to burst the doors as she passed through, but that did not hinder. She resembled her in her strong love for people. And if she was a little lame, she received that, too, from the poor woman whom Père Macquart beat unmercifully.

"Oh, that's hardly anything; it's hardly seen," said Coupeau, gallantly.

She shook her head; she knew that it did show, and that at forty she would break up completely. Then gently, with a slight laugh, "You've queer taste to love a lame woman."

Then he, with his elbows on the table, pushed his face further forward, complimenting her, risking words which might turn her head, but she only shook it, without being tempted, and yet seemed pleased with that wheedling voice. She listened while looking out of doors, and appeared to be interested anew in the increasing crowd. Now they began to sweep the empty stores; the fruiterer withdrew his last frying-pan of potatoes, while the pork merchant put in order the upset plates on his counter. From all the eating shops bands of workmen went forth. The great bearded fellows pushed and slapped each other—playing like boys, the blows from their heavy nailed shoes crushing the pavement as they slid along; some, with both hands in the bottoms of their pockets, were smoking with reflective air—their eyes winking in the sun. The sidewalks and the pavements were covered, and streams of them came from the open doors, stopping in the midst of the carriages, making a sight of blouses, frocks, and old overcoats, all faded and discolored in the bright light which filled the street.

The factory bells began to ring, but the workmen did not hurry. They relit their pipes, and with stooping backs, after going from one wine-store to the other, decided to take the road to the factory. And now Gervaise noticed three—one tall and two short ones—who turned around at every few paces, and ended by coming down the street straight to "L'Assommoir" of Père Colombe.

"Ah, well," said she, "I am sure there are three do-nothings."

Coupeau answered. "I know the tall one. He is an acquaintance. It's Mes-Bottes."

"L'Assommoir" was full now, and the talking was louder. Blows on the counter at times made the windows shake, and standing up, with hands crossed upon their bellies or behind their backs, the drinkers pressed one against the other in little groups. Some near the casks had to wait a quarter of an hour before Père Colombe could serve them.

"How! There's that *aristo Cadet-cassis!*" cried Mes-Bottes on applying a rude tap to Coupeau's shoulder. "A pretty gentleman, who smokes paper and wears linen! We want to make his acquaintance, and will pay for the sweet-meats."

"Hey? Don't trouble me," replied Coupeau, much put out.

But the other tittered: "Enough! He's on his high horse—the good man."

"Muffs will be muffs—there!"

The man turned his back, after having squinted terribly at Gervaise. She drew back a little frightened. The smoke of the pipes, the strong odor of all these men, circulating in that air charged with alcohol, suffocated her, and she was taken with a slight cough.

"Oh! it's wretched to drink," said she, in a low tone.

And she told how formerly with her mother she drank anisette at Plassans, but she nearly died one day, and that had disgusted her; she could not look at liquor now.

"Look," added she, showing her glass, "I have eaten my plum but I leave the juice because it would make me sick to drink it."

Coupeau said he also could not understand how they could drink full glasses of brandy. A plum here and there, that was not so bad. As for the brandy, and absinthe, and the other trash, good-bye to them. He did not want them. His comrades might talk, he remained at the door when those *cheulards* entered the pepper-mine. Papa Coupeau, who was a zinc-worker like himself, had fallen from the gutter of No. 25 and broken his head on the pavement of Rue Coquenard, when he was on a spree, and that reminder had made them wiser in their family. Whenever he passed through Rue Coquenard and saw that spot, he would sooner drink gutter-water than take a dram for nothing at the wine merchant's. Concluding with: "In our trade one wants solid legs."

Gervaise had taken her basket again. She did not rise, however, but held it on her knees. Her looks seemed lost and dreamy, as though the words of the young workman had awakened in her the far-off thoughts of a new existence, and she said again, slowly and without apparent transition:

"*Mon Dieu!* I am not ambitious; I don't ask much. My idea would be to work quietly, to eat bread every day, to have a room neat enough to sleep in, you know; a bed, a table, and two chairs—not more. Ah! I would also bring up my children so as to make good subjects of them, if possible. There is yet one other thing in my ideal, which would be not to be beaten if I ever kept house again—no, I shouldn't like to be beaten. And that's all; you see, that's all."

She seemed to question herself, and could find nothing serious to add, but continued after some hesitation:

"Yes, one may also wish to die in one's bed. After having worked all my life, I would much like to die in my bed, and in my home."

She arose. Coupeau, who well approved of all she had said, was standing up, a little troubled about the time. But they did not go out immediately; she was curious to go and see back of the oaken railing, the great still of red copper which worked under the clear glass in the little yard; and the zinc-worker, who had examined it, explained how it went, indicating with his finger the different pieces of the machine, and showing the enormous horn from whence fell a limpid stream of alcohol. The still, with its recipients of strange form, its serpentines without end of pipe, had a sombre look. No smoke escaped; hardly could one hear an internal blow, or a subterranean rumble. It was like a work of the night, made in full day by a sad, mute, but powerful workman.

Mes-Bottes, accompanied by his two companions, came up and leaned on the railing, waiting until a corner of the counter was free. With the look of a starved chicken he shook his head, and, gazing on the intoxicating machine, he said: "*Tonnerre de Dieu!* It is very nice! There is in that big copper drum enough to keep the throat cool for a week." He wished they would solder the end of the serpentine to his teeth, so that he could feel the brandy filling him while hot, going down, down to his heels—always, like a little spring. *Dame!* he would never more be troubled; that would nicely take the place of the dice of that old horse Père Colombe. And the comrades tittered, saying that "that animal of a Mes-Bottes had sense enough, after all."

The still, deafly, without flame, without anything cheering in the extinct reflections of its coppers, continued to let its sweat of alcohol drip, like a slow, stubborn spring, which in the long run would invade the hall, spread out over the outer boulevards, and in time inundate even that immense hole, Paris itself.

Then Gervaise shuddered and drew back, and tried to smile as she said in low tones:

"It's stupid but that machine makes me cold; drink makes me cold." Then recalling the idea of perfect happiness, which she had been thinking over, she said: "Hey? Isn't it? It's better to work, work; eat bread, and have a room belonging to one, to bring up one's children, and die in one's bed."

"And not be beaten," added Coupeau gayly. "But I wouldn't beat you. If you only would, Madame Gervaise; there's no danger, I never drink; and then I love you too much."

He had lowered his voice and spoke in her ear, while she, with basket before her, opened her way through the men. But again she shook her head no, and at several different times—and yet she would smile and seem happy to know that he did not drink. At last they gained the door and went out. L'Assommoir remained full behind them. The noise of hoarse voices came even to the street, as did the liquorish odor of the treats of brandy. Mes-Bottes could be heard treating Père Colombe as though he were a bundle of old clothes, accusing him of only half filling his glass. He was a good fellow, a *chouette*, a bully boy. Ah, tut! the monkey might scrape, he wouldn't return to the shop he had *flemme*; and he proposed to his comrades to go to the *Petit bonhomme*

qui tousse, a pepper mine of the Barrière Saint Denis, where one drank *du chien* pure.

"Ah, now one can breathe again," said Gervaise, once on the sidewalk. "Eh, well! good-bye. Thank you, Monsieur Coupeau. I'm going home as quick as I can." She was going to follow the boulevard, but he had taken her hand, and did not let go, saying:

"Come with me. Pass through the Rue de la Goutte d'Or; that's not much out of your way. I must go to my sister's before I return to the scaffolding. We'll go together."

She ended by accepting his proposal, and they went slowly up the Rue des Poissonniers side by side without taking hold of arms. He spoke to her of his family. His mother, Mamma Coupeau, an old waistcoat-maker, kept house because her eyes failed her. She was sixty-two years old the third of the last month. He was the youngest child. One of his sisters, Madame Lerat, a widow of thirty-six years, worked in flowers and lived in Rue des Moins aux Batignolles; the other, aged thirty, had married a chain maker, that *pince-sans-rire* of a Lorilleux. It was there that he was going, Rue de la Goutte d'Or. She lodged in the big house at the left. Every night he ate his *pot-bouille* at the Lorilleux's; it was an economy for all three. He was going there to tell them not to expect him, as he was invited out by a friend that evening.

Gervaise, who listened to him, cut him short by asking him, smiling: "So they call you *Cadet-cassis*, Monsieur Coupeau?"

"Oh!" answered he, "that's a nickname that the boys have given me because I generally take black currant (*cassis*) when they force me to go to the wine merchant's. It's as well to be called *Cadet-cassis* as *Mes-Bottes*, isn't it?"

"Very certain. *Cadet-cassis* isn't ugly," declared the young woman.

And she interrogated him about his work. He was always working there, behind the *Octroi* wall, at the new hospital. Oh, work was never wanting. He wouldn't certainly quit that staging for a year. There were metres and metres of gutters to be put up.

"You know," said he, "I see the Hôtel Boncœur when I am over there. Yesterday you were at the window. I made my arms go, but you didn't see me."

They had gone one hundred steps in the Rue de la Coutte d'Or before he stopped, when, raising his eyes, he said:

"There! that's the house. I was born farther along at No. 22. But that house there makes a pile of mason work. It's as big as a barrack inside."

Gervaise looked up and examined the façade. On the street the house had five stories, and each story fifteen windows, whose dark blinds with broken slats gave an air of ruin to the immense face of the wall. Four shops occupied the basement; at the right of the door was the vast hall of a greasy eating-house, and at the left a charcoal merchant's, a haberdashery, and an umbrella store. The house seemed all the more colossal from rising between two small and shabby constructions which were stuck against it; and square as a block of mortar, coarsely botched, rotting and crumbling under the rain, its enormous rough cube was profiled on the blue sky above the neighboring roofs. Its rough cast mud-colored sides were of an interminable nakedness like the walls of a prison, and its ranges of stepping-stones seemed decaying jaws gaping into the void. But Gervaise looked most at the door, an immense one stretching up to the second story, cutting a deep porch in the wall, beyond which she saw the pale light of a large yard, and in the middle of it, paved as it was like the street, ran a stream of rose-tinted water.

"Come in," said Coupeau; "they won't eat you."

But Gervaise said that she would wait for him in the street. And yet she could not help going under the porch up to the *concergerie's* lodge, which was on the right; and there at the sill she again raised her eyes. On the interior the façades had six stories, shutting in the vast square of the yard. The gray walls were eaten by a yellow mould, striped with seams by the dripping from the water-pipes which went up straight from the pavement to the slates without a break; the waste water-pipes alone were elbowed at the stories where the open boxes left the stains of their rusty iron. Windows without blinds showed the naked glass, of a high green color. From some open ones, blue check mattresses were hanging and airing, and before others clothes were drying on stretched cords: all the wash of a family—men's shirts, women's frocks, boys' drawers. From high to low the too small lodgings were emptied outside, letting bits of their misery appear at every chink. Below, clearing each façade, was a high, narrow door without wood-work cut into the plaster or dug out of it, a creviced vestibule, at the bottom of which turned the muddy steps of stairs with iron railings. And one counted thus four flights, indicated by the four first letters of the alphabet painted on the wall. The basements were arranged in immense rooms, closed in by glass black with dust. The forge of a locksmith was flaming there, and one heard farther on the planing of a carpenter, while near the lodge the laboratory of a dyer threw out that stream of tender rose color, which passed through the porch. The yard, dirty with pools of colored water, with shavings, with coal cinders, with grass between its disjointed pavements, was lighted by a light so dim that it seemed to be divided by the line where the sun stopped. On the shady side near by the fountain, whose spout made it always damp, three little chickens scratched the ground, seeking worms with their muddy feet. Gervaise, slowly looking from the sixth story to the pavement and back again, was surprised at its immensity. She felt herself in the midst of a living organ, like the heart of a great city, and became as interested in the house as though a giant were before her.

"Does madame want any one," cried the puzzled *concergerie*, as she appeared at the door of the lodge.

But the young woman explained that she was only waiting for some one. She turned toward the street; then, as Coupeau didn't come, she returned to look again. The house did not seem ugly to her. There were gay spots smiling among the rags which hung at the windows. A gillyflower was blooming in a pot, and there was a cage of canaries from which sweet warblings came, and shaving glasses were casting bright, round stars into the shadows. Below a carpenter was singing, accompanied by the regular whistling of his plane; while in the workshop of the locksmith there was the silvery ring of hammers, all beating in time. At

nearly all the open windows in the midst of the miserable surroundings, children showed their dirty but smiling faces, and women were sewing with their calm profiles leaning over their work. These were the after breakfast duties, and in the midst of the empty rooms of the workmen, the house was entering into its great peace, disturbed only by the noise of the trades, and of their continued refrain, which was repeated for hours. The yard was a little damp. If Gervaise had lived there she would have liked a lodging at the back, near the sun. She had taken five or six steps within and had breathed that insipid smell of the houses of the poor—the smell of old dust and rancid filth; but, as the sharper odor of the dye waters prevailed, she thought it smelt better there than at Hôtel Boncœur. And she already chose her window at the left hand corner, where there was a little box planted with Spanish beans, whose thin sprigs were already beginning to creep around a trellis work of strings.

"I kept you waiting, hey?" said Coupeau, whom she suddenly heard near her. "There's always a time when I don't dine with them; and more to-day, as my sister had bought some veal for dinner."

As she still had her surprised look, he continued, casting his eyes over the building:

"You were looking at the house. It's always rented from top to bottom. I think there must be three hundred lodgers in it. If I had had furniture I should have looked for a little room, for one could be well here, couldn't he?"

"Yes, one could be very well here!" said Gervaise; "at Plassans it was not so thickly settled in our whole street. Look, isn't it nice at that window in the fifth story where the beans are?"

Then, with his obstinacy, he asked her if they shouldn't rent there. But away she went, hurrying under the porch, and begging him not to begin his nonsense again. But Coupeau, in leaving her before Madame Fanconner's shop, was able to retain her hand in his, after she had offered it to him in a friendly way.

The good terms between the young woman and the zinc-worker continued for a month. He thought her so courageous when he saw her killing herself with work, looking after the children, and still finding time at night to sew on all sorts of things. Some women were untidy; but, *sacré matin!* she did not resemble them; she took life seriously. Then she laughed and defended herself modestly. Unfortunately, she had not always been so wise. Experience had corrected her a little, that was all. They were wrong to think that she had a strong will; she was very weak, on the contrary; she allowed herself to go wherever she was pushed, for fear of giving some one pain. Her dream was to live in company with honest people, because bad society, said she, was like the blow of a club, which broke one's head, and laid a woman out in less than no time. She felt that a cold sweat came over her when she thought of the future, and she compared herself to a sou thrown in the air, and falling head or tail, according to the unevenness of the pavement. All she had yet seen—the bad examples spread out before her eyes as a child—had given her a good lesson. But Coupeau joked her about her gloomy ideas, and restored her spirits by trying to pinch her sides. She pushed him away and slapped his hands, while he cried out, laughing, that for a weak woman she was not so easily overcome. He, *rigoleur*, did not trouble himself about the future. The days came and went, *parti!* One could always have a nest and a crust. That quarter seemed very nice to him, excepting the drunkards, of whom they might relieve the gutters of at least one half. He wasn't a bad devil, and sometimes could talk sense. He had a speck of gallantry, parted his hair carefully, and had handsome cravats and a pair of patent leather shoes for Sundays. With that, and with the address and impudence of a monkey, and the deep-throated drollery of a Parisian workman, full of *bajoue*, he was charming—take his word for it. Both had finished by offer of services at the Hôtel Boncœur. Coupeau was going to get her milk for her. He charged himself with all her errands, and carried her bundle of clothes. Often of an evening, as he came first from work, he took the children to walk on the outer boulevards. Gervaise, to return his kindness, went up to the narrow room where he lodged and looked after his clothes, putting but tons on his overalls and mending his linen jackets. A great intimacy was established between them. She was not annoyed to have him there; was amused with the songs he brought, and with his continual *faubourg* talk so new to her. He, from always being at her heels, became more deeply interested in and more taken with her. Though he continued to laugh, he was so uneasy, so constrained, that it ceased at last to be amusing.

Toward the end of June Coupeau lost his spirits. He felt upside down. Gervaise, troubled by his looks, barricaded herself at night. Then, after a pouting spell, which lasted from Sunday to Tuesday, all at once, on Tuesday night, he came and knocked at her door. It was about eleven o'clock, and she didn't want to open it, but his voice was so soft and so trembling that she ended by removing the bureau which she had pushed against the door. When he entered she thought he was unwell, so pale did he look, with his red eyes and marble face. He remained standing, stammering and shaking his head. No, no, he was not sick, but had been crying for two hours up in his room; he cried like a child, biting his pillow-case so that his neighbors might not hear him. For three nights he had not slept. He could not continue in that way.

"Listen, Madame Gervaise," said he, his throat choking so that his tears almost came again; "this must finish, mustn't it? We will marry. I want to; I am decided."

Gervaise showed great surprise, and said, very seriously: "Oh, Monsieur Coupeau, what are you talking of! I never asked that, you know it well. That wouldn't do, that's all. Oh, no, no! it is serious now; reflect, I beg of you."

But he continued shaking his head with an air of determined resolution. He had reflected. He came down because he wanted to pass a good night. She couldn't let him go up to cry again, may be. As soon as she said yes, he would torment her no longer. She could go to sleep quietly. He only wanted simply to hear her say yes, and then they could talk it all over the next day.

"Very certainly I shan't say yes in that way," replied Gervaise. "I don't want you to say afterward that I made you do a stupid thing. Do you see, Monsieur Coupeau, you are wrong in being so obstinate. You don't yourself know what you feel for me. If you would stop seeing me for a week it

would pass, I bet. Men often marry, and then the days get longer for all one's life, and then they get annoyed. Sit down, I want to talk to you now."

There, until one o'clock in the morning, in the dark room, by the smoky light of a candle which they forgot to snuff, they discussed their marriage, lowering their voices so as not to awaken the children, Claude and Etienne, who were sleeping, gently breathing on the same pillow. And Gervaise went to them often, to show them to Coupeau. That was a funny dowry she brought him; she could not really encumber him with the two brats. Then she was taken with shame on his account. What would they say in that quarter? They knew her history; it would hardly be proper for them to see them marry before two months had passed. To all these good reasons, Coupeau replied by shrugging his shoulders. He didn't care for the quarter! He didn't put his nose in other people's affairs. Eh, well! yes, she had had Lantier before him. But she didn't live fast. As for the children, they would grow, and they would bring them up, *parbleu!* He would never find so smart a woman, so good a one, one more full of good qualities. Besides, that was not all, she might have rolled on the sidewalk, have been ugly, lazy, disgusting—have had a lot of dirty children, that wouldn't have counted in his eyes. He wanted her. "Yes," I want you, repeated he, striking his fist on his knee with repeated blows. "You understand, I want you. There's nothing to be said to that, I think."

Gervaise was yielding little by little. A weakening of heart and senses was coming over her in the midst of the desire with which she felt that she was being enveloped. She hazarded only timid objections, while her hands fell on her skirts and her face seemed bathed in sweetness. Out of doors, through the half opened window, the beautiful June night sent in its warm breath and blew the candle whose red wick was burning high. In the great silence of the sleeping quarter was heard only the child-like cries of a drunkard lying on his back in the middle of the boulevard; while from afar, at the bottom of some restaurant, a violin was playing a lively quadrille at some belated ball—a little crystalline music, neat and clear as the tones of a harmonica. Coupeau, finding that the young woman was at the end of her arguments, silent, and smiling vaguely, seized her hands and drew her toward him. She was in one of those moments of weakness in which she so much mistrusted herself, and was really too much affected to refuse anything. But the zinc worker did not understand that she was giving herself away; he was content to squeeze her hands so as to hurt them, when taking possession; and both gave forth sighs at the gentle pain in which their tenderness was hardly satisfied.

"You say yes—don't you?" asked he.

"How you torment me!" murmured she. "You wish it? Well, yes. *Mon Dieu!* it may be that we are committing a great folly."

He got up and took her by the waist, giving her haphazard a rude kiss on her face. Then, as the kiss made a loud noise, he became uneasy, looked at Claude and Etienne, walked on tip toe, and, lowering his voice, said:

"*Chut!* Let us be wise. We mustn't wake the little ones, but will talk to-morrow, then."

And he went up to his chamber. Gervaise, all trembling, remained for an hour seated on the side of her bed, without thinking of undressing, and was touched when considering how honest Coupeau was. The drunkard under the window below now gave forth the harsh plaint of an animal who was lost, and the violin at the far off ball became silent.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

The preparation of the new Bible, which is to be inspired by sweet reasonableness, has not made much advance yet. We lay before our readers the improved version of the first chapter of the book of Genesis:

1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything.
2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferentiated, and somehow another evolution began and molecules appeared.
3. And molecules evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light.
4. And the spirit of energy was developed and formed the plastic cell whence arose the primordial germ.
5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and the protogene somehow shaped eozone; then was the dawn of life.
6. And the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal, without us that maketh for righteousness, neither knew nor cared anything about it.
7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became involved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion.
8. So that by the survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.
9. And in due time one lost his tail and became man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo, the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age.
10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, and Charles Darwin appeared, and behold it was very good.

Nobody except the people in the front pews last Sunday, and only the few there who listened very intently, could hear the tenor when the choir started out on "When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned toward the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost my place; I'm in a fix;
What ever shall I do?"

And then the leader in his profoundest bass replied in faultless tune and meter:

"The tune is on page ninety-six,
The words on forty-two."

At the close of the sermon the minister began. Raising his voice, he said: "Judgment, judgment, small boy near the vestibule shouted: 'Out on

CHEERFUL HARRY.

And How He Imposed Upon a Very Bad Man.

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

Whenever Eel River Dan went on a "tear" consternation reigned in Pilot City. As soon as his strident whoop began to resound through the redwoods surrounding the village the citizens hushed their murmurings at lesser evils and silently skulked to their cabins, there to listen, with bated breath, for the first sounds of warfare sure to follow Dan's arrival in the town. Oftentimes the guileless stranger, unacquainted with the truculent ruffian's "record," was the victim; but as a general rule it was some obstinate lumberman, who sacrificed himself for more timid men. It was a singular fact, that no matter how peaceably inclined Pilot City might be, at the moment Eel River Dan came down from his mountain home, "on a time," somebody had to suffer. He was "bad" in the most literal sense of the word, and there were but few who dared approach him after he had "declared" himself and "turned himself loose." But on this particular occasion—this bleak, windy day in February, when the principal inhabitants of Pilot City had gathered around the glowing stove that warmed the somewhat contracted limits of the Raftsmen's Home—the gayly chattering congregation had received no intimation of the approach of the mountain desperado. Not a single whoop had he uttered as he strode through the sighing pines, not a yell announcing his coming had been heard by the peaceful residents of Pilot City, and when the gigantic frame of the "terror" darkened the door of the Home a thunderbolt would not have produced as much genuine surprise, not to call it astonished apprehension, in the breasts of those present as did the appearance of Eel River Dan. For an instant the assemblage sat petrified. Then there was a fluttering movement, and Big Mike, the boom band, made a break for the rear door. The others only waited to satisfy themselves that Dan was "on it." This important doubt having been dissipated, and the conclusion arrived at that the mountaineer was in an unusually disagreeable frame of mind, the remainder of the company withdrew—rather precipitately it must be confessed, but with sufficient order and regularity to escape injury in the crush at the side door.

As soon as the last boot heel had passed over the threshold Dan smiled—it was not a very sardonic smile, to be sure, but notwithstanding its sardonic character there could be no mistaking it for a frown or a scowl of displeasure. With the grimace still irradiating his bloated features the desperado passed behind the bar, and with a freedom peculiar to his loose habits, grasped the demijohn containing an unusually ardent article of lumberman's solace. Throwing the jug deftly into the hollow of his right arm, he poured the yellow distillment into a glass which he held in his left hand, allowing the liquid to mark four fingers before he threw the muzzle up and returned the demijohn to its shelf beneath the bar. He contemplated the contents of the glass for a moment, held it up to the light, smacked his lips in anticipation of the joy it was about to confer upon him, and then placed the edge of the tumbler gingerly to his mouth as if he would prolong the delight of feeling it trickle down his copper-plated throat into his sheet-iron stomach. Inch by inch his ruby nose went upward, drop by drop the whisky flowed downward. The last globule had just passed between his teeth, when his fiery red eyes, glancing through the bottom of the glass, fell upon an object, the sight of which seemed to paralyze him. He could not believe his senses. He imagined that some defect in the glass through which he was taking his observations must have produced the vision that greeted his gaze. It could not possibly be the form of a man standing there beside the stove! What an idea! What mortal individual would have the hardihood to remain when he, Eel River Dan, the terror of the entire lumber region from Mendocino to Trinity, saw fit to enter a place of resort! Ah! no, it certainly could not be a real, living, flesh and blood, human being; it was probably a straw dummy set up by those d—d hulks that had just left, and the insult thus offered would afford an excuse for a general cleaning out of the whole d—d town. So he placed the glass on the bar, and, leaning upon his elbows, leveled his gaze still more intently upon that "dummy." Great Cæsar's ghost! it moved. Was it the wind swaying a bundle of clothes stuffed with straw? Or was it—By the great boom that swings over the river Jordan! it rubs its hands. It is a man! Never before, during a career checkered by almost daily surprises, had Eel River Dan ever experienced such a sudden shock of astonishment. For ten seconds by the bar-room clock he was powerless, speechless, well nigh lifeless. Then he raised his hands to his face, and leaned his cheeks upon them while he studied the apparition beside the stove. It was a little man, a hollow-chested, cavern-cheeked, mild-eyed, meek looking man. Pity had never been a distinguishing trait in the composition of Dan's nature, but as he gazed upon this ragged, tormented looking being a feeling akin to sympathy began to usurp the place of surprise in his breast, and it was in a tone almost tinged with kindness that he addressed the sickly vagrant.

"Bin var long?"
"Eh?"
The reply sounded like the gurgling of blood through the sink pipes of a dissecting room.

"Aint bin loafin' 'round thet yar stove more'n a minute or two, hev ye?"

Dan's tone was so insinuating, and his intention to avoid hurting the poor fellow's feelings so evident, that a man with perceptive faculties developed to any degree whatever would have understood the kindly motive. But the rash man at the stove must have been abnormally obtuse, for he gurgled forth the exasperating reply:

"Ever sence those other roosters lit out."
"What!" Dan's eyes were dilated with the intensity of his emotion. Wrath was taking the place of pity.

The little man made no reply, but rubbed his hands and beld them, palms outward, in front of the warm stove.

"Mebbe ye wasn't payin' pertickler 'tention to w'at made me git up an' dust." It was a forced calmness that permeated Dan's manner as he made this last remark.

"Didn't know but w'at ther was a dog fight or somethin' on the street."

"Dog fight or somethin'," sneered Dan, reaching a glass; "mebbe yer not acquainted 'ith me."
"Who're ye?" The man at the stove did not make this inquiry as if he had any particular desire to ascertain the identity of his interlocutor, but gurgled it in a mechanical way, like a phonograph or an automatic talking machine.

"I'm Eel River Dan, stranger, an' I'm bad."
If Dan imagined that this announcement would discompose the vagrant he was mistaken. It had no more effect than so much wind, and the stranger did not even appear to notice the remark.

"D'y'e hear, you cadaverous galoot? I'm Eel River Dan, an' I'm on it bigger'n a wolf."

"Ther's all right—I ain't objectin'."

"You ain't, eh? Well, I don't s'pose ye be, an' w'at's more I ain't intendin' ye shell. Now look yar, stranger, ye say ye think it was a dog fight or somethin' thet clared this yar bar-room a bit ago?"

"Somethin' o' thet kind—I wasn't perticklerly anxious to hustle 'round an' find out, anyhow."

"I b'lieve yer lyin', stranger; but afore I perceed any futh'er 'ith your case, I'll give ye the true bizness: them huskies slid out o' this yar place a 'cause they saw me a comin' in thet yar door over ther—see the door?"

"It's thar I reckon," answered the little man, who had turned his back to the stove, but who did not take the trouble to resume his former position for the purpose of verifying the bad man's assertion that a door absolutely existed in that particular side of the apartment.

"Well, my consumptive friend, 'taint too late fur you to use thet same hole in the wall—you'll be in time to hear how thet dog fight you was speakin' about come out, mebbe, ef yer uncommonly lively."

"Don't keer how it come out," answered the hollow-cheeked individual, in his most woe-begone tone of voice.

"Don't, eh? Yer sure ye don't want to know w'ich dog licked?"

"Ain't bettin' a continental red on nary dog fight jest now, an' ain't a goin' to, nuther." There was a ghost of emphasis in the latter portion of this speech, but it was almost wholly choked by the gloomy sadness of the tone in which it was uttered.

"It's purty rough, blamed ef it ain't," soliloquized Dan, edging around toward the end of the bar. "I'd ez soon tackle a raft o' measley babies, but it's got down to a ground hog case, an' ef I don't do somethin' purty soon the boys 'll be kickin' me from one end o' the county to the other. It's got to be did. Ther's no help for it. I say, sickly, mebbe ye'd like to say a word or two afore it happens."

"W'at happens?"

"Why, w'at's goin' to happen w'en I turn loose."

"Ain't got nuthin' to say."

"Any place, pertickler, ye'd like ter be hauled to arter the matinee?"

"W'at matinee?"

"W'at matinee! The matinee thet's goin' to open up in about one minute by thet yar clock."

"Don't know nuthin' 'bout it."

"You'll know more'n you want to afore I git through 'ith you. Ain't got no friends thet 'd plant ye decently in case the Coroner hed to sit on ye?"

"Nary friend."

"No money?"

"Nary dime."

"Got a name, I s'pose—write it down an' I'll see thet it's spelled right in the papers."

"Cheerful Harry."

"Age?"

"Forty-four."

"Born anywhar?"

"Massouri."

"Bizness?"

"Herdin' sheep."

"Cheerful Harry—forty-four—born in Massouri—sheep herder. Is thet kerrect?"

"Kerrect."

"Mebbe you'd like ter hev a verse or two o' po'try tacked on?"

"W'at fur?"

"Fur a send-off in case ye don't survive. Some folks is ruther pertickler 'bout sich things; didn't know but you was one o' thet kind."

"Nary verse."

"Don't feel like lightin' out, I s'pose?"

"I'm comf'table."

"Are, are ye?"

"Never felt more comf'table in m'life."

By this time Dan had approached very close to the little man, and he appeared to be attempting to stir up latent wrath sufficient to "open the matinee." He hesitated for the last time as he remarked:

"Say, Cheerful, you'd feel a mighty sight cheerfuller ef you was out huntin' up the perticklers o' thet dog fight."

The reply came laden with the very quintessence of contempt:

"You be —!"

There was a sudden outreaching of Eel River Dan's long arm—a ringing crash as the stove pipe came down—a gleam of steel—a blending of two forms—a hoarse bowl of rage and pain—another crash as the blended forms reeled over upon the card table, and through that frail piece of furniture to the floor—more gleaming steel—more hoarse howls of despair and pain—and Cheerful Harry quietly returned to his position beside the stove, unconcernedly wiping a frightful looking knife on his coat sleeve.

Dr. Squills was of the opinion that if Dan could survive the wound under the fourth rib he might, in the course of four or five months, be able to leave his room. Dan did survive the wound under his fourth rib, but nobody saw him leave his room. Dr. Squills was again appealed to, and gave it as his opinion that Eel River Dan, no longer the redoubtable Eel River Dan of yore, had left in the night.

Be that as it may, he never troubled Pilot City again, although he must have been aware of the fact that Cheerful Harry had returned to his pastoral pursuits in the mountains of Trinity.

OAKLAND, June 15, 1879.

The most treacherous memory in the world belongs to the young man with a new watch.

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

Sentiment from a lady's album:
"A woman looks upon her husband as a charming being during two months of her life—the month before she marries him, and the month after she buries him."

Three good definitions:
Conviction—An opinion grown stout.
Imprudence—The mother-in-law of safety.
Guignon—Fatality in a dressing gown.

"Zelie, why do you serve up salad without dressing it?"
"Because madame is in mourning for her husband, and I did not think it proper to ornament madame's repast with nasturtiums."

A poetical American concludes a letter addressed to a fashionable young lady with the following brilliant simile:
"I have just returned from a drive in the Bois, where I saw you in your calèche among other fair promenaders. Compared with them you looked like a gas jet surrounded by candles."

These Americans certainly have a peculiar way of expressing themselves.

No dilly-dallying in business:
A street vender was pursuing on the boulevard a gentleman who appeared to be in a great hurry.

"Buy a cane, sir?"
"How much?"
"Twenty francs."
"Twenty sous."
"Take it."

Monsieur Prudhomme to his son, with an air of gravity:
"Allow me to tell you that I consider you to be very cold, exceedingly cold, toward your betrothed."

"How can I help it? She does not speak to me. Besides she is so little."

Monsieur Prudhomme, sententiously:
"You might at least love her in proportion to her size."

An old lawyer meets one of his clients, who is his debtor to a large amount, and who is younger than himself by at least twenty years:

"Give me a call one of these days," he says to him, "so that we may square our little account. I have no wish whatever to settle it with yours heirs."

A pale young thief, who, notwithstanding his boyish appearance, had already arrived at his fiftieth sentence, was again brought up before the Tribunal of Correctional Police.

"Accused," said the President, "you ought to be ashamed to find yourself again here. You would do better to work than to keep such bad company."

"Bad company!" replied the accused in an incredulous tone. "How can you say so? I pass my life among the magistrates."

Certain dietary precautions are imposed on the conductors of omnibuses, owing to their close relations with passengers. It is known, also, that, owing to the nature of their services, the conductor may be called upon at any time to replace a driver who happens to be sick or who has obtained leave of absence.

The other day a conductor was apprised that instead of keeping his usual place behind he would be obliged to take the reins.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, raising his eyes to heaven, with an expression of profound gratitude, "I shall again be able to eat a little garlic!"

During the period of the nocturnal attacks in Paris, Cham, returning home after midnight, was accosted by an individual of rather sinister aspect, who asked alms from him.

"Don't you think that we can postpone all this until tomorrow?" mildly inquired Cham.

"You don't seem to understand me," said the individual, in a threatening tone.

Cham put his hand in his breast pocket.

"I will try to make the matter clear to you," replied Cham.

"This is what I can do for you. I have with me a revolver with six balls. I must keep a few of them for further emergencies. But if you like I will give you three of them."

A *mot* of Thomas Couture, who died the other day:

Close to his studio was a large room for the use of his pupils. On one occasion the door of communication was thrown open, and one of the pupils ran to him with a scared look—

"Monsieur Couture, what a sad misfortune!"

"What is the matter?"

"The model has had a sudden stroke of apoplexy. We ran to his assistance and found him dead. Come at once!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Couture, while looking at his pupil.

"Dead, you say? I hope you took a sketch of him."

Colino was reading, the other day, the statistics of suicide.

"The means of suppressing, or at least of diminishing, the results of this malady—for suicide is a malady—is of Biblical simplicity," he observed.

"Really?" observed one of the persons present.

"Certainly," he replied. "Let the National Assembly vote a law thus worded: 'Every individual who commits suicide shall be condemned to a year's imprisonment and a thousand francs' fine,' and you will see that before facing death he will look at it twice."

A profession little known:

The director of a charitable society is visited in his office by a well dressed gentleman.

"May I ask," he inquired, "to what I am indebted for the honor of your visit?"

"I have come to offer my services to you. I have raw material (*matière première*) to propose to you."

"Raw material?"

"Yes, sir. You're the director of a charitable society. I procure subjects to be operated upon. It happens at times that they are not to be found. *Je suis courtier en pauvres.*"

BACHELOR BRIC-À-BRAC.

Have you ever looked into a bachelor's room
In the gloaming 'twixt dinner and pipe,
While he lies on the lounge in a poetic gloom,
And the fruit of his fancy is ripe?

The Angelus-bells, with their musical clang,
Are appealing in vain to his ear;
'Tis the summons to prayer, but he don't care a hang—
The gods that he worships are here.

In his chamber the trophies of battle are stored;
He reckons his scars by the score;
The mammas he enraptured, the daughters he bored,
The mittens, and heartaches galore.

There are cushions of satin, and filigreed mats,
With monograms, ever his own;
There are mouchoir-cases, embroidered cravats,
And frills for his jars of cologne;

There's a tiny slipper he captured by chance
From the queen of the ballet stars;
Its triumphs are over, a truce to romance—
It is sacred to Club House Cigars.

Love-letters are lashed to a broken fan
With a ribbon of faded blue,
From Marie, who married the wrong, wrong man,
And is now a mother—or two.

Some tresses of hair, from raven to gold;
Handfuls of nameless curls;
He may have forgotten the sweethearts of old,
But they're warranted, all of them, girls!

There's a perfumed glove, a fragment of lace,
And the fringe of a silken sash;
Six photographs of a sad, sweet face—
The spoils of his latest masb;

There's a flowing girdle of cardinal red,
That is coiled like the cunning asp—
O sonnet unwritten! O poem unsaid!
It is clasped with a golden clasp.

Of such is the bachelor's bric-à-brac;
Need I tell you what it is for?
It's his pride as he lies with his heart on the rack,
Lazily waiting for war.

From the waters beneath to the heavens above,
My bachelor hero has found
In the wide, wide world there is nothing but love,
And there's more than enough to go round.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879. CHAS. WARREN STODOLAR.

Cleopatra's Protest.

Come nearer, my spotted leopard, and cool with your tongue my hand,
I am faint with a fitful fever, and filled with a fancy grand;
Lie close to my side, and lend me your passion that poison taints,
While I ponder the perjured picture the world of your mistress paints;
The curious life it has painted, and chiseled, and moulded, and sung,
Of Egypt's Cleopatra, in every land and tongue.
On canvas, crystal, china, in bronze, and brass, and gold;
In malachite and marble, on coins and metal old;
In mosaic and murrhine, in coral, copper, clay,
On ivory, and in ebony, in Scotia's granite gray,
In opal, ophtite, onyx, in sapphire, chrysolite,
In topaz, turquoise, jasper, in alabaster white;
In verse, and prose, and ballad, in history manifold,
The face and life of Egypt's queen is drawn, and carved, and told.
In this galaxy of artists, in this gallery of art,
Where chisel, brush, and pen have done their perjured part,
I see nor shade nor shadow, nor sign nor semblance see,
Of her who stood at Actium with Roman Antony;
I fail to find the features, the force, or spirit bold,
Of her who sailed the Cydnus in her galley wrought in gold;
In the character they give me I trace no sign nor mood
Of hers who chose destruction to life of servitude,
Who bared her bosom proudly, and perished like a queen,
Preferring death to Cæsar, and the grave to Roman spleen;
But I see the spiteful venom that guided steel and hand,
And tarnished as it tinted, and poisoned as it planned.
I see the jealous envy that shaped each curve and turn,
Of chisel, brush, and pencil, but naught of truth discern;
And I see what they have made me—I can not help but see—
For what the senseless stone omits is found in history.
The seal they set upon me of sumptuous sin and shame,
They stole from frail Aspasias' brow and Grecian Phryne's name.
I see the perjured picture; I see the wanton vile
They show for Cleopatra—"the Serpent of old Nile;"
And the eager world in earnest the counterfeit accepts,
And down through coming ages the truthful type rejects;
But I scorn to see the semblance in the picture that they draw
Of her who held Rome captive, whose wish was Egypt's law.
I would bid them go, remember that she whom they revile
Spurned the love of laureled Cæsar, when he sought her by the Nile
And offered name, and station, and the sovereignty of Rome,
If she would yield the conquest and say she was his own;
That she sent him back, with others, in their regal robes unmann'd,
Who had come as hopeful suitors for Cleopatra's hand,
And bade them lay their treasures at the feet of one more free
Than the spouse of Rome's Triumvir—the god-like Antony.
I would tell them that the pious prude, Octavia, whom they raise
Upon the highest pinnacle of purity and praise,
Is not worthy of the worship they offer at her shrine,
For she was never Antony's—she always had been mine.
He took her from her regal home to carry out his part,
But never to his bosom, and never to his heart;
And all, all, all of Antony this haughty dame can claim
Is the sacrifice he offered when he gave to her his name;
And he was sworn to me by Eros, beneath the Libyan moon
That he never held her nearer than vial peerless plenitude;
He has sworn it o'er and o'er that their hands had never met,
And that his star in Egypt rose when hers in Rome had set.
I would tell them that Octavia knew his spirit and his heart,
His life, his soul, his destiny, his mind, his every part,
Was moored upon the Nilus together with mine own
Before he ever sought her—by Cæsar's wish alone;
And she knew the gods of Egypt had smiled serenely down
On the union of Rome's consul with Egypt's starry crown.
I would tell them she they blighted with the brand of sin and shame
Would have scorned to call him husband who gave alone his name,
And had that haughty Roman dame the spirit of a dove,
She'd have sent him back to Egypt, to her who owned his love.

I am weary; leave me, leopard; you can not change your skin,
Nor I the haughty spirit I show to all save him;
And I thank the gods of Egypt for the mercy they have shown
In giving me Mark Antony for all, all, all mine own;
And I thank the god of waters for yielding me the tide
That floods the old Nile's bosom where we are side by side,
And to those who call me "Succress," and "Serpent of old Nile,"
And to those who paint me "tigress," and everything that's vile,
I will say, your shafts fall harmless, for we're so wholly one
That when the pulse of one shall cease the other's life is run.
So I banish bitter feelings for all who did malign,
For 'tis but human nature to envy bliss like mine;
And I rain forgiveness on them in pearly perfumed showers,
And tell them that the western world knows naught of love like ours.
—Capital.

PRELUDES--IN DIVERS KEYS.

It is not without considerable surprise that I find in the *Nation* of the 5th inst. a suggestion so entirely at variance with either the musical or general æsthetic standpoint affected by that paper, that I am inclined to suspect its musical editor of having left his work in very incompetent hands while he is having his summer vacation. The writer, in canvassing "the best means of gradually raising ourselves to the rank of a musical nation," suggests that "young men and women should be urged to bestow their time and leisure on the bowed instruments," "with a view to the formation of string-quartet clubs, and the cultivation and study of the purer forms of chamber music," and after adducing several arguments in favor this certainly praiseworthy suggestion proceeds to champion the cause of the now (fortunately) almost forgotten form of operatic *potpourri* as "a means of elevating the taste of those to whom the highest forms of composition are as yet unintelligible." His argument is as follows: "Amateurs are apt to be discouraged by the inherent difficulties of most chamber music, especially that of Beethoven, Schumann, and Rubinstein. In such cases it is best to leave classic music alone for the time being, and get some of the operatic *potpourri* for one, two, or three string instruments and piano, published, e. g., in the Edition Peters in a comfortable and very cheap form. Operatic *potpourri* do not belong to the highest class of music, we grant, but neither do they deserve the supreme contempt which many pedantic music-teachers affect for them." Now, setting aside the suspicion that the critical columns of the *Nation* are being used to advertise the Peters edition of operatic *alla-podrida* as unworthy a paper of such excellent general tone, it seems to me that there is here put forward a suggestion utterly pernicious, and based very largely on the most culpable ignorance, not only of the immense *repertoire* of lighter and easier chamber music, but also of the end to be attained in the cultivation of all music as well as the means to be wisely employed toward attaining it. What this writer may mean by the statement that such arrangements "will serve as a means of elevating the taste of those to whom the highest forms of composition are as yet unintelligible" is something not altogether easy to understand. Surely not that the cultivation of a style of music which is in its very nature utterly devoid of sound logical form, or even æsthetic coherence, is in any way to prepare the student for the study of the legitimate forms or of such compositions as are based upon a sound and natural development of their thematic material? Surely it can not be intended to imply that the study of operatic melodies aimlessly strung together has any, even the remotest, relation to the cultivation of a sound, healthy musical taste? The melodies may be excellent and beautiful in themselves and in their proper place and setting, but so is also a chapter out of *Les Misérables* or a speech in *Egmont*. A chromo-lithograph reproduction of a single figure from some dramatic picture may have its interest to one who is familiar with the picture itself, or even a certain attractiveness of its own, but is it on these grounds to be recommended as fit material for study by a young art student? The writer speaks of "the inherent difficulties of most chamber music," and seems to forget—or know nothing of—the mass of such music by Reissiger, Fesca, Meyer, Krause, and other excellent composers, that is neither very difficult to execute or comprehend. The older school, in which the formal construction lies nearer the surface, and is, consequently, easier to analyze and study, has its Dussek, Pleyel, Kuhlau, and others, who have left us much that for the purpose of amateurs is beautiful and interesting, not to mention Haydn himself, many of whose works—especially the earlier ones—present no technical difficulties that amateurs can not overcome, or that they should not be encouraged to grapple with for the sake of the sound musical regimen that will be found in them. The operatic *potpourri* is a monstrosity, the outgrowth of a depraved, vulgar taste. I say depraved, since I regard it as a feeling founded not at all upon the cultivation or love for music in itself—i. e., the music of the home, properly all *chamber music*—but a reflected light from the glare and excitement of the music of the theatre, mingled—the lover of it scarcely knows how little or how much—with the remembered spell of this or that voice or *personnel*, the effect upon the emotions of the situation, the scene, the surroundings. With true music it has nothing in common. Nor can it ever "serve as a means of elevating" any taste, but, accurately the reverse of this, it must necessarily vitiate and utterly deprave the feeling for true art of the impressionable music-maker who to any extent indulges in it. This has always been recognized by the better musicians of every country; none—not one—of the better composers has ever written an operatic *potpourri*. The arrangement of a single air from an opera will occasionally be found from a master hand, and—to show the extent to which their necessities forced them to yield to vulgar fashion—a few variations on operatic themes by the greatest. But never a *potpourri*, excepting by those who courted the public for its money, and who at the same time held that public in contempt for an appetite which they were willing to gratify. When the writer in the *Nation* says that "arranged in an artistic manner they will give pleasure to the most refined musician," I am at a loss to know where or how he has obtained his idea of a "refined musician," and can assure him, as well as my readers, that the diet which he prescribes would be apt to suit the taste of an ignorant musical sensualist or average Italian amateur, rather than a musician of any kind. The taste for *potpourri* has gone the way of the *furore* for "brilliant variations" and "descriptive songs"; we have buried it with the souvenirs of our salad days. There, in the name of respectable art, let it rest.

I am sorry to find that I have caused another tempest in a teapot by what I said in last week's issue of the ARGONAUT about the violin playing of Mr. Edouard Remenyi, "virtuoso to his Imperial and Royal," etc. I have heard the steam spout from the numerous minor vents of this ever-ready cauldron—it boils on the slightest provocation—in the form of no end of impertinent inquiries as to what "spite" I have against Mr. Remenyi, what he had done to me that should induce me to "pitch into" him, etc., etc., and I know the thing is boiling. I wish to say, then, that I had no intention whatever of "pitching into" Mr. Remenyi or anybody else, and am not conscious of ever entertaining any such inten-

tion. I said about this gentleman's violin playing precisely what (in the light of somewhat of experience in such matters and—what will perhaps be conceded to me—some accurate knowledge of the subject) I supposed to be true, and what I thought it might be useful to the public to know. That my remarks about Mr. Remenyi's playing were perfectly just, and that their correctness will be admitted by competent authority, I am fully convinced. Regarded from any critical standpoint—treated as the work of one who claims to be an artist, and who endeavors to make good that claim by seeking to belittle the good name of a gentleman and artist like Brahms—Remenyi's playing deserves, perhaps, no consideration whatever. But, unless one regarded it (properly enough) as the performance of a mere mountebank, one must tell the truth about it. That Mr. Remenyi has an abundant crop of newspaper notices that read very differently from mine can not concern me. I think I know something of the manner in which these are obtained and by whom they are written. That a large class of the *soi-disant* professionals disagree with me, and, judging probably from their own manner of treating such matters, ascribe what I have found it necessary to say to "personal malice," etc., is also a matter to which I am perfectly indifferent. As I said before, this is a case for the judgment of competent authority; the gabble about such matters of the loud-mouthed *dilettanti* may overtake the speech of those who know, but it remains gabble after all. There is a world-wide difference between knowing about a thing and merely talking about it.

It seems as though it were about time that our musical community should begin to discriminate between newspaper criticism and mere newspaper notices. Of the latter they have certainly had their fill any time these past years; the supply is not yet exhausted. It still remains possible for any aspiring *tenorino* or gasping soprano to get all the "good notices" he or she may desire, by a little clever management or the assistance of some friend who has "influence," and, so long as these notices are understood to emanate from no authority, but are merely the good-natured act of a reporter who does not lay claim to an opinion, I will not say that they do much harm. But such notices are not criticism, nor, as far as I know, do they claim to be such. Precisely what they are supposed to represent I do not know; perhaps about the same thing that is meant by the *fadaises* that pass current in so-called "good society," where one is compelled to talk, but is indisposed to say anything lest one should not be understood. There are very respectable people and very clever *litterateurs* who know nothing of music. They are not to blame, nor to be blamed, for it. But certainly when the proprietors of a respectable paper engage for the special work of musical criticism a person who has some knowledge of the subject and a high regard for his art, this musical small-fry that hangs on to the salvage of the profession can not expect that the matter is to be treated from their standpoint, or that it is opinion of the calibre that they accustomed to deal out among themselves and their satellites that is to be dignified with a place in a critical column. The fact is, that in a community in which, like this, the profession is so largely made up of people who have not the remotest claim to a place in it, and where the competent authority (with *knowledge and experience*) is limited to a meagre half-dozen, criticism necessarily—and naturally—addresses itself to that circle of cultivated amateurs in which music is cultivated as an art and *con amore*; where, along with somewhat of general culture, there is intelligent study and a genuine love of it; where there are no broad-and-butter considerations dragging it down to the level of a mere money-getter, and no petty meannesses to belittle it; where in short it remains pure, clean, and undefiled. To the *real* musician my criticism can have no value; my opinion on any given subject, though we may differ on points of taste, etc., must in the main agree with his. To the professional small-fry I do not care to talk. Ignorance is only another term for prejudice, and to this they have generally added an amount of conceit, as well as small personal feeling, that will not permit them to receive fully the judgment of one of whom they know that he has accurate knowledge where they have but a smattering and empty vocabulary. I can not teach them anything—there is no room for that—and hold I myself above argument with them. What I write is for amateurs and students, and is written with the sole view of aiding such in discriminating between the good and bad in art in which the bad has learned how to render itself attractive and to have its praises sung by the full choir of newspaper reporters. This I hold to be my duty; it is certainly a pleasure. But the manufacture of notices and gossip for the edification of this or that member of the profession and his *clientèle* of friends is neither, and need never be looked for in these columns.

OSCAR WEIL.

Count Telfener, the Italian millionaire, and the brother-in-law of Mrs. J. W. Mackey, has rented from the Roman Government the mausoleum of Augustus, or the Corea, which he proposes to turn into a theatre. He binds himself to expend upon it 570,000 francs, and to pay a rent of 8,000 francs per annum for the first ten years, 10,000 francs per annum for another ten years, and 12,000 francs per annum for a third period of ten years, after which the Corea reverts to the Government. An amphitheatre for equestrian and other spectacles is to be built of wood in the Prati del Castello, over the Tiber, to which the new bridge leads.

Astride a log sat Sam and another sinner, engaged in a little game of seven-up, when a minister approached, who, after a solemn contemplation of the game, laid his hand upon Samuel's shoulder and said: "My friend, is that the way to save your soul?" "Perhaps not," answered Sam, who, having just played a card, was attentively considering the hand; "perhaps not, but it seems about the best thing I can do to save my Jack."

The very latest way to fight a duel, and one of the most satisfactory, has been discovered by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*: "Let each one of the combatants swallow a dose of poison, and then toss up for the emetic."

Benton wrote *Thirty Years in the Senate*. One Benson, of Boston, has discounted him by a book called *Fifteen Years in Hell*.

A NOB HILL ENGAGEMENT.

The reputation of Clarence Hebbard carried more virtue to the square inch than that of any other member of "Gideon's Band." He did not swear, he did not drink, he did not gamble, he did not even smoke; and all his feminine entanglements admitted of drawing-room discussion. Yet the most thoroughly *blase* of his acquaintance was his nearest confidant, and the correct Hebbard did not always frown at his friend's uncanny wit, nor always cough down his daring suggestiveness. But womenkind, in the abstract, was to Clarence Hebbard a sacred subject. To him all women were virtuous and fair to see; if chance compelled him to notice that certain women were otherwise, he merely said they had unsexed themselves, and dismissed the unpleasant picture. In brief he was a sort of modern Dennis of Burgundy—the demi-hero of that incomparable medieval journey, in the "Cloister and the Hearth." The rustle of approaching *frou-frou* set his brain a-bubble just as the flutter of a distant farthingale inflamed the ardent heart of Girard's bold comrade.

Hebbard's love affairs had been practically numberless, and not less varied than various; but somehow the barb had always glanced from his buoyant youthfulness, and as yet the iron of actual heart-ache had not entered his butterfly soul. His friends knew his penchant and humored his foible, for the young man's social qualities won him welcome wherever he went; and while matrons smiled indulgently and maidens laughed caressingly, men like Brownwell Brown pulled down their vests, and said frankly:

"He's a deuced sight better off than we, if he *is* a trifle flaccid."

So when Hebbard nudged Brownie's arm at the California one evening, the senior knew by instinct that his impressive friend had caught the flash of unfamiliar eyes, liked the glitter thereof, and wanted his judgment thereon.

"Where does she sit?" he asked.

"Second row, fourth from the box, hat covered with peacock feathers."

"It is my cousin from Boston, by Judas!" said Brownie, putting down his glass. "She has been in the State nearly a year, and I've not called on her yet. I must find where she is staying to-morrow—they'll never forgive me at home if I don't—pretty late in the day, as it is. I'll present you, if you like."

"Yes, I should like."

"I don't know the people she's with, do you?"

"I don't know the gentleman at her left. That is Miss Fessenden at her right, and Perry Fanytre this side of *her*, I think you know Fanytre."

"Yes, and know no good of him either. I'll see where she stops to-morrow. I should not have recognized her if I had not seen her photograph at my brother-in-law's, in Vallejo."

The careless pedestrian, who saunters through the park of an afternoon, oblivious of vehicles, and reckless of the hazards which hedge in the rights of the road, is fortunate in his folly if he be not run over. Clarence Hebbard happened to be in the park on the afternoon following the theatre incident already noted above. Undoubtedly the young man's thoughts were more or less romantic, for he arose from his seat near the Villa entrance, and blindly started to cross the drive, just as old John Fanytre's four-in-hand swung around the curve into the stretch. Perry Fanytre was driving, and driving at the rattling "well-in-hand" gait he always affected, a little less than the regulation limit, but fast enough to bowl the mortal into eternity who chanced to happen in the direct plane of its momentum.

The occupants of the approaching vehicle saw Hebbard's danger before he did, and Fanytre—with the laudable desire of escaping the boredom of a trial for manslaughter—attempted to check his horses and shouted to the pedestrian, "Look out!" At that instant Hebbard had reached the middle of the drive, and Fanytre's leaders were less than twenty feet away. A vigorous spring in either direction might have cleared the danger, and under ordinary circumstances the young man would have bottled his dignity and secured the safety of his precious neck. But Fanytre's brusque tone of warning nettled him, for as he glanced towards the sound he noted the shadow of startled dread on a remarkably pretty feminine face, and saw that the lady on the box-seat was the lady he had so admired the night before. Without even measuring with his eye the chances of escape, he stopped short in the path, and the next moment the leaders were upon him.

A less agile man would have been ridden down despite the driver's efforts to bring the team to a standstill. As it was Hebbard swung from the bit of the near leader, swaying just out of reach of the horse's knees, and dragged the animal out of his course.

By a violent effort Perry curbed the excited horses to a walk, and Hebbard loosened his grasp on the near leader's bit. His hat had fallen off in the struggle; but he bowed to the frightened ladies in his best manner, and, halting for an instant beside the box, said quietly to the scowling whip:

"I'll apologize for this detention at your convenience, Fanytre."

In another instant the drag was whirling on toward the main entrance, and Hebbard was standing on the hillside lawn, dusting his brown crush hat.

"Are you sorry you did not kill him?" asked Miss Macaire, under her breath.

"No: they would have had us all at the inquest. 'Twould have been deucedly awkward, you know."

"So it would. You are a man of rare forethought. I fancied you knew him."

"Yes—theatrical cub. He's a society man—and actually likes it."

"Now, that *is* unpardonable. What a relief *not* to know him. He never comes to Emily's, I think?"

"I believe not—he's in another set. Is literary, in a way; thinks he can act; is amateurish generally; goes to church Sunday evenings, and would rather walk than drive. His name is Hebbard—Clarence Hebbard—a nice name for a nice man."

Fanytre said this with an inimitable society drawl, which lapsed into good natured fluency under the inspiration of congenial detraction. Miss Macaire had her own opinion concerning the exact justice of Mr. Pericles Fanytre's social

judgments; but she was Emily Fessenden's guest, and young Fanytre was Miss Fessenden's very good friend and obedient cavalier. Besides, one must smile pleasantly over a great deal of burnt pudding, in society.

"California is not a very good place for the growth of cousinly kindness, I think," said Freitas Macaire, after Brownie had asked his pretty relative the conventional questions about the dead and married and bankrupt, at home.

"I am afraid not. A man falls in a rut and stays there, especially if he's too lazy to crawl out. To tell the truth, I've been shy of making myself known for fear you would disown me. You have doubtless heard what a graceless scamp I've turned out to be."

"Yes, I have heard some 'rather dreadful' stories about you; but then I heard even more dreadful ones about Californians generally—you all gambled, and none were habitually sober—"

"And it wasn't far from the truth either," interposed the truthful Brownwell.

"But I wanted to see the Sierra and Yosemite, so I came. I shall not require any catechism of your cousin. If you will promise to be more friendly, I shall stay another year, if nothing happens."

"Well, as a proof of how friendly I mean to be, I'll bring a young fellow—a gentleman—here to-morrow evening—"

"No, please do not. I have seen more than one San Francisco young gentleman, and I don't fancy the personage. I'm quite content as I am. Emily takes me everywhere, and then I can have you when I need an escort."

"Oh, no, you can't; I'm too much your friend for that. But I really wish to introduce Clarence Hebbard to you; he's the best fellow in the world."

Cousin Freitas flushed, imperceptibly to her companion, and said quietly: "How can he be the best fellow in the world if he's your particular friend? But I have met Mr. Hebbard, and I don't think I should like to know him."

"Not *my* Hebbard. He saw you for the first time in the theatre last night, looked at you half the evening, made *me* look at you, and that's why I am here—to be frank with you."

"I'm sure I'm very proud of Mr. Hebbard's distant attention, and grateful for his instrumentality in this family call; but I don't see why I should undergo the martyrdom of wearing out a new acquaintanceship. Do you?"

"Yes I do, and I shall bring him here to-morrow evening; so please be at home. I have an engagement in ten minutes. Good night."

Hebbard went to dinner with Brown the following evening; and it was amusing to note the little gourmand's parting sigh over the half spent bottle of Burgundy, as his tall junior hurried him off to keep their engagement with Miss Macaire.

Miss Fessenden and her friend were very glad to meet Mr. Hebbard, but Freitas quietly absorbed herself in her disingenuous cousin and left Hebbard to the blandishments of billiards and the mercy of Miss Fessenden. There was premeditated method in Miss Freitas's cousinly interest quite unmistakable and very uncomfortable, and Hebbard wished himself elsewhere at once. But Emily Fessenden was the brightest of companions and the most entertaining of hostesses. She and Clarence knew each other a little, and did not especially like each other; yet she disdained to do things by halves, and her companion of the evening could not but respond to her social advances in the same generous spirit. They played a few careless games of billiards, in which the lady accused the gentleman of "throwing off," and the gentleman, in the same breath, protested his innocence and his unproficiency. Then the lady recalled the adventure of the day before, told how frightened they all were, how much they admired his bravery, how enthusiastically Mr. Fanytre spoke of his "nerve" (which was Miss Emily's little white lie, silent as to the exact significance of Mr. Fanytre's pet expression), how providential the escape had been, how extremely reckless of their lives young men were, to be sure. And then—either in a spirit of mischief or out of genuine kindness of heart—Miss Fessenden declared that Freitas should not indefinitely monopolize Mr. Brown, and skillfully rescued that long-suffering relative from the web of his cousin's tantalizing small talk.

"I fear my introduction of yesterday was an unfortunate one," said Hebbard.

"Now I thought it exactly otherwise. It gave me an insight into the cool Californian daring of which I have read so much," said the young lady.

There was no dissecting the meaning of such a sentence as that. The young lady might be excessively gracious, or she might be cruelly chaffing him. He was a young man of experience, but he was too generous to have learned wisdom at that price; yet, though he burned to accept Miss Macaire's check at its face value, something quenched his mounting hopefulness, and he was fain to let the conversation drift into commonplace.

"I like him," said Miss Fessenden, quibblingly, as the door closed behind the two gentlemen and the ladies turned into the empty drawing-room.

"So do I," said Freitas, rather sadly it seemed; "but I flatter myself he did not discover the liking. I am a prude from the staunchest of principles, a horror of *scene*; yet I have been a victim all my life from my earliest school-days—poor Mr. Potts!"

She spoke the last sentence reflectively, as if to herself. Miss Fessenden, who understood the allusion, looked sympathetically grave, but said nothing, and Freitas continued: "I know from experience it is safest not to become too friendly with any gentleman. I hope I seem to say this in all humility, dear!"

The sentimental hopes of Mr. Clarence Hebbard were not easily dashed, and his calls at Miss Fessenden's were continued and prolonged; but after the second or third time he was obliged to go alone. The good Brownie—not a good brownie in the household fairy sense—excused himself from further cousinly attention, pleading his incapacity for society and his dread of losing the full enjoyment of dinner. So Master Clarence went alone, and found Miss Macaire always polite and always entertaining—never distant, yet never familiar. And after a while he was permitted to escort her to the amusements, and she and he made one couple of several yachting parties before the summer's breath was spent.

Hebbard's relations with Miss Macaire were altogether novel. Hitherto he had rushed into avowal blindly—like the English steeple-chaser at a "bullfinch"—but in this new ex-

perience the veteran in declaration found himself held in check by a subtle something in the lady's manner which defied analysis, yet was not to be trifled with for an instant.

As Perry Fanytre said, Hebbard would rather walk than drive. (The initial San Francisco Walking Club was an outgrowth of his energetic example.) But until one June morning, almost a year from the evening he first saw her, when the low-lying vapor was taxing the brazen throat of the Yerba Buena fog-horn and the climbing sun was gilding the park hills, it did not occur to the young man that Miss Macaire might enjoy a ramble in the fields, with himself as guide and all outdoors to minister.

Would Miss Macaire go? She would consult Miss Fessenden. Miss Fessenden would be charmed to accompany them if she might be permitted to ask her friend, Lynette Rook. Certainly Miss Rook would be an accession to their number. Could she walk? Yes; she was an active member of the Arcadian Cliff-Climbers. Would Mr. Fanytre—who was present at an unusually early hour for him—make one of the party? No, he wasn't in training, but he would meet them with the drag at any point they might designate.

Skirting the park on the south are green pasture fields, sloping upward to the abrupt Dolores hills, which stretch toward the south as far as San Miguel. These fields were bright with flowers, but Miss Macaire, with true Bostonian hatred of dilettanteism, did not botanize. The other ladies, however, gathered industriously; retaining of course, only the flowers—so that their collections might have that beautifully fragmentary appearance which the amateur scientist seems to love, merely because it is so thoroughly unscientific.

The zeal of the others left Clarence and Freitas somewhat to themselves. Their ramble led them in advance of the others to the shade of some stunted willows, fringing a narrow gulch. Tempted by the grateful coolness they sat down to wait for their companions. The situation was infectious. Before them stretched the unclaimed dunes of the park which is to be, rolling in jagged sand-waves down to the ocean breakers. They could see the majestic reaches of green wave sweeping grandly inshore, and turning from shattered emerald to drifted snow as they broke in writhing crinkles on the beach. Behind, the Dolores hills loomed sheer above them, gleaming without a shadow in the splendor of high noon. A canopy of delicate green leaves, upheld by fragile, amber-tinted branchlets, screened them from the intrusive sun. Miss Macaire looked receptive, and Hebbard felt inspired.

"I should like to tell you something," he ventured.

"Very well, I am always athirst for knowledge. Are you about to quote 'What so rare as a day in June?'"

"No. Have you ever heard about my love experiences?"

"What an abrupt question. No—yes; not any particulars, though. I scarcely thought you would enjoy talking about them."

"They are not unpleasant, Miss Macaire, for none of them were genuine. I only fancied myself in love, played at the tender passion in the most juvenile manner. You should have seen the fair creatures. Nice girls, every one of them. I don't blame them for trifling with my suit, because the suit was itself a trifle, and manifestly absurd. In only one instance was there anything like serious danger in the pastime. She was tall, lissome, statuesque, a face like Modjeska's, and eyes like Edwin Booth's."

"Was she an actress?"

"Yes; but off the boards. She was a society miss, in her teens, with all the wisdom of Ouida at her tongue's end, and all the blandishments of Circe in her repertoire. She made me *believe* myself beloved; she made me *think* myself in love, until—until it suited her purpose to undeceive me."

"Are you sure you only *thought* you loved her?"

"Sure! I have courted just as earnestly half a dozen other women, with almost identical experiences. But I have been like a man walking blindfolded in a garden of roses, imagining every scented petal red, like the roses of his childish remembrance. I thought all women honest because I found all women fair. Perhaps I have not changed greatly, perhaps I might repeat the same blunders at the slightest provocation. Yet for nearly a year I have silently looked into one pair of steadfast eyes, whose honesty I have never been tempted to question for an instant."

The young man paused and looked at the young lady's face searchingly. There was a shadow of amusement there, and no other emotional quality discernible. Should he go on in his fluent circumlocution, or plunge into avowal with the swift *elan* of previous disaster? A glance at their approaching, luncheon-seeking companions decided him.

"I mean to add one more attempt to the long list—for woe or weal—Miss Macaire. I have waited a year to tell you that I have been mistaken, that the only woman I ever loved is yourself."

Freita's amused expression had turned to a look of almost wild alarm. For months she had feared this thing, yet had dismissed her fears almost as soon as they were formed, because of the surface success her assumed self-poise had brought her. For, quite apart from the high esteem in which she held the young man's manly qualities, the consciousness that somehow her life since she had met him was a different, a sweeter life, made her preference play with her better judgment until she found herself caring a dangerous deal for a man she could not thoroughly respect, and dared not say—even to herself—she did not love.

"My life is a riddle of opposites," she said hurriedly; "I also have had my experiences. If I loved you, Mr. Hebbard, I would not marry you; I am too great a coward. Let us consider all this unsaid; let us be friends—let us be conventional; they are almost here."

"Very well," he said, scarcely above a whisper, and then he fell a thinking. Men who are good for something "hate to be beat," and Hebbard, as he ground his teeth over the vexatious pain the refusal brought him, was resolving in his mind's eye a kaleidoscope of schemes—each gorgeous and altogether flawless—by means of which the unpleasantly positive Miss Macaire might be made to negative her resolve.

The four walked back to the park, slowly, pensively—for four distinct and individual reasons. Perry Fanytre whirled them home in the drag; and, at last, Hebbard was alone.

There was nothing of the cowed spaniel in the way the young man ate his dinner. The sirlin and strong black tea disappeared with a vigorous celerity, born of the dauntlessness which makes bull dogs dangerous and lovers invincible. Brownie Brown sauntered into the restaurant where Hebbard

sat glowering over his bachelor meal, and the first words of the man who knew the world like a book—like a cash book—expressed something of admiration and something of disgust:

"By George, Clarence," he said, "you eat like a working-man, and scowl like a bull in the middle of a rainy market. What the mottled deuce is up?"

"Stox, old Brown; stox is up. Go to the devil and tell him I sent you. I'm d-d-dreadfully disgusted with everything."

"Except your dinner!"

"Yes, except my dinner. Will you go with me and call on your cousin? You haven't been there for three months. Come along—I don't want to go alone."

"No, I will not."

"Yes, you will!" said Hebbard, and he dragged the over-modest man of the middle world into the clearer gas light of the upper circles.

Miss Macaire sat by the library drop light, trying to find nepenthe in the pages of *Lucile*. Hebbard entered, unannounced and noiselessly. The young lady yawned—just sufficiently to afford the intruder a glimpse of the red and white harmony of her exquisite mouth. He stood in motionless enjoyment of the pretty picture. He had come to ask Freitas to give him a new lease of life-purpose and human trust, or else to say good-bye for always. He had come with the high hopefulness of youth, trusting to receive in full the measure of his asking; yet dreading, like the most sanguine of men, the inevitable chances of mischance—that the cards may lie on the other side of the baize.

Hebbard's first impulse was to do something rash—to take her in his arms and call her his very own—to kiss her lips into submissive silence—to be desperate, and Paul-Cliffordish, and altogether awful. But his wiser second thought suggested a safer, if less heroic, plan. He stood motionless until Freitas's appearance assured him that her drowsy unconsciousness was not assumed; then he took a scrap of paper from his note-book and wrote a few sentences; then he folded the slip of paper, and approached the chair in which the young girl, half reclining, slept the sleep of the tired. The neglected *Lucile* lay half opened in her lap. He slipped the little note within the loosened leaves of the book, and stole stealthily behind the heavy curtains of a friendly embrasure.

She did not move, and Hebbard, peering with glistening eyes through the narrow crevice between the curtain and the wall, thought the passing seconds were hours, and his vigil half a life-time. With forced philosophy he took out his watch and timed his galloping pulse. It was beating one hundred and twenty. He peered through the crevice again, and for a moment he thought his heart had stopped; and then the pulsations surged on as before—she was awake.

At first she did not see the note. With one white hand she swept the fringes of her sleepy eyes, and then, unmindful of her neglected author, rose slowly to her feet. The *Lucile* fell to the floor, and as she bent to pick it up she saw the folded paper. She held it a moment in her hand, unopened; and Hebbard watched her blush as she recognized the handwriting. Then she slowly unfolded it, and all color—except two spots of fire on her cheeks—faded out of her joyless face.

She read the note two or three times, as if she did not quite understand its real meaning. Then she looked wildly around the room, and, almost falling into her chair, began to sob with all a woman's suppressed abandon.

Hebbard took a step forward. In another moment he would have been by her side, telling her, with a lover's eager eloquence, that he did not mean his hasty words, and that this was not "good-bye for ever," that he understood her tears and pallor, that between them, henceforth and for always, there should be no divided thoughts. But, as he moved, his ears, abnormally acute, heard the creak of footsteps; and he stood still in shamefasted hesitancy. It was Miss Fessenden coming from the humdrum drawing-room, to call the truants in the interests of anti-monopoly.

Freita also heard the approaching footsteps, and like a startled hind she sprang to her feet. In an instant she had turned out the gas, and stolen, trembling, to the embrasure curtains, and was in Hebbard's arms.

"Don't scream," he whispered, rather grimly, she thought afterward. "It is I—Hebbard."

She did not scream, nor struggle, nor faint; but stood passive with his arms about her, until the footsteps passed beyond their hearing; and then she quietly tried to move away. But he did not let her go so easily.

"I can not spare you so soon," he said. "I have drawn the prize so recently that I do not purpose to risk its loss yet. Do you insist on being free. Am I mistaken then—after all?"

There was no remnant of tears in her voice, but merely a trace of piquant malice as she replied:

"No, Mr. Hebbard, I shall not insist. It would not be proper, until you have put in the light. I shall not say you are wrong or right; but I will be very humble and admit that I was wrong—this afternoon."

Ten minutes later they rang the front door bell, and, when they had entered the drawing-room, Freitas went and stood by her cousin, and said in a low tone, yet so that the other two heard:

"I believe he is one of the best fellows in the world, cousin Brownwell; and, as I have just promised to become his wife, I apologize for lack of instant appreciation, and you must give me away."

R. S. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879.

At least one Chicago miner has made a great success in Leadville. In five weeks, ending May 3d, he took out \$16,840 with no other mining implements than a pack of advantage cards and a Derringer pistol.

LXXXIV.—Sunday, June 22.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Chicken Gumbo.
Sweetbreads. Green Peas.
Boiled Tongue, Mayonnaise Sauce.
Stewed Squash. Lyonnaise Potatoes.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Pears, Plums, Apricots, and Cherries.
Banana Ice Cream. Fancy Cakes.

TO MAKE BANANA ICE CREAM.—Take eight ripe bananas, pound them into a pulp, then beat them thoroughly with one quart of cream. Sweeten and freeze the same as ordinary cream. They may also be grated or finely chopped.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

BY JOSEPH W. WINANS.

Out of Void sprung Form and Order, out of Chaos Being sprung, At the will of the Creator, while the stars of morning sung— Sung a hymn whose grand vibration, through its carol and its chime, Solemnized the joyous nuptials that united Earth to Time. O the grandeur, O the glory, of that consecrated rite— Earth transcendent in her beauty, Time tremendous in his might! Seraphs sounded in the chorus, angels glittered in the train; Could such joy be ever shrouded in the cold eclipse of pain? Answer ye who oped the portals, let the subtle tempter in, Girt the promise of that union with the Nessus-robe of sin. So the eras as they flitted only emphasized the care That in denser volumes gathered round that tempest-driven pair; All the bloom and verdure teeming in their early bridal path Fled as fly the leaves of Autumn scattered by the whirlwind's wrath. While their wedded life still journeyed through its first progressive stage.

It was buoyant with the gladness of the happy Golden Age, Out upon the change that followed! Each new era traced its way Through a route more drear and rugged, through disaster and decay. Followed next the Age of Silver, then the lurid Age of Brass— Stunning with its horrid clangor, crushing with its ponderous mass, Till the ruthless Age of Iron, closing grimly over all, Merged the sequence of the æons in its lethargy and thrall; So that union dawned the eras, through its melancholy scope, Found but dirges for its pæans, disappointment for its hope. From this sombre Rembrandt picture, illustrating all the woe. All the wreck, and all the ruin which from Sin's wild havoc flow, Turn we to Agrippa's mirror, where, within the magic glass, A contrasted pageant glimmers as the vivid figures pass. There the spirit of redemption, in the image of a dove, To the eye of faith appearing, crowns the mystery of love; There a festive throng is gathered, and the man of God imparts Benediction to the union of two fond and faithful hearts. Starting forth upon their mission, interpledged through weal and woe, Down the rifted paths of duty these two youthful pilgrims go. Stern the struggle at the outset in the very nuptial dawn; On their heads the tempest hurries, at their feet abysses yawn; Trials task supreme endurance; cares, like spectres, grimly rise; Griets consume and courage falters; bitter tears bedim the eyes. Then, alas! the fear creeps o'er them, waking from the passion-dream. What they once unto each other seemed they ne'er again shall seem. So the course of the first wedding in its order was reversed. By this wedded life before us, where the iron age came first, And the tears wrung from their sorrows in the penitential past Will congeal to sparkling jewels that shall crown them at the last. Now another marriage epoch cometh with the gliding years, And another changeful vision in those mirrored depths appears. To our gaze the scenes unfolding in the nuptial "age of brass," In the mystic panorama of that incanted glass. Life is still to them a struggle, though sustained with firmer will; Still their hearts but join in contact—kept from interfusion still. Bleak the landscape shivers round them, shrill the sharp wind whistles by:

Loud the din of battle rages, yet they scorn to flinch or fly; For they know, though sorely tested, they shall conquer at the close, And the wave that threatens shipwreck shall but wait them to repose. Lo! upon the magic mirror darkness draws its murky veil Ere that mystic personation to its ending brings the tale; But anon a burst of splendor more effulgent than the day, Through the dusky vistas piercing, chases every cloud away. Then another epoch flitteth in the swift revolving years, And another scene before us in the mirrored depths appears: On those wedded hearts, triumphant o'er the primal curse and ban, O'er the violence of nature and the cruelty of man, Schooled by care, annealed by trial, and by wisdom rendered sage, Glows the omnipresent brightness of the joyous "silver age." While the currents of their being, turned into a single stream, Cause each soul and pulse to mingle in a unity supreme. Olive branches clothe with verdure the prolific parent tree; Children sporting through the household, children climbing on the knee;

Those of larger growth upholding by their solace and support, Like the temple's shafted column glancing through the marble court. How the conscious mirror brightens as it shows reflected there What a happy fate was destined for that fond and faithful pair! Yet they can not 'scape life's burthen, even though its pain is past, For the common lot of mortals is to bear it to the last. But a patient resignation and a trusting faith assuage All the evils that yet linger in the placid "silver age." Lo! a brilliant concourse gathers in its stateliest array To commemorate the advent of the Silver Wedding-day: Clear and jocular on the midnight peal the animating chimes, While the revel gaily speedeth 'mid the resonance of rhymes— 'Mid the flow of congratulations warmly showered upon those Who have reached this happy haven of connubial repose. There the fairest of Eve's daughters through the festal chambers throng In the lustre of their beauty and the music of their song; There the tapers, and the garlands, and the goblets flashing bright, Crown the banquet with a halo of convivial delight.

Gone is now that magic mirror, but the sequel is foretold: When the "Age of Silver" endeth there shall come the "Age of Gold;" Not the fine gold of the furnace, wherewith alloy doth blend, But the gold that will not tarnish nor grow dim unto the end.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1878.

Would You Care?

All day on my pillow I wearily lay,
With a stabbing pain at my heart,
With throbbing temples, and a feverish thirst
Burning my lips apart.
If I longed for a touch of your soft, strong hand,
For you one little minute there;
For a smile, or a kiss, or a word to bless,
Would you blame me, love?—would you care?

When the long, long, lonesome day was done,
And you never for a moment came,
If I tried to shut you out of my heart,
Impatient at your name;
If disappointment's bitter sting
Was harder than pain to bear,
If I turned away with a doubting frown,
Would you blame me, love?—would you care?

Should I die to-night, and you saw me not
Again till my soul had fled
With its vain request, and my features wore
The white hue of the dead,
Would you place just once, in a last caress,
Your hand on my death-damp hair?
Would you give me a thought, or a fond regret?
Would you kiss me, love?—would you care?

SAN JOSE, June, 1879.

MAOGE MORRIS.

A Song.

Although shut out from thee, my love, my own,
Yet neither day nor night am I alone;
In neither day nor night I fail to know
The sweetness that thy presence doth bestow.

In night the faint, far stars of misty gold
Look down upon me with thy love untold;
In day the softest breezes gently blow
With but to say, that thou wouldst kiss me so.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879.

SIGNA.

THE LATEST SOCIETY VOLUME.

ON THE VERGE. By Philip Shirley. 1879. San Francisco: published by Bancroft & Co.

Hugh Miller, commenting on some of Dr. Johnson's unacknowledged works—for instance, *Taylor's Sermons*—says: "We feel assured of good authority in pronouncing Johnson their author, in consequence of the character of the thinking displayed, the style, tone, and the incidents of composition." In the work under comment, if I were to follow such reasoning, I should judge the author to be deeply versed in a fast social world, and, through great experience, enabled to draw a hard, and yet true sketch, not "on the verge," but almost beyond what society recognizes as right and proper. Or, on the other hand, I should be more charitable, and suppose that a long course of French novels of a questionable type, and the "beau ideal" of a hero à la "Ouida," and a heroine after Miss Braddon, have caused the authoress to believe the world worse than it really is. The story is centered in New York, where the young wife heroine falls madly in love with "Don Giovanni," and in the most marvelously mysterious manner allows him and his friend to believe her a widow. Both fall in love with her. One is refused, and comes back to his fiancée in San Francisco, who during this time has been in correspondence with him. The other man meets the injured husband just as he has prepared an elopement.

The style is spoiled by voluminous quotations, and the book is, or professes to be, a social sketch, being quite innocent of any well-concocted plot. The hero is, to put it plainly, a roud, a snob, and a villain. There is, of course, every excuse for his falling in love with another man's wife in this case, aided by the extraordinary misconception that he is addressing a widow, but there is little to say for the "matter of course" manner in which every character in the tale seems to accept this condition of things.

One is hardly surprised to find the heroine *une petite diablesse*, after hearing her speak to her uncle of her approaching marriage thus:

"Men love, women respond. If men are very kind for a long time together, habits makes their wives affectionate. Then married people quarrel, and are divorced, or lapse into well-bred indifference. Isn't that about it, uncle?"

Of course this book is written by a woman. The women are too severely handled in its pages for its author to have been a man; and yet I think one true, or noble, or I will even add, honest woman might have been added to this string of vicious, worldly, and unwholesome throng. The hero is of the sensational novel class—a god to look at, a devil to act; though, with all due deference to our authoress, I very much doubt if the devil would often succeed in obtaining his due if he acted so grossly. Vice is oftenest successful under the mask of virtue and the plausible exterior, not the headlong audacity and presumptuous manner in which this Lothario flaunts his hopes, and, so to speak, "states his case" on the first introduction to his victim.

However, one can not bring sentiment to cover the seventh commandment, or its approaches. Poor Lord Chesterfield, of all men the pink of social etiquette, is dragged in and quoted in order to bolster up an intrigue. This gay lady, who converses with "Don Giovanni" as *mein Schatz*, is answered in this manner:

"You are bored, *désœuvré*, listless, or else feverishly in spirits. You don't know what you want, but I do."

"Get it for me, then," she returned, laughing at him; "you are wiser than I if you know what I want."

"It is not so much something you want as that you have something you don't know what to do with," said Matt, with his slight laugh.

"Remove the monster," said Theodora.

It is charitable to suppose the monster referred to must be her affections, and I merely quote the passage to justify my previous remarks. Later on in the book, as if by some happy afterthought, or repentant wish, or for some numerous reasons that the fruitful brain of sensationalism has brought forth, "Don Giovanni" thinks of marrying "Thendora," and his soliloquies on the subject are certainly startling. As far as she is concerned, she acts as if she never heard of such a being as a certain husband she possesses, who is waiting to close the scene and save "on the verge" from being "beyond the pale."

But enough of abuse; I have done with it, and shall add a few words, and I fear only a few, in praise. The book is full of good hits, sly raps—so to speak—as when "Theodora" receives the railway clerk's love letter, though despising both the effort and its author, yet she leaves it where her lady friend can see it.

"Women are proud of the pettiest conquest. Are men?"

Another:

"George lost a good deal of this, as men always do of long speeches without epigrams from women with whom they are not in love."

The conversation is chatty and good, in many instances brilliant, and were it not for the continual mass of quotation would be in easier style. Speaking of style, there are some little descriptions of style that are very happily drawn:

"Miss Lethbridge's style was the inspired. In animated discourse, and she continued to make most discourse assume that spirit, she was accustomed to press her hand upon her chest as if she would still her heart's wild pulsations, or else as if she would force herself back into her chair—typifying the earthly fetters—lest she should incontinently fly upward, and passing easily through the ceiling, evaporate into pure essence, and seek her native stars then and there."

The descriptions are sometimes very good, the young girl's sketch of the ball is a particularly refreshing chapter, but a sentence is often spoiled by long words. For instance, an eyeglass is called a "vitreous medium." There are also some odd opinions and smiles that have been expressed through the agency of "Matt": "Cary as the ideal singer," and a brunette's complexion to be likened to the coloring on a meerschau pipe. But it is hardly fair to destroy "Matt's" identity and make the writer responsible for these utterances. Few who read this work (few, I mean, of any worldly experience) but must feel that the book is a terribly true sketch—a sad, hard tale without one redeeming, wholesome character of any prominence to refresh and to remind us of the few fortunate, and of the few happy, and I may add, of the few good. It remains a disagreeable sketch of everyday life, strong and forcible; but as a book, notwithstanding its power and the evident talent that has produced it, had better not have been written.

NEMO.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

The Republican Convention, after a harmonious and altogether satisfactory session, adjourned on Thursday, having nominated the following ticket for the ratification of the people at the September election:

For Governor—George C. Perkins, of San Francisco.
 For Lieutenant-Governor—John M. Mansfield, of Los Angeles.
 For Secretary of State—D. M. Burns, of Yolo.
 For Treasurer—John Weil, of Sacramento.
 For Controller—D. M. Kenfield, of Tuolumne.
 For Surveyor-General—J. W. Shanklin, of Alameda.
 For Attorney-General—A. L. Hart, of Colusa.
 For Superintendent of Public Instruction—F. C. Campbell, of Alameda.
 For Clerk of the Supreme Court—Frank W. Gross, of San Francisco.
 For Chief Justice—A. L. Rhodes, of Santa Clara.
 For Associate Justices—A. P. Catlin, of Sacramento; James E. Hale, of Placer; I. S. Belcher, of Yuba; Garret E. Richards, of Yolo; M. J. Myrick, of San Francisco; E. D. Wheeler, of San Francisco.
 For State Board of Equalization—First District, —; Second District, M. M. Drew, of Sacramento; Third District, Warren Dutton, of Marin; Fourth District, James A. Clayton.
 For Railroad Commissioners—First District, Joseph S. Cohn, of Tehama; Second District, —; Third District, C. H. Phillips, of San Luis Obispo.
 For Congressmen—First District, —; Second District, H. F. Page, of El Dorado; Third District, Joseph McKenna, of Solano; Fourth District, Romualdo Pacheco, of Alameda.

With this ticket the delegates and the community appear to be entirely satisfied. It is well distributed, well balanced, and, all things considered, a credit to the convention that made it. Mr. George C. Perkins, the nominee for Governor, is well known throughout the State, is personally popular, has a good political and business record, and the firmness of purpose and intelligence of opinion so necessary in an executive. As for the rest of the nominees, their records and pedigrees have been so fully given pro and con by the dailies that it is not necessary at this writing to particularize as to their virtues. Suffice it to say that the ticket is acceptable, and a fairly good selection of candidates. The convention has been a harmonious one, and has done its work honestly and intelligently.

The Republican leaders at Washington seem to be dividing upon the question how best to conduct the coming Presidential election. All desire success, but all are not united upon the policy of the next campaign, nor in accord as to what manner of Republican shall be nominated. To us, upon this side of the continent, it looks as though more attention was just now being given to politics than to legislation. The "stalwart" Republicans are for making an aggressive, bloody-shirt campaign. It seems as though Chandler, Logan, Blaine, and their associates, were dragging their political coat-tails behind them, daring the Southern brigadiers to step on them, and that this wing of the Republican party has a chip on its shoulder for a solid South to knock off, if it dare. Then there is a more moderate wing of the Republicans—"conservatives"—who think they see an easier and a better solution of our political problem than by again reviving the passions of the civil war. All the "stalwarts"—not themselves ambitious to be the Presidential candidate—demand the nomination of General Grant, that we may have a firm government. One cause of irritation to our stay-at-home statesmen of the North, is that the South has sent so many of its military men to Washington. This seems to us to be not only natural, but a necessity. The South sent nearly all its best citizens to the battle field; nearly all were in the military employ; so, when the war was ended, it had presented to itself the alternative of sending to Congress its military men or those who shirked and stayed at home. Its best talent was in the army. There is nothing, therefore, that ought to surprise Northern men, that the most eminent Generals of the South are honored by being chosen to represent that section in the national Congress. As we read and interpret the speeches, and note the political conduct of Bayard, Hampton, Hill, Lamar, and other representative Southern men, we are forced to admit that they seem more consistent, and more rational, and—using our strongest word—more patriotic, than the Republican "stalwarts" who are bent on

mischievous party success. One of the bad signs is, the way the Associated Press has commenced lying. Perhaps, as we are Republican, and as these lies are being told in the interest of our party, we ought, instead of the word lying, to say exaggerate; but it is really painful to observe how enthusiastically vicious the Associated Press dispatches have become under the inspiration of a coming Presidential election. Rather than see a bigoted, one-eyed, partisan, Republican, Northern idiot nominated as the Presidential candidate, whose purpose shall be to revive the animosities and passions of the civil war, we shall greatly prefer the nomination and election of a conservative, moderate Southern Democrat. Rather than either, would we prefer a moderate, broad-minded, Northern, Republican statesman, who shall command the respect of both sections of a country whose best interests demand peace. We are not at all desirous to see the issues settled on the battle-field revived in Congress or dragged into our civil administration.

Archbishop Hughes made a speech at the Tabernacle in New York in 1857 in opposition to the proposition to establish Catholic Irish colonies in the West. This project was advocated by the Rev. Mr. Tracy, a Catholic priest from the West. Archbishop Hughes attended the lecture, muffled in his cloak to escape observation. After Mr. Tracy's address, says the New York Herald, he stood up in his place, laid off his cloak, and made a trenchant speech combating the views of the lecturer. His argument was that all such schemes were "all nonsense." He objected to the idea of building up Irish towns in the West. It would be a mistake to establish settlements exclusively Irish, for by and by they would become as distinct as the Mormons. It would be a detriment to the Irish to be segregated from the mass of American citizens. It is their interest to mingle with the common American life of the country, and to suffer their character to be moulded by the free institutions of the American republic, to which their descendants must assimilate if they are to prosper. Nothing could be worse, either for our immigrant population or for the country, than to have our territory parceled out among the old nationalities, in which each division would be a conservatory of exotic sentiments. The effete passions and prejudices, the old strifes and hatreds, would be kept up and transmitted, and the third or the fifth generation would be as un-American as the first. This is contrary to the American idea. The American idea is that all our immigrant citizens and all our native citizens stand on the same footing; that they are equal participants in the same national life; that by the intercourse of business, politics, and social life, and by intermarriages in the second, third, and succeeding generations, all distinctions of previous nationality are to be obliterated, and that all national pride is to be merged and concentrated in the proud sentiment, "*Civis Americanus sum*." Wherever the experiment has been made on American soil of bringing the people of a foreign country to this, and keeping them together in such a way as to preserve their national customs and habits, and to preserve their language and religion, it has been hurtful to the immigrant, and, carried to a large extent, would be destructive to the country. Dutch in Pennsylvania, Swedes and Norwegians in the Northwest, Mennonites—any and every nationality and religion that has undertaken to live together—have demonstrated that the idea is a mistaken one. It is un-American, and ought to be most severely discouraged. Kindred to this mistake is that Irish blunder that the original immigrant still adheres to in the celebration in our public streets of St. Patrick's birthday. The parading of the shamrock and the harp, and of images of saints and soldiers, popes and Irish patriots, Irish flags and Irish flummery, is a stupid—perhaps thoughtless is a better word—insult to Americans. Irishmen ought to know better, ought to be ashamed of themselves, and ought to know that it angers Americans and keeps alive a national prejudice to see foreign soldiers, of regiments with foreign names and in foreign uniforms and under a foreign flag, marching to the music of foreign national airs, with open barouches filled with priests, to celebrate the birthday of St. Patrick. It is all the more absurd and Irish when we reflect that it is quite hypothetical if there ever was any St. Patrick, and quite doubtful, if there ever was, that he was an Irishman. This St. Patrick business is the more contemptible when we know, and everybody knows, that it is mere politics. We should respect the Irish a great deal more if they would forego this annual exhibition of their folly, and the church a great deal more if it would not give the sanction of its organization to an offensive display of Irishmen. We may congratulate ourselves that the sons—native born—of Irish parents are wiser than their fathers, and that this absurd pageant will dwindle and die out in time, because the boys whose native sod is American are never found in a St. Patrick's procession strutting themselves to death with a trumpery sash and a rosette of green.

Kindred to this question also is that of teaching German and French in our free public schools. Absurd and extravagant as our school system has become in teaching music, drawing, calisthenics, higher mathematics, Latin, and all that sort of nonsense, the teaching of German and French

is absolutely wicked. It is stealing; it is robbery; it is official malfeasance. Independent of the crime of taxing American citizens to instruct German and French children in the German and French languages, it is indecent, and unpatriotic, and un-American. It is insolence for Germans to demand it. It is cowardice and demagogism for Americans to concede it. If any rich American desires his children to be instructed in German, let him pay for it. If any German wants his boys and girls educated in German, either let him go back to Germany or pay for it himself out of his own pocket. To take it out of the tax-payers is simply cold, naked, inexcusable stealing. Our free common school system has gone wide of its original design. It was intended to educate the children of the poor in rudimentary English branches at the expense of the public. New England sentimentalism, Boston culture, has run away with the idea, and we are now in San Francisco practically submitting to the extortion of half a million of dollars from our tax payers under the pretext that we may educate the children of the working poor. Under this pretext we have schools of so superior a character that all private schools are destroyed, and our wealthy classes are charging the education of their children to those tax-payers who have no children to educate; to Catholics who educate their children in parochial schools; to non-resident property-owners, who have no families in the State. The whole business needs reform, retrenchment, reduction of expenses, and revision of studies. The schools are run for politics and by politicians; but the meanest and wickedest feature of the whole absurd system is to allow the teaching of German, to Germans, by Germans, in cosmopolitan schools, because we are afraid of the German vote. It would be just as proper, and just as contemptible, for the Irish to demand the teaching of the Irish tongue—we mean the old Celtic Irish—in the schools; and it would be just as contemptible and cowardly for Americans to yield to the request as it is to teach German to Germans or French to French. Why not teach Slavic, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, Danish, or Portuguese in the public schools? Because there are not so many Slavonian, Spanish, Hungarian, Italian, Danish, or Portuguese voters. The discussion of this question only shows how contemptible, degenerate, and cowardly Americans have become under the laying on of this foreign lash. And now, as usual, we must again, as always, declare that we write from no prejudice against birth or religion, and with the single idea that we desire our country, our laws, our institutions, our politics, our schools, our language, our literature, our everything, to become Americanized.

Having a sincere and disinterested desire to make of our people one people, we are perhaps somewhat impatient at the sentiment which prompts our immigrants to cling to their old traditions, habits, and superstitions—to endeavor to plant upon our soil the germs of institutions from which they were glad enough to flee. As we have no State religion, we claim that no foreign faith and no foreign church has the right to offensively swing its incense-burning censers under our noses, nor to parade its vestments in our public places; that the study of all foreign tongues in our common schools and the preservation of all foreign languages in our political or business circles should be discouraged; that the local settlement and colonization of foreign people should not be encouraged in our midst, because it is un-American and injurious both to the immigrant and the country; that journals published in foreign languages—German, Spanish, Italian, French, or Hebrew—ought to be discontinued. The English is the language of the United States of America, and in it all political discussions should be carried on. There should be no military organizations with foreign names and foreign flags; no Irish or German regiments; no Sarsfield nor MacMahon guards; no Prussian helmets; no Austrian uniforms; no green above the red; no Garibaldi business in red shirts; no French communism in blue blouses; no marching to the music of "Boyne Water," or "God Save the Queen," or the "Marseillaise," or "Partant pour Syrie," or "Wacht am Rhine," till, with drum, and fife, and bugle call, every foreign-born musician had been compelled to play "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Social clubs, private schools, literary journals, benevolent societies, national festivities, business associations, family reunions, theatrical representations, concerts, and such kindred things are not embraced in the scope of our discussion. All religious festivals, ceremonies, or pageants confined within church walls, are not within the line of our criticism. We are considering public and political questions with a view to Americanize America.

We should be very glad indeed to have our next Fourth of July celebration conducted with a view to exclude the exhibition of all foreign displays, and the rejection from the procession of all that is un-American. We should be glad to see but one banner thrown to the breeze, and that the banner of the Stars and Stripes. If there is in this city any person who could not enjoy the parade under the American flag we would commend him to the curbstone. If the exhibition must be under the control—the exclusive control—of the militia, which we regard as very objectionable, let it be at least American. Only a year or two ago the literary

exercises were conducted exclusively by Englishmen. We had an English reader of the declaration, an English orator, an English poet, and an English female to sing the "Star Spangled Banner." As a rule our orators, readers, poets and marshals are gentlemen of foreign birth. And while we are discussing this question of celebrating the Fourth of July we should like to suggest to this year's committee the propriety of some new departure from the old stereotyped formula. We are tired of that never-ending triumphal car, with its blonde Goddess of Liberty up aloft in a cotton temple of liberty, surrounded with freckle-faced girls, as representatives of sovereign States, in calico and sashes. We are altogether out of conceit with the military display of nerveless warriors, at the head of bloodless columns, who would turn pale passing a butcher shop and faint at the smell of a slaughterhouse. We do not want to see General John McComb on his war charger, nor Major Backus, nor any other of General Grant's comrades—and, by the way, isn't it just a little bit comical to hear these militia fellows talk about "Comrade Grant?"—until the next centennial. Regiments of voluntary militia, with more musicians than officers, more officers than privates, infantry with sore feet, cavalry on dray horses, artillery on hose carts, mixed uniforms of all sorts of nationalities, flags of every device, do not somehow stir our patriotic heart. We have lost our admiration of triumphal arches of blue and white cambric, with daubs of Washington and Lafayette. We are no longer interested in a procession of butchers' carts, and grocers' wagons, with the advertising devices of their trade, and when we see his Honor the Mayor, the president of the day, twelve supervisors, and Philip A. Roach riding in an open barouche after a brass band playing "Pop goes the municipal weasels," we wish the \$3,000 was back in the municipal treasury, and the United States of America had never revolted against his majesty, George III—that we were again a dependency of the British crown, with no Irish to molest and no Germans to make us afraid.

The Kearney Municipal Convention took the bull fairly and squarely by the horns in its specific salary pledge and the neat and economical little pay-roll it made out for the sand-lot servants of the people. The schedule of the compensation the nominees solemnly swore to receive is compared as follows:

	Present Salary.	Kearney Salary.
Mayor.....	\$3,000	\$2,400
Sheriff.....	8,000	4,000
Auditor.....	4,000	2,400
Treasurer.....	4,000	2,400
Recorder.....	4,000	2,400
County Clerk.....	4,000	2,400
Tax Collector.....	4,000	2,400
Assessor.....	4,000	2,400
Coroner.....	4,000	2,400
Superintendent of Streets.....	4,000	2,400
Superintendent of Schools.....	4,000	2,400
Judge Superior Court.....	4,000	2,400
City and County Attorney.....	5,000	3,000
Judge Police Court.....	4,000	2,400
District Attorney.....	5,000	3,000
Justice of Peace.....	2,400	1,800
Presiding Justice.....	3,000	2,000
Chief of Police.....	4,000	2,400
Surveyor.....	\$500 and fees.	\$200 per month.
Public Administrator.....	Fees.	\$200 per month.

And further than this the Convention provided that clerical and subordinate services shall be rated within \$1,600 per annum. This is a rugged, but honest, plank in the sand-lot platform. If carried out there will be a saving of nearly half the amount now paid out to the mob of officials for the privilege of being further plundered. The new salaries are sufficient for the service rendered; they are fully up to the compensation for such services allowed by business establishments, and there is no reason why politicians should be any better paid. This a species of reform which has often been attempted by the older political parties, but one which has always been heard more of before than after an election. Kearney's idea is a good one, and the only objection that can possibly be urged is: Are the services of his nominees worth half the money that he has set for them? Don't you think, Denis, that you had better crowd them right down to your old standard of a dollar a day, and then cheat them out of the money?

We are glad to see that Chicago, thoroughly aroused to the danger that threatens, has taken measures to disarm all military companies that have no license from the State. This will deprive the communists of their muskets, which they stacked by hundreds at their last ball, and will leave them powerless to carry out the insolent threats of violence they have lately been so numerous making. We commend the action of the Chicago authorities to our own Supervisors, who may remember the resolutions, and threats, and bayonets of the battalions of the W. P. C.

Here upon the western slope of the great Sierra, far from our Eastern homes and the loved friends whose early teachings would seem to have pointed the way to heaven, our hearts are stirred by the fact that a new prophet has arisen in Israel; one whose outpourings are so utterly unintelligible to the understandings of the "baser sort" that only a "Boston audience" can comprehendingly be led to the footstool of his Deity and bear a hope for salvation—a deity so environed with bioplasms, trilobites, and "the anthropophagi,

or men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," that a simple follower of the meek and lowly One can scarcely expect successfully to thread the mazes of abstruse theological, not to say geological, treatises in order to find a clue to the watchword giving him admittance through the gates of the heavenly city. Why, and for what Christian purpose, is Huxley's bathybius, shaking, as he advances, the sea foam from his mane, evoked from his watery lair by the prophet, Joseph Cook? And what, we ask, is bathybius? Is it he who,

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large?"

Or is he the only and original sea-serpent, in whose favor the assertions and legal affidavits of mariners since the flood have been employed? We are told, and our enthusiasm is raised to fever heat, that "Edinburgh is looking upon Boston; London watches this city; Glasgow, Liverpool, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago (and, for aught we know, all the way stations) ask what San Francisco will do to bring herself into an attitude in which God can walk up and down the streets as He has walked up and down the streets of other cities." We are told in Holy Writ that in the old garden by the Euphrates God did indeed walk in the cool of the day, but that was at a time when the birthday of sin through our fallen Adam had only just dawned, the days of innocence just ending, and a long and dreary era approaching when bathybiuses, bioplasms, scientific theisms, and Joseph Cooks should arise to vex poor humanity to the bitter end. May we be permitted with humility to say we are "not for Joseph" appreciatively. We are so imbued with the teachings of the worthy Bunyan that we prefer to encounter his Apollyon to Cook's bathybius; his Giants Pope and Pagan to Cook with his "monstrous, structureless matrixes, and amazingly strategic and haughtily trumpeted substances." Nay, give us Cotton Mather, with his Magnolia, Poundtext, or Muckle-wath, with their outpourings, and we can see our way clearer than by the light of Joseph Cook. Here, in far off California, sometimes we "sit by the waters of Babylon and weep when we remember Zion"—the Zion of our fathers and the Book we understood. We are impressed, and with due reverence be it spoken, that Mr. Cook is fully aware that until his advent the world was clothed in ignorance as with a garment, and that henceforth the term "B. C." should become diverted of its wonted sacred significance, and that all mankind should now look upon it as having but one interpretation, viz: Before Cook.

A miracle called the "frozen trance" has been wrought in the South Seas. A botanist, named Signor Rotura, who has made a special study of South American flora, has invented a process of suspending animation in animals indefinitely, and of restoring it at pleasure. In connection with Mr. James Grant, who has a freezing chamber on one of the headlands of Sydney Harbor, he has been operating on dogs, cats, lambs, and other domestic animals. A slight puncture is made in the dog's ear, and two drops of a South American vegetable poison are injected. In three or four minutes the vital functions are suspended; the frame becomes rigid, the heart ceases to beat, the tail no longer wags, the dog is dead—so dead, that decomposition would set in if the body were not frozen into the hardness of stone and the brittleness of glass. The dog is laid away on a shelf in the refrigerator, and remains there for weeks and months, until it is the pleasure of Signor Rotura to resuscitate him. Then the subject is immersed in a tub of warm water for ten minutes and brought back to blood heat. A few drops of the antidote to the poison are injected with a silver syringe. In five minutes intelligence returns to the eye, rigidity leaves the limbs, the tail is gently wagged, and the dog barks and trots off as though nothing had happened. We must have that drug here for the Democratic dog before the *Chronicle* drags him out of the pound and puts on the collar. An injection in the H. B. ear, as above mentioned, would be productive of good results.

General W. T. Sherman evidently believes in Americanism, for in his latest letter to a young man of New Orleans, he writes: "The great sin of the South, the 'great cause of all her woes,' has been the 'localism' of her brilliant minds. To love one's country, one's place of birth, is universal and natural, and actually seems intensified in the inverse ratio of the advantages of the location from a common-sense view. The natives of Scotland and Switzerland are famous for their love of birthplace, although in either country it calls for a life-struggle to eke out of the earth food enough to keep body and soul together. So in South Carolina and Vermont the natives are most boastful of their birthplace, whereas, in fact, they are the poorest States in our Union; whereas, the natives of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky—rich in soil, beautiful in landscape, and prolific in food—migrate like the bees from an overcrowded hive. Instead of boasting of the spot where one is born by an accident over which he has no control, I should suppose every American would be proud of his whole country rather than of a part. Therefore I hope and pray that the new men of the South, with whom I class you, will cultivate a pride in the whole United States of America, instead of the mere State and locality of birth."

The same logic applies to the foreign line of argument, and the same common-sense principles prevail. What creates bad feeling and bad blood between different sections is aggravated when applied to nationalities.

Now that the Republican Convention has adjourned, it will be interesting to note the attitude of the *Chronicle* toward its *bête noir*, the W. P. C. and Kearney. It has been so busy of late in abusing the workings of what it is pleased to call "the railroad's political machine shop," that the Municipal Convention has been bereft of its usual stimulus and stock of select billingsgate and slander. But gossip gives a very plausible excuse for this sudden let up on the part of the *Chronicle*. It is rumored that it is paving the way by its peace for a compromise with Kearney. Having failed to crush, it is forced to coax, and may be compelled to cringe, before the autocrat of the sand-lot in order to carry out its present plan of Democratic fusion and H. B. compromise. Hence nothing said about Kearney's nominee for Mayor; hence the absence of abuse of Kearney himself; hence the slanderous headlines for the Republican nominees.

On the 29th of May General Joseph W. Johnston, of Virginia, rose in his place in the House of Representatives and moved an adjournment of the House over Decoration Day. It was a graceful and proper thing to do. It was a manly act. It indicated a generous sentiment. It shames the disgraceful oration of a distinguished Republican party leader from Ohio, who, in his address on Decoration Day, reproached the custom of scattering flowers upon the graves of the Confederate dead. It is a base and cowardly heart that treasures resentments against the misguided soldiers who died upon Confederate battle fields.

Some months since a writer of the ARGONAUT narrated a fictitious incident alleged to have occurred in Nevada, and made an imaginary gambler lay down the following as the rule that governed him in life: "I do not care a damn what happens so long as it does not happen to me." The *Nation* in a recent issue has formulated the following maxim: "That nobody exists for anybody else's benefit, and that every man is entitled to a fair opportunity of making the most of himself." We respectfully suggest that ours is the original idea, and that it is more briefly and forcibly expressed.

The true test of a nation's civilization, once remarked a caustic Frenchman, is the way in which it commits its murders. Judged by this standard California was far and away ahead with the Troy Dye affair, till the recent New York horror, which rivals the Wheatland *assombrir*, and which in its turn, in artistic execution, is outdone by a murder recently discovered in Russia, in which a young girl deliberately intoxicated her husband until he was perfectly helpless, and then laid him on the floor with his face in a dishful of water, thus stifling him as effectually as if he had been drowned, and producing the symptoms which misled the examining physicians into pronouncing it a case of apoplexy. The guilty widow talking in her sleep alone revealed the crime.

That was a nice little spat that Conkling and Lamar had in the Senate Chamber the other midnight, and it must have been very amusing to see the Southern Senators standing round the next morning expecting that Conkling would flame out with a challenge, or at least take some notice of the fact that Lamar had called him a liar first. But it seems Conkling don't deal in the code, and concludes that honors are pretty easy considering that he added "blackguard" and "coward" to the original "liar" of Lamar. Was it a disgraceful affair? Undoubtedly, for they were both disgraced.

Ex-Governor R. D. Hubbard, a Democrat of Connecticut, actually favors the bridging of the bloody chasm, for he recently said: "While the battle and confused noise of our great civil conflict were in my ears, I could only interpret their meaning very blindly. More and more, as the years go by, the event takes significance and clearness to my mind. And so I unite—forgetting for this purpose all other differences—I gladly unite with all men of all parties in rendering honor and homage to those who fought or fell for the Union."

So the Prince Imperial has at last found that the path of glory leads to eighteen assagai stabs in the back. His first "baptism of fire" should have taught him a lesson, and that would have helped him to avoid those Zula spears, and saved his mother's heart-strings and his own ambitious, adventurous life. And now it is reserved to the other branches of the Napoleon family to give France unrest.

There does not appear to be much activity among the Democratic workers of the primaries as yet, but business will liven up materially now that the Republicans have named their men and the conditions of the race. Now it behooves the Democracy to show their hand—to be lovingly taken by the H. B.'s—that is unless the Bourbons buckle, which they have hardly the strength to do.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

The Burial of Moses.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth.
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his riderless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned hall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall—
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave;

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day.
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's laod!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well. C. F. ALEXANDER.

The Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill
Through the live-long day;
How the clanking of the wheels
Wear the hours away!
Loquidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast:
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing, too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thine to-day.
Power, intellect, and health
May not, can not last—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh!
Love, that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thy heart—
Take—oh, hold it fast!—
"The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed."

—From the German.

A DISTINGUISHED DINNER PARTY.

Cassery paused at the top of the broad, brown-stone steps, undecided whether to ring for admission or to retire ignominiously. It was already dark. No one was stirring on the street. To the right or to the left there opened a tempting avenue to escape. He found his pocket handkerchief, and wiped away the perspiration from his forehead. He put his hand upon the bell-knob and stopped to think.

A policeman slowly passing cast at him a look of surly inquiry. Cassery did not stir. The policeman passed on, tossing his club and catching it when it reached the end of the leathern tether that attached it to his wrist.

For ten or fifteen minutes Cassery stood on the stoop, leaning against one of the brown-stone pillars of the portico, reviewing the circumstances of his career of imposture. He felt that part of the blame belonged to himself, part to his environment, part to the cursed Law of Heredity. He remembered his father, the auctioneer, glibly rattling off his professional stock of falsehoods. He remembered his mother, the bluestocking, pretentiously discussing matters which she did not understand. He saw himself, a boy at school, copying compositions out of books and passing them off as his own. He saw himself a man, led from deceit to fraud by a weak hunger for adulation, building up an undeserved reputation for learning, recklessly appropriating the thoughts of other men, writing scientific articles for the local periodicals, lecturing before the lyceums in his native State, overshadowing with his plagiarisms and impudent pretensions the merit of honest scholars, seeking always to satisfy his vanity with homage to which he had no claim. He saw himself in the city at last, continuing on a larger scale the system of imposture which had succeeded so well in the country. Days spent in the libraries, pillaging the thoughts of the dead and absent; nights at his desk, arranging the plunder for sale or display; the fame won by his stolen essay on the Extinct Pachyderms; the excited controversy started by his stolen paper on the Triangular Theory of Light; the social position which he was gaining by virtue of his supposed acquirements; the newspaper notices which flattered his vanity while they excoriated his conscience; the complications of deceit and fraud into which he was plunging deeper and deeper—all these things came up to confront and terrify him as he stood at the door of the house to which he had been invited to meet four of the most eminent specialists of the age.

A slight noise across the street recalled his vagrant senses. The policeman stood there watching him with undisguised interest. Dizzy and sick at heart Cassery rang the door bell and was admitted.

Mrs. Walter Hewey arose to meet her guest, politely concealing her annoyance at his tardiness. Everybody had long been there. The four eminent scientists had yawned in each other's society, while the hostess and her husband were undergoing an agony of suspense lest the young man should fail her. He was the *grand flat*, the principal dish which she expected to serve up at her entertainment. His entrance set affairs in proper train.

At the announcement of the butler, the hostess took the arm of Professor Cadder. Her husband and Mrs. Professor Hemmingshaw led the way into the dining-room. Cassery came next, escorting Mrs. Doctor Thwing, a dainty blonde with spectacles. Her plump white hand rested proudly on Cassery's arm. Professor Flamway, a bachelor, and the greatest entomologist of the western hemisphere, gave his arm awkwardly to Mrs. Cadder, and Professor Hemmingshaw and Doctor Thwing followed with Miss Rideout and Miss Crooker, two maidens of robust intellect. Mrs. Walter Hewey and Professor Cadder made the rear.

A slight mishap occurred at the outset. Professor Flamway, who found his card without difficulty when he had anticipated much embarrassment in the search, was so charmed with his success that he seated himself before the others, and planted his elbow squarely in the midst of the wine glasses set at his place.

"I assure you I did not intend—it was purely accidental," stammered Professor Flamway, addressing himself to the butler, who had promptly come to the rescue.

The celebrated entomologist moodily applied himself to his oysters. Miss Crooker, who prided herself on her wit, spoke in a low tone to Miss Rideout, who laughed. Professor Flamway took it for granted that the ladies were deriding his embarrassment, and he blushed redder than before. "Miss Crooker was remarking," said Miss Rideout, with a sidelong glance at Cassery, "that we are rapidly adding to the list of Extinct Pachyderms."

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Hewey, "are you quite sure that the oyster is a pachyderm? My impression is that it's a polyp."

"Perhaps it is a pachydermatous polyp," suggested Miss Rideout.

Cassery felt that all eyes were turned upon him. He imagined that Doctor Thwing's face wore a cynical smile. So he nervously remarked:

"Let us not look too closely into the pedigree of such capital oysters. I am disposed to accept them on their merits."

As the dinner went on, the servants passing noiselessly behind the savants, exchanging plates and filling glasses, the ladies flushing in the heat of the gas jets and under the subtle influence of the wine, and Professor Flamway gradually recovering his self-respect by means of copious draughts, the conversation became steadier and more animated. Cassery did his utmost to keep it from drifting toward the topics which he dreaded. In this effort he was indirectly assisted by the four eminent specialists. They showed no eagerness to approach the fields in which they were so thoroughly at home. Cassery was grateful to them for this forbearance, and tactfully gave them credit for modesty and good taste.

But Mrs. Walter Hewey did not intend that her dinner should lose the *clat* of profoundly scientific discourse. At the first opportunity, over an *entrée de ris de veau aux champignons*, she leaned forward, and raising her voice to reach the ears of Professor Cadder, who sat half the length of the table away, she remarked:

"And the great work, Professor? Does it advance?"

"Slowly, madam," said he, casting a quick look at Cassery. "It is the work of a life-time."

"You must know, Mr. Cassery," said the hostess, "that the Professor is engaged on an exhaustive treatise on Chinese literature of the sixth century before Christ."

"And it will be delightful," cried Miss Rideout. "I am longing for its appearance."

Professor Cadder bowed in acknowledgment, and Cassery put on an expression of politeness.

"I am sure, Mr. Cassery," continued Mrs. Hewey, "that you can appreciate the value of his labors."

Cassery blushed. He was rather nervous, but felt called upon to say something. "It is a subject," he ventured, "in which I have taken some interest."

The eminent sinologist eyed him askance.

"I have thought," Cassery desperately continued, seeing that he was expected to make further remark on Chinese literature of the sixth century before Christ, "that a version of the philosophical poems of the great Kwang-Hi, preserving the original metres, would—" He stammered and stopped, for he saw that Professor Cadder was regarding him with a curious smile.

"How straight he goes to the heart of the subject!" said Miss Crooker in an audible whisper to Miss Rideout.

"He has caught me," thought Cassery. "What a confounded fool I am to compromise myself by attempting details."

The dinner went on. The intense yellow light from the blazing chandelier overhead poured down in an unrelenting flood upon the coiffures of the women and the bald heads of the scientists. The guests perspired. Mrs. Dr. Thwing's face was red. Bead-like drops, distilled by the heat and the wine, stood glistening upon her forehead and upon her fat white arms. She took her napkin, and, in shelter of the secrecy afforded by the table-cloth, stealthily wiped her arms up to the elbows. Cassery, who sat beside her, saw the deed. She perceived that he saw it, and her face grew rosier still.

Mrs. Hewey persistently directed the conversation to themes which she hoped would draw out Cassery. Like a strategist executing a flank movement, she approached his intellectual works under cover of a feigned assault upon Dr. Thwing. She led that celebrated microscopist to tell about the wonderful floriated follicle from the small intestines of a pig, which he had discovered yesterday under a binocular lens of 255 diameters. He compared the spectacle to a round bed of magnificent pansies. He became enthusiastic, and launched into a brilliant description of the Malpighian bodies in the splenic pulp.

The hostess was enchanted. She glanced from Dr. Thwing to Cassery, who listened with a frozen smile, and then from Cassery back to Dr. Thwing. The dinner had taken a truly scientific turn.

"And what is your theory of ciliary motion, sir?" asked the celebrated microscopist, turning to Cassery.

"I deny it, sir," boldly replied Cassery, who felt that that was his safest course.

"Deny it!" gasped the microscopist, turning pale. "And may I ask upon what grounds?"

"This is charming," whispered Miss Crooker to Miss Rideout. The butler opened the window at the top.

"I deny it," continued Cassery, growing reckless in the hopelessness of his situation, "because in the first—"

Fortunately, at this crisis, Professor Flamway created a diversion by upsetting a glass of wine upon the mauve silk overskirt of Miss Crooker. To relieve his pitiable confusion Mrs. Hewey politely inquired about the lepidoptera in his collection, and everybody talked of insects.

The desert had been put in place. The various wines had had their effect upon Cassery. He no longer avoided the topics which the indefatigable hostess urged upon his attention. Apprehension had given way to a sort of sardonic joy in involving himself deeper and deeper in difficulty. He plied Professor Flamway with questions, and assailed him with arguments on controverted points in entomological science. He recklessly combated the positions which Professor Hemmingshaw maintained in geology. He politely sneered at Professor Hemmingshaw's favorite theory of the Trenton limestone. He perceived with singular pleasure an evident disinclination on the part of the four eminent specialists to prolong the conversation on their respective subjects. He saw his wilder and wilder statements received by them in silence, while a peculiar expression grew upon their faces. He knew that he was suspected—more than suspected, detected—hemmed in by a square, at each corner of which sat a judge who could blast him with a word. He floundered on with the abandon of a man who has nothing to lose.

The dinner was over at last. The women, fanning themselves vigorously, swept into the drawing room. The men passed into the smoking room and lighted their cigars.

Professor Hemmingshaw drew Cassery aside from the others. Both gentlemen were nervous and embarrassed.

"A man's scientific reputation is his most precious treasure," began the Professor, significantly.

Cassery assented. He did not care now what happened. "And a man who has been sailing under false colors deserves to be exposed," continued the Professor.

"He does," said Cassery.

"Yet mercy is a noble quality," added the Professor, who showed much more agitation than his victim.

Cassery bowed his head and waited. They looked into each other's eyes. The Professor lowered his lashes.

"May I trust to your discretion?" he stammered.

A few minutes later Dr. Thwing, who was standing at a portfolio, turning over prints of Greek statuary, beckoned slyly to Cassery.

"You must have observed," he whispered.

Cassery nodded.

"I will be frank," the Doctor went on, "I place myself wholly on your forbearance."

"You have nothing to fear from me," replied Cassery, with a calm smile.

As they walked toward the drawing-room, to rejoin the ladies, Professor Cadder laid his hand appealingly upon Cassery's arm.

"We really know very little about Chinese literature of the sixth century before Christ," he tremulously remarked. "Very little!" said Cassery, in a severe tone.

The eminent sinologist shrank humbly away.

And as Cassery wished Professor Flamway a very good-night on the brown-stone steps of the house which they had just left in company, the great entomologist bent tearful eyes upon him.

"Pray don't expose me to the others," he said, in a piteous voice.

N. Y. S.

INTAGLIOS.

Le Roi est Mort.
And shall I weep that Love's no more,
And magnify his reign?
Sure never mortal man before
Would have his grief again.
Farewell the long-continued ache,
The days a-dream, the nights awake;
I will rejoice and merry make,
And never more complain.

King Love is dead and gone for aye,
Who ruled with might and main,
For with a bitter word one day
I found my tyrant slain;
And he in Heavens was bred,
Nor ever was baptized, 'tis said,
Nor is of any creed, and, dead,
Can never rise again.

To a Dragon-Flv.

You hail from Dream-land, Dragon-fly?
A stranger fither? So am I.
And (sooth to say) I wonder why
We either of us came.
Are you (that shine so bright 'i' the air)
King Oberon's state messenger?
Come tell me how my old friends fare.
Is Dream-land still the same?

Who won the latest tourney-fight,
King Arthur or the Red Cross Knight,
Or he who bore away the bright
Renowned Mambino's casque?
Is Caliban King's councillor yet?
Cross Mentor jester still and pet?
Is Suckling out of love and debt?
Has Spenser done his task?

Say, have they settled over there
Which is the loveliest, Guinevere
Or Gloriana, or the fair
Young Queen of Oberon's Court?
And does Titania torment still
Mike Drayton and sweet-throated Will?
In sooth, of her amours 'twas ill
To make such merry sport.

Ah, I have been too long away!
No doubt I shall return some day.
But now I'm lost in love and may
Not leave my lady's sight.
Mine is (of course) the happier lot,
Yet—tell them I forget them not,
My pretty gay complot,
When you go home to-night.

A. M. F. ROBINSON.

Cupid Swallowed.

The other day, as I was twining
Roses for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, midst the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little, desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love himself!
By the wings I pinched him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him;
And, what d'ye think I did? I drank him!
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now, this moment, with his wings,
I feel him tickling my heart strings.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Faddless Flower.

In our checkered journey through the world
There is a flower which greets our eye,
Like that on desert sands unfurled
To cheer the traveler passing by.
That flower is not of earthly mold;
'Tis opened by the voice of heaven;
'Twill weep, but yet 'twon't cry grow cold,
Even when the touch of scorn is given.
It blooms alike on desert sands,
As well as in the fertile plain;
And when 'tis crushed by cruel hands,
'Twill weep, then softly smile again.
'Tis found in darkest midnight gloom,
As well as in the noonday sun;
In pleasure's throng, and at the tomb,
It's fragrant life has just begun.
It is a gem that glitters bright
When all things else corrode and die;
To pity is its sole delirium—
Its fragrance to embalm a sigh.
Though rude winds blast its gentle folds,
Or earth's simoons may dry its leaves,
Yet for those cruel winds it holds
The heart that for another grieves.
When cares oppress and men forsake—
'E'en when a parent's love is dead—
Its hold around the heart 'twill take
And shelter there the outcast head.
Its smile reflects another's pleasure—
Its tears embalm another's woes;
To friends it proves a golden treasure,
A balsam to the wrath of foes.
'Twill live and bloom at heaven's gate,
On the cold, gray day of death;
And round the throne 'twill gently wait
To give the angel spirit breath.
Then cultivate that heavenly flower,
In storm or sunshine, tenderly,
It lives with calm yet holy power—
The fadless flower of SYMPATHY.

HENRY C. MANER.

False and True.

The false is fairer than the true. Behold
Von cloudy giant on the hills supine—
The figure of a falsehood that doth shine,
Armored and helmeted, in such a gown
As in the marts was never bought or sold—
Giant and armor the exalted sign
Of shapes less glorious and tints less fine,
Of forms of truth outmatched a thousand fold!

Ah, Poesie! thou charmer and thou cheat!
Painting for eyes that fill with happy tears,
In tints delusive, pictures that repeat
Dull, earthly forms in heavenly atmospheres!
How dost thou shame the truth, till it appears
Less lovely far than thy divine deceit!

J. G. HOLLAND.

The New Moon.

What gold-hued shallop in the western skies
Sinks to the distant hills when day has fled?
It is the new moon; and to paradise
It bears, with belling sails, the last month dead!

A. B. SAXTON, in Scribner.

Erythronium (Dog's-Tooth Violet).

Of all the sweet surprises of the spring,
Each year renewed, yet each year new again,
None sends a gladder thrill through every vein,
None speeds the fancy on a swifter wing,
Than the first vision of thy loveliness,
O lily of the woods, stray child of June!
Dear runaway, thy sisters will come soon:
Meanwhile I take thee to my heart. Confess
Thy pranks. Why didst thou steal my violet name?
Why smirch thy pretty robe? Didst thou surmise
Feigned name or motley cloak could 'er disguise
Thy beauty? Lily art thou all the same.
Yet little heart have I thy task to blame:
I love thee; thou art here; let that suffice.

—Lippincott.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Eve was the first woman who went to the devil.
Woman's sphere—that she will never get married.
A woman under fifty should have eight hours of sleep.

Clocked stockings should never be allowed to run down.

One girl in the kitchen is worth two at the front gate.

It was the freckled-face, red-nosed girl who seidlitz powder.

In Zululand the women wear more clothes than the men do.

Eve's court dress would have tickled the Princess Louise half to death.

"I like to make sponge cake," she said innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

One of the novelties with the Great Eastern Circus is a female clown—Adah Isaacs.

The true way to secure a friend is to mistake an elderly lady for her daughter.

Youth and beauty don't amount to much unless backed by wealth and wardrobe.

A Davenport lady is about to sue for a divorce on the ground that her husband "has no style about him."

If a lady wants a favor of a boy she praises him; of a young man, she hires him; of an old man, she flatters him.

An axiom in the philosophy of the young lady whose dresses are a little too thin: "There's no effect without gauze."

The Persians say that "ten measures of talk were sent down from heaven and the women took nine." The first Persian caught on the street will do doubt suffer for this.

The fellows are all in love with the landlady's daughter, and since the old lady heard that "love can level rank," she lets her daughter serve the butter to the guests.

Adoring one in lavender gloves and a blue scarf.—"Oh, how I wish I were that book you clasp so lovingly!" She.—"How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up!"

The New York Herald states positively that the reason why Vassar girls slide down on the bannisters is because there are so many slices of bread and golden syrup on the golden stairs.

A disobedient little girl being told by her mother that it was necessary that she should be whipped, said: "Well, ma, then I suppose I must; but won't you give me chloroform first?"

A French widow is bewailing the recent loss of her husband. "I have at least one consolation," she sobs out, drying her tears. "At all events, I know where he spends his nights now."

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet face and delicate hands; but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set going.

A Michigan girl coaxed her lover to take her carriage riding, and the horse ran away and killed her. Showing this paragraph to the girls will be thousands of dollars in the pockets of our young men.

When you see a woman going toward the river with a good-sized pole in her hand, and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much; she's got a boy down that way who promised her with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming.

Aunt—Well, love, did Mr. McSiller propose? Edith—No, Aunt; but he was on the verge of it when— Aunt—When what, darling? Edith—When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only time to catch the last cheap train, and he had a return ticket.

An English journal commenting on the annoyances with servant girls, describes America as a country "where the 'domestic service' difficulty assumes proportions as far beyond our little troubles of the same kind here in England as the volume of the Mississippi is beyond that of the Thames."

Mrs. Hayes went into executive session the other day: Introduced a bill providing that her husband should wear his flannels until the first of July, suspended the rules, moved its third reading, had it engrossed, demanded the previous question, passed it by one majority, and sent it to Mr. Hayes for approval.

Scene on Columbus avenue, at a house where a great many rehearsals of *Pinafore* have taken place for private representation: The little child, who has just broken out with the chicken pox, is asked by the mother, "What do you think your papa will say when he sees his darling little girl in such a plight?" "Oh, I s'pose he'll say, 'Why, damme! it's too bad.'"

"My little seven-year old girl," writes a friend, "was in the sitting-room alone with her uncle, and dreamily looking from the window. Without turning her head, she said 'Uncle Horace, eight and seven make fifteen, don't they?' He replied that she was right. 'Then,' said she, in half soliloquy, 'it is only eight years before I shall have a bean, and O! I dread it.'"

At last a witty woman has built a "God bless 'em" toast to the men. Mrs. Dunnway, at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, toasted them in these words: "God bless 'em. They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self respect, they awaken our enthusiasm, they arouse our affections, they control our property, and out-manceuvre us in everything."

Mrs. Jennie Stirling publishes a poem beginning, "Where shall I find my boy?" Well, we can tell you. You want to run straight down the Agency road, past the first farm outside the city limits; and then, if you trot along pretty lively, when you get about twenty-five feet ahead of the man and about, say, eleven feet ahead of the dog, you will find your boy, with a paper bag full of strawberries crushed under his arm, doing his level best to increase his lead on the dog. But you want to hump yourself, for when we last looked at the procession it wasn't standing still—not by about eighty-five miles an hour.—*Norristown Herald.*

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AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10, 1879.

MY DEAR MADGE:—Theatrical management in San Francisco has all the delicious uncertainty of a bet on a roulette ball or a venture in Bodie. It is said of us out here that we are hypercritical—iconoclastic to a degree in the oftentimes scurvy manner in which we shatter the footlight idols from beyond the Sierra; that the bonbon of our enthusiasm, richly flavored though it be to the artist hicky enough to taste its sweetness, is crusted with sugar so hard that only genius can penetrate through it to the richness within. And it is true, Madge, though the cavaliers erroneously attribute it to our dramatic culture instead of the circumstances of our daily life. We are a peculiar people, and the atrophy of our enthusiasm is a disease for which our society and Pine Street are alone responsible. With Gold, Love, and Death, the three grand caterers to our love of the sensational, daily producing the old dramas with new casts from among our acquaintance, the mimic agonies of theatrical display become insipid enough beside the horrid realism that makes us shudder daily, if we are not too blasé. With a dozen Messalinas in our parlors, and a hundred Marguerites on our pavements, the simplicity and triteness of the *Faust* story induces a yawn, however well it be told. Stage "asides" have but little interest beside Souchoong gossip and club scandal, and to view the dramatic villain relegated to obliquity while his society, political, commercial, or clerical brother is laden with honors and riches, is a satire of which we are weary, and a farce that becomes a bore. We live too fast for idealism. We are too blasé to use the eyeglass of imagination in viewing the life-pictures—badly enough drawn, as a rule, on our stage—when the lognet of experience has a lens perhaps a trifle less seductive as far as delusion goes, but sublimely more truthful and gratifying to our shrewder sense. I should like to see one drama wherein the antique folly that stolen bread turns bitter in the unrighteous mouth does not prevail; one stage picture wherein virtue toils to the tomb amid the rags and crusts of a garret, while vice fattens on champagne and truffles amid the velvet richness of gilded chambers; one story in whose denouement unprincipled scheming and selfish *savoir faire* obtains the ruddy ripe fruitage of position and place, and righteous self-denial perforce contents itself with shriveled windfalls and discarded cores. And I should like above and beyond all things to hear *haut monde* call it a shame and *bas monde* dub it an outrage, while a virtuous daily press, with one eye on public opinion and the other on the money-drawer, held up its chaste hands in holy horror, and wept in the "gamy" odor of journalistic sanctity. In fact, Madge, we are a people whose ideas, whose social structure, and whose press have taught us to see behind the masks, and when this standpoint has been reached, that stage and that artist will alone awake enthusiasm whose ideas are true enough to nature, and whose art is near enough to realism to awake the wearied sympathy and *ennuye* interest that are continually called into play by surroundings that are dramatic to a degree that the romancers do not dream of, and the comedy-writers do not know. The inspiring cause of this possible irrelevancy is the reception accorded Lester Wallack on Monday night. One would have thought that his name and fame would have won him a full house, but it was not so. On the contrary, six rows of empty seats in the dress circle, and a meagre fringe of spectators in the balcony, proved a satirical commentary on the announcement of "Free List Suspended," and made the ten thousand dollars to be paid the star for his four weeks disagreeably evanescent to the California management. I don't know, though, as the public is to be blamed for not paying a dollar and a half per head to bow down at a shrine where the altar picture of St. Wallack is illumined by such sputtering rush lights as Belle Chapman and Mr. Bock. I might as well include Mr. Keene, too, as far as society acting goes, for never having seen him dress like a gentleman, I can't expect him to act like one, and his performance in a Robertson comedy has all the sadness of a playful jumping-jack doomed to the tyranny of a fastened string, whose pitiless inelasticity prevents its achievement of those eccentricities which are alike its enjoyment and pride. Mr. Wallack was superb. His art is all studied, yet seemingly the apparent perfection of ease and naturalness. His "Hugh Chalcoete" was a quiet picture in subdued half tones, exquisite in ensemble and perfect in details. A multitude of little touches made a complete and rounded thing, who lived before us and whose every motion seemed to have been planned. It was very near perfect art, Madge, only

there was a far-off shadow of the has-been upon it—a feeling, born of a voice that has forgotten some of its fullness, and an action that has lost some of its primitive vivacity and grace, that crept in upon our admiration and interest, and made us wish that we had seen him when he was younger, before the setting sun clothed in partial shadow the bright glories of the earlier day. In his own theatre, supplemented by artists trained after his own artistic fashion, the old comedy would be a rare treat; but played as it was, it was no wonder that its familiarity grew wearisome when he was off the stage, and the audience rapturously applauded a military march and some red-coated supers as a solemn preventive. Mrs. Saunders was good, as usual, and *la petite Gilman's* "Mary Nettley" was strong and forcible, though not sufficiently *raffine*. As for the others, they betrayed a magnificent lack of the society drama finish and the subtlety of resource that a comedy like *Ours* implacably demands. Of his "Adonis Evergreen," which I hear is charming, and his "Elliot Gray," in *Rosedale*, underlined for next Monday, I will tell you next week. In *Ours* he was a real picture framed in artificial unreality, and in this respect not unlike Denman Thompson at the Bush Street Theatre. I went there on Tuesday night, Madge, and looked up at the painted Shakespeare above to wonder—if the sightless eyes could have been given vision and the canvas brain perceptive qualities—if the great creator of the stage would not have been carried back to his own sweet days, when the sturdy burghers of London warmed with the passion and wept with the woes of a "Juliet" who sat sorrowing under a bare sign-board saying, "This is Verona;" for a crude play said, "This is New England," and crude characters came and went before me, and amid it all, there moved an old man called "Josh Whitcomb," who almost made me believe that he was a veritable growth of the Vermont hills, wandering with a lot of people who adapted their actions to delude him with stage trickery and exhibit him in his pristine freshness and bucolic veridancy. Perhaps I might have thought so had I not seen the impulsive, energetic, and right-minded old man who believed in his son firmly, settle down to weep and wail the moment the boy was arrested, without taking any further interest in the affair. But the incongruity only proves that the creature is the actor's, and not the playwright's. It is a queer thing, Madge, this genius that takes the semblance of an ignorant farmer and yet beguiles us into that sweetest homage to art, delusion. There was genius in the very set of his pants, and his art, from the cow-hide boots on the feet to the mask of rugged good nature on the face, was wonderful. He is not merely a type; he is a phenomenon. "Josh Whitcomb" is a long step in advance of "Fritz" and its compeers on the pathway that eads in the goal of all dramatic ambitions, and a goal which a refining and keenly perceptive age is coming to demand—realism. It was rather a risky thing for the Baldwin people to bring out *The Danicheffs* with the richly colored pageantry of heroic action that the Union Square Company presented still vivid before our eyes—risky as it always is to offer a chromo to him who has viewed the glory of the original, or a Strakoschian aria to one who has drifted off into the cloud-world of harmony amid the magic melodies of *La Scala*. And so it proved. Kate Denin only served to remind us of Fanny Morant—whom we recalled, with her haughty pride of centuries, and her loyalty to the Danicheffs, that scorned the maternal yearnings which threatened the sovereignty of a queen in her domestic empire. The part is a great one, and a touch of weakness ruins it, for only the stern fixed devotion to *noblesse oblige*, the creed of a great race cut in the granite of her disposition, pardons the baseness of the "Lady Danicheff's" conduct, and wins her the sympathies. And Kate Denin wrestling with this grandeur was a crow attempting to carry off a sheep, or an ambitious mouse embezzling an ostrich egg, for it was beyond her scope. Her rendition was unique in one respect, however, for she dodged the stage manager in the third act, and appeared on the stage in a wealth of hues comparable only to a box of colors struck by lightning, or a picture by Norton Bush gone mad. And so with "Osip." The ruling idea of the character is strength. The grand manliness of the serf must first be impressed in the strongest possible way, in order that the self-denial and mental struggle be duly effective. But O'Neill's rendition was from the first humble and sorrowing, its manly bloom deepened with the pallor of a manifest destiny, and the result was a sort of Gethsemane idyl adapted from the Russian. Nina Varian did "Anna" in the prescribed style, bubbling over with emotion like a hot spring at pericardial times, and subsiding into placidity and a good pose immediately afterward. She is finely trained, and would have well carried off a rôle altogether too heavy for her, if she could have only convinced us for a moment that she was feeling instead of acting. Forcing has its beauties for both actresses and asparagus, though unfortunately it always develops flavorless results. Miss Coghlan had little to do as the "Princess Lydia," and did not exert herself to do that; the houses were too light. Jennings' "Zakaroff" was admirable. The *Pinkflore* cases have been reduced to one, the Melville party, who have had full houses through the week past, and doubtless will through the next. Mr. Chas. Dungan took Mr. Goodrich's place as the "Captain" on Wednesday night, and after his nervousness in a new and ill-rehearsed part wears off will do it nicely, and make the performance more charming than ever. *Du reste*, there is nothing in particular to announce, and so I bid you, for a week, *au revoir*. AMELIA A., proxy of Betsy B.

A MORAL DRAMA.

The Secret of Joshua Whitcomb's Success.

Last Monday evening I drifted down from the California, where Lester Wallack—New York's dramatic idol—bad bowed his opening to barely half a house, and dropped curiously into the Bush Street Theatre, where a crowded audience, in orchestra, parquet, dress circle, and overflowing gallery, were giving an enthusiastic, and hearty, and honest welcome back to old "Uncle Joshua Whitcomb," as personated by Denman Thompson. And, as I stood there and saw the performance progress, and heard the laughter that bubbled right up and out at each quaint and homely saying, and noted the faces and the characters of the people present, I naturally began to cast about for an explanation of this wonderful phenomenon. Was it that the plain, unpretending sketch of *Uncle Joshua* overshadowed and overwhelmed the brilliant comedy of *Ours*? Was it that Denman Thompson was more famous as an actor than Lester Wallack, with all his announcement and reputation—the man whom the *New York Herald* in its enthusiasm recommended to us as "the boss brilliant in the coronet of stars who preceded him"? Was it that the plain, unpretentious dressing and acting and *ensemble* of the support of "Uncle Josh" was more attractive than the trains, and diamonds, and drawing-room surroundings of the handsome New Yorker? Was the dingy and ill-ventilated little Bush Street Theatre more comfortable than the frescoed auditorium higher up the street? None of these reasons, evidently. What then? A non-appreciation of the art of the gentleman, and a preference for the dialogue of the bucolic boor? No. A freak of the fickle public to desert one actor and demonstrate over another—an accident of an evening? Most certainly not, for the attendance and verdict of subsequent evenings were stronger and more pronounced than the first. What answer, then? Is it sweet simplicity *versus* the shimmering sham of the drama, realism against romance, modesty preferred to morbidness, that wins? Yes; yes, without a doubt. The sketch of *Uncle Joshua Whitcomb* is a homely picture, but it is clean and healthful to look at. It teaches a moral lesson that a whole library of Sunday-school books could not expound. It preaches a sermon of practical religion that not one of the cloth could so thoroughly illustrate, and under this sign it conquers and captures us all. For who—no matter what his moral or religious belief—can fail to sympathize with the sentiment that animates "Uncle Josh" when, in the great city, he comes face to face with a poverty, and a destitution, and a degree of degradation that he may have beard of, but had never before seen or known. How we duplicate his indignation when he encounters the drunken and worthless husband, the brutal step father; and how the average heart goes out with his when he promises the dying woman that she and her child shall be cared for "just as though they were his own," and taking the body to his own homestead, buries it in a little grassy meadow where "Little Tot," when she "feels lonesome, and blue, and discouraged, and tired, can go and sit down on mother's grave and have a good cry, and feel better for it!" The little dialogues between "Roundy," the boot-black, and "Little Tot," both in the city and when they meet again on the farm, are instructive as well as interesting, and replete with telling points for the young. In their homely but straightforward and pointed remarks and discussions there is more logic than is written in any moral law, and in Eastern towns where "Uncle Josh" has played people have brought their children for the express purpose of having them listen in all seriousness and appreciation to this little conversation between the two regarding the Sunday-school. And it is just this sort of thing—this religious and moral quality—that makes the play so successful. It gets right under the public vest at once, and creeps right into the popular heart in that sunny, silent, and confiding way that the child seats himself on the visitor's knee. It wins a species of appreciation and applause that it is not difficult to place, because it is honest. The laughter comes broad, and hoarse, and hearty from an unmistakable source, and the moistened eyes during the pathetic parts, and more particularly when the confiding old farmer hears, without having his faith shattered, that his boy has gone wrong, tell of tears direct from the well of a common feeling. It is the same material, and the same patronage and appreciation that have made *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with its "Little Eva" and its pious "Uncle Tom," and its prayers, and songs, and sorrows, and homelike scenes, the marvel of dramatic managers, and a play that brings out the conservative element—people who seldom or never attend the average theatrical performance, but who go to an entertainment of this description very much as they would go to church or Sunday-school—for its moral atmosphere, and the instruction and the example to be obtained. These people are no friends of the romantic and more artistic school; they get no satisfaction from a plot that begins with deceptive love, develops into disbonnet marriage, and ends in disagreeable divorce details, or a dreadful though deserved death. They are not keen in their appreciation of dialogue that dances continually on the verge of indecency, with situations that are questionable, with scenes that expose and shake in one's very face all the heartless details of unhappy, unwholesome, and unhallowed life.

They do not believe this morbid food is fit to eat. They do not think it a proper mental dish to set before the young. They do not recognize the exposure as an entertainment, and if by accident they should go, they refuse to be fascinated by its dressing and drawing-room details, to smile at its broad suggestions, or to laugh at its questionable wit. But in a bit of realism, strong and sturdy in the right, they revel. They are uproarious in their mirth, keen in the appreciation of a joke, strong in sympathy. They live in the stage picture. They forget they are in a theatre. They sing in spirit the plaintive little songs whose unembellished notes are better than any opera music that was ever composed, and they follow the common-place text with an earnestness that keeps them close up to every situation, and holds them impassible and interested till the very drop of the curtain. And it is not to be questioned that clean, healthful plays of this description do a world of good. They deal so closely with fact that you can not get away from the moral by pleading that it is fiction. The sweet little pastoral sketch of *Fanchon the Cricket*, that I saw when a boy, impressed me more thoroughly regarding the temptations of life than all the dramas in imaginary or real life that I have since seen. The horrors of drunkenness as depicted in *Ten Nights in a Barroom* have saved more brevet toppers than all the temperance lectures and blue-ribbon brigades that ever labored. The piously-upturned and angelic face of little "Eva," and the simple story of "Uncle Tom's" suffering, have done more for the cause of the oppressed than ever did the golden rule; and the honesty of purpose, and character, and philanthropy of "Uncle Josh" and attendant characters teach a lesson that in our swirling and selfish life we need. And so I feel safe in advising an evening with "Uncle Josh" as equally beneficial to the ordinary religionist as a prayer-meeting. In fact, at Greeley, Colorado, on the way hither, a prayer-meeting was actually adjourned to see the Denman Thompson troupe, the minister and the whole flock attending, to enjoy the performance bugely, and to go away with the satisfaction of a hundred concentrated sermons. I advise it for the young, the old, the grave and the gay, the unsophisticated and the blasé. I advise it for the dyspeptic, the disappointed, to those dissatisfied with their lot, to those whose hearts are hardened and whose chords of sympathy are unstrung. I commend it to the church, the school, the home circle, as an entertainment that no one can afford to miss, and something that will always be a pleasant remembrance and a pleasure to speak of. Especially do I entreat to an audience with the New Hampshire farmer, "every mother's son" and daughter born in old New England, or within sight of its cloud-capped granite hills; for with this quaint old character they will live over again their early life. They will have recalled the barn "raisings," the "logging bees," the "corn huskings," and locate those "pepper and salt" pants and broad-gauge boots on many an old chap they have known whittling away and discussing the weather and the crops in the horse shed of a country church of a Sunday afternoon. It is wonderful how perfect and realistic the picture is. It affects one with almost the force of the actual scene, and there comes at times an impulse to step up to "Josh" on the stage and greet him as an old acquaintance, and have him grab your hand and exclaim, "Well, I'm real glad to see you, by gosh!" You breathe again with him the country air, you see through the painted perspective of his stage home into the meadows of the old homestead where you caroled away your own childhood's happy days: the fields fringed with sombre stone walls, and the waving grass interspersed with the red clover blossom, and the white daisy, and the golden buttercup; the cattle in the pasture beyond, and the brook beside the wood. There stands the house, and the barn, and the old well-sweep, and the picture as you left it to stray away out here to the outer fringe of the continent, and mix in other scenes, and gradually forget the joys and the associations of youth. But memory is a swift reminder when such a picture as "Uncle Josh" is presented, and every detail comes back so vividly that you finally sigh that the bit of realism is not reality in fact. But enough of the old farmer and his naturalness. I started in wondering why he drew such audiences, and now I wonder no longer. It is not his art—it's his artlessness.

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes."

"This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather—but
The art itself is nature."

And those who appreciate this are those who love "Uncle Josh"; and those who love him, love him for his homely and honest worth; and this is a sufficient explanation of his wonderful and steadily increasing popularity. OUT.

The last scores of the archery tournament will be shot to-day at the Oakland cricket grounds, where the club flags are now flying over the picturesque tents on the pretty sward. Among the features of to-day's shooting will be the contest for "The ARGONAUT Arrow," the ladies' prize for the best score at the twenty-yard range. To reach the Oakland cricket grounds take the half-hour Oakland boats, changing to the Berkeley train at the Point. Next week we shall publish the full score of the tournament.

"FROM UP NORTH."

He had put in about thirty years on this mundane sphere, distant 90,000,000 miles from the sun, and his clothing had that limpsy, limber look that gives a man away at once. Yes, he was a little knee-sprung, and when he braced up, took a direct line for a lamp-post and missed it by four feet, he looked back and said:

"Well, I didn't wao' you anyhow! I'm able stan' up, jus' er same, 'bout any your help, an' you go er Texas!"

He came to this office. He has something to do with a newspaper up North, and a sort of fraternal feeling drifted him down Griswold Street. He came up stairs on seventeen different angles. People who were going down as he came up were satisfied that he was an angle-Saxon. After recovering his poise he made a dive into one of the editorial rooms and said:

"H'lo! Come 'er shee you! Been wa'n shee you morn' year."

He was asked to sit down. He walked over to a chair, carefully seized the arms, turned himself slowly around, and then suddenly fell backward into the chair, with a look of relief spreading clear back to his ears.

"Zhas way I allus sit down," he explained, as he took out his watch and looked at the back of it to see the time.

"You shee, I got shtiff leg, an' I fall on floor 'n doan' look out. Ish 'er big press run'n ter-day?"

"Yes."

"Well, let 'er run. I can't shtop 'er, can I? How many 'pressions now does 'er run off?"

"Oh I about fifteen thousand."

"Zhat all! Why, I can beat zhat on han'-press! Yes shur, fi' can't beat zhat on han'-press I'll give you shen dollar bill."

He started to rise up, but a sudden thought restrained him, and after settling back he said:

"How many col'mns mazzar can you write up in one day?"

"Not over ten."

"Can't you? Why, you must be awf' slow! I can write forty col'mns a day jus' like nozzings. I wouldn't hav' such a slow man 'roun' me—no shur!"

There was silence for a moment, and then he confidently inquired:

"You beez drinking?"

"No."

"Nor I, eizher. I'm zhust shober's dook. You own zhis town?"

"No."

"Nor I, eizher. I doan' own nozzing. You got any money in y'r pozzet?"

"No."

"Zhas me again! I hav'n't got red shent to my name. You goin' to walk home on dirt road!"

"Yes."

"Soam mi—shake! You are bes' fell'r I ev'r shaw my hull life. You goin' down shtairs now?"

"Yes."

"By Shorge! you mus' be my twin bruzzer! You fink shames I do."

When he got to the head of the stairs his "stiff leg" suddenly weakened, and the man went down stairs in a heap—in three or four heaps. It is a long stairs which has no end, and when he finally reached it he carefully sat up on the floor, felt of his head, and called out:

"Did er hurt you any?"

"No, not a bit," replied the man at the head of the stairs.

"And didn't hurt me, eizher—not one shingle hurt!" he chuckled, and carefully clutching the wall, he steadied himself out of doors, and took the middle of the street as he started for the Post-Office.—*Trois Free Press.*

A crew of two hundred children has been secured for the juvenile *H. M. S. Pinafore* that sets sail from Metropolitan Temple Monday, the 23d. For further particulars see announcement in advertising columns.

It leaks out that Mrs. Onion, of Texas, has left her husband to go with a handsomer man. The scandal is strong—don't breathe it; it brings tears to one's eyes.

Kellogg's singing is characterized as drift-wood floating in a stream; it draws on the bars, and yet doesn't amount to a dam.

Alice Harrison stars next season in B. E. Woolf's new play. John Rickaby will be manager and part proprietor.

A PLUNGE IN THE BAY.

Get up early in the morning, all you enervated, and limp, and lifeless toilers at sedentary pursuits, and take a header from the spring-board at North Beach. It will send new and vigorous blood coursing through your contracted veins. It will give you a new lease of life. It will enable you to drink in the champagne of the early morning air, and sit you down to your breakfast with an appetite like the roaring young lion. It will make you feel good-natured when you go down to business, and you can knock off more hard work in one hour than before you could stagger through with in a whole forenoon. Try the experiment and keep trying it till you have thoroughly tested the effect. It will not cost half the trouble that it is worth. It will get you at your office earlier in the morning, and will send you to bed sooner at night. The expense is but a trifle: five cents car fare if you don't walk, and three tickets for twenty-five cents at the Neptune and Mermaid baths at the foot of Larkin or Hyde streets. Within the last month ladies have taken to the beach in great numbers to bathe, and special arrangements have been made by the management for their accommodation. There is a competent instructor in swimming and obliging attendants, and perfect safety with the graduated depth of water on the sandy beach. Try an afternoon bath, say at or after four o'clock, and you will better enjoy your dinner. At this season the water is crisp and sparkling, and as bracing as the ocean breeze.

FASHIONABLE PHOTOGRAPHS.

For finely finished photographs our swell people are still giving their patronage to the firm of Bradley & Rulofson, for in execution and perfection, in likeness, and style, and finish they still stand foremost. Bear in mind that it is no economy to have a cheap picture; the best are always the cheapest, and the better the artist the better the picture. Remember this, and patronize the establishment that gives the greatest satisfaction to the greatest number. This is the best recommendation of excellence you can get. It is a recommendation of this description that the firm of Bradley & Rulofson pride themselves on.

DEDICATED TO FRANCIS MURPHY.

*Oh, water is the drink for me, so sparkling,
fresh, and pure,
And anything more strong than that I really
can't endure;
Excepting when I'm all alone, and then, with
naught to fear,
I take a full quart bottle of Falk's Milwaukee Beer.*

FURNISHED HOUSE.

To Rent, furnished, an elegant cottage of nine rooms, on Grove Street, between Webster and Buchanan, north side, with stable, garden and hot-house. This is an elegant home, elegantly furnished; everything new, and in complete order. It is for rent under peculiar circumstances, and cheap. Inquire of Cox, Teall & Co., Nevada Block, corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets.

An elegant assortment of Gold Watches and Chains at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

In Richmond the latest musical celebrity is a Miss Thaw. She has a lisp in her name, and is the biggest thing on ice.

BEAUTIFUL FOREVER!

FRECKLES, MOLES, SALLOWNESS, BLACK WORMS, POCKMARKS, WARTS, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, instantly and permanently removed by MONS. A. MOREL, with FEISTEL & GERRARD, Chiropractors, who remove skillfully and without pain CORNS, BUNIONS, INGROWING NAILS, etc. Finger-nails made almond shape and rose-tinted. Sole Agents for the Genuine Sozopado, for disinfecting and modifying excessive perspiration. Highest testimonials. Specimens sent to any part of the world, on application at our office, 838 Market Street, opposite Fourth. Parlors 2, 3, and 4.

Dentist, J. N. Prather, 632 Market Street, opposite the Palace Hotel.

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Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, No. 850 Market Street, corner of Stockton (over drug store), San Francisco. Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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Artistic novelties, manufactured from California quartz, at Randolph & Co.'s, corner Montgomery and Sutter Streets.

WANTED,

Copies of the ARGONAUT, April 15th, No. 4; April 28th, No. 6; May 5th, No. 7; May 12th, No. 8; May 19th, No. 9—all of Vol. I, 1877.

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Commencing Monday, June 23, and every evening, at 8 o'clock. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

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200 LITTLE CHILDREN, SELECTED with great care from the Sunday-schools of San Francisco and Oakland. The Principals by bright little Boys and Girls from 5 to 12 years old. A full-rigged ship officered and manned by Boy Sailors. New Scenery and Appointments by Wilkins. All under the direction of H. M. BROWN, Esq., late Stage Manager of Baldwin's.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.—In consequence of the immense hit of Mr.

LESTER WALLACK
LESTER WALLACK

ADONIS EVERGREEN,
.....IN.....

MY AWFUL DAD,
MY AWFUL DAD,

He will repeat that character this (Saturday) and every evening till further notice.

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In active preparation, Mr. Wallack's great play,

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FINE MOHAIR SHAWLS

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Houses crowded to standing room only. Hundreds turned away. Performance every evening (except Sunday) and Saturday matinee.

Sunday evening, June 22, Second Grand Remenyi Concert.

EDOUARD REMENYI,

Assisted by MISS EMMA THURSTON and MR. F. DULCKEN, and Grand Orchestra.

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BALDWIN'S THEATRE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....MANAGER.

This (Saturday) afternoon and evening, June 21, last performances of

THE DANICHEFFS.

Sunday evening, June 22, MASTER RICHARD LOUIS LEVY as

HAMLET.

Monday, June 23, first time in San Francisco of the great Union Square success,

SERAPHINE,

OR THE MOTHER'S SECRET.

In active preparation, a powerful romantic play by Messrs. D. Delasco and James A. Herne,

THE MARRIAGE BY MOONLIGHT

PLATT'S HALL.

LAST NIGHTS OF THE GREAT WALK BETWEEN

MISS FANNIE EDWARDS

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OVER 2600 QUARTER MILES NOW COMPLETED.

MISS BERTHA VON BERG

Will give a Six-Mile Walk To-day, at 2 P. M. Also, an Eight-Mile Exhibition Walk To-night, at 9 o'clock.

MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG

Still continues, and says he is sure to win.

Admission.....50 cents.
Children.....25 cents.
Hall open at all hours day and night.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

REV. I. S. KALLOCH, D. D., Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday Morning at 11 o'clock, and Evening at 7. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Praise Service at 7. Seats free and all invited.

H. KELLER & CO.,

116 Post Street, above Kearny,

Are in constant receipt of

RARE AND CHOICE BOOKS

DIRECT FROM LONDON.

Which they offer to the public at a small advance on cost.

Lovers of good Books are invited to call and see our stock.

Complete Catalogue mailed on application.

Mr. H. H. MOORE, the well known bibliophile, can be found at our store.

OH! BOYS!

A CHANCE FOR THE BOYS.

Boys wanted to sell the ARGONAUT on Saturday of each week.

Business for the boys.

Money for the boys.

From 50 cents to \$5 profit made in a single day.

One thousand boys wanted to work up ARGONAUT routes for themselves, and get from \$1 to \$5 per week for a few hours' labor.

A steady thing when once started.

25 subscribers will guarantee to each boy \$1 income per week.

50 subscribers \$2 income per week.

75 subscribers \$3 income per week.

100 subscribers \$4 income per week.

And all for an hours' work of a Saturday.

Boys in this city have started with only three or four subscribers, and now have from one to two hundred each, and gaining every week.

One boy has a bank account of \$135; another has saved up over \$50, as the result of trying this experiment.

Let every boy desirous of earning a little spending money make his friends help him start a list.

Boys always have plenty of friends in their first business venture.

A single half-dollar is sufficient to make a beginning.

This is all the capital needed.

The very first week a profit, though ever so small, comes in.

The second week the profit increases.

Then the increase becomes a steady thing, and the boy is independent.

TRY IT, TRY IT.

Count up the relations, friends, and acquaintance, whom you think would take the paper.

Then start on next Saturday and deliver to as many subscribers as you can get.

You will be pleased with the result.

You will have independent spending money.

You will have a little business of your own.

You will have lots of fun.

If you conclude to try the experiment, try it at once.

This is a good time to begin.

Start on Saturday next.

Don't be discouraged at a small beginning, for tall oaks from little acorns grow.

The profit is well worth the time spent.

Success is a sure thing.

Nothing ventured nothing gained.

Show this to some gentleman friend and ask him to capitalize you for a start.

You can pay back the capital advanced the first week.

Then you are under no obligations.

Then you are a full fledged man of business.

For price of papers and further particulars inquire at this office.

REMEMBER, this is a chance for every boy.

One thousand boys wanted to try this experiment in every city, town, and village on the Pacific Coast.

There is money in it, and no possibility of failure or loss.

Call or send for particulars to the

ARGONAUT

PUBLISHING

CLUBS.

BOYS.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO.

SHIPPING AND
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
218 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS FOR PACIFIC MAIL S. S.
Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard
Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The Hawaiian Line; The China
Traders' Insurance Co., Limited; The Marine Insurance
Co. of London; The Baldwin Locomotive Works; The
Glasgow Iron Co.; Nich. Ashton & Son's Salt.

C. F. SHEFFIELD. N. W. SPAULDING. J. PATTERSON

PACIFIC**SAW MANUFACTURING CO.**

17 AND 19 FREMONT ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SAWS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
on hand and made to order. Agents for C. B. Paul's
Files.
Repairing of all kinds done at short notice.

GEO. W. GIBBS & CO.,

IRON, METALS,

NOS. 33 and 35 FREMONT STREET
and 38 and 40 Beale Street.

IRON—Bar, Band, Hoop, Plate and Sheet, Norway Shoe
Shapes.
PIPE—Morris Tasker & Co.'s Boiler Tubes and Gas Pipe.
STEEL—Naylor & Co.'s best Cast Steel; also, Spring Tire,
Toe, and Plow.
SHOES—Burdens and Perkins Horse and Mule.
RIVERS—Burdens' Boiler; Carriage, Tire, and Shutter.
HORSE NAILS—Graham's, Globe, and Putnam's.
ANVILS, VICES, FILES, RASPS, NUTS, WASHERS, BLANKETS.
AXLES, SPRINGS, BOLTS, CUMBERLAND COAL, ETC.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento,
J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, San Francisco

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Northwest corner Clay and Front Streets, San Francisco.

TABER, HARKER & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
GROCERS, 108 and 110 California St., San Francisco.

H. L. DODGE L. M. SWEENEY J. E. RUGGLES.

DODGE, SWEENEY & CO.,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale Provision Dealers,

.....AND.....
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 406 Front Street, San Francisco.

S. P. COLLINS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

OLD**LONDON DOCK BRANDIES,**

Port Wines, Sherries,

And all the choicest brands of

CHAMPAGNE,

APPLE JACK, PISCO, ARRACK,

CORDIALS, LIQUORS, ETC., ETC.

329 Montgomery and 511 California Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. C. MERRILL & CO.,**SHIPPING**

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for the

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND OREGON PACKET
LINES.

204 AND 206 CALIFORNIA ST. - - - San Francisco.

C. ADOLPHE LOW & CO.,

Commission Merchants,

SAN FRANCISCO.

OFFICE IN NEW YORK, 42 CEDAR
Street.

Liberal advances made on consignments.

FRANK KENNEDY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 604 MER-
chant St., Room 16. Probate, divorce, bankruptcy
and all cases attended to.

WILLIAM M. PIERSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 616 SACRA-
mento Street,

WM. F. SMITH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, 313 BUSH STREET.
Office hours, from 12 M. to 3 P. M.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

NOTICE.—THE TRADE AND THE
public are informed that we receive the genuine

Louis Roederer Carte Blanche
Champagne,

Direct from Mr. Louis Roederer, Reims, over his signature
and Consular Invoice. Each case is marked upon the side,
"Macondray & Co., San Francisco," and each bottle bears
the label, "Macondray & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific
Coast."

MACONDRAY & CO.,

Sole agents for the Pacific Coast.

JENNINGS S. COX.....OLIVER TEALL.

COX, TEALL & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND
AUCTIONEERS, 303 Montgomery Street, under
the Nevada Bank, San Francisco.

Auction Salesroom, H. M. NEWHALL & CO., 309, 311
and 313 Sansome Street.

J. O. ELDRIDGE, Auctioneer.
JAS. T. STRATTON, Civil Engineer.

ORIENTAL BOUQUET**SOAP.**

EXCELLED BY NONE.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

STANDARD SOAP COMPANY

AT BERKELEY.

Office, No. 204 Sacramento St.

THE ORIENTAL BOUQUET SOAP
is manufactured to compete with Cashmere Bouquet.
It claims to have no superior as a toilet soap, equaling the
best in quality, and offered to the trade at a much less
price.

**MULLER'S****OPTOMETER!**

The only reliable instrument for Testing
Defective Vision.

135 Montgomery Street,
Near Bush, opposite the Occidental
Hotel.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE.

EAST BRANCH MINING COMPANY.—Location
of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.
Location of works, East Branch Mining District,
Plumas County, California.
NOTICE.—There are delinquent upon the following
debted stock, on account of assessment (No. 12) levied on the
16th day of April, 1879, the several amounts set opposite the
names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

No.	No.	Cert.	Shares.	Am't.
Crego, Cyrus.....	83	50		\$2 50
Crego, Cyrus.....	85	100		5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	11	100		5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	36	100		5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	37	300		15 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	39	200		10 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	41	100		5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	43	100		5 00
Martin, A., Trustee.....	97	300		15 00

And in accordance with law, and an order of the Board of
Directors made on the 16th day of April, 1879, so many
shares of each parcel of such stock as may be necessary,
will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company,
on THURSDAY, the 26th day of June, 1879, at the hour
of three o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent
assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and
expenses of sale. R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
Office, Room 6, No. 318 Pine Street.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE

annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mission
Bay Bridge Company will be held at the office of the Com-
pany, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten o'clock
A. M. and close at twelve o'clock P. M.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE

annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern
Pacific Railroad Company will be held at the office of the
Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten
o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE

annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los An-
geles and San Diego Railroad Company will be held at the
office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on
WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will
open at ten o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE

annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potrero and
Bay View Railroad Company will be held at the office of
the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNES-
DAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at
one o'clock P. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE

annual meeting of the stockholders of the Market
Street Railroad Company of San Francisco will be held at
the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on
WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will
open at twelve o'clock M. and close at one o'clock P. M.

J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU.

PHARMACEUTICAL.

A SPECIFIC

REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES

....OF THE....

BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-
ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness
of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of
Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

Does in every case.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

IS UNEQUALED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
nent physicians all over the world in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhoea,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour
Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a
thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU

INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to
healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and
imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single
trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating
of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE,

OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.

Delivered to any address free from observation. "Patients"
may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by
calling. Competent Physicians attend to correspondents.
All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HELMBOLD,

Druggist and Chemist, Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION!

See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

WRIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of
the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now ex-
isting between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.

[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of

BERTRAM T. TIBBITS, deceased.—Notice is
hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the es-
tate of said Bertram T. Tibbits, deceased, to the creditors
of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased,
to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four
months after the first publication of this notice, to the said
Administratrix, at the office of Pixley & Harrison, No. 430
California Street, the same being her place for the transac-
tion of the business of said estate in the City and County of
San Francisco. MARV TIBBITS,
Administratrix of the estate of Bertram T. Tibbits, de-
ceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 16, 1879.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-

ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of works,
Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the fourth day of June, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 37) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the eleventh (11th) day of July, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors,
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.

Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.

Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Califor-
nia.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the 25th day of June, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY,
the 15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.

Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING

Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.

Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees,
held on the twelfth day of July, 1879, an assessment
(No. 58) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, will be
delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and un-
less payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY,
the fifth (5th) day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.

Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

Steamship Company, General Office, San Francisco,
June 10th, 1879.—Notice.—The annual meeting of the
stockholders of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship
Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year,
and for the transaction of such other business as may be
brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the
company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the second day of July, 1879.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

the Eureka Consolidated Mining Company, Nevada
Block, Room 37, San Francisco, June 14, 1879.—At a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the above named com-
pany, held this day, a dividend (No. 44) of one dollar per
share was declared, payable on FRIDAY, June 20th, 1879.
Transfer books closed until 21st inst.

W. W. TRAVLOR, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA MINING CO.,
Room 26, Nevada Block, San Francisco, June 17th, 1879.—
At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the above named
Company held this day, a Dividend (No. 49) of fifty cents
per share was declared, payable on MONDAY, the 16th day
of June, 1879. Transfer books closed until 17th inst.

A. W. HAYEN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—OFFICE OF

THE CALIFORNIA MINING CO., 23 Nevada
Block, San Francisco, June 7th, 1879.—At a meeting of the
Board of Directors of the above named Company, held this
day, a Dividend (No. 32) of fifty cents per share was de-
clared, payable on TUESDAY, June 17th. Transfer books
closed until 18th inst.

C. P. GORDON, Secretary



COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 21ST, 1879, AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Passenger trains will leave San Francisco, from Passenger Depot on Townsend Street, between Third and Fourth, as follows:

8.20 A. M. DAILY for San Jose and Way Stations. Stages for Pescadero (via San Mateo) connect with this train only.

9.30 A. M., Sundays only, for San Jose and Way Stations. Returning, leaves San Jose at 6 P. M.

10.40 A. M. DAILY for San Jose, Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Salinas, Soledad, and all Way Stations. ²²⁷ On Saturdays only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

3.30 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose, Gilroy, Pajaro, Hollister, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ²²⁷ On Saturdays only, the Santa Cruz R. R. will connect with this train at Pajaro for Aptos, Soquel, and Santa Cruz. Returning, leave Santa Cruz at 4:45 A. M. Mondays (breakfast at Gilroy), arriving in San Francisco at 10 A. M.

3.30 P. M. SUNDAYS ONLY for San Jose and Way Stations.

4.25 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for San Jose and Way Stations.

5.00 P. M. DAILY, Sundays excepted, for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

6.30 P. M. DAILY for Menlo Park and Way Stations.

EXCURSION TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES

To San Jose and intermediate points, sold on Saturdays and Sunday mornings, good for return until following Monday inclusive.

Also, EXCURSION TICKETS to Aptos, Soquel, Santa Cruz, and Monterey, sold on Saturdays only—good for return until the following Monday morning inclusive.

Principal Ticket Office—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street. Branch Ticket Office—No. 2 New Montgomery Street, Palace Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN DIVISIONS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879.

²²⁷ Passengers for points on the Southern Divisions of the road will take the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad via OAKLAND, leaving San Francisco daily via Ferry Landing, Market Street, at 4.00 P. M. daily (Arizona Express Train), and making close connection at GOSHEN for Sumner, Mohave, LOS ANGELES, Wilmington, Anaheim, Colton, Colorado River, Yuma, Maricopa, and Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma).

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST R. R. (NARROW GAUGE.)

Commencing TUESDAY, APRIL 1, 1879, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco daily for Ferry Landing, foot of Market Street, at 5.30 A. M. (this train leaves Sundays at 7.45 A. M.), 9.00 A. M., and 4.15 P. M., for ALAMEDA, SAN JOSE, LOS GATOS, WRIGHT'S, and all way stations.

Stages connect with 9.00 A. M. train at Wright's for Hotel de Redwoods, Soquel, and Santa Cruz, and with 9.00 A. M. and 4.15 P. M. train at Los Gatos for Congress Springs, also with 7.45 A. M. train of Sundays.

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS, DAILY.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—15.30, 16.40, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30 A. M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 8.30 P. M.

FROM HIGH STREET, ALAMEDA—15.40, 16.45, 7.50, 9.07, 10.35 A. M.; 12.05, 2.40, 4.20, 5.35, 6.45, 8.34, 9.35 P. M.

† Daily, Sundays excepted.

REDUCTION IN RATES.

Regular Local Tickets between San Francisco and San Jose, \$1.75; Santa Clara, \$1.65; Congress Springs, \$2.75; Santa Cruz, \$4.25. Round Trip Tickets (good until used) between San Francisco and San Jose, \$3.25; Santa Clara, \$3.05. Excursion Tickets sold Saturday and Sunday from San Francisco and Park Street, Alameda, to San Jose and return, \$2.50; to Los Gatos and return, \$1.25; to Congress Springs and return, \$4.25, including stage; to Alameda and return, \$3.65; to Wright's and return, \$4.40; to Soquel or Santa Cruz and return, \$6.50—good only until Monday Evening following date of purchase.

SECOND-CLASS FARE TO SAN JOSE, \$1.

Until further notice the rate of fare to San Jose on the mixed train leaving San Francisco at 5.30 A. M. daily (except Sunday) will be \$1.

THOS. CARTER, Superintendent. G. H. WAGGONER, G. P. Agent.

THE STATE INVESTMENT

—AND—

INSURANCE COMPANY, FIRE AND MARINE

CASH ASSETS.....\$450,000

Principal Office, 218 and 220 Sansome Street, San Francisco

OFFICERS:

A. J. BRYANT, President,

RICHARD IVERS, Vice-President,

CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary,

H. H. WATSON, Marine Surveyor

COMMERCIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIF.

FIRE AND MARINE.

Principal office, 405 California Street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. WISE, President.

CHAS. A. LATON, Secretary.

C. P. R. R.

Overland Ticket Office, Oakland Ferry, foot of Market St.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 19, 1879, and until further notice.

TRAINS AND BOATS will leave SAN FRANCISCO:

7.00 A. M., DAILY, VALLEJO
Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with the trains for Napa (Stages for Sonoma), Calistoga (The Geysers), and Sacramento. Connecting at Davis (Sundays excepted) for Woodland and Knight's Landing, and at Woodland for Williams and Willows.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.10 P. M.]

7.00 A. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger Train (via Oakland Ferry and via Livermore), arriving at Tracy at 11.30 A. M., and connecting with Atlantic Express. Connects at Niles with train arriving at San Jose at 10.15 A. M. [Returning, train from Tracy arrives at 6.05 P. M.]

8.00 A. M., DAILY, ATLANTIC
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding (Portland, Or.) Colfax, Reno (Virginia City), Fatsade (Eureka), Ogden, and Omaha. Connects at Galt with train arriving at Lone at 3.40 P. M.
[Arrive San Francisco 5.15 P. M.]

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS TO SAN PABLO AND MARTINEZ AT REDUCED RATES.

10.00 A. M., DAILY, (VIA OAK-
land Ferry), Local Passenger Train to Haywards and Niles.
[Arrive San Francisco 4.05 P. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, SAN JOSE
Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry and Niles), stopping at all way stations. Arrive at San Jose at 5.20 P. M.
[Arrive San Francisco at 9.35 A. M.]

3.00 P. M., DAILY, NORTHERN
Railway Passenger Train (via Oakland Ferry) to San Pablo, Martinez, and San Francisco.
[Arrive San Francisco 9.35 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, ARIZONA
Express Train (via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R.), for Lathrop (and Stockton), Merced, Modera, Visalia, Sumner, Newhall (San Buenaventura, and Santa Barbara), Los Angeles, "Santa Monica," Wilmington, Santa Ana (San Diego), Colton, and Yuma (Colorado River Steamers), connecting direct with daily trains of the Southern Pacific Railroad of Arizona for Maricopa (daily stages for Phoenix and Prescott), and for Casa Grande (182 miles east from Yuma) and end of track. Daily Stages for Florence and Tucson. Sleeping cars between Oakland, Los Angeles, and Yuma.
[Arrive San Francisco at 12.35 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Vallejo Steamer (from Market Street Landing), connecting with trains for Calistoga (The Geysers), Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Sacramento, and at Sacramento with passenger train, leaving at 9.35 P. M., for Truckee, Reno, Carson, and Virginia. Sleeping cars between Vallejo and Carson.
[Arrive San Francisco 11.10 A. M.]

4.00 P. M., SUNDAYS EXCEPTED,
Sacramento Steamer (from Washington Street Wharf) for Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.00 P. M.]

4.00 P. M., DAILY, THROUGH
Third Class and Accommodation Train, via Oakland Ferry, Northern Ry., and S. P. & T. R. R., connecting at Lathrop with train arriving at Los Angeles on second day at 11.55 A. M. [Arrive San Francisco 9.05 A. M.]

4.30 P. M., DAILY, LOCAL PAS-
senger train (via Oakland Ferry) to Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.
[Arrive San Francisco 8.35 P. M.]

5.00 P. M., DAILY, OVERLAND
Emigrant Train (via Oakland Ferry and Northern Railway), to Ogden, Omaha, and East.
Public conveyance for all the above connects with all trains, Sundays excepted, at "Seminary Park Station."

FERRIES AND LOCAL TRAINS.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To Alameda.

To Fremont.

To East.

To Niles.

To Berkeley.

To Delmar.

To Oakland.

To Alameda.

To Fremont.

To East.

To Niles.

To Berkeley.

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To Fremont.

To East.

To Niles.

To Berkeley.

To Delmar.

To Oakland.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST R. R.

Fare between San Francisco and San Rafael REDUCED TO 25 cents.

SUMMER TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, JUNE 8, 1879.

Between San Francisco and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry) 7.10 and 9.20 A. M.

1.45 and 3.50 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry).

5.45 P. M.

Leave San Rafael (via San Quentin Ferry) 8.00 and 11.00 A. M.

3.20 and 5.20 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry).

7.00 A. M. and 3.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave San Francisco (via San Quentin Ferry) 8.15 and 10.15 A. M.

2.50, 3.45 and 6.00 P. M. (Via Sausalito Ferry).

8.00 A. M.

8.45 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from Sausalito Ferry, for all points between Sausalito and Junction.

9.20 A. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin Ferry, for all points between San Francisco and Olema.

1.45 P. M. Daily, except Sundays, from San Quentin, Through Train for Duncan Mills and Way Stations. Arriving at Duncan Mills at 7.13 P. M.

† This train returning leaves Junction at 4.00 P. M., arriving S. F. via Sausalito 5.40 P. M.

†† This train returning leaves Olema 1.55 P. M., arriving in S. F. via Sausalito Ferry 5.40 P. M.

††† This train leaves Duncan Mills 6.40 A. M., arriving in S. F. 12.05 P. M.

Stage connections made at Duncan Mills daily, except Mondays, for all points on North Coast.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.00 A. M. from Sausalito Ferry, and 8.15 A. M. from San Quentin Ferry, for Duncan Mills and Way Stations.

Returning same day, arrives S. F. via San Quentin 7.55 P. M. and via Sausalito 8.10 P. M.

ROUND TRIP—Olema, \$2.00; Tomales, \$3.00; Duncan Mills, \$4.00.

JNO. W. DOHERTY, General Manager. W. R. PRICE, General Ticket Agent.

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R. R.

Commencing Monday, June 2, 1879, and until further notice, Boats and Trains will leave San Francisco, as follows:

7.10 A. M. FROM SAN QUENTIN

Ferry, daily (Sunday excepted), connecting at San Rafael with Mail and Express Train for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations.

Making stage connections at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Cloverdale for Ukiah, Lakeport, Mendocino City, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Soda Bay and the Geysers' connection made at Fulton for Korbels, Guerneville, and the Redwoods. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 6.25 P. M. Passengers going by this train will arrive at the Geysers at 2 P. M.

3.00 P. M., DAILY, Sundays excepted, Steamers "James M. Donahue," from Washington Street Wharf, connecting with Mail and Express Train at Donahue for Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and way stations. Making stage connection at Lakeville for Sonoma. Returning, arrive in San Francisco 10.10 A. M.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS AT REDUCED RATES.

8.15 A. M., SUNDAYS ONLY, VIA

San Quentin Ferry and San Rafael for Cloverdale and way stations. Returning, arrive in San Francisco at 7.55 P. M. Fares for round trip, \$1.50; Santa Rosa, \$2.00; Healdsburg, \$3.00; Cloverdale, \$4.50; Fulton, \$2.50; Laguna, \$3.00; Forestville, \$3.50; Korbels, \$3.75; Guerneville, \$4.00.

Freight received at Washington Street Wharf from 7 A. M. to 2.30 P. M. daily (except Sunday).

A. A. BEAN, Sup't. ARTHUR HUGHES, Gen. Manager.

JAS. M. DONAHUE, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY

—FOR—

JAPAN AND CHINA,

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, GAELIC, OCEANIC, BELGIC.

August.....15 | September.....13 | July.....15

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passenger Tickets for sale at No. 2 Montgomery Street.

For freight apply to Geo. H. Rice, Freight Agent, at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or No. 218 California Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

LELAND STANFORD, President.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

First-class steamers with unequalled accommodations for passengers will leave San Francisco:

FOR YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, On the 1st of every month.

FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND, via HONOLULU, January 20, February 17, March 17, April 14, May 12, June 9, July 7, August 4, September 1, September 29, October 27, November 24, December 22, and every fourth week thereafter.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA, CENTRAL AMERICAN, MEXICAN, and SOUTH AMERICAN PORTS, HAVANA, and all WEST INDIA PORTS, on the 5th and 20th of each month.

FOR VICTORIA, B. C., PUGET SOUND PORTS, and PORTLAND, Oregon, on the 10th, 20th, and 30th of each month.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

THE NEVADA BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Paid up Capital.....\$10,000,000 Gold

Reserve (U. S. Bonds).....3,500,000 "

DIRECTORS:

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JOHN W. MACKAY, J. L. FLOOD, JAMES G. FAIR.

Cashier.....H. W. GLENNY.

Agent at Virginia, Nev.....Geo. A. KING.

Agents at New York.....J. C. T. CHRISTENSEN.

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Issues Commercial and Travelers' Credits, available in any part of the world. Makes Transfers by Telegraph and Cable, and draws Exchange at customary usances. This Bank has special facilities for dealing in bullion.

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On the principal cities throughout the United States, Europe, Japan, China, and the East Indies, the Australian Colonies, and New Zealand, and on Honolulu, Hawaii.

NEW YORK BANKERS.....The Bank of New York, N. B. A. Amer. Exchange Nat. Bank.

LONDON BANKERS.....Messrs. Smith, Payne & Smiths The Union Bank of London.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO

Capital.....\$5,000,000

D. O. MILLS.....President.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....Vice-President.

THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.

AGENTS—New York. Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; London, China, Japan India, and Australia, the Oriental Bank Corporation.

The Bank has Agencies at Virginia City and Gold Hill, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Antwerp, Amsterdam, St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shang-hai, Yokohama.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (Limited.)

No. 422 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

London Office.....3 Angel Court

New York Agents.....J. & W. Seligman & Co

Authorized Capital Stock.....\$6,000,000

Surplus Earnings.....150,000

Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRANK F. LOW, } Managers.

IGN. STEINHART, }

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway wharf for PORTLAND (Oregon), every five days, direct, and for LOS ANGELES, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA CRUZ SAN DIE

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STATIONERY

BILLINGS, HARBOURNE & CO.

Nos. 3 and 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.,

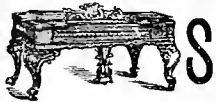
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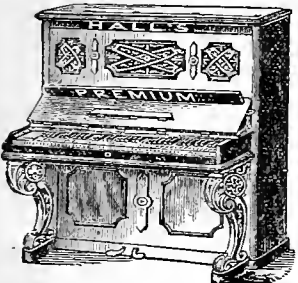


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12 Post Street San Francisco.



CHICKERING
PIANOS AT COST.



PIANOS

NO. 12 TYLER STREET, S. F.

These Pianos are all three-stringed, with ivory keys, not imitation.

KNABE
PIANOS.

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& 910 MARKET ST. S.F.

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Montgomery Street, N. E. corner of Clay, San Francisco (P. O. Box 770.)

THE
Automatic
SEWING MACHINE HAS NO EQUAL.

It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. POSITIVELY NO TENSION. Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.

O. L. HOVEY, AGENT,

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IMPORTERS OF

HARDWARE,

IRON, STEEL, AND COAL,

52 to 58 K Street, Sacramento.

Corner of Bush and Market Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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No. 727 MARKET STREET,

BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

IS NOW OPENING THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

SPRING STYLES

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FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

Of the very newest styles ever seen.

Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$5
Suits, - - - 20
Overcoats, - 15
Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X



Geo. C. Shreve & Co.

TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

Not to be equaled by any house on the Pacific Coast for largeness, variety, or quality of stock, for workmanship or elegance of style, only WHITE LABOR employed, and none but EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.

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COOS BAY
COAL.

\$7.50 per Ton; \$4 per Half Ton.

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HUNTINGTON, HOPKINS & CO.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

S. W. RAVELEY,

STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

And Printer of the Argonaut,

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SWIMMING
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FOOT OF

LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.

TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY
Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street.

Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,
When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

Why wade in a tank,
When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide?

These are points for swimmers to consider.

Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.

An entire renovation under the new management.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT,

Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.

Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde. W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

H. A. WEAVER,

(SUCCESSOR TO EDW. G. JEFFERIS,)

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REMOVAL.

H. A. CALLENDER,

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FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY,

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

914 Market Street, near the Baldwin.

The Argonaut.

VOL. IV. NO. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 28, 1879.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE BUTTERCUPS AND HEBES OF SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES WARREN STOODARD.

It was festival night at the manor-seat of the Great Mogul. Six hundred guests arrived by special train from the metropolis. The high road that winds from the station to the estate through one of the indigenous parks of California was hung with a thousand lanterns; carriage wheels rolled noiselessly over beds of fern and cedar, the dust was happily laid, the air sweetened with the expressed perfumes of bruised boughs. The tented lawn rang with the laughter of women; the illuminated pavilions were thronged with the elect; the tribe of Jenkins was in the midst of them, busy as the summer flies that fatten in the shambles. It was but recently that the Great Mogul decreed his pleasure dome; it was but recently that he found leisure in which to dream; then, having set his heart upon the soil from which he gleaned his wealth, this fabric huge rose like an exhalation. It is a home, the memory of which might cause the charming Josephine to hesitate between love and luxury. It is of an inexplicable order of architecture, a conglomeration of bay-windows and balconies set in clysian shades. The fungous shell is of wood, arabesqued and elaborately parqueted. Marble columns support the fragile roof; the ancestral armor is imported, and came over in the same ship with the carved oak from distant Rome, rich oriental rugs, rare blue and white Venetian finger-glasses. There was a smell of varnish pervading the establishment, which even the pastiles could not smother. The guests wandered through the many chambers of the mansion, from the pink room, a boudoir with fantastic furniture flushed like the peregrinal strawberry, through rainbow-tinted apartments, to the picture gallery with its colossal orchestration. That ingenious instrument ground out at intervals its mechanical harmonies. The melodious confusion was increased by the shrill piping of a myriad of caged canaries, hidden among palm thickets and flowering jungles. Scores of attentive waiters were constantly in motion, liberally dispensing the choicest wines. What more could be desired? Fascinating women, in suggestive costumes, crouched among golden cushions in voluptuous repose, or floated in the embrace of some stalwart hero of the "Ouida" type through the delicious mazes of the Dance of Death. These living pictures reminded one forcibly of the delectable "Guy Livingstone" era; they were studies upon which our popular modern fiction is founded. Is it any wonder that the tribe of Jenkins foraging in such society should secure in a single night spoils sufficient for the upholstery of forty novels? But we haven't yet been presented to the Great Mogul and his consort. In truth, we have never met him. It is not likely that a tenth part of the six hundred who have so bravely responded to his call ever before laid eyes on him, or will again repeat the act unless by order of the authority invested in the secret invitation committee. We are conducted to the throne-room and formally announced. Having assured the host and hostess that their fête outshines the fabulous splendor of an Oriental dream, we withdrew; but not till we have been introduced to a select few of those privileged retainers—

"His sisters, and his cousins, and his aunts."

With as little delay as possible we return to the conservatories, where one may smoke in peace. In this exceptional clime the crowded chambers are uncomfortably warm, the garden is chilly; between the two one sneezes in the draught. Left comparatively alone for a few moments (the ladies were discussing archery upon the lawn), I began to philosophize on the social problem; possibly my mood was aggressive. Probably, had the Great Mogul, whose sentiments are vociferously echoed by the admiring crowd of female relations who attend him, ever heard my soliloquy, never again would his ample pasteboard, addressed in text-hand, have surprised me at the club. I said to myself of this demi-god: Take him for all in all, he could not have become more suddenly conspicuous had he been mixed in infancy by some perfidious but repentant Buttercup; now, at a moment's notice does he not lord it like a regular patrician? Chorus:

"And so do his sisters, and his cousins, etc."

On the other hand, why should he not lord it with any lord in any land? What are titles to him unless he has won them by the sweat of his brow? He knows well enough how sad a fate it is to be squeezed out of the small end of an illustrious pedigree. Who is the seventeenth earl of What's-name? A young fellow whose remote ancestor achieved honor though he was the son of no one of consequence. The Mogul of California is not willing to allow that the first earl's blood suffered any chemical change on receipt of a title from the throne. He knows that the blood has been flowing in various courses and has been diluted from generation to generation ever since; how much of it, think you, remains in the seventeenth remove from the fountain-head—the only Simon Pure? The palace of the Great Mogul is perfect in every part; it supplemental modern conveniences are unknown in the antiquated castle of the earl. His revenues are imperial; his charities that begin at home seldom go abroad unless trumpeted, but at home they are published in every shape, from chromos to crown-diamond. You and your admiration are invited; you may ogle his wares, you may feast with the pecunious at a board resplendent with a service of gold. Hebe is at your side by virtue of a fortunate marriage; likewise

little Buttercup, who mated with her Captain, the vicarious Corcoran, who still sails under his complimentary title with at least three sheets in the wind. There is an idolized Baron, who is anon rusticated, and merely because he of all of us is used according to his deserts. We are touching glasses with the representatives of the arts, the sciences, and the trades. On these state occasions the Mogul welcomes any one, from a clerk to a foreign ambassador; the modish loungeur of unknown and unquestioned antecedents is one of the chief ornaments of this unconventional convention. Can any earl in Christendom assemble so interesting, because so numerous, a congress? I should say not? Hence the charm of our peculiar society—a social solecism for which our extreme youth is ample apology, though heaven knows we were never yet in an apologetic mood. Do not vex us with fallacious arguments, Mr. Oldfamily; are we not the architects of our own fortunes?—may we not employ them as seemeth to us best? We draw the line, inasmuch as a line must be drawn somewhere, for hospitality depreciates in proportion to the demand—unfortunate anomaly! We draw the line at ducats. We go into the highways and the byways, and bid guests to the marriage table; there is nothing more flattering than the willing vassalage of those whom you serve at pleasure; but our asides are all whispered into the ear of the fortunate few. We may dine Tom, Dick, and Harry publicly and pretentiously, but we can not make friends and confidants of them. Of course love levels all ranks, and we love our fellow-men, but in the language of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., it doesn't level them as much as that. By this time, having soured in the semi-tropical temperature of the conservatory, I extinguish my Havana, and am about to withdraw. Enter Cupid, with bow and arrows, followed by a brace of sweethearts in close communion. While the latter are cooing, under the rose, I interview the little god of love. I find that archery is dull; I find that few arrows are driven home, save such as are golden tipped, and even these seldom, if ever, penetrate farther than the pericardium. The night waned. We sat at Belshazzar's feast, and spent the hours in riotous living. In vain I looked for the handwriting on the wall; it is evidently out of print. After supper the waltz maddened us; the heavy air throbbed with rhythmical pulsations. It was a crisis delicious beyond expression; but it was followed by the customary anti-climax, with its attendant miseries. The last words in the garden with the Hebe who cozened you so charmingly; what is sweeter than taffy from the lips we love? A panic ensued; the crush in the palace was insufferable; one could not take respectful leave of the Mogul and his consort. Perhaps it mattered nothing, for not sixty of the six hundred are likely to revisit the suburban paradise until the annual recurrence of the eventful night. The train rolled back to the metropolis laden with crushed finery and repentant heads. Nothing in the line of fashion can touch us further, for the Queen of Sheba comes not to Solomon in these days, and the fate of the asp-stung Cleopatra was too hideous to be emulated. Have I said little of the Buttercups and Hebes of society? It is because I am too delicate to be disagreeable. But they are the bone and sinew of the social organism, and without them we would return again to the chaotic system of morality which disfigures the annals of '49. Ah! does the Great Mogul, luxuriating in the shade of his miraculous gourd, or flying, as if pursued by sharp and bitter memories, from Europe to Asia, and home again, or perchance dawdling in his yacht—does he recall the primitive days of his career, when he ate his bread in sweat and polished up the handle of the big front door, in which perfectly honorable occupation he was ably seconded by those excellent and deserving parties, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts? Why did all this flash upon me at the moment when I was receiving a one-fingered farewell that made my blood curdle? Was it because your one-fingered people are intolerable?—or because he looked vulgar and out of place in shining raiment?—or because he seemed to be unconscious of the gospel according to daily experience, which teaches every man that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away, and that the glory of the hour may depart as suddenly and unexpectedly as it came? Servilius serves his master well in the sunshine, but in the dark day Hostilius heeds him not. Therefore, when the Mogul of Mushroom Hall showed an offensive spirit of patronage, and condescendingly murmured come again, I answered coldly:

"If what?"

"If it don't rain," quoth he, in some surprise.

It was not that, though the thermometer is a motor not to be ignored in such a case.

"If Providence permits," he added perplexedly.

Nor that either, Monseigneur Money Bags.

"Then, damme, if what?"—he said "damme" out of all patience.

If you please, Cræsus, old boy.

For I hold that in your case
It is said with particular grace,
Inasmuch as we're mindful of your rather recent haunts,
And those of your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts.
Your sisters and your cousins,
That you reckon by the dozens,
And your Aunts!

Everything was admitted to the ark by pairs, and they were "good," for there were not three of a kind in those days.

NUT-CRACKING.

A Short but Very Satisfactory Little Story.

In the city of Algammon resided the Prince Champou, who was madly enamoured of the Lady Capilla. She returned his affection—unopened.

In the matter of back-hair the Lady Capilla was blessed even beyond her deserts. Her natural pig-tail was so intolerably long that she employed two pages to look after it when she walked out; the one a few yards behind her, the other at the extreme end of the line. Their names were Dan and Beersheba, respectively.

Aside from salaries to these dependents, and quite apart from the consideration of macassar, the possession of all this animal filament was financially unprofitable: the hair market was buoyant, and hers represented a large amount of idle capital. And it was otherwise a source of annoyance and irritation; for all the young men of the city were hotly in love with her, and skirmishing for a love-lock. They seldom troubled Dan much, but the outlying Beersheba had an animated time of it. He was subject to constant incursions, and was always in a riot.

Although the Lady Capilla was unwilling to reciprocate the passion of Champou the man, she was not adverse to quiet interviews with Champou the Prince. In the course of one of these, as she sat listening to his carefully-rehearsed and really artistic avowals, with her tail hanging out of the window, she suddenly interrupted him:

"My dear Prince," said she, "it is all nonsense, you know, to ask for my heart; but I am not mean; you shall have a lock of my hair."

"Do you think," replied the Prince, "that I could be so sordid as to accept a single jewel from that glorious crown? I love this hair of yours very dearly, I admit, but only because of its connection with your divine head. Sever that connection, and I should value it no more than I would a tail plucked from its native cow."

This comparison seems to me a very fine one, but tastes differ, and to the Lady Capilla it seemed quite the reverse. Rising indignantly, she marched away, her queue running in through the window and gradually tapering off the interview, as it were. Prince Champou saw that he had missed his opportunity, and resolved to repair his error. Straightway he forged an order on Beersheba for thirty yards of love-lock. To serve this writ he sent his business partner; for the Prince was wont to beguile his dragging leisure by tonsorial diversions in an obscure quarter of the town. At first Beersheba was sceptical, but when he saw the writing in real ink his scruples vanished, and he chopped off the souvenir demanded.

Now Champou's partner was the Court barber, and by the use of a peculiar hair-oil which the two of them had concocted, they soon managed to balden the pates of all the male aristocracy of the place. Then, to supply the demand so created, they devised beautiful wigs from the Lady Capilla's lost tresses, which they sold at a marvelous profit. And so they were enabled to retire from this narrative with good incomes.

It was known that the Lady Capilla, who, since the alleged murder of one Beersheba, had shut herself up like a hermit, or a jack-knife, would reënter society, and a great ball was given to do her honor. The beauty, rank, and fashion of Algammon had assembled in the Guildhall for that purpose. While the revelry was at its fiercest, the dancing at its loosest, the rooms at their hottest, and the perspiration at spring-tide, there was a sound of wheels outside, begetting an instant hush of expectation within. The dancers ceased to spin, and all the gentlemen crowded about the door. As the Lady Capilla entered, these instinctively fell into two lines, and she passed down the space between, with her little tail behind her. As the end of the latter came into the room, the wigs of the two gentlemen nearest the door leaped off to join their parent stem. In their haste to recover them the two gentlemen bent eagerly forward, knocking their shining paws together with a vehemence that shattered them like egg-shells. The wigs of the next pair were similarly affected, and in seeking to recover them the pair similarly perished. Then, *crack! spat! pash!*—at every step the lady took their were two heads that beat as one. In three minutes there was but a single living male in the room. He was an odd one, who, having a lady opposite him, had merely pitched himself headlong into her stomach, doubling her up like a lemon-squeezer.

It was merry to see the Lady Capilla floating through the mazy dance that night, with all those wigs fighting for their old places in her pigtail.

D. G.

"Mistakes in Courtship," was the subject of a clergyman's discourse. It seems to us that it isn't so much in courtship that people make mistakes. Courting is all right. It is the sad awakening from the rosy dream that hurts. Moral—Keep on courting.

Scandal-mongers may learn this lesson from the frog: once overpassed the season of his adolescence, he gives up all tale-bearing.

The saddest words of tongue or pen—"I'm not to pay, but I can't tell when."

L'ASSOMMOIR--THE LOADED BLUDGEON.

Emile Zola's Famous French Novel.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ARGONAUT BY J. C. WARD.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

[To prevent tediousness we are obliged to summarize a portion of the story. The last chapter left Gervaise and Coupeau betrothed. Well, in due time they were married in a quiet way, with a wedding dinner, to which mutual friends were invited. Four years of hard and incessant toil followed this day. Gervaise and Coupeau were wise and prudent. They worked hard, and took a little relaxation on Sundays. The wife worked twelve hours of the twenty-four with Madame Fauconnier, and yet found time to keep her own home like waxwork. The husband was never known to be tipsy, but brought home his wages and smoked his pipe at his own window at night before going to bed. They were the bright and shining lights—the good example of the whole Quartier; and as they made jointly about nine francs per day, it was easy to see they were putting by money. They prospered beyond their most sanguine expectations. A little girl—Nana—was born, and they had saved up almost money enough to purchase a little home of their own, when one day Coupeau accidentally fell from the roof of the hospital where he was working and crashed down into the street like a bundle of wet linen. He was not killed, but for weeks his life hung on a thread, and it took all their little savings to pay for food and medical attendance. But against this great misfortune Gervaise struggled nobly. From a friend she borrowed five hundred francs, purchased the right and title to a little laundry in the great house in the Rue de la Goutte d'Or, a description of which was given with the fullest details in the last chapter. In this venture she prospered and had all her ambitious dreams fulfilled. She had "plenty to eat, a little home all to one's-self, a chance to bring up her children, was not beaten," and had a fair prospect of "dying in her bed," as she so much desired. But disaster came. Her husband, Coupeau, when he recovered from the terrible fall, gradually began to drink, and then became a drunkard. Every day he sunk deeper in his degradation. Finally he brought Lantier, the old lover, to the house. Gervaise was demoralized. Step by step she went downward, having struggled as no woman ever before struggled to reverse the engine of fate. The little laundry passed into the hands of big Virginie, whom Gervaise had so unmercifully beaten in the wash-house, and she was turned from her own door. Her bright little daughter, Nana, grew up to be a vicious woman of the town. Lantier again became the lover, to once more discard her. After accomplishing her life's happiness and hopes, everything by the liquor of l'Assommoir became a wreck; and descriptive of this desolation we introduce the reader to the closing chapters:]

It must have been the Saturday after quarter day—perhaps the 12th or 13th of January, Gervaise couldn't tell exactly, for she had lost the run of it; but it seemed to her as though ages had passed since anything warm had gone inside her. What an infernal week it had been, and with what a raking down of things! She had had two four-pound loaves on Tuesday, which had lasted until Thursday; then a dry crust, found the night before that; and now, not a crumb for thirty-six hours. What a dance before the cupboard! What she did know, however—what she felt in her back—was the weather; the cold was terrible, and the sky as black as the stove, and almost bursting with snow which still refused to fall. It will not help one much to tighten one's belt when one has the cold besides an empty stomach to contend with. Maybe Coupeau would bring home some money that night. He had said that he was working, and it might be so, mightn't it? And Gervaise, though often caught before, ended again by counting on the money. After all the tales which they had told about her, she couldn't find even a dish cloth to wash in all that quarter. And an old lady, whose work she had been doing, had just turned her away because she said that she drank up her cordials. Nobody wanted her anywhere. There seemed to be a blight upon her. But she didn't care, for she had fallen to that brutal condition where one would rather die than use their fingers. If Coupeau only brought his wages home it would be all right, and they would get something warm to eat again. But it wasn't noon yet; so, while waiting, she stretched herself on the mattress, because she didn't feel so cold or so hungry when she was stretched out. Gervaise called it the mattress, but it was in truth only a pile of straw in the corner. Little by little the bed things had passed into the hands of the old clothes dealer. On the first days of want, she had cut open the mattress, and taken from it handfuls of wool and carried it to Rue Belhomme and sold it for ten sous a pound. One morning, when the mattress was empty, she got thirty sous for the ticking to pay for her coffee. The pillows had followed it, and then the bolster, and the wood of the bedstead only remained. She couldn't carry that off under her arm, for the Boches would have aroused the house if they saw all the proprietor's security going in that manner. Nevertheless, one night while the Boches were quarreling together, with Coupeau's help, she moved the bedstead quietly, bit by bit: first the sides, then the head boards, and at last the frame. And on the ten francs received from this turn out, they feasted for three days. And wasn't straw just as good for them? Even its ticking had gone to join that of the bed. And in this way they finished eating their bedding, and got an indigestion after stuffing themselves for twenty-four hours. Now they pushed the straw about with the broom, so the dust was always turned over.

On this pile of straw Gervaise remained all dressed, and in the position of the dog on the lock of a gun—her feet drawn up under her rag of a skirt so as to keep them warmer. And thus, during that day, all in a heap, with wide open eyes, her thoughts, which were not amusing, were passing through her brain. Ah, no, *sacré matin!* One can not continue to live in this way, without eating. And yet she did not now feel hungry, for her stomach seemed full of lead; it was only her skull that appeared empty. Certainly it was not in the four corners of this hole that she could find anything to make her cheerful. It was a perfect dog kennel. Her pale eyes looked around the naked walls. Everything had long since been taken to her "uncle's." The bureau, and a table, and a chair only remained. But the marble top and the drawer

of the bureau had gone in the same way as the bedstead. A fire would not have more completely swept it. The little nicknacks had melted away as well, beginning with a ticker, which cost twelve francs, and going even to the family photographs, whose frames a shopkeeper bought. A very obliging woman, to whom she carried a saucepan, a flat iron, and a comb, shoved toward her five sous, three sous, two sous, according to the worth of the object, and these gave her bits of bread with which to build herself up again; and now there remained only an old pair of broken snuffers, on which the woman refused to lend even a sou. Oh! if she only could find some one who would buy the dust, and dirt, and filth, she might then open shop herself, for the room was indeed pretty dirty. To be sure, she could see spiders' webs in the corners, and they are good for wounds, but no one buys them. Then, turning her head round, after giving up all hope of that business, she curled closer up on the straw, and looked through the window at the sky, so charged with snow; but the very marrow of her bones was chilled by the sadness of the scene.

What a bother! What good to go over these things again and trouble her head about them? If she could only have known. And now the fear of their expulsion worried her. Monsieur Marescot came himself the day before, to tell them that he should turn them out, if they didn't during that week pay the two terms for which they were behindhand. Well, suppose he did; they certainly wouldn't be worse off in the street. Think of that ape dressed in overcoat and woolen gloves to come all the way up stairs to talk in that way to them, just as though they had a purse hidden somewhere! *Nom d'un chien*, if they had, instead of paying him she would have put something in her inside. Ah, the room had become a real boxing saloon; Coupeau had a club, which he called his jackass fan, and he fanned his woman with it, too; you ought to see him! And then the abominable sweats she swam in. She, not too good either, biting and scratching him; sometimes they drove away their longing for bread by fighting and stamping away in that empty room. But she had arrived at that point when she didn't bother herself about cold or thaws or anything else. Coupeau might have Holy Mondays for weeks together, spree for months—come in crazy with drink and wish to beat her; she was used to it. It seemed only like teasing her a little, and that was all.

But unfortunately, if one was getting used to everything else, one couldn't get the habit of going without food. That alone took her down. As for being the lowest of the low, at the very bottom of the stream, and seeing people brush themselves when she touched them, she laughed at all that. Bad manners no longer put her out while hunger was twisting her entrails. Oh, she had long since bade good-bye to nice little dishes, and had come down to anything she could get. On great occasions she was too glad to buy refuse meat of the butcher at four sous the pound, such as was tired of being shown and had grown black in the plate. She put that with a few potatoes on the stove. Or sometimes she fricasseed a beef's heart, a tid-bit which it made her mouth water to think of. Formerly when she could get wine, she bought soup, two sous of Italian cheese, bushels of white apples, quarts of dried beans cooked in their juice. Ah, those were feasts which she couldn't give herself often, and she fell back upon *arlequins* in the blind alley chop houses, where she had cups of fish bones mixed with shreds of spoiled roast meat; and she went lower and begged at a charitable *restaurateur's* for the crusts of bread left by his customers; these she made a porridge of by letting them stew as long as possible on a neighbor's stove. And at last on hungry mornings she would prowl with the dogs about the shop-doors before the scavengers passed, and sometimes got nice rotten melons, spoiled mackerel, and cutlets, whose bones she looked well after for the maggots. Yes, she had reached that point. Delicate people might be disgusted at the idea; but if delicate people had not taken anything for three days they'd see if they could pout at their bellies; they would go on all fours and eat dirt like the rest of them. Ah, the starvation of the poor, with their empty entrails crying with hunger, their teeth snapping with animal wants, and then their gulping down such unearthly things, in this great, gilded, Paris! And to think that she had eaten bellfuls of big fat geese, and that now she might blow her nose for them. One day Coupeau, having stolen two good loaves from her to sell them for drink, she came near killing him with the shovel, so hungry was she, and so enraged by the robbery of this bit of bread. She looked at the dull sky until she went off into a little troubled sleep. She dreamed that the sky charged with snow burst upon her, to such an extent did the cold pinch her. Suddenly she sat up, awakened by her painful shiverings. *Mon Dieu!* was she about to die? All haggard and cold she saw that it was still day. Would the night never come? How long the time is when one has an empty stomach, and that was awakened, too, and began to torture her. Sinking on a chair, and putting her hands between her thighs to get warm, she began to plan for the dinner as soon as Coupeau would bring her the money: A loaf of bread, a *litre* of wine, two bits of *gras double à la Lyonnaise*. Three o'clock struck by the cuckoo clock of Père Bazonge. 'Twas three then, and she cried because she feared she would never have strength to last till seven. Her whole body trembled, and she rocked to and fro as a child does when nursing some sorrow, almost bent in two, crushing her stomach so as not to feel it. But then, not getting the relief that she wanted, she jumped up in a fury and began to pace the floor as though trying to put her hunger to sleep as one does an infant, by walking it up and down. For a half hour at a time she squatted in the corners of the room, and then all at once she jumped up, and with fixed eyes, cried out:

"So much the worse! They might say what they would; she would lick their feet if they wanted, but she was going to borrow ten sous of the Lorilleuxs."

During the long winters, on these stairs (the "lousy one's" stairs) the borrowing of ten sous and twenty sous was the usual custom—these were little services that the starved ones rendered each other, but they would have died rather than have asked the Lorilleuxs, because they knew they were "too sharp on the trigger." Gervaise showed great courage in going to knock at their door, and she was so much afraid while standing in the entry that she felt the same kind of relief that one does at the dentist's, when the sharp voice of the chainmaker cried:

"Come in!"

How good it felt in there! The furnace illumined the

narrow room with its flame, while Madame Lorilleux opened it to put in a little ball of gold wire to bake again. Lorilleux, sweating, so warm was he before his bench, was soldering rings with the blowpipe; and it smelt so good, for a cabbage soup stood simmering upon the stove giving out an odor which turned Gervaise's heart, and almost made her faint.

"Oh, it's you," growled Madame Lorilleux, without ever asking her to sit down. "What do you want?"

Gervaise did not answer. She was not on very bad terms with the Lorilleuxs that week, but the request for the ten sous stuck in her throat when she discovered Boche squarely seated near the stove just preparing to talk, and looking as though he set the world at defiance, the animal.

"What do you want?" repeated Lorilleux.

"You haven't seen Coupeau?" She added, stammering: "I thought he was here."

The chain-makers and the *conciierge* sniggled. No, very certainly, they hadn't seen Coupeau. They did not offer enough little glasses of liquor to have Coupeau like that. Gervaise made another effort, and said:

"He promised to come home. Yes, and was to have brought me some money; and as I am absolutely in want of something—"

No one spoke. Madame Lorilleux fanned the fire while Lorilleux held his nose over the end of a chain which he was drawing between his fingers, and Boche almost laughed, with his mouth stretched from ear to ear.

"If I had ten sous," said Gervaise, in a low tone.

But the silence continued.

"Couldn't you lend me ten sous? Oh, I will return them to-night."

Madame Lorilleux turned and looked fixedly at her. There was a *friloteuse* to come to *empaumer* them! To-day she tapped them for ten sous, to-morrow it would be twenty, and there would be no reason for stopping. No, none of that.

"But, my dear," cried she, "we have no money. Look at my empty pocket. You may search. We would willingly, you know."

"The heart is there always," growled Lorilleux, "only when one can not, one can not."

Gervaise very humbly bowed, but she did not go; she stood squinting at the gold from the corner of her eye. There were strings of gold which were hanging on the wall, the thread of gold which the woman drew through the thread-cutter with all the strength of her little arms, the rings of gold in heaps under the knotty fingers of the husband, and she thought that only one small end of that blackened metal would pay for a good dinner. The room might be dirty with its old iron, its charcoal dust, its grease from oil badly wiped up, but to her eyes it was resplendent with riches like the office of a gold broker; and so she repeated, gently:

"I will return them; I'll return them surely. You might spare ten sous." Her heart was so full, for she did not like to say how hungry she was, and with trembling limbs, repressing the tears which almost filled her eyes, she stammered again: "You will be so good. You don't know—oh! I am in that position. *Mon Dieu*, I am just there where—"

Then the Lorilleuxs pressed their lips together and exchanged looks. The cripple was begging at last. Well, the wreck was complete. But they didn't like it. If they'd have known they'd have barricaded the door, for one must always look after beggars—people who introduce themselves into apartments under pretenses and then run off with precious things; and with them there was so much to rob. They could run their fingers all around and carry off thirty or forty francs' worth by just shutting the fist. And when noticing Gervaise's strange expression when she was planted before the gold they had mistrusted her. This time at least they would watch her. As she got her foot nearer and nearer the wooden screen, the woman, without answering, cried, rudely:

"Say, take care, you are again going to carry off bits of gold on your soles. Really, one would say you had greased them expressly."

Gervaise slowly drew back. She had leaned for an instant against a shelf, but seeing Madame Lorilleux look at her hands, she opened them wide and showed them to her, saying, in her soft voice, and in the tone of a woman so fallen that she is prepared for any thing:

"I've taken nothing. You may examine me." But then she turned away, for the odor of the cabbage soup and the warmth of the shop made her sick.

Ah, the Lorilleuxs did not detain her. Pleasant journey. Devil take them if they opened their door to her again. They had seen enough of her, and they didn't want others' misery brought to their door, when that misery was well earned, too. And they enjoyed their selfishness supremely in all the comforts of their warm room, and with a famous soup looming up in the distance. Boche, too, blew out his cheeks so full that his laugh became improper. And they all felt well revenged upon the cripple of the blue stove, with its manners, and crammings, and all. Hadn't it too well succeeded, and proved where gormandizing would bring one? Away with them, lazy, vicious gluttons as they were!

"And what style, too, to come and ask for only ten sous," cried Madame, behind Gervaise's back. "Oh, yes, of course I'd lend her ten sous right off, so that she could get a drink."

Gervaise, with her shoulders bent, heavily dragged her slippers along the entry; but when she reached her door she couldn't go in, for her room made her afraid. It was just as well to walk along, she would acquire patience and keep warmer. In passing she stretched her neck into Père Bru's nook, under the stairs; another one who ought to have a good appetite, for, for three days, he has breakfasted and dined by heart. But he wasn't there, there was only his hole left; and she felt jealous, thinking that he might have been invited somewhere. Then as she came in front of the Bijard's room she heard moans, and entered, the key being always in the lock.

"What's the matter?" asked she.

The room was very clean. One could see that Lalie had swept it and put it in order that very morning. Misery might blow there as it listed, carry off whatever was nice, and leave its filth behind; Lalie always came after, restoring things and giving them a genteel air.

If she wasn't rich, she managed well. The two children, Henriette and Jules, had found some old pictures that morn-

ing, which they were quietly cutting in a corner. But Lalie she was surprised to find abed, in her narrow cot, with the sheet drawn over her chin, and looking very pale.

"She to be abed, for example! She must be very sick!"

"What's the matter with you?" repeated Gervaise, much troubled.

Lalie did not complain; she raised her pale lids slowly, and a smile tried to come from her lips, which were trembling with convulsions.

"Nothing," whispered she; "oh, truly, nothing at all."

Then she closed her eyes again, and said with difficulty: "I got too tired these days, then I got lazy; so I thought I would indulge myself, as you see."

But her childish face, all covered with livid spots, took on such an expression of intense grief, that Gervaise, forgetting her own agony for the moment, clasped her hands and fell upon her knees by the side of the bed. For a month she had noticed that she leaned against the walls for support in walking, and that her cough seemed to be leading to the grave. But now she was even beyond coughing. She hiccuped, and threads of blood were trickling from the corners of her mouth.

"It is not my fault, I do not feel very strong," whispered she as though comforted. "I exerted myself, and put things a little to rights. It's pretty clean, isn't it? And I wanted to wash the windows, too, but my legs gave out. How stupid, wasn't it? And then when I got through I went to bed."

And after resting she said:

"Please see that the children don't cut themselves with the scissors."

And then she stopped short, trembling, for she heard a heavy step mounting the stairs. Père Bijard roughly pushed open the door. He had had his customary dram, and his eyes flamed with his brandy craze.

When he saw Lalie in bed he slapped his legs sneeringly, and taking down the big whip, growled:

"Ah! this is too much! We'll see who'll laugh! Go to roost at noon, do you! You want to quiz the parish, do you, you d—d lazy thing! Come, houp! out of bed with you!"

He was already snapping the whip over the bed. But the child supplicated:

"No, papa, I beg, don't strike; for you'll be sorry for it if you do. Don't strike."

"Will you jump?" screamed he, "or shall I tickle you? Will you jump out, you jade?"

Then she said gently:

"You see I can't, for I am going to die."

Gervaise flew at Bijard, and took the whip from him. He stood stupidly before the little cot.

"What did she say, the little slut? Can one die so young when one is not sick? What a force to get sugar with. Ah! he would inquire, and if she lied!"

"You will find that it is true," continued she. "I have kept this trouble from you as long as I could. Be gentle now, and say good-bye to me, papa."

Bijard twisted his nose for fear of being taken in. It was true, however, that her face did look queerly. It was long and serious, like that of some great personage. The breath of death which was breathed into the room sobered him. He looked around him with the air of a man just awakened from a long sleep, and saw that the room was in order, and the two children clean, and just in the midst of their play, and laughing; and he fell into his chair, uttering:

"Our little mother! oh! our little mother!"

They seemed to be the only words he could find; and they were very sweet to Lalie, who had never been so spoiled before. She tried to comfort her father, and told him how troubled she was at leaving thus, before having completely brought up the children. He would take care of them, wouldn't he? And with her dying breath she gave him instructions as to how they should be cared for and kept clean. He, beast as he was, overcame again by the fumes of intoxication, only rolled his head as he saw her spirit passing through those large, round eyes of hers. He was moved, it is true; but he found nothing more to say, and his mind was too much baked for him to weep.

"Listen to me," continued Lalie, after a short silence. "We owe four francs, seven sous to the baker, which you must pay; and Madame Gaudron has a flat iron of ours, which you'll get. I was not able to make the soup for this evening; but there's bread, and you will put the potatoes on the stove to warm."

And thus to her last death-rattle did this poor little kitten continue a mother to her family. There was one whom they could never replace very certainly. She died for having at her age the sense of a real mother, and for having a bosom still too tender and too small to hold so large a portion of maternity. It was the fault of that beast, its father, that the family lost this treasure. After killing the mother with a kick, had he not massacred the daughter? His two good angels were in the grave, and he was left to die like a dog in his kennel.

Gervaise governed herself so as not to burst into sobs. She held the child's hands, in the hope of comforting her. And, as the torn sheets were not in place, she wanted to turn them down and arrange the bed. Then she saw the poor little body of the dying one. O Lord! what a sight. How miserable! How pitiful! The very stones would have wept. Poor Lalie was almost naked; only at her shoulders, in guise of chemise, were the remains of a gown. Yes, she was naked, and with all the bleeding and suffering nakedness of a martyr. She had no flesh, and the very bones were making holes in her skin. On her sides violet stripes, the imprints of the whip, went down even to her thighs. A livid mark encircled her left arm, as if the jaw of a vice had bruised this tender member, not much bigger than a match. There was a torn place unhealed on the leg, which had come from a blow, which reopened every morning when she trotted around to put the house in order. From head to foot she was black and blue. Oh, this massacre of the infants—the heavy paws of men crushing the love of children! Oh, the abomination of such weakness and suffering, under such a cross, while one adores in the churches the scourged saint whose nakedness is far less pure. Gervaise kneeled again, giving up the thought of taking down the sheets, and upset by the sight of the pitiable little figure which lay flattened at the bottom of the bed, and her trembling lips began to utter a prayer.

"Madame Coupeau," whispered the little creature, "I beg you"—and with her two short arms she sought to replace the

clothes, being ashamed for her father's sake, while Bijard, stupid, with eyes resting on the corpse which he had made, rolled his head about in the way an animal does when it is plagued. When she re-covered Lalie, Gervaise could remain no longer. The dying child grew weaker every moment. She could no longer speak, but her look—the old, deep look of the resigned and thoughtful child—rested with yearning upon the two little ones still cutting out the pictures. The room was filling with shadows, and Bijard cooled down during her agony. No, no! life was too abominable. What a vile thing it was! Ah, what a vile thing it was! Gervaise went down stairs without knowing how. She was so lost, so heartbroken, that she felt like casting herself under the wheels of an omnibus to end it all.

As she went on grumbling about her cursed luck she found herself before the door of the master with whom Coupeau pretended to work. Her limbs carried her there, but her stomach again commenced its song—hunger's complaint in ninety stanzas—a song which she knew by heart. And now if she could only catch Coupeau as he came out she would clap her hand on the money and buy provisions with it. One little hour to wait longer at most; she could swallow that, she who had been sucking her thumbs ever since the night before. It was the Rue de la Charbonnière where it crosses Rue de Chartres, a beastly four corners where the wind blew in every direction. *Nom d'un chien!* measuring the sidewalk was not warm work. If one only had fires! The sky kept its villainous lead color, and the snow collected there put a head-dress on the quarter. None fell, but there was silence in the air, and a complete disguise—a handsome new ball dress—was preparing for Paris. Gervaise raised up her head and prayed God not to let his muslin fall immediately. While tapping with her feet she looked a grocery store in the face, then turned on her heel because it was useless to give herself too much hunger in advance. The four corners didn't offer much amusement. The passers-by went straight ahead, well protected with *cache-nez*. Gervaise, however, perceived four or five women who were mounting guard like herself at the zinc-worker's door. More unfortunates. Wives watching for their husband's pay to prevent it going at the wine merchant's. One tall jade, who looked like a *gendarme*, stuck under the wall all ready to jump on the back of her man. A small, dark-complexioned woman, with a meek, delicate expression, walked on the other side of the street. Another, a fat person, had brought her two brats along, and was dragging them, sobbing and crying, to the right and to the left. And Gervaise, as well as her companions, passed and repassed without speaking, looking askance at each other; an agreeable *rencontre!* You bet it was not necessary for them to be introduced to know each other's number, for they all lodged under the same sign at Misery & Company's. It made one colder still to see them stamp and cross themselves silently in that terrible January temperature.

As yet not a cat had come out from the patron's. But at last one workman appeared, then two, then three, but they were doubtless good *zigs* who carried their wages faithfully home, for they shook their heads on seeing the shadows prowling about the shop. The tall jade stuck closer to the door, and all at once fell upon a little pale man who prudently poked out his head. Oh, it was soon settled. She searched him and took his money away. He was caught, and had not a sous left—not enough to buy one drop. Then the little man seemed desperate, and followed his *gendarme* crying big tears like a child. The workmen still continued to come out, and as the stout godmother with her two brats came near a tall, brown fellow, he went in quickly to warn the husband.

When he came dancing along he had stuffed two new pieces of one hundred sous, one in each shoe. He took one of his goslings in his arm, and went off cracking jokes with his woman, who was quarreling with him. Some of the fellows jumped with a bound into the middle of the street, and ran off to spend their fortnight's allowance with a friend. Then there were gloomy ones, with stormy mien, pressing in their fists the proceeds of three or four days in fifteen which they had made, feeling that they had been lazy, and making the usual oaths of drunkards for the future. But what was most sad of all was the grief the small dark woman, who was so meek and delicate in her appearance. Her man, a good-looking fellow, had just come out, and struck her so brutally that she went off tottering along by the stores, and weeping as though her heart would break.

Gervaise stood in the middle of the street watching the door, but no more came. It began to look bad. Two belated workmen at last showed themselves, but still there was no Coupeau. And as she asked the men if Coupeau wasn't coming, they, being of the same stripe, said that he had just gone with Lantimeche, by a back door, to take the chickens to water. Gervaise understood. And this was another of Coupeau lies. She might look now to see if it rained. And slowly dragging her slipshod shoes, she went down the Rue de la Charbonnière. Her dinner ran on ahead of her, and she saw it running on in the yellow twilight with a shiver. And this was the end—nothing; not even a hope—only night and hunger. Ah! what a night of ruin was the nasty night now coming upon her. She was heavily strolling along the Rue des Poissonniers when she all at once heard Coupeau's voice. Yes, there he was at the *l'etite-Civet*, just getting Mes-Bottes to treat him. That joker, Mes-Bottes, at the end of the summer had had the luck to marry for good a lady somewhat *fussée*, but still with remains of beauty. Oh! a lady of Rue des Martyrs; not of the vulgar *barrière* lot. And you should have seen that happy mortal, living *en bourgeois*, with his hands in his pockets, well dressed, and well fed. One could scarcely recognize him, he had grown so stout. His comrades said that his wife had as much work as she wanted at the houses of gentlemen of her acquaintance. A wife like that and a country house is all one could wish to make one happy. And so Coupeau looked with admiration upon Mes-Bottes. Hadn't the fellow even a gold ring upon his little finger?

Gervaise laid her hand on Coupeau's shoulder just as he was coming out of the *Petite-Civet*.

"Say, I'm waiting—I'm hungry."

But he clinched the nail in fine style for her:

"You are hungry? Eat your fist, then, and keep the other for to-morrow!"

He finds it smart to act his comedy before the world, does he? yet won't work for his daily bread.

"You want me to steal, then," said she in a low voice.

Mes-Bottes, rubbing his chin with a conciliating air: "No, for that is forbidden," said he. "But when a woman knows how to manage—"

And Coupeau interrupted him, crying:

"Bravo! Yes, a woman ought to know how to manage, but his had always been a drag and a stupid. It would be her fault if she died on the straw." Then he began again to admire Mes-Bottes. Didn't he look polished, the animal? Like a rich man, with white linen and stylish boots. *Fichtre!* It wasn't slipshod! Here, at least, was one whose woman knew how to sail the ship well.

The two men went toward the outer boulevard, Gervaise followed them. After a little she went behind Coupeau and said:

"I am hungry, do you know? I counted on you. You must find me something to chew upon."

He made no reply, and then in a tone heart-rending in its agony, she said:

"Is that all you can do?"

"But I've nothing!" roared he, turning round, furious.

"Let me alone, or I'll hit you."

He raised his fist; she stepped back and seemed to be deciding about something.

"Well, go on, I'll leave you. I'll find a man somewhere."

The zinc-worker laughed and pretended to take it as a joke, and pushed her on without having the appearance of doing so. And as she went on to the outer boulevard, wan and wild, he cried out again to her:

"Say, listen, bring me some dessert. I would like some cake."

Gervaise, driven by this infernal talk, walked on quickly, and when she found herself in the midst of the crowd slackened her steps. She was very determined—when one is starving one does not philosophize, but eats the first bread that comes along. She had reached the *Chaussée Clignancourt*. The night no longer stopped coming, and, while waiting for it, she strolled along the boulevard as any lady might who takes the air before going to dinner.

That quarter, which was improving so much that she felt ashamed to be seen there, was taking on a more important air in all directions. The Boulevard Magenta, leading up from the heart of Paris, and the Boulevard Ornano, running out toward the country, had perforated the old *barrière* by tremendous down-pullings of houses; two vast avenues, still white with plaster, which retained at their sides the streets of the Faubourg Poissonnière and the Poissonniers, whose ends were chipped, broken, mutilated, wrenched apart, and looking like some gloomy bowel of the earth. The demolition of the Octroi wall had already enlarged the outer boulevards, with their sidewalks, and their walks in the middle planted with four rows of little plane trees. It was now an immense place emptying afar off, through unending ways, alive with crowds, and swamped in the very chaos of its reconstruction. Among the new tall houses many tottering ruins remained; besides sculptured façades, black holes were scooped out, and kennels were yawning, displaying their rags from the windows. Under the increasing luxury of Paris, the misery of the suburb burst, and soiled this beginning of a new and hastily constructed city. Lost in the crowd on the long walk under the little plane trees, Gervaise felt herself alone and abandoned indeed.

Those escapements of avenues clear away there, seemed to empty her stomach the more. And to say, that among that flood of people, where there were some certainly in easy circumstances, there was not a single Christian that divined her situation or who would slip ten sous in her hand! Yes, it was too large, too fine; her head turned and her limbs gave way under the immeasurable face of gray sky extended over the vast space. The twilight had the dirty yellow tinge of Parisian twilights—a color which makes one want to die, so ugly does the street life appear under it. The hour was becoming ambiguous; the distance became blended with the muddy tinge. Gervaise, tired out, found herself in the midst of the homebound work people, at the hour when ladies in hats and well dressed gentlemen, inhabiting the new houses, were engulfed in the crowds of the masses—in those processions of men and women still sallow from the vitiated air of the workshops. The Boulevard Magenta and the Rue des Faubourg Poissonnière let out these exhausted hordes. In the deadened roll of the omnibuses and carriages, among the drays and the carts of the upholsterers and painters, which were returning home empty and in a gallop, the always increasing swarms of blouses and frocks covered the sidewalks. The *commissaires* were returning home with their *crochets* (frames for carrying packages) on their backs. Two workmen, talking loud and with many gestures, walked side by side, taking great strides; others, alone, in great coats and caps, went along on the edge of the walk; and then came parties of five or six, following each other without exchanging a word, with hands in their pockets, and lack-lustre eyes. Some had unlighted pipes in their mouths. Masons in a cart filled full, and on which their troughs danced, passed, showing their white faces to the portresses. Painters, carrying their pots; a tinsman, carrying a long ladder with which he just missed putting out people's eyes; while the lemonade man, late, with his fountain at his back, played the air of *Bon roi Dagobert* on his little trumpet—a sad air in the midst of that heart-rending twilight. Ah, the mournful music which seemed to accompany the tramping of these beasts of burden, dragging themselves, hard pressed, along! Another day gone! It was true that the days were long, and that they came too often. Hardly time to fill one's self and digest one's food, when it was daylight, and the yoke of misery again went on. They whistled, however, tapping with their feet, and marching straight on toward the soup. And Gervaise allowed the crowd to pass on, indifferent to the shoves she got; pushed to the right, and pushed to the left, and rolled in the midst of the flood; for men have not time to be polite when broken in two by fatigue and run down by hunger.

Suddenly raising her eyes the washerwoman saw before her the old *Hôtel Boncourt*. The little house, after being a suspected *café*, which the police had closed, was deserted; the shutters were covered with advertisements, the lantern was broken, it was crumbling and rotting from top to bottom from the rain, and its ignoble color of wine-grounds was all stained with mould. Around about it nothing seemed changed. The stationer and the tobacconist were still there. Behind and above the lower buildings the legs of five-story houses raised their big dilapidated balconies. But the ball-room of the Grand-Balcon was not.

istence. In the room of the ten flaming windows a sugar-mill was just established, of which the continued whistlings were heard. It was nevertheless there in the depths of that hole, the Hôtel Boncœur, that all this cursed life began. And she remained standing and looking up to the first story window, where a torn-off blind was hanging, and thinking of her youth with Lantier, of their first quarrels, and of the disgusting way in which he had quitted her. No matter, she was young then; and it all seemed pleasant as she looked back to it. Only twenty years, and now she was falling to the pavé! O God! The sight of it made her sick, and she went off again up the boulevard toward Montmartre.

On the heaps of sand between the benches boys were still playing as the night came on. The crowd continued; the work-women were passing, trotting, hurrying to make up for their lost time. A tall one, delayed, was holding a young man's hand, and he accompanied her to within three doors of her own; others, in taking leave of each other, made assignations for the night at the Grand Salon de la Folie, or at La Boule Noire. In the midst of the groups were dress-makers with bundles of dresses under their arms. A bricklayer, harnessed in a breast collar, dragged a cart filled with plaster, and came near being run over by an omnibus. And yet, more rare however, among the crowd, women were running bareheaded, who had come out after lighting the fire, and were hurrying for the dinner. They elbowed their way through the crowd, throwing themselves into the baker's and the butcher's, and leaving them without delay with provisions in their hands. There were little girls, too, of eight years of age, sent on errands, who went along the rows of stores pressing on their chests four-pound loaves of bread as tall as themselves, and looking like handsome yellow dolls, and who for five minutes at a time would forget themselves before a picture store, with their cheeks pressed against the loaves. And then the flood spent itself, the groups were farther apart, working people had gone in, and in the blaze of the gas, when the day was over, came the idlers' turn, with their interminable fêtes and balls.

Yes, Gervaise had finished her day! She was more tired than all those work-people whose passing had so jolted her. She might as well stay there and die, for work wanted no more from her, and her existence had been troubled enough for her to say, "Whose turn now? I have had mine." Everybody must be eating now. Was this really the end? The sun had blown his candle out, and how long the night would be! *Mon Dieu!* only to go out at one's ease, and not to wake again!—only to know that one had put by one's tools forever, and then might sleep eternally! After being tired for twenty years, how pleasant that would be. And then, in spite of the cramps which were gripping her stomach, Gervaise thought of the fêtes, and of the fun and amusements, of her life—of one time above all others, in mid-lent, on a very cold Thursday, when she had enjoyed herself so much. She was young and pretty, blonde and fresh, in those happy days. Her wash-house companions in Rue Neuve had made her queen, notwithstanding her lameness, and they went on to the boulevards in cars decked with green, in the midst of all the *beau monde*, which looked at her so. Gentlemen looked at her through their glasses as they would in looking at a real queen. And then at night they had a smashing ball, and danced until daylight next morning. Queen?—yes, queen, with a crown and a scarf, during twenty-four hours, twice round the dial! Then heavy with the pangs of hunger, she looked around upon the ground, as though seeking for the stream wherein she had allowed her fallen majesty to glide away.

Again did she raise her eyes, to find herself in front of the shambles which they were demolishing. The gutted façade showed its dark yards behind still sinking and damp with blood. And when she went down the boulevard again she saw the Hospital of Lariboisière with its great gray wall, above which, unfolding like a fan, came the mournful wings pierced regularly with windows; one door in the wall was the terror of the quarter—the door of death, whose solid oak, without a seam, had all the silence of a gravestone. Then to escape she pushed on farther and went down to the railway bridge. Its tall parapets of bolted iron plates shut out the view, so that she could only distinguish on the luminous horizon of Paris the enlarged angle of the dépôt, a vast roof black with coal dust. She could hear in the large clear space the locomotive's whistle, the rhythmic shake of the moving plates, a hidden but colossal activity. Then a train leaving Paris passed, coming with its rolling and its respiration, distended little by little. But all that she saw was a white plume, a sudden puff which passed over the parapet and disappeared. But the bridge trembled, and she remained in all the vibration of its departure. She turned to follow the invisible machine whose dying groans she heard, imagining that the country was on that side, with its clear sky, at the bottom of a valley, with high isolated buildings planted right and left without order, presenting façades of unplastered walls—walls covered with big placards, and stained by the soot of the engines with the same yellow tinge. Oh, if she only could have left and gone down there, away from these houses so full of suffering and misery, maybe she might have begun again to live! Then she found herself stupidly reading the advertisements posted on the iron plates. They were of all colors—one, a small one of a pretty blue, offered fifty francs reward for a lost slut. The animal at any rate must have been loved!

And again she walked slowly along. In the midst of smoky colored fog, which was falling all around, gas-jets were being lighted, and those long avenues, which little by little were becoming drowned in the darkness, reappeared all brilliant, extending and cutting into the night as far as the lost shadows of the horizon. A great blast seemed passing over, and the enlarged quarter spread its cordon of small flames under the immense moonless sky. It was the hour in which, from one end of the boulevard to the other, the wine shops, the low ball-rooms, and the drinking saloons began to blaze gayly in file in the midst of the fun of the first drinks and first *chahut* of the cancan. The fortnight's wages filled the sidewalk with the noisy bustle of jolly fellows on a spree; the very air was full of it—a cursed spree—gentle as yet, a mere beginning, nothing more. And in the depths of the eating-shops they sat cramming themselves. Through the brightened windows one might see people eating with their mouths full, laughing without taking even the trouble to chew. The sots were already about the wine-shops, talking and calculating violently, and a noise like distant thun-

der arose from the coarse, howling voices and the rumbling of feet along the sidewalks. "Say! Come take a drink. Come, old fellow, I'll pay the shot. Look, there's Pauline. Oh, well, no twisting out of it." The doors swung to and fro, letting out the odor of wine and the puffs of cornets-à-pistons. There was a line before l'Assommoir of Père Colombe which was as bright as a cathedral at grand mass, and one might have taken it for some ceremony, for the good *sigs* were singing in there, looking like the singers in the choir, cheeks puffed out and bellies rounded. They were celebrating Saint Touche, a very amiable saint, who is to keep the cash in Paradise. On seeing with what zest it began, the *petits rentiers*, walking out with their wives, remarked, shaking their heads, that there would be a tremendous lot of drunken men in Paris that night. The night was freezing, the four quarters of the heavens hung sombre and dead over the clamor, perforated only by the fiery lines along the boulevards.

Planted before l'Assommoir, Gervaise was thinking that if she had two sous she would have gone in for a drop. Maybe a drop would have stayed her hunger. Ah, she had drunk so many drops, and it did seem so good after all! And at a distance she contemplated the intoxicating machine, feeling that all her troubles came from there, and yet dreamed of ending them with brandy the day that she was able. But a shiver passed through her, for she saw that the night was dark. And suddenly she perceived her shadow on the ground. When she approached a gaslight, the vague shadow collected itself distinctly—an enormous shadow, squat, grotesque, so round had she become. It showed the belly, breast, and hips, floating and mingling together. She limped so much that on the ground the shadow fell over at each step. She thought it resembled a pair of scales. And when she moved away the scales grew taller, and became a giant, filling the boulevard, and bowing, and hitting its nose against the trees and the houses. *Mon Dieu!* how queer and frightful it was! Never had she so well realized her deformity. She could not help looking at it as she passed the gaslights, nor following with her eyes the dancing figure. Ah, what a slattern walked by her side!—and with what a step! It must be very late, however. Everything was spoiled in that quarter, the eating-shops were closed, the gas was getting redder at the wine merchants, whence came voices fat with drunkenness. Fun had changed to quarrels and to blows.

Gervaise kept always on the go, kicking about, going up and coming down again, her only thought being to walk without stopping. Sleepiness overcame her, and she slept resting on her legs; then she started and looked about her, and found she had gone a hundred steps, without knowing it any more than if she had been dead. Her feet, from sleeping standing, swelled in their torn slippers. She didn't know herself at all, she was so tired and empty. The last clear idea which occupied her thoughts was that her daughter at that moment might be eating oysters. Then everything became confused, and she stood with eyes open, but it would have required too great an effort for her to think. And the only feeling which remained in the midst of the annihilation of her being was that of fierce cold—bitter, mortal, such as she had never experienced in her life before. Surely the dead and buried are not so cold. She heavily raised her head, and received in her face an icy blow. It was the snow which at last decided to fall from the smoky heavens, a fine, sharp, snow, which a light wind blew in eddies. For three days it had been expected. It came in good time.

Fully awakened by the squall, Gervaise walked quicker. Some of the men were running, hurrying to get home, their shoulders already white with snow; and as she saw one who was approaching slowly under the trees she went toward him. He extended his hand and said, in a low tone of voice: "If you please, for charity's sake."

They each looked at the other. Ah, *mon Dieu!* Père Bru a beggar! They remained gaping for a moment, and might have given each other the right hand of fellowship. All the evening the old workman had roved about fearing to approach any one, and the first one that he begged from was a starveling like himself. Lord! was it not pitiful to have worked for fifty years and come to begging at last; to have been considered one of the best washerwomen of the Rue de la Goutte d'Or, and to be landed on the bank of the stream at last! They continued gazing on each other for a while, and then, without a word, went their way through the pelted snow.

It was a perfect tempest. On those heights, in the widely open spaces, the fine snow whirled about, seeming to blow from the four quarters of the heavens. It was impossible to see ten steps ahead, and everything was submerged in the flying dust. The quarter had disappeared, the boulevard seemed dead, as the squall came to throw the silence of its white pall over the last drunken hiccough. Blinded and lost, Gervaise stumbled on with difficulty, as she touched the trees with her hand. The gaslights came out of the discolored air like quenched torches, and then, all at once, as she was crossing the corner, even these lights were wanting. She was caught and whirled about in the bleak whirlwind without distinguishing anything which might guide her. The ground seemed to go from under her in its indistinct whiteness. Gray walls seemed to shut her in, and when she stopped, hesitating, and turned her head, she discovered behind this veil of ice the immensity of the avenues, the interminable files of gaslights, and all the infinite blackness and desertedness of sleeping Paris.

She had come to the spot where the outer boulevard and the boulevards of Magenta and Ornano meet, and was thinking of lying down upon the ground, when she heard steps approaching. She went toward them, but the snow blinded her eyes, and the steps were going off without her being able to make out whether they passed to the right or to the left. But at last she perceived the broad shoulders of a man, a dark moving figure forcing itself into the fog, and she rushed forward and came up with it, and took it by its blouse. The man turned. It was Goujet.

Ah, what had she done to the good God to be tortured thus to the very end? It was indeed too horrible to throw herself thus in the way of the blacksmith, and to be seen by him, pale, suppliant, in the ranks of the vile ones of the *barrière*; and it happened under a gaslight, too, so that he could see her deformed figure dancing on the snow, a perfect caricature. One would have said she was a drunken woman. *Mon Dieu!* not to have a crumb of bread nor a drop of wine

in the stomach, and yet be taken for a drunken woman! But it was her fault, for why had she ever got drunk? Very surely Goujet thought she had drunk, and that she was on a spree. He gazed at her as the snow shed its daisies on his handsome yellow beard, and held her as she bowed her head and drew back.

"Come with me," said he.

He went first; she followed him. Both traversed the silent quarter, skirting along quietly by its line of walls. Poor Madame Goujet had died in October of acute rheumatism. Goujet continued to live solitary and alone in the little house of Rue Neuve. That day he had been delayed by watching at the bedside of a wounded comrade. When he had opened the door and lighted a lamp, he turned toward Gervaise, who waited meekly on the landing place. He said in a low tone, as though his mother might still have heard him, "Come in."

The first room, that of Madame Goujet, had been piously kept in the condition in which she had left it. On a seat near the window, the cushion was placed by the side of the large arm chair, which seemed still to be waiting for the old lace-maker. The bed was made, and she might have gone to it, if she could have left the cemetery, to have passed the night with her child. The room was full of sacred memories, retaining its odor of goodness and of honesty.

"Come in," repeated the blacksmith, louder. She entered timidly, and with the feeling of a child who is drawn into some respectable place. He was very pale, and trembled for having thus introduced a woman into his dead mother's room.

They crossed the room on tip toe, as though to avoid the shame of being heard; but when he had pushed Gervaise into his own room, he closed the door. There he was at home. It was the same narrow room which she so well remembered, about the size of a boarding scholar's room, with its little iron bedstead with white curtains. On the walls pictures, cut from the papers, were stuck, reaching nearly up to the ceiling. Gervaise shrank from all this purity, and drew herself away from the light, when, without saying anything, he tried to seize her and hold her in his arms. But she almost fainted, and only murmured:

"Oh, *mon Dieu!* Oh, *mon Dieu!*"

The stove, filled with coke, still burned; and the remains of a *ragout*, which the blacksmith had left to warm when he went out, steamed before the ashpans. Gervaise, revived by the great heat, would have gone on all fours to eat from the stove itself. It was too much for her; her stomach yearned, and she stooped forward with a sigh. Goujet seemed to understand, for he placed the *ragout* on the table, cut some bread, and turned out something for her to drink.

"Thanks, thanks!" said she. "Oh, how kind you are! Thanks!"

She stammered; she could no longer pronounce her words. When she took hold of the fork she trembled so that she let it fall. The hunger which was strangling her caused her head to shake so that she had to use her fingers. As she put a potato to her mouth she burst into sobs, and big tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon her bread. But she ate—yes, ravenously devoured—the bread her tears had wet, breathing very hard, and her chin trembling all the while. When Goujet forced her to drink to prevent her suffocating, the glass rattled against her teeth.

"Will you have more bread?" asked he, in a low tone.

She wept. She said no; she said yes; she did not know. Ah, Lord! how good and sad it is to eat when one is starving!

Goujet sat before her and meditated. Now that he saw her perfectly under the bright light of the lamp how old and faded she had become. The heat had melted the snow on her hair and clothes, and she was dripping. Her poor shaking head was all gray—gray locks which the wind had blown about. Her neck had settled between her shoulders; she had become squat, ugly, gross enough to make one weep to look at her; but he remembered their love, when she was so blooming, tapping her flat-irons, and showing *le pli de bébé*, which made such a pretty collar for her neck. He went on those days for hours together only to catch one glimpse of her, and was satisfied; and later, when she had visited the forge, what great pleasure he had had while pounding the iron to see her wondering at the dancing of his hammer. And then how many times he had longed for her in those days! And now she was here and he might take her. She finished her bread, but her tears still fell. She arose, and remained an instant with her head bowed down, and feeling awkwardly indeed. Goujet took her hand in his, and said gently:

"I love you, Madame Gervaise; oh, I love you still. I swear it, notwithstanding all. Will you let me kiss you?"

She was surprised and overcome by emotion, and could find no words by which to express herself. She said yes with her head. *Mon Dieu!* she was his, and he could do what he chose with her. But he merely put out his lips.

"That is enough between us, Madame Gervaise," murmured he. "It is all friendship, isn't it?"

He kissed her on the forehead, on one of her gray locks. She was the first one he had kissed since his mother died, for his sweetheart, Gervaise, alone remained to him in the world; and he fell back on his bed and sobbed. Gervaise could no longer stay there. It was too sad, it was abominable, to find oneself in such a condition when one loved. She cried out:

"I love you, Monsieur Goujet, I also love you. Oh, but I understand how impossible it all is! Adieu, adieu."

She hastened through Madame Goujet's room, and was soon on the pavement again. When she came to herself she had already rung at the house in Rue de la Goutte d'Or. Boche pulled the cord. The house was very dark. She went in as though she was in mourning. At that hour of the night the porch, all shattered and gaping, seemed like an open mouth. To think that she had ever wished a corner in that carcass of a barrack! Her ears must have been stopped to prevent her then hearing that cursed music of despair which groaned behind its walls. From the day when she first put her foot there she began to run down. Yes, to be stowed one above another in those great beggarly tenement-houses was sufficient to bring one bad luck. The cholera of misery was indeed caught there. That night every one seemed dead. She could only hear the Boches snoring on the right, while Lantier and Virginie, at the left, were making a purring noise, like cats who have shut their eyes without sleeping. The yard seemed like the middle of a cemetery, the snow making a white square upon the ground; and the tall façades running up in their livid gray without a sin-

gle light, like the face of a ruin. Not even a sigh was heard. It seemed the shrouding of a village stiff with hunger and with cold. She had to step over a black stream—a brook made by the dyer—which smoked and opened a muddy bed for itself through the whiteness of the snow. But this water had the color of her thoughts, for the beautiful, tender blues and rose colors had long since passed away.

While mounting the six stories in all their darkness she couldn't help laughing—a wicked laugh, which made her ill; for she remembered her ideal of other days—to work quietly, eat her daily bread, have a hole clean enough to sleep in, bring up her children well, not be beaten, and to die in her bed. Well, really, it was funny how all that came to pass. She no longer worked, she no longer ate, she slept on filth, her daughter was on the town, her husband whipped her; it only remained for her to die on the pavement, and that would be immediately if she had but the courage when she reached her room to jump out of the window. Wouldn't one have said that she had demanded of heaven thirty thousand francs income and much consideration? Ah, it is but too true that one may have very humble desires in this life and yet fail to obtain them. Not even bread and bed is the common lot, and what increased her unpleasant laugh was to remember her great longing to be able to retire to the country after twenty years of washing. Well, she was going to the country, and she wanted a green corner in Père la Chaise. When she reached the entry she was quite crazy. Her poor head was quite turned. The most of her grief came from having said an eternal adieu to Goujet. It was all over between them now—they would never meet again; and on top of that came all her other troubles, which completely broke her down. She put her head into Bijard's room as she passed, and gazed upon the dead Lalie, who looked contented as she lay stretched out for her long rest. Well, children had a better chance than grown people! And as there came a ray of light from Père Bazouge's room, she went in, taken with a strong desire to go on the same journey as the little one.

The old undertaker, Père Bazouge, had returned home that night in extraordinary good humor. He had taken such a dose that, notwithstanding the cold, he lay snoring on the floor, and that did not hinder him from having pleasant dreams, for he seemed to laugh while sleeping. The candle remained lighted, and illuminated his old effects, his old hat flattened in the corner, and his black coat, which he had drawn over his knees like a bit of coverlet. Gervaise, on seeing him, began to cry so hard that it waked him.

"*Nom de nom!* Do shut the door—it is terribly cold. Hein! it's you. What's the matter? What do you want?" Then Gervaise, with extended arms, not knowing what she uttered, began to beseech him ardently:

"Oh, do take me away. I have had enough of this. I want to go. Don't bear me any grudge. I didn't know, *mon Dieu!* One never knows when one is not ready. Oh, yes; one is always glad to go some day. Carry me off, carry me off, and I will thank you."

And she went on her knees completely overcome with the idea. Never before had she rolled at the foot of man. Père Bazouge's phiz, with his twisted mouth and his skin incrustured with the dust of interments, seemed to her as beautiful and resplendent as a sun. But the old man, half awake, thought it was a joke.

"Carry me away," repeated Gervaise, more earnestly. "You remember one night I knocked at the closet. Then I said I hadn't, because I was stupid then. But come; give me your hands; I'm not afraid now. Carry me off to sleep; you'll feel if I move. Oh, that's all I care for. Oh, I'll love you if you only will!"

Bazouge, gallant as he was, thought he ought not to push off a lady who seemed to have such devotion for him. She was passing away fast, but she had the remains of beauty when she showed them.

"You are perfectly right," said he, with a look of conviction; "I packed up three to-day, who would have given me a famous treat if they could have got their hands to their pockets. Only, my dear little mother, it can't be arranged so easily."

"Carry me off, carry me off," cried she always; "I want to go."

"*Dame!* there must be a little operation beforehand. *Couic!* you know." And he seemed to be trying to swallow his tongue; then, finding the joke too good, he sniggered.

Gervaise arose slowly. Even he could do nothing for her. She went to her room, and threw herself upon the straw, regretting that she had eaten anything; for, after all, misery did not kill quick enough.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LXXXV.—Sunday, June 29.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons.

Green Corn Soup.
Rock Cod, au Gratin.
Beef a la Mode. Potato Croquettes.
Fried Egg Plant. String Beans.
Roast Pigeons.
Tomato, Mayonnaise dressing.
Ambrosia (see Vol. I, No. 17). Whipped Cream. Orange Cake.
Fruit-bowl of Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Green Gages, Cherries, Pears, Apples, and Nectarines.

ROCK COD, AU GRATIN.—The cod after being cleaned is placed in a bakepan, having butter, chopped parsley, mushroom, salt, and pepper, both under and above the fish. For a fish weighing three pounds, add one gill of broth and half as much white wine. Dust the fish with bread-crumbs, and put in a pretty quick oven. Fifteen minutes after, examine it. When done, dish the fish. Put a little broth upon a sharp fire; stir with a spoon or fork so as to detach the bread; pour this over the fish and serve warm. The gravy must be reduced to about four tablespoonsful, and great care must be taken in dishing in order to avoid breaking the fish.

When a woman buys a kettle of paint for, say, the kitchen door, she doesn't let what's left after covering the door dry up. No, she paints everything paintable in the house with it, till the last drop is exhausted, until all things about the premises—tubs, boxes, and barrels, flower-pots, wheelbarrow, and hoe handle—have put on the kitchen door tint, be it green, yellow, or brown, black, purple, or crimson. She does this to save the paint. Only this, and nothing more.

There is no good way to keep a lawyer from talking. If he has no real case he will suppose a case, and continue the argument.

A dead give away.—The bodies the medical students receive from the morgue.

GLIMPSES OF CALIFORNIA.

BELLOTA.

It is a dreamy realm of quiet hills
And forests pierced with sunset's arrowy gold.
Here creeps the murmurous sound of hidden rills,
Until each weird ravine with music fills;
Then swift and sweet the twilight, as of old,
Hides in the valley, full of mystic thrills,
And, wavering as a song, climbs, fold by fold,
Till the heights fade, the stars grow dim and cold.
The chilly dew its gentle gift distills.

CAPAY.

One morn the sunrise touched with glorious light,
The windless summits of the ancient pines:
And, looking south, I saw the hillside vines,
The golden wheat, the barley silver white,
The pleasant, sloping fields which lay
At quiet rest in hid Capay.

Mount John uplifts his shining northern crag,
The far-off Buttes are billowy floods of flame;
And how shall any mortal language name
The white Sierra's lonely, breathless flag?
Or how describe the lights which lay
Among the oaks of wide Capay?

Miles down, beneath the reach of human sound,
I see the winding river's pebbly shore
Gleam white through spotted trunks of sycamore,
And lake-like glimpses at sight's utmost bound—
Cache River, on its arrowy way
Along the vale of fair Capay.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

O river, singing in the woods
Through livelong nights in June,
I wonder if you have your moods,
Or always keep in tune?

Our duller senses in your song
No worry may discover;
And yet, perchance, 'tis grievous wrong,
You may be loved—or lover!

For mountain lilies, leaning trees,
The grasses on the brink,
Wood-creatures all, and belted bees,
And birds which stoop to drink—

Are all in love with thy sweet ways;
So lightly touch the fern,
And lightly thread the woodland maze,
And sing at every turn!

NILES, June, 1879.

C. H. SHINN.

The Breath of June.

Across the hills, on perfumed wings,
Soft comes the gentle breath of June.
It greets the fairies in the dell,
And sets the wind-harps all in tune;
It steals into the woodland glen
And covers o'er the rabbit's trail,
Then sweeps adown the long, white beach,
And sets the tiny shells a-sail.

It whispers to the waiting heart
That all is well far out at sea,
And waits a message o'er the wave
From underneath the old roof-tree;
Its dewy wings a love-song bear
When low the sun is on the wane,
And soft the maiden, unperceived,
Goes wandering down the locust lane.

It floats into the shadowed room
Where eyes no more with health-light shine,
And pours into the fevered heart
The cooling honeysuckle wine;
Across the sweet verberna beds
It drags its garments, all a-trail,
Then creeps into the twilight room
Its dewy fragrance to exale.

It wafts the tired heart far away
Into some old-time clover-nook,
And bids us dream the hours away,
While sweetly sings the moss-bound brook;
It whispers tales of by-gone days,
It bids life's roses bloom anew,
And on the garden of the heart
Pours down sweet memory's starlit dew.

The winter wind, enrobed in snow,
Still brings the merry Christmas-tide;
The autumn gale, with fingers chill,
Bedecks the woodland as a bride;
The spring-time zephyr wafts the flowers—
But oh! it is the breath of June
That steals from out the summer's heart,
And sets the earth and heaven in tune.

PETALUMA, June, 1879.

CLARENCE T. URMY.

Beside the Sea.

What hast thou seen or heard,
Thou sad and lonely bird,
With tired, drooping wing incoming from the sea?
Has that brave ship gone down,
That sailed far from the town,
Speeding my blue-eyed love away from me?

"Down among waves so dank,
Down among sea-weed rank,
Ah, I fear that good ship lies beneath the sea."
Thus spake the lonely bird,
To all the world unheeded,
Save I and the troublous, restless, and cruel sea.

What hast thou seen, blue wave,
Thou that went out so brave,
That thou rushest headlong to the rocky shore?
Why haste thou in affright,
Making such rapid flight,
Looking back to the slumberous seas no more?

"Down among pearl and shell,
Down where sea-maidens dwell,
Oh, I fear thy lover lies beneath the sea;
I saw his face so wan,
With blood and foam-fleck on,
And I hastened fast to tide the news to thee!"

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1879.

S. McF.

A man in Utica has been detected in the act of translating *Pinafore* into Welsh. What? Nvgr! Wjell, brdgly evjr.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.

THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT.

The archery tournament of 1879 has been shot and won. The silver cup has been removed to its final resting place at the headquarters of the Bow Club, and the gold arrow will adorn the right side of the hat of Mr. Frank C. Havens, who is now the champion archer of the Pacific Coast.

The tournament was a grand success. True, the attendance was not as large as might be expected from the novelty of the event and the interest that archery has awakened in this State; but those who did come enjoyed themselves thoroughly. When, on the first day, the tents were pitched and the targets set upon the easels, it was announced in an unofficial manner that the "man from Santa Cruz" had arrived. Be it remembered that some months ago a middle-aged gentleman walked into Albert Haven's office, told that individual that he was an archer from Santa Cruz, that he had some bows and arrows with him which he had manufactured himself, and that he would like to try a flight with a San Francisco or an Oakland bowman. Unfortunately, the weather was so bad that the "man from Santa Cruz" returned without having his wish gratified; but the wise archers of this vicinity made many jokes about the home-made bows and arrows—which they had never seen. Therefore, when a quiet, middle-aged gentleman and his son were introduced as the gentleman from Santa Cruz, a great curiosity possessed the heart of every archer to examine the bows and arrows of Santa Cruz manufacture. They were the prettiest, and, I should say, the quickest and the best bows on the ground, with perhaps one or two exceptions. Made of locust, and of what is known as the Robin Hood pattern, the Santa Cruz bows, and the long, thirty-one-inch, eagle-feathered shafts, were the admiration of all the archers, and Mr. Button was duly complimented on the skill and taste displayed in his workmanship. The arrows made by Mr. Wight, of Oakland, which were also used with good effect at the tournament, proved that we are not altogether dependent on the importers of archery tackle for good shafts.

Friday, the 20th, was a delightful day for archery. The wind was light, the air clear, and no glare rested on the targets. On Saturday the weather was not at all as pleasant or as favorable for shooting as on the preceding day. A strong chill wind was blowing over the range, which shook tents and targets at their moorings, and when an occasional gust caught a well directed arrow it sent it far away from where its destination would otherwise have been. The following tables represent the scores made, all of them being below the average the same clubs have accomplished at their practice games:

Individual Archer's Prize—Lemonwood bow and half dozen arrows. Thirty arrows each, at thirty yards:

H. E. Button.....	214	H. Darneal.....	143
R. J. Bush.....	186	W. E. Eyre.....	135
F. M. Ward.....	129	F. M. Ward.....	129
D. O'Connell.....	172	W. A. Maxwell.....	118
O. M. Button.....	172	Byron Ashley.....	111
C. C. Kinsey.....	158	J. H. W. Riley.....	97

Champion Gold Arrow. Thirty arrows each at sixty yards.

F. C. Havens.....	202	H. E. Button.....	97
O. M. Button.....	132	G. W. Kinney.....	86
D. O'Connell.....	116		

Club Cup—Open to all Clubs. Thirty arrows each at 30, 40, and 50 yards.

	BOW CLUB.		CLUB.		Tot.	Tot.
	30 yards.	Hits.	40 yards.	Hits.		
F. C. Havens.....	30	206	30	173	23	109
R. J. Bush.....	29	165	27	123	25	111
H. B. Havens.....	29	185	24	114	16	60
C. D. Havens.....	29	167	21	85	17	55
A. W. Havens.....	29	153	14	58	8	34
Totals.....	146	876	116	553	89	369

	PACIFIC ARCHERY CLUB.		CLUB.		Tot.	Tot.
	30 yards.	Hits.	40 yards.	Hits.		
A. J. Wells.....	29	163	26	110	20	78
G. W. Kinney.....	26	112	21	101	28	116
F. M. Ward.....	24	124	23	91	19	97
W. A. Maxwell.....	28	136	21	91	18	82
H. Darneal.....	28	134	18	72	15	61
Totals.....	135	669	109	465	100	434

	MERRY FORESTERS.		CLUB.		Tot.	Tot.
	30 yards.	Hits.	40 yards.	Hits.		
Dan O'Connell.....	29	141	30	150	23	99
W. E. Eyre.....	28	150	24	122	12	52
J. J. Peatfield.....	24	118	25	105	13	41
W. Ireland.....	27	145	17	89	8	28
B. Ashten.....	27	145	15	53	11	43
Totals.....	135	699	111	519	67	263

Thirty arrows at eighty yards. First prize, lemonwood bow; second prize, case of wine:

O. M. Button.....	36	G. W. Kinney.....	22
W. A. Maxwell.....	26	W. L. Eyre.....	20

Thirty arrows at forty yards. Prize, set of targets and easels:

F. C. Havens.....	190	W. A. Maxwell.....	87
O. M. Button.....	151	H. Darneal.....	86
A. J. Wells.....	142	J. J. Peatfield.....	85
D. O'Connell.....	115	W. L. Eyre.....	83
B. Ashley.....	96	F. M. Ward.....	81
R. J. Bush.....	90	W. Ireland.....	72

Thirty arrows at thirty yards. Ladies prize, ARGONAUT gold arrow:

Miss Bessie Craig, P. A. C.....	140	Miss Jennie Pettigrew, P. A. C.....	117
Mrs. H. Darneal, P. A. C.....	135	Mrs. A. J. Wells, P. A. C.....	107
Mrs. A. W. Havens, B. C.....	124	Mrs. D. O'Connell, M. F.....	97

Thirty arrows at fifty yards. Prize, set of targets and easels:

O. M. Button.....	106	J. J. Peatfield.....	61
H. E. Button.....	89	D. O'Connell.....	59
W. L. Eyre.....	67	W. Ireland.....	53

The next archery event on the tapis is a club picnic—a gathering of the clubs and their friends—and a mild contest for a few mild prizes on some shady plain lying near the route of the North Pacific Coast Railroad.

The saying of an old philosopher that, if he had a lever long enough he could move the world, leads a country correspondent to write, that if he had a dried enough he could soak up the Pacific Ocean, and if big enough we could compensate liberally for

THE POCKET-MINER.

BY SAM DAVIS.

In the person of the pocket-miner one finds a fair exemplification of the ups and downs of a Pacific Coast fortune-hunter. Old Slug was one of this class. I never knew his right name, and furthermore was never so fortunate as to meet anyone who did.

I first met him on California Street, some six years ago, standing in front of a bulletin board with his chin turned up toward the quotations. His mouth was firmly set, one eye half closed, and his hands were in his pockets. He scanned the list carefully without a change of countenance, and walked away stroking his chin whiskers, which were red.

He was next seen in a two-bit saloon circumventing a pretty good sized horn of brandy, while the barkeeper sipped a little Seltzer at his invitation. Slug threw down a \$20 piece, and it was evident that he was long on the market.

He was seen frequently on California Street, walking up and down, saying little or nothing to anybody, and drinking often. When the market rose he was extravagant in his expenditures, and with a depression he was correspondingly economical. I soon became aware of the fact that to see Old Slug blind drunk indicated a deal in Ophir.

He came by the nick-name of "Old Slug" from the habit he had of maintaining that a \$50 slug of '49 was the only true coin of the realm.

Old Slug was a pocket-miner. Such men pin their faith on finding stowed away in the hills fortunes which nature has placed in out-of-the-way places, and to which she has forgotten to leave any clue.

Old Slug always insisted that these deposits of gold in pockets existed mainly in Nevada County. There the hills were dotted with pine and hemlock, and the underbrush is thickened with creeping vines. Beneath this covering of verdure are quartz ledges, gravel deposits, and pockets of gold.

Experience had taught Old Slug where to look for pockets. He despised the plan of mining practiced upon the Comstock. He cursed the sage-brush country, and had a hearty contempt for "croppings," such as are stamped upon the topography of Nevada. To mine by means of deep shafts, to take out rock to be milled, to follow plans, surveys, methods, and forms, all this smacked of a ceremonial which Old Slug loathed. To know that a ledge had a certain angle, and pay-rock could be struck by running exactly 235 feet from the winze on the 1750 foot level, was reducing mining to a mathematical basis, which was to Old Slug what photography is to a painter. Chance was his goddess, and he spent the best years of his life serving her.

I picked up a good deal of his history along the street. Almost everyone knew something about him. He had periodical appearances and disappearances, and, like Richard, would stake all upon the hazard of a die. He delighted in desperate ventures, and possessed the astonishing nerves which are born in gamblers. He doated on tremendous odds, and lost more coolly than most men would win.

One day I entered into conversation with him:

"Will there be a break?"

"Get 'em lower if there is."

"Will we have a market?"

"Cost yer more if we do."

While I was revolving in my mind the best method of turning this information to any practical account on a capital of \$30, Old Slug sauntered off to a bulletin board, scratching his chin-whiskers reflectively.

During the same week there were feverish symptoms observable in the market. The crowds on California Street thickened daily, and signs were not wanting to the observing that San Francisco was on the eve of its periodical speculation debauch.

Something of more than common interest was afoot in the Big Board room; and when this great financial heart began to pulsate with stronger throbs, there was a responsive quickening in the blood which moved through the commercial arteries of the State. Ophir, the bell-wether of the market, climbed up a little higher every hour, and the lesser stocks followed in its wake. The city responded to the excitement, and a hoarse yell went up from the throat of speculation.

Yesterday, fever.

To-day, delirium.

To-morrow, madness.

Men saw fortunes accumulating on their hands without any effort of their own. The outsiders wanted to devour the whole list; the insiders fed the famished multitude in driblets, in quantities to suit, in big blocks to order—for cash. In the midst of all this turmoil Old Slug maintained his equilibrium. Nothing could disturb the knowing quiet which always held possession of the man. When the street was like a battle-field Slug was as undisturbed as a rye-patch. He simply watched the market, stroked his chin-whiskers, and drank mechanically. He was exactly the same as when a few months ago the market lay like a water-logged ship becalmed in the doldrums.

The break came.

There was a breath of panic on the street, and the big structure which took \$45,000,000 to rear began to topple.

"They want to get hold of our stock," said one of the wise ones.

"They'll pay higher when they get mine," said another, equally wise.

"They can't put 'em down after to-morrow."

"Some of the timid bolders are selling."

Spring, of the *Post*, author of all the spring rises, invested his stock articles with a flavor of humor that took off the edge of care, and advised people to beware of combinations to break the market temporarily.

The public whistled merrily as it entered the grave-yard. The papers still had a cheery tone, and predicted a stronger market for the coming week. They showed how Eastern capitalists were just getting interested in the Pacific Coast market.

Keene was buying heavily. (Taking in one hundred shares with a big flourish, and letting out a thousand quietly.)

McDonald had broken the market for a couple of days to the south.

McDonald.

The public were about to get control of the market, and would cinch the bears.

Bless the public.

A syndicate of bulls, backed by millions, were about to do something immense.

For all these crumbs which fell from the editorial and reportorial tables the public were profoundly thankful.

Everybody felt that the big magnates were sorry that they had sold, and they determined to make them pay like the devil for everything they got.

The insiders have a habit of selling stock for little or nothing, and then paying a big price for it in thirty days.

The break continued.

Margins melted away like a line of foam disappearing upon the sand. There was a frantic call for "mud" from the brokers, who had thrown their customers' stock upon the market weeks before. Another case of an eagle who found a shaft quivering in its breast guided by a feather dropped from its own wing a few days before.

Everybody wanted to sell and nobody wanted to buy. The insiders had unloaded a few days before, and when the panic had touched bottom they bought back their stocks about seventy-five per cent. cheaper. The people found consolation in reading the newspapers which fearlessly exposed the job. These newspaper articles were written with great force and ability. The public at least had the consolation of knowing who got the money.

In the midst of this crashing market I noticed Old Slug stroking his chin-whiskers as calmly as ever, and pouring two-bit whisky down his throat.

"What do you think of the situation?" I asked one morning.

"They've got us again."

In the afternoon I saw him minus his heavy gold watch and chain—"Uncle" Harris. Next day he had disappeared.

A few days later found him back again in the hills of Nevada County looking for a pocket. In the little cabin in the grove he had a cat, a few mining and cooking utensils, a side of bacon, and a sack of flour. He had passed through a few weeks of turmoil and excitement, and dropped \$15,000. This was his vacation. Next followed a season of industry.

He toiled away for months, pushing his little tunnel into the hill-side. Ten, twelve, and sometimes fifteen hours a day he delved and sweated in this lonely spot. He wallowed in red clay, and burrowed like a mole through the uninviting stratifications of barren quartz. Misfortunes spurred him from behind, and hope beckoned him from before. At night he rested his weary limbs on his hard bed, having accomplished nothing. He would have despised to have worked for wages at \$5 a day.

It was sad to reflect that this poor devil was slaving his life away in order to help pay for a palatial mansion on Nob Hill, from the doors of which he would have been kicked had he tried to enter. His broker had begun the erection of the building with the expectation of meeting several hundred of just such men. Winter passed on, and spring opened. Old Slug got anxious when he saw the snows stealing down to the streams and the flowers budding upon the hills.

"I must be down for the spring rise."

His provisions were getting low, and his little store of cash could be counted with a few movements of the fingers. He worked longer hours, and his toil was beginning to tell. There might be gold just beyond, and there might be nothing but barrenness for rods ahead. More exasperating still, he might have passed a rich pocket a few inches to the right or left. He began to feel that Providence would never throw another pocket in his way, and despondency took the place of hope.

One afternoon, just at sundown, he struck his long-sought pocket. A blow of the pick revealed the shining treasure, and, at the next, a mass of quartz flecked with free gold rolled at his feet. He scratched his red chin whiskers, now developed into a full beard, and said softly to himself:

"She's just blistered with it."

That night he was speering royally in Grass Valley. After his debauch he settled down to business, and, for the next week or so, it was almost like taking honey from a hive. He cleaned up some \$15,000—just about enough to pay for the last four-in-hand his broker had bought.

Old Slug was now equipped for the spring rise. Grab-all & Co., of California Street, was ready for Old Slug.

He was soon in San Francisco, and on California Street, his native heath. His big watch chain once more stretched across his vest front. His face—all but the chin whiskers—was cleanly shaven, and a diamond pin blazed in his hickory shirt front.

He left \$10,000 with his broker, and took the balance to go round and see the town. He at first contemplated a spree, but recollected that his old partner, who was caved on in a tunnel at Dutch Flat, had a widow somewhere on North Beach, and he went down there to inquire. "Have you seen any woman round here they call Jack Hardy's widow?" He bored hundreds with this question, and at last his patience was rewarded.

He found her with two little children, in a hand to hand battle with poverty and an exacting landlord.

He left some money there; no one knows how much, but it was a comfortable sum.

Mrs. Hardy, when she saw the coin—but why mangle up these scenes with a pen which can only mechanically record the bursting forth of a woman's sympathy. Old Slug gave the money with no flourish. He simply laid down the sack on the table, remarking: "I prospected with Hardy. You stow that away," and got out of the place at once, because he hated to see a woman cry. She never knew who left the money.

That night he turned himself loose, as he called it.

When he started on his spree the spring rise began.

Old Slug's doings kept pace with the market in which he had invested. He smashed up a team coming in from the Cliff, at four o'clock in the morning. He made a pandemonium of all the fashionable and bad resorts at night, and thrashed several of his old enemies by day. His fines one morning at Louderback's levee were \$150. He paid his fines, kept up his spree, and otherwise enjoyed himself.

Bracing up, he went down to California Street, to find he was worth \$20,000 and the market boiling.

Assuring his broker that he was still on deck, he drew a thousand dollars from his winnings and plunged again into midnight hilarity and heavy tussels with the tiger. In a week Ophir was \$280 and booming.

Old Slug was worth \$100,000.

"Now, Slug," he said, reflectively, "don't make a blasted ass of yourself again. Sell out and quit."

Old Slug's broker was on the verge of ruin. A combination of men had vowed his financial downfall—and that sort of fall embraces all the rest—and now they had him in their toils. He was struggling in a net-work which a gang of shrewd speculators had woven about him. These highway-men of California Street were calling upon him to stand and deliver. Nothing short of the Bank of California could have saved him. He went over to that little brown building and implored for help. He little knew just then that the weapon held by his enemies was forged in that same place. He got no assistance, cursed himself for shorting at the wrong time on such a market, and then began sacrificing his customers' stock.

Next day he was a dead cock in the pit. The afternoon papers gave detailed accounts of his failure, and the clique who engineered his ruin had a sumptuous spread at the Poodle Dog that night. The broker of shattered fortune improved the opportunity of being alone a few moments that evening by blowing out his brains.

Old Slug was again a pauper. He simply remarked: "Got me again, by Jove!" soaked his watch, and started for the foot-hills to find another pocket.

On the Stockton boat that afternoon, a man who had been acting quite strangely in the cabin was suddenly observed to spring upon the wheel-house and shout:

"Sixty-five for any part of a thousand!" All looked up. It was Old Slug.

"Sixty-six—seller thirty."

There was no response, and, waving his hands aloft, he sprang into the bay.

The boats were promptly lowered, the poor devil picked up, and, a few days afterward, he was duly installed inmate of the lunatic asylum.

He was very quiet for a few weeks, but one morning he glanced at the clock; it was on the stroke of eleven. Mounting a chair he called everybody to order by rapping on a table in front, and the throng of madmen and women about him paused and crowded to the front. Old Slug leaned over and shouted:

"Ophir!" in a voice which rang through the building.

"Seventy-five for a hundred shares!" yelled a man springing from the corner of the room.

"Eighty for any part of a thousand," was echoed back. The last voice sounded so business-like that the motley crowd caught up they cry at once and began to bid uproariously.

None bid stock to sell. All were anxious to buy.

The crazed creatures crowded about Old Slug, and, with glaring eyes and screeching voices, they beat each other's breasts, and bid for the stock in lots ranging from ten shares to a hundred thousand.

The women grew wilder every instant. The crowd of some score or more who began the deal were soon joined by others, who came flocking in from all sides, and melted into the excitement.

Frenzied men and decrepit old women clutched each other's rags, and fought for place as they bulled the stock, and it rose spasmodically \$20,000 per share in three minutes. Thus the poor devils went down the list, raving of fortunes lost and won.

The market closed with a deal in the wild cats, which left Phoenix at \$800, and Picton at \$650 a share.

After that the authorities of the asylum kept Old Slug by himself that the excitement might not be repeated. Each day at eleven, however, even when the poor fellow had no timepiece to go by, he would rise solemnly to his feet, and call the list in regular order. After a few weeks he became quiet, and one day he was missing.

He had escaped.

A few months later some miners found a skeleton in an old, deserted tunnel.

It was the same one in which Old Slug had struck his last rich pocket.

The tunnel had been worked a few feet beyond. The fleshless hand of the skeleton still grasped the pick. Where the quartz had fallen away the glittering ore was in sight. The poor lunatic had died while drifting for a pocket.

He is still drifting—drifting into that unprospected country beyond the grave, where the theological expert assures us the ore is rich with gold of divine forgiveness, and where the market of everlasting happiness booms without a single break. If Old Slug locates in that district, let us hope that the work of charity he performed when he left a sack of gold upon the widow's table, will enable him to hold his claim for ever.

VIRGINIA CITY, June 20, 1879.

M. de Jordanes, a sexagenarian *roué*, is at a *ball masqué*. In the course of a "sparkling" conversation with three dominoes unknown to him:

"Is it true, Monsieur de Jordanes," wickedly inquires one of them, "that you are sixty years old?"

"No, madame; twenty only—that is to say, twenty at the service of each of you," was the ready retort; "and I mean what I say."

The sphynx of the *Evenement* says that Messrs. A. and B. fell out at their club not long ago and came to blows. The following morning Dr. C. was asked to attend on the two adversaries.

"Is the affair likely to result in anything serious, Doctor?" was the first question put to him.

"Oh, no," answered the physician, with a few good *compresses*.

The following comes from the country:

"Well, Peter, this continual rain must be very injurious to your crops."

"So they are, madame; but there is a God above us, and my neighbors' fields are as much hurt by it as my own."

A man coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it, and he was there!"

OUR OWN POETS.

Tree Lore.

Ancient lore of Druid teachers
Blends with Saxon thought and skill;
Spoken words of Druid counsel
Live on lips of mortals still.

In the past, fierce Roman legions
Quenched the Druid fires in blood;
Ages since, the Roman eagles
Fell before a Gothic flood;

Still, through Time's wild revolutions,
Living lips have borne the tales—
Canticles of roving minstrels,
Legend lore of Cymbrian vales.

Woven in the woodland stories,
Greenwood song of nymph and faun,
Gleams a silver thread of reason,
Spun in wisdom's early dawn.

Pleading for the dryad sisters
Harpers swept their plaintive strings;
In our Saxon thought and feeling
Still the Druid lesson rings:

"Spare the trees! The woodland dryads
Tremble when the forests fall;
When the fays forsake the mountain,
Evil comes to field and stall."

Living lips take up the story—
Vocalize the old refrain:
"Save the trees—the streams are failing;
Spare the pledge of winter rain."

Druid teachers knew of ruin,
Famine, and encroaching sands,
Wasted plains, and rainless winters—
Tidings from Phœcean lands.

Through the seeming superstition
Guarding mountain crests from spoil
Gleams a ray of thoughtful reason,
Sign of care for lowland soil.

Spoken words of Druid counsel
Live on lips of mortals still,
Sound through dim Sierra forests,
Rise from groves of lowland hill—

Pregnant words of Druid counsel:
"Mountain forest—lowland grain."
Spare the Californian woodlands—
Nature's pledge of winter rain.

MERCED, June, 1879.

ANGLE.

A Tornado.

Darkness rested like a pall over all,
Black and dreary as a tomb in its gloom.
Such a night as shall befall from the wall—
Grandly awful—that will loom round our doom.

Silence entire did abound. Not a sound
Broke the quiet; but did leave fear to weave
Ghosts and goblins dread around. Courage drowned—
Gulfed in fears it must receive and believe.

Then a faint and whisper tone that, alone,
Came from sea and rocks that merge on the verge;
Warning soft—a feeble moan gently blown—
Sung a solemn, tearful dirge in the surge.

Nearer, louder did it swell, till it fell
Threat'ning plain on list'ning ear; sending fear
Through the soul, and seems a knell-tolling bell
O'er the hopes that disappear—leave all drear.

Booming loud along the shore, up it bore
Through the vale, with giant blow lying low
Trees and homes, and on it tore with a roar—
Savage, fear-inspiring foe, scatt'ring woe.

From his ruined home a bowed, silent crowd
See him lifted, stained with red blood he shed.
Young, and fair, and noble-browed, in his shroud
Now is laid on stranger's bed, pale and dead.

Near the open grave so drear rests his bier.
Lifts a mother's broken cry up on high
For the lifeless one so dear lying here:
"Father Mighty, tell me why should he die!"

Neither weeps she all in vain of her pain;
Clouds from sun are blown, and bright, glorious light,
As his body down is laid, answers plain
That his soul is with the right clothed in white.

Killed by storm his body lay 'neath the clay;
On its wings his soul doth rise to the skies;
Hopeless clouds it blows away. Brightened ray,
Filled with hope, now kindly dries grief-filled eyes.

OAKLAND, April, 1879.

FRANK CLARKE PRESCOTT.

Thanatos.

When Nature, chill with misty shades and clouds,
Seems to her dark funeral vestments wrapped,
And no glad brightness glimmers through her gloom,
'Tis fit, I thought, O mightiest and most dread
Of Phantoms! on by sway to muse—to call
Thee up from out thy caverns, and to look
Upon thee, grim and ghastly as thou art,
Crowned with sad cypress in triumphal wreaths,
Betokening thy victories o'er Hope,
Truth, Beauty, all the smiling train of Joy.

As oft amid the flowers and the bright
Foliage of Spring we wander—drinking in
The joyous sounds that burst from every chord
Of Nature's lyre, and blend their harmonies
In one sweet strain of grateful offering
To the pure source from whence their being came—
Thy dark form rises in the distance dim,
And with gigantic stride approaches us;
By thy tempestuous breath each chord is broken
Of that melodious lyre; the notes of joy
Are changed to wild unearthly sounds, that grate
Upon the soul, and in its shattered cells
Will echo long.

But Phantom still art thou:
Though thou hast made us journey through a vale
Where weeping willows, dripping with their tears,
Shut out the sun, and every breath of air
Comes burdened with the weight of sighs, thy rule
Must end. The tearful willows soon shall bloom
With heaven's brightest flowers, each tear-drop
Beaming with purest rainbow radiance;
The winds that sighed with vain regrets,
And bore along the notes of woe, shall waft
Upon their perfumed gales the voices clear
Of the long lost, but now for ever regained.

As thy more ancient brother—Chaos—fled,
When from the night of Time the morn arose,
So shall the second and more glorious
Rising of Beauty's brilliant sun dispel
Thee, shadowy wanderer, in the vale of tears!

MARYSVILLE, June, 1879.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

TWO OUTSIDES.

And the Misunderstanding Between Them.

BY E. H. CLOUGH.

The clerical looking gentleman and the bearded borderer were the only passengers on the Carson stage, seven hours out, *en route* to Bodie. They occupied the upper seat behind the driver, and the tenor of their conversation indicated that there was a slight misunderstanding between them—a misunderstanding that neither of them seemed capable of gathering up the threads of a skein that was momentarily becoming more and more tangled as some new phase of the subject under discussion was broached.

"When I was there," the clerical gentleman was remarking, "the vineyard was in a deplorable state."

"The vineyard!" interrupted his bearded companion.

"Yes, the Lord's vineyard, I mean, the weeds were—"

"Hold on a minute, stranger," exclaimed the other, hitching in his seat, and turning so as to face his companion, "hold yer hosses. I aint much on this parable palaver, an' I come mighty nigh givin' ye the lie on thet vineyard bizness, 'cause ye see thet aint no sech 'ithin five mile o' the camp. Maybe there's a few down to Salt Lake, but nobody ever was fool 'nough to think o' speculatin' in vineyards 'round my neighborhood. But it's all right now, I've cottoned to the rights o' the case, an' I'm drawin' my sights onto Lord's vineyards."

"As I was saying," resumed the other "outside," "I found the field of labor in a deplorable condition. The weeds had long since choked the wheat, and tares were flourishing with a luxuriance that might well sadden the heart of the most earnest husbandman. Human sacrifices were frequent in the interior, and barbarous executions for the most trivial offenses were of weekly occurrence along the coast. I attended one of these executions, and if I am not too tedious in my narration I will relate the circumstances of the horrible affair. Are you agreeable?"

"Go ahead, ol' man, I'm listenin'. I like to hear a man tell a good one while he's at it," and the bearded passenger hitched back to his former position and asked the driver for "a chaw o' thet nigger heel."

"Well, it appears that the unfortunate man was condemned to death for poaching on the king's preserves. They had adjudged him guilty and sentenced him to be beheaded, and a more pitiable wretch it has never been my misfortune to contemplate, as he passed out of the prison into the open court where he was to be executed. He was made to kneel and bend his neck; after which the executioner dipped his hand in a tub of water, and drawing his middle and fore finger through the sand upon which the doomed man was kneeling, applied them to the naked neck of the shivering wretch, leaving a broad and distinct mark at which to strike. He then raised his great double-edged sword, and with one blow the head fell from the trunk, while the great stream of blood crimsoned the sand."

The clerical gentleman paused in astonishment. His fellow-passenger was staring at him with a strange expression upon his sun-browned features, which the narrator at first imagined was the result of intense interest, but which he gradually observed was produced by a disgusting disbelief in the statements which he had just been making. He cut himself short for the purpose of allowing his hearer an opportunity of relieving his over-charged mind, knowing full well that if he did not the bearded man would explode, and render the situation decidedly unpleasant to say the least. The man of the border made a great effort to control himself, and in a tone plainly indicating that he forced a calmness he was far from feeling, simply to "cinch" the man who sat beside him, and prove to the grinning driver that no man could with impunity "put up a josh on him."

"The't's the frozen truth, is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Every word I have uttered is the truth. I witnessed the sickening spectacle in the broad glare of a tropical sun, and I did not lose a single movement in the barbarous tragedy," answered the other "outside."

"What's your line?" he abruptly asked the man with a beard.

"My profession?"

"The same."

"I am an evangelist—a missionary."

"Oh, you're a preacher, eh?"

"A minister of the gospel—yes."

"What shop?"

"Shop?"

"Yes; w'ich track are ye travelin'—how's yer baggage checked?"

"I don't believe I understand you."

"No? Well, what church are you swearin' by?"

"I am a Baptist."

"Good enough; Baptist goes. You say you was on the missionary racket w'en you saw all this?"

"I was engaged in the task of attempting to convert the heathen from blindness, and teaching him the path he should follow to attain everlasting glory."

"Heathen is good, too, but wait a minute an' I'll tackle thet remark. What I want to know, was you givin' those heathens, ez ye call 'em, the true bizness on the ten commandments?"

"I was inculcating the divine law which Moses received amidst the thunders of Sinai."

"Kerrect; an' maybe ye give 'em the bizness about lifin' a man w'en he calls ye a liar?"

"I did not counsel violence upon any pretext whatever; on the other hand I taught them that lying was sinful."

"Kerrect again, stranger, yer workin' 'round to my side o' the shanty, an' I guess I'll fetch ye into camp purty soon. Ye told 'em lyin' wasn't a squar' game?"

"I told them that a liar could not hope to be saved."

"Tol' 'em a liar couldn't hope to be saved? You saw thet duck git down on his marrer bones?"

"I saw the criminal kneel down—yes."

"Ye saw the other sharp 'ith a two-edged sword make mud an' plaster the back o' the 'doomed wretch's' neck?"

"I did."

"Ye saw the sword-sharp chop his head off?"

"Yes."

"Say, stranger, look here. I reckon I've got you tight'n' a Mexican cinch. I'm thinkin' you're tangled yerself up in yer own lariat. What year was you out thar, anyhow?"

"I went out in 1874; but, my friend, I can't see what you are endeavoring to accomplish by this question and cross-question."

"I'll show ye afore I git through 'ith ye. I'm agoin' to prove to this yer driver o' this yer stage thet you can't show down the hand yer claimin' ye hold. I'm agoin' to show thet yer givin' me a game."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"No? Well, s'pose I give ye dead away on the sword racket fust? S'pose I was to say thet thet ain't nothin' bigger'n a sixteen-inch Bowie in the hull camp! S'pose I was to come down to cases, an' said ye lied about thet mud bizness? S'pose I was to bring proof thet no man in the camp ever hed his cabesa cut off below the ears? S'pose I was to bring a hundred men to back me in the statement thet hangin' was all the go, w'en it was a vigilante racket, an' thet nobody ever died out thar 'ceptin' from hot lead an' col' steel? S'pose I was to do all this, what kind of a game would ye gi' me then? I tell ye, stranger, I've bin thar, an' I'm posted, I am. I'm the best posted man this side o' Denver, an' ye can't play it *very* low down on me, *much*!"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"No, I don't doubt yer word; but ef ye'd put a little more solid stuff into what yer sayin', I'd be more likely to take stock in yer yarns."

"My friend, I fear you are attempting to beguile me. I fear that you are imposing upon a stranger in a strange land. I am not accustomed to your peculiar manners and customs, and you should not take advantage of me in this abrupt and unceremonious way."

"I thought you 'lowed ye'd bin thar."

"Where?"

"In Shyann."

"Cheyenne! Not at all. I never saw the place. I thought you understood from the first that I was a missionary to Siam."

"What! Siam? Well, I swear, I take it all back, stranger; I throw up my hand. Shake, stranger, an' we'll call it squar. Shyann—Siam. They *do* sound alike, don't they?"

Noises of the Night.

It was of old supposed by some people that the night was made for sleep. There were times and places in which a measure of correctness characterized this supposition. Applied to city life it is largely based on error. The city is noisy both by day and by night, and the people who can sleep through the noises are indeed fortunate. There are some whose profession turns night into day and day into night. Even to those who stay awake at night there are noises to which the ears can not be closed. Prominent among these is that of the night-hawk. This creature must not be confounded with the night-owl, which is a bird of the country. The night-hawk of the city is a predatory bird, and roosts on top of a hack. He is on the look-out for anybody whom he can induce to take passage in his vehicle, but prefers those who are gently inebriated. Hour after hour he drives his vampire-like steeds, with slow and measured tread, along the pavement. A foot pilgrim with hand luggage is a boon to him, if from the country, and unlearned as to hack rates; but a drunkard is a god-send, especially if with full pockets and too far gone in inebriety to resist illegal taxation. In sections of the city where the night-hawk plies not his trade there are noises of various grades and styles. Street-cars keep up their racket till after midnight, and begin again so early in the morning that the sleeper is unconscious of any intermission. Cats lift their lofty voices and entertain whole communities with free concerts. In the old days of the volunteer department the fire-bells would arouse the sleepers of a whole city to tell them that somebody's chimney was on fire. Happily that clangor no longer disturbs us, and when there is a conflagration we hear only the rumble of the engines along the streets. To the weary sleeper who wants a good night's rest, it is a nuisance to be disturbed an hour past midnight by the intoxicated neighbor who can not make his night-key fit the hole in the door. After struggling a while, and profanely soliloquizing in his loudest and thickest tones, he kicks the front door several times with all his might. This brings a night-capped head from an upper window, and a demand for information as to who is there. The response, "itsh mee—lemme in," brings forth an angry remark to the effect that the inebriate has come to the wrong house. Then the upper window is shut with a slam, which brings several more heads to other windows in the vicinity, each intent on knowing who is firing guns in the street. The tipsy outsider tries several other doors without achieving marked success, and after worrying his neighbors out of more sleep is taken care of by the police and clubbed into peaceful quietude. As the night progresses the ice-carts furnish their contribution of racket. A procession of them bangs its noisy way along the street, and the drivers hold trumpet-tongued conversation with each other, which they hurl from cart to cart as they ride. Their rumble is hardly done before the milk-men begin. The noise of the ice-cart is solid and solemn, but that of the rattling contents of the milk wagon is ten times as worrisome. The milkman drives along in hot haste, and his tin cans knock against each other as if each were bent on shattering the empty head of all its fellows. After giving weary attention to the milk cans until almost ready to drop asleep from exhaustion the sleeper is startled by another and even more outrageous noise. It is the noise of singing birds. The neighbors keep fowls. The ostentatious rooster mounts a fence and officiously declares to all within reach of the blast of his awful voice that he thinks he begins to discern symptoms of approaching dawn, and that according to his belief it will soon be time to get up. It is in vain to protest. The rooster must have his way. Bootjacks and inkbottles may be thrown at the midnight cat, who will be silent for a few moments while dodging these missiles. The wicked rooster, whose noise is more penetrating than the combined doxology of forty cats, will not pause for all the missiles of the neighborhood, but keeps right on spaking his little piece, and will not stop until he has faithfully executed his whole contract. And yet we will not ask for refuge in the deaf and dumb asylum. If the noises of the nights are frightful with objectionable elements, there is much by day to regale the ears as sunshine does the eye. Some of these nocturnal noises are inseparable from the blessings of civilization. That we are civilized, and take comfort.

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THE ARGONAUT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

The senior editor of the ARGONAUT, after a non-political interval of eight years, finds himself unexpectedly in near relation to the Republican party. Unless it is understood by our readers that the incident of his chairmanship of the Republican State Convention was an accident, entirely unsought and unexpected by him, it might prove an embarrassment in his writing. It might be supposed that having sought such an honor, he would be estopped from any adverse criticism to a party over whose State Convention he had presided, and opposition to any nomination he had helped to make. While he is not indifferent to the compliment that placed him in the chair of a party convention, and which seems to restore him to the organization from which he had been so long and so unwillingly estranged, this incident must not be regarded by his party friends or readers as a restraint to his entire independence in the expression of his political opinions. He became a member of the Convention to serve his party by serving his friend, the Hon. John F. Swift, in endeavoring to secure for him the nomination as Governor of the State of California. He was placed in the chair as presiding officer of the Convention, and Mr. Swift was not nominated. It was a misfortune to the party. Mr. Swift was among the ablest and best of all the named candidates; he was the only man who had an unimpeachable and honorable anti-corporation and anti-monopoly record, he was available and popular, he would have been able to have made a bold and aggressive fight against the insolence and abuse of corporate powers, and at the same time would not have been put upon the defensive to explain away any intention to destroy vested rights, disturb property, or overthrow government and social order. His defeat was a mistake; it was a political blunder. It will always be a mistaken policy for the Republican party, which is the party of intelligence and moral worth, to ignore brains.

The personnel of the Convention was of the highest order. It was a Convention of intelligent and respectable gentlemen. It was representative of the best material of the Republican party, and when the *Chronicle* undertakes to impugn the character of the Republican State Convention it becomes a libeler. When it represents the gentlemen who composed its membership as the slaves of corporations, or charges that they had any other end in view than the good of the community and welfare of the party, it departs widely from the truth. This it does, in malicious envy, that it may destroy the Republican party, and on its ruins build up one that shall illustrate its own power and be its slave. The ticket nominated represents a high order of respectability, and is favorably comparable with any that was ever presented to the people of California. The nomination of Mr. George C. Perkins was fairly and honorably attained. His mode of securing his nomination leaves no stain upon him or his partisan friends. No convention ever held carried from it less resentments or more good feeling. Mr. Perkins is a strong candidate. He is entitled to the full support of his party. As a citizen and business man he is up to the full average of intelligence and moral worth. He will be the friend of the people against the encroachments of monopolies or corporations. We see no evidence that he is the partner of the Pacific Railroad. His company navigates the great ocean highway of commerce. He has no monopoly of it. He has no exclusive right of way over God's broad ocean. He has no gate barring the golden entrance of our harbor at which he may exact tolls. His company existed long before the railroad was built. If he has an arrangement between his line and the railroad to prevent a ruinous rivalry, it is but plain sense and business prudence. In saving himself from competition by land he does not prevent the free navigation of the sea, or inhibit any merchant or business man from dealing with him for the carrying trade of our Pacific coast. The *Chronicle*, of course, knows this, and to make

an argument against the candidacy of Mr. Perkins for this cause is simply dirt-rooting for the ground-hogs of the new party it is attempting to create. The other candidates for State officers are men of character, and there is not one of them for whom we may not claim the distinction of being good citizens. The candidate for Chief Justice is unexceptionable. He is entitled to the position by his judicial experience, his learning, his integrity, and the purity of his private life. No less compliment can be paid to Messrs. Belcher and Catlin, and for the other Associate Justices; while it may be admitted that they are not distinguished for their eminent learning, they are at least of average integrity, industry, and respectability of attainments. We reserve to ourselves the privilege of voting for the best men for judges, entirely independent of the party that may place them in nomination. We await the action of other conventions, and challenge them to present a better bench than that nominated by the Republican party.

There is one thing we regret: We regret that custom has sanctioned it, and we regret that it becomes necessary for us to mention names and declare that, in our opinion, certain persons desiring judicial positions have been guilty of gross impropriety in personally soliciting from party delegates a seat upon the bench. We were pained to observe that the Hon. A. L. Rhodes, John Dwinelle, John Reynolds, E. D. Wheeler, L. D. Lattimer, M. H. Myrick, E. D. Sawyer, and Walter Van Dyke so far forgot the dignity of the positions to which they aspired as to allow themselves to attend the Convention at all. We were ashamed to see some of these gentlemen drifting around hotels and saloons, and either by themselves or friends personally soliciting a judicial nomination. We were disgusted at the conduct of one or more who most shamelessly buttonholed and buzzed delegates. It is not necessary to say that it was the most ignorant and entirely incompetent who exhibited the most brazen impudence. We hope this will not occur at the other conventions; and if it ever occurs again at a convention of which we are a member we will make them regret it, if they have any personal respect or any regard for the dignity of the bench. The lobby, as we were informed, log-rolled for the judicial ticket, and it was openly said that one individual wanted a bench sound upon the debris question, and did not hesitate to ascertain the opinions of judicial candidates as preliminary to his support. If it is true that there was an attempt to pack the Supreme Court, we would be criminal not to declare our utter detestation of the practice. Unless we can keep the courts out of the mud of party politics, we had better abandon government and civilization, and go back to barbarism. No gentleman of nice sense of honor, who appreciates the dignity of the judicial office, will be personally officious in seeking it, and no citizen who values his name and wants an impartial tribunal will ever promote the appointment of a candidate for the bench who is weak or wicked enough to foreshadow his opinions. We wish it could be established as part of our judicial ethics that the selection of judges could be taken out of the political scramble. We wish their choice could be solely because of their learning, integrity, and judicial temperament.

The platform expresses in temperate language the opinion of the Convention upon topics of leading interest. Platforms are, in our judgment, very unimportant parts of the political structure. Unless the issue is a burning one the report of the committee passes as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, is a mass of platitudes intended to catch flies. We seldom find a party adhering very closely to its resolutions, and, excepting in the case of Mr. John F. Swift, we rarely find a candidate who has the boldness to declare to a convention before whom he is a candidate that he is a platform in himself, and that the party must conform to his record if it desires him to serve it—a declaration more frank than politic. Mr. Gorham's minority report, instructing the Railroad Commissioners, and demanding pledges of them as to their duty, was deemed to be an injudicious interference with them, and was objectionable as standing upon the same moral ground as to instruct a judicial candidate in reference to the decision of a question deemed of public importance in event of his election. The Railroad Commissioners are charged with the investigation of facts concerning railroad fares and profits, and, upon a finding of those facts, to exercise a wise discretion and a sound judgment in reference to regulating them—or fixing them. To accept Mr. Gorham's preamble for facts, to reduce by what he calls a "horizontal" reduction of twenty-five per cent. the railroad charges, was regarded as of questionable policy and of doubtful propriety. It would have made the office of Railroad Commissioner a very simple and easy one; but whether their acts, performed in obedience to an iron-clad pledge, dictated by a party convention, and in anticipation of an election, would stand the test of judicial investigation, is very doubtful. At first the committee stood six to two in favor of their embodiment in the report, while Mr. Sanders, of Tulare, was tenacious to insert the figure of reduction at thirty-three and one-third per cent., and reduce to this extent their whole line of profits. This minority report was, by a close vote, referred to the district conventions, and a resolution of Mr. Houghton,

of Santa Clara, prevailed, declaring in simple form that those railroads receiving State and national aid should reduce their charges not less than twenty-five per cent. This resolution expresses the opinion of the Republican Convention, that the Pacific Railroad Company is earning too much money, and pledges the Republican party to a reduction of fares and freights by legislation and through Railroad Commissioners, in accordance with the provisions of the new Constitution.

We remember the old political axiom of "measures, not men." We have learned to distrust it. Experience has demonstrated that principles and measures depend very much upon the men who entertain and enforce them. Our motto would be, "Men and not measures." Honorable, independent, honest, and intelligent men—as candidates of a party—are the only safe guarantees that the people can rely upon for honest and intelligent legislation, and for earnest, practical administration. We believe the Republican nominees are good, and we shall sustain them until better men are placed by other parties in nomination. In illustration of our views let us instance the Workingmen's party in San Francisco. It is led by a leather-lunged, Irish blunderbuss, who has apostatized from the Catholic Church and the Democratic party. It professes a desire to reduce taxes and promote the interest of labor. Its rank and file is presumed to be composed of workingmen; it is largely made up of foreign Irish and German Catholic apostates. This party has nominated for Mayor of San Francisco a Protestant Yankee—a hard-shell Baptist preacher not in good standing with his church; one who has been an active Republican politician in Kansas, and who, as we are informed, never did an honest day's physical labor in his life, and whose palms are only callous by Bible pounding; who has not a dollar's worth of property, and pays no taxes except upon his own head at a valuation which produces only two dollars per annum. The nomination of the Reverend I. S. Kallach to be Mayor of San Francisco seems to us to be a travesty of politics, and conclusive evidence that Denis Kearney is an unprincipled idiot, and that the rank and file of his party is composed of brainless asses. It turns the whole movement into ridicule and contempt. The reverend political hard-shell Baptist will not get one thousand votes in this city. At the same time we are constrained to admit that the reverend gentleman has brains and an honest streak in him, and we are sorry that, being a preacher, he should turn politician; and being a politician, should have fallen into the hands of Denis Kearney.

And now a word in reference to our municipal administration. We have in our midst an organization styled the Real Estate Protective Association. It is composed of good citizens, and has for its leading purpose the reduction of taxes and the enforcement of economies in the city government. Its object is not political—so much the better. It is not politics to put out a fire, nor to eject a burglar from the house; nor is it politics to rescue our city from thieves and make an exertion to reduce expenses. Rents are down, real estate values are depreciated; and it must follow that salaries must be reduced, extravagances must be cut off, supernumeraries dropped from the pay-roll, fancy schools closed up, street department expenses diminished, clerks discharged. The city must begin to economize. The tax levy is too high. Every department is extravagant. We despair of any relief from any political party. Hence we suggest to this organization to give us a municipal ticket. Let it be "cut and dried." Let the leaders of this real estate party call to their council a few intelligent property owners, get together at the round table, and, with careful deliberation, select candidates for all our city offices. Let them choose for Mayor some man who, first having the ability, the integrity, and the leisure, has the nerve to play the municipal tyrant. Let them choose this man first, and then ask him who he wants for his associates in office. Let him choose his own Supervisors, and his own surroundings; give to him the City Hall as his palace; let him be its sovereign, dictator, and autocrat; and then let the citizens hold him responsible for honest work. When this ticket is matured, let it be indorsed as a whole at a public meeting. Let those who do not like it oppose it. It will have upon it men of character, resolution, and ability, chosen with reference to performing the duties of their offices, and not with reference to their party affiliations, their birth, or their religion. Such a ticket can save one million of dollars this year, and make the saving of another million possible next year. The Mayor should be some ill-natured, long-headed, unpopular citizen—some one who is too brave to be intimidated, too mean to be coaxed, too rich to be bribed. We need a Horace Hawes. Let him and his ticket be nominated without reference to politicians or newspapers. Let them have but one plank in the platform, and that "Economy, honesty, and reduced taxation." Such a ticket at this time will win.

The Honorable B's have nominated for Railroad Commissioners, Henry Larkin of El Dorado, Gen. George B. Stoneman of Los Angeles, and Samuel Soule of San Francisco. Both Larkin and Stoneman are named by the W. P. C.'s, and being Democrats, will be indorsed by the Democratic party. In San Francisco there will be a triangular duel between Soule, Beerstecher, and the Republican candidate.

AFTERMATH.

The very earnest opposition of Mr. Gorham to the Central Pacific Railroad has this suspicion attached to it: He was once the very willing servant of the company and its earnest friend. His partner and political *fidus Achates*, William B. Carr, Esq., was, as it is understood, for many years upon the pay roll of the company—did its political work. When Mr. Gorham's connection with the company expired, and Mr. Carr was no longer in its employ, he became the very active friend of the people, and his indignation at the oppressive exactions of the monopoly waxed warm. During the discussion of the Thurman bill he was diligent and zealous at Washington. When Congress adjourned he kindly accepted a free pass over the line, and turned up at the Republican State Convention as a proxy to denounce the aggressive wrongs of the corporation against the people. When labor is championed by this horny-handed son of toil, it reminds us of the aid that Hercules gave the wagoner; when political wrongs are denounced by this innocent-minded gentleman, we think we smell a mice. Mr. Carr has, as we are informed, invested his large fortune acquired in the honest service of the railroad company in Kern County lands; and, in the absence of special rates, he feels the exactions of the railroad tyrant in his transportation bills. This is an instance of retributive justice—Arab chickens coming home to roost. To compel an officer, clothed with judicial powers and under his oath required to investigate the question of fares and freights, to pledge himself in advance seems to us neither lawful nor just; and if Mr. Gorham was less the enemy of the railroad, we think his friendship to the Republican party would be more apparent. The true position for all honorable and high minded men to take in reference to railroad matters is to be just and impartial; bold enough to treat the company justly, and honest enough to demand fair treatment to the community with which it does business. There is room enough in the Republican party for all honorable men, even if they differ in opinion. The railroad must not be permitted to either control or destroy the Republican party, and the Republican party must not be used by the enemies of the railroad to destroy it.

We sometimes indulge ourselves in the luxury of calling our friend Denis an idiot. Just read this example of the ignorant Irishman's arithmetic. It is in his organ, the *Call*: "He [Perkins] has a contract with the Spring Valley Water Company to furnish water at a few dollars per 1,000 gallons, which he sold to poor sailors at from \$30 to \$40 per 1,000 gallons." The highest price of water furnished by the company is 75 cents per 1,000 gallons. Of course, the *Call* knows this; of course, Denis knows it; but it suits the *Call* to thus misrepresent the Spring Valley Water Company in order to increase its circulation among the prejudiced and the ignorant. It suits Kearney to so misrepresent Mr. George C. Perkins in the interest of his party candidate in order to mislead the gang of ignorant foreigners who follow him. Very contemptible journalism, and very contemptible politics, it strikes us.

We give another example of arithmetical prophecy by Kearney: "The Republican machine will poll 25,000 votes; the H. B.'s will poll 12,000 votes; the Democrats will poll 15,000 votes; while the patriots, the producers, and the industrious classes will poll 75,000 votes, on the 7th day of next September. This I know to be a fact. About the 8th of July I am going into the State. I am going to take in the Third Congressional District. I may get thrashed before I get back, but I shall make an aggressive fight." Of course we shall feel badly if the prophet should get thrashed. If there are four tickets in the field—and there will not be—the Workingmen's Piece Club will not begin to get the 12,000 assigned to the Honorable Bilks.

The "new party," recently sitting at Sacramento, and engineered by Messrs. Charles de Young, Alexander Campbell, Leonidas Hamilton, and Mr. Wagmire, all employees of the *Chronicle*, assisted by the Hon. David S. Terry, Hon. Volney E. Howard, Hon. William B. Norman, Hon. Calhoun Benham, Dr. O. M. Wozencraft, Hon. John C. Burch, Hon. Mr. Irving, and other honorables, all chivs., with Senator Cole and Johnny O Lord! Love for horrible examples of Republican depravity, has erected its party scaffold, and placed its candidates on the trap. They will be swung into political eternity on the 3d of September. We are sorry for them, because they have been heretofore men of good character, and this is the first political offense of which they have been proven guilty.

To be serious, this new Constitution movement seems destined to be of no consequence unless the Democratic party in Convention indorse it. The nominees are not strong in a direction to produce this result. There is no prominent Democrat upon the ticket. Indeed there is no prominent man upon it, and no one who has ever attained any distinction in the State, or who is known as possessing any marked ability. It is emphatically a ticket of respectable nobodies, and not at all in harmony with the Democratic party organization. It is not in harmony with the Grangers, whose candidate was overslaughed by the chivalry element that ruled

the Convention. If the Democracy shall nominate a straight ticket, this Honorable Bilk and political sorehead business will cut but a small figure in the politics of this State at this time, and never be heard of again. We are all of us playing a cut-throat game at politics—four hands, three of them are now dealt. Kearney holds neither ace, face, nor trump.

The Republicans have a good, fair winning hand. The Honorable Bilks have dealt themselves no strong cards. The Democracy has not received its hand, but it may be a strong one. If the game is fairly played the Republicans will win. If the Democracy and the Bilks confederate and play their hands together, the Republicans will have a hard game but not a desperate one. The stakes are large, and the temptation would be a strong one for the Democracy to pool with the Bilks, but there is another and a better game to be played next year, and one in which the Democracy hold strong cards. We await the Democratic Convention, and then we shall see what we shall see.

Doctor Glenn, the largest practical farmer in the world, is nominated by the New Constitution party as its candidate for Governor. Doctor Glenn is a native of Virginia; is a gentleman by birth and education, and cultivates 60,000 acres of land in Colusa County. We have seen a newspaper paragraph that says he is a graduate of Harvard College; whether true or not we do not know. He is a Democrat, sympathized with the slave-holders' rebellion, and from all we know of him we have no right to say he will not make an honest administration of the duties of the office. His nomination by an anti-monopoly party, clamorous for reform, is illogical, and, in view of his large landed estate, savors somewhat of inconsistency. Still we must do him the justice to remember that, broad as are his acres, he cultivates them, and there is great difference between a large farmer and a large land monopolist and speculator. His nomination was a *Chronicle* defeat, as Charles preferred Mr. E. V. Webster, the other Granger.

If the Democracy and New Constitution party agree upon Dr. Glenn for their candidate, what becomes of the monopoly cry? The owner of 60,000 acres of God's broad earth can not very well cry out monopoly against Perkins, who only makes a track upon God's broad ocean that the next wave wipes out. Dr. Glenn fences in half a county, which he cultivates by machinery. Commodore Perkins only drives his vessels over the sea. Anybody may follow in the track of Goodall, Perkins & Co.'s steamers, and may rival them in carrying freight; but no one can come within the inclosure of this Duke of Colusa without trespassing upon his domain. So Kearney's is after all the only anti-monopoly party.

A very quiet but very resolute political contest has been going on for a few days past within the Democratic party in San Francisco. Dr. Gwin, Governor Irwin, and Frank McCoppin may be regarded as the leaders of one wing; Mayor Bryant, Dr. Shorb, and other stalwarts lead the opposition. Opposition wins, and it looks as though Bryant and his friends had seventy-two delegates to the State Convention—solid San Francisco—with Bryant chairman of the delegation. It is not improbable, as we are advised at the last moment before closing our forms, that Dr. Glenn for Governor, Mr. Larue for Comptroller, and General Stoneman for Railroad Commissioner, will be indorsed by the Democratic Convention. If Dr. Glenn is indorsed, it will be a Gwin victory over the old Broderick Democracy. If Judge Terry is nominated by one or both conventions, it will be a blow in the face to the Northern wing of the Democratic party. It is probable that Wm. A. Piper will be the Democratic candidate in this district for Railroad Commissioner. Democratic policy now looks to the absorption or destruction of the New Constitution party. It will ignore the Workingmen, and offer its organization, both State and local, as the machinery to work out a defeat to the Republicans.

The gentlemen of the bar in San Francisco are endeavoring to secure the nomination of Superior Judges of their choice. The lawyers ought to be the best judges of the learning, integrity, and fitness of a judicial candidate. They ought to have influence in the direction of judicial nomination, and they would if they could be disinterested and unselfish enough to suggest only the best names. The bar meeting of yesterday was too late for us to know what action was taken. Next week will be time enough for comment. We are in favor of a non-partisan judicial ticket. We desired this action in the State Convention, and we desire it in this county, and all the counties of the State. We would be very glad indeed if when all the party nominations are made the tickets are so revised as to give us the best talent and the best men for Judges.

When Mr. A. J. Bryant was first nominated for Mayor we took pleasure in supporting him, and saying that he had executive ability of the highest order, and would make an honest administrator. When he was a candidate for reelection, we took pride in the fact that he had made a good Mayor, and that he was entitled to renomination and reelection.

When he carried us safely through the dangers that threatened our city from the upheaval of the sand-lot, we sustained him because we knew the secret history of that perilous time, and knew that Mr. Bryant carried himself bravely and properly through a critical period, and brought the city safely out of what might have been a serious disaster. When the Tibbey disclosures were made, and every personal and political enemy of the Mayor bounced him, and tried to indict, disgrace, and dishonor him, we knew, and so declared, that he would come out of the investigation without a stain; and so he has, and so he will, because Andrew J. Bryant is not only an honest man, but he has too great a business capacity and too great a pride ever to do a mean, dishonest, or dishonorable act.

And now the tide of popular favor turns again, and with combing wave brings Bryant in upon the top, because he has vetoed the tax levy, and had the nerve to set himself in opposition to dishonest and extravagant government. We are not surprised. We have an abiding faith that an intelligent man who has the courage to do right will in the end be vindicated. We have seen a great many popular revulsions in this State. We have seen bold, excellent men struck down by popular passions. We have seen dishonest and incompetent knaves exalted. We have seen excitements in which good men have suffered and bad men been honored; but somehow the wheel turns round, and the man who clings to principle, and dares to defy the envious, jealous, ignorant, and unthinking mob, is sure to come to the top. We have seen politicians, and newspapers, and individuals flourish in iniquity, but for them all there is an inexorable accounting. Popular opinion always comes out right in the end, and final justice triumphs.

The *Chronicle* has its columns so full of abuse against the Republican party, its candidates, and its convention, that it has no time to abuse the W. P. C. It has given Kearney a rest and laid down its gong. Even the Reverend Kalloch is accepted in silence. The *Chronicle* is indeed a bold paper. When we reflect that seven-tenths of its circulation and nine-tenths of its advertisements are among and from Republicans, it is indeed a bold act to denounce them all, indiscriminately, rank and file, leaders and followers, candidates and private persons, as "suborned wretches," "machine politicians," "corrupt slaves," "servants," "henchmen," as men devoid of principle, intelligence, integrity, honor, and self-respect. It is certainly a bold act to denounce all Republicans as bought and sold, driven and intimidated by wealth and power, the creatures of corporations, and the bondmen of monopolies. It seems to us all the bolder because it is false and untrue. If the Republicans should desist from reading the *Chronicle* and advertising in it, there would be no *Chronicle*. The *Chronicle* boldly defies a commercial community, and says it can live on quack medicine and cheap dry goods advertisements. Perhaps it can; but if so, it will be the first instance in journalism where prosperity followed the denunciation of and opposition to all that is good in society.

The New York *Nation* says: "One of the most marked and unmistakable signs of the revival of business is a strike on a great scale among the spinners at Fall River. A reduction of fifteen per cent. in their wages was submitted to in April, 1878, on the understanding that it would be restored with the return of better times. They have now decided, in view of the rising market, that the better times have come." It is apparent that the hard times are passing away from the East, trade is reviving, and there is every indication of a prosperous period. It was a long time before the tidal wave that came from the civil war reached our shore. When it came its force was nearly spent. We shall very speedily recover from our business depression. In one year from now our troubles will be over, and we shall set out on a new and more healthy and more encouraging career than ever before. It will be a blessing when we are done with politics. We look forward with pleasure to the time when our community shall get over this political fever and get back to honest toil. This too frequently recurring political fever is injurious and hurtful. It interferes with all legitimate industries.

Our Board of Supervisors will fail to comprehend the temper of the people if they do not recognize an earnest determination to reduce taxes. The expenses of our municipal government may be reduced \$2,000,000 annually without serious embarrassment to the administration. The school, street, public building, police, gas, and salary figures may all be halved and no injustice done. Real estate values have declined, and rents been reduced. Our municipal expenses must come down, and he is either a dishonest or incompetent official who does not do all he can to contribute to retrenchment and economy in our municipal administration.

The Workingmen's party still adheres to its organization with great tenacity, and is steadily perfecting its organization throughout the State. It has more assured strength today than the Honorable Bilks can ever have.

ABSENTEEISM IN AMERICA.

The condition of the Irish people has, from time to time during the past thirty years, excited the commiseration of the more humane classes in our own country. Much of their poverty has been ascribed to the fact that they were compelled to toil from daylight till dark to increase the rent rolls of wealthy land owners residing in England or on the continent of Europe. Certain it is that their condition has been materially retrograding, and that crime has increased in like ratio with beggary and destitution.

If a man in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or even San Francisco, were told that a similar state of affairs existed to-day in free America, even though on a smaller scale, he would open his eyes in astonishment. But such is the actual fact, and matters will grow worse before they are ameliorated.

Sail out of the Golden Gate of San Francisco, steer in a northwesterly direction till you make the frowning promontory called Cape Flattery, the outguard of the Straits of Fuca. Sail up those straits, with their grandly picturesque shores, for sixty miles, and, on the right, a low, sandy point juts out into the whirling tide. On your left is the beautiful San Juan Island, with the Vancouver shore in the dim background. Turn to your left, and enter Admiralty Inlet. Here you behold the unrivaled harbor of the world, Puget Sound—sometimes called the "Mediterranean of the Pacific." There is about as much sense in that appellation as there would be in calling Niagara the Velino of America—just about. The vast harbor, of which Port Townsend is the toll gate, far surpasses the stormy Mediterranean, whose shores are strewn with the wrecks of centuries. The treacherous bays of Genoa, Spezia, and Naples, are but vast cemeteries of the toilers of the waves. Puget Sound, on the other hand, has no treacherous gales to swamp the fisher's frail argosy, nor reefs, nor quicksands. There are three parallel passages—the one from Bellingham Bay, through the Swinomish Pass, to Olympia, 128 miles; the main sound, from Port Townsend to Olympia, 108 miles; and Hood's Canal—the quaintest of all Pacific scenery on its banks—extending from near Port Gamble to a point near Arcata, 87 miles. In either of these two latter might float all the fleets now in Pacific waters with ease. The Bellingham Bay route is more shallow and less adapted to the requirements of commerce. The vast hills which tower above this unparalleled yachting course are clad with timber such as no other country ever saw. The clipper ship *Wildwood*, built at Port Madison in 1871, was the thing that opened John Bull's optics when she arrived at Liverpool, and let him see what he lost when he signed the treaty which ceded to America the territory inclosing that vast inland sea. Her hull was planked with planks from 202 to 212 feet in length, without a butt or joint in her hull. No other fair land of earth could produce such timber.

Nor is that all. Beginning at a point fourteen miles back of Elliott Bay, where stands the town of Seattle, lies the largest bed of lignite, or semi-bituminous coal, on the Pacific coast. It can be mined so cheaply as to render cordwood, at \$2.25 per cord, expensive by comparison. This black bonanza can be traced distinctly for a distance of twenty-eight miles in a southeasterly course, and, though the veins narrow as you move away from Seattle, the quality of the coal increases in value. And here are fisheries of salmon, herring, and halibut, in great profusion. The salmon of Puget Sound is inferior to his brother of the Columbia River, but the halibut of Puget Sound is the finest in the world. Add to these an abundance of shell-fish, and the bill is filled. The soil is rich, though cut up into small parcels; y^e: for potatoes, oats, and apples, it can not be surpassed. All the esculents thrive, but wheat-growing is comparatively a failure. Beef and mutton, too, are brought across the Cascade Range from the white-sage plains of Yakima. You say this country must be rich, for it possesses all the natural elements of wealth. That is very true as a simple assertion. There are facts, however, to militate against it.

More than a quarter of a century ago a company was incorporated in a small lumbering port on the coast of Maine to carry on similar operations on the Pacific coast. Two resident partners in San Francisco had about two-fifths of the stock, the majority being owned in Maine. This was called the Puget Mill Company, and its headquarters were at Teekalet Bay, now called Port Gamble. In the past eighteen years this great corporation has been shrewdly and cautiously managed. The building of Harry Meiggs' railroads in South America caused five or six vessels of the largest size to be constantly loading at their mills for years, for the ports of Chile and Peru. The reciprocity treaty with the Hawaiian Government gave them a chance to sell their lumber for sugar, and make a profit on each. Everything was fish that came to their net. In the midst of all this they took the bonanza fever when the tide was at the flood—no pun intended, my lords of the Nevada Bank. Fortunes already amassed were doubled by successive dividends. The crash came, but they had unloaded, and stood from under the toppling ruin that pauperized Van Ness Avenue. By dint of corrupting a political parson, they succeeded in getting a vast tract of timber land at one-tenth of its actual value; and thus an educational institute, more liberally endowed by the Government than any in America, was pilfered of its just inheritance. In fine, nothing escaped their shrewdness or their rapacity. They seemed to turn to shining gold everything that came beneath their touch. In 1869 died one Lawrence Grennan, at Vallejo. He was a man of remarkable energy, an Irishman by birth. Coming to Puget Sound at an early day, he cut spars and piles, which he shipped to Toulon, in France, for the navy yards of that Empire. With the profit of these ventures he built a mill. When he died his estate could easily have been wound up in a year. It was kept dragging through the courts for nine years, to cripple his heirs, and prevent them from resuming that important business he once had enjoyed; and then when a hungry gang of lawyers had absorbed (nothing is stolen in these days) the lion's share, this corporation was allowed to purchase his property, known as Utsalady.

The purchase of that property gave this mammoth concern the control of the vast grain trade of the Swinomish flats, lying between Bellingham Bay and Puget Sound proper; nearly equal in area to the whole kingdom of Holland, and not a whit behind it in fertility. Ninety bushels of wheat per acre is by no means a miracle in that section.

The cost of reclaiming the land, however, from the encroachment of the tide is somewhat expensive. Scarcely had they acquired this important strategic point of commerce when another incident occurred, which they were not long in turning to account. The owner of the Port Ludlow Mills, Arthur Phinney, a man whose courage was equaled only by his lofty sense of honor and sympathy for all who suffered, was taken sick and died before it was scarcely known that he was ill. There are those readers of the ARGONAUT who can remember him as I remember him twenty-five years ago, when he drove a water-cart, which he used to fill at the Clay spring on Pine Street, just opposite the present abode of the board of brokers. Eleven steamers followed his bark to sea, a procession never seen before on the coast, and all that was earthly of this great hearted and good man was borne from the scenes of his stubborn struggles and dearly earned triumphs. In less than a year the little port which owed its name and fame to his industry fell likewise into the hands of the Puget Mill Company.

Since that time two other milling corporations have tottered into bankruptcy, and will be swallowed up by the Puget Mill Company whenever that corporation deems their property worth possessing, or the antagonism of their successors worth overcoming. We also hear that another large concern, hitherto one of their most successful rivals, is nodding on the brink of the abyss, and liable at any time to fall into their clutches.

All the other milling companies on Puget Sound have built fleets of fine vessels—floating trophies of our progress as a people. This rich and grasping company have built nothing but a small stern-wheel steamboat in all their twenty-five years of unbroken prosperity. They buy old and worn-out ships, condemned for every other purpose, and keep them afloat by the rafts of lumber within their holds. How soon will they own it all?

The remaining companies engaged in milling lumber for export are those at Seattle, Seabeck, Tacoma, Port Blakely, and Port Madison, the first of which is the only one carried on by home capital. It is loaded down with debt, however, and liable to be closed out at any time. The one at Port Blakely is partly owned by a good old man who resides there, and looks after the business as well as one so afflicted can do. He is blind. All the others are owned by men living in San Francisco, who do not see their mills on an average of once a year. The business is entrusted to some clerk, the hands are paid in drafts on San Francisco, which they are compelled to sell at a vexatious discount, and the profits of all these industries are spent in the California metropolis. The great coal mines back of Seattle are in the same condition. The original holders of stock in them, residing in Washington Territory, were "frozen out" by the assessment dodge, and by directors voting themselves fat transportation contracts. The hands were paid off in silver at par, silver which these absentee lords had purchased in San Francisco at ninety cents on the dollar, when selling their coal for gold.

The picture is not a pleasing one, but now the curtain is up and we may as well show the whole of it. A sort of Chinese wall exists in all the Puget Sound towns, save Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Steilacoom, and Port Townsend. At Utsalady, Ports Madison, Blakely, Ludlow, Gamble, Discovery, and Seabeck, the mill company exercises the exclusive privileges of trade; and whoever trades with them has to do so at their price. Let a man employed at one of these mills come home with a suit of clothes purchased at Seattle or Townsend, and his place is filled by some one else within a week. To give you an idea of the heavy oppression practiced there I will instance a Seattle house which sells no cheaper than any other, and does not cutting under to please anybody. The freight on merchandise to that place from San Francisco is four dollars per ton. This same house has a branch in Walla-Walla, where freight is twenty-five dollars from Portland, and five more from San Francisco, yet goods can be purchased cheaper at their store in Walla-Walla than Seattle, notwithstanding a difference of twenty-five dollars per ton freight paid to the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. This combination enables the mill companies to charge what they like, by combining with two or three of these large firms.

I read somewhere, a few days since, the causes leading to the negro exodus from the cotton States, as set forth in an elaborate and well written article. One chief cause was that the negro never received anything but a bare living in return for his labor. He was obliged to buy at a plantation store at such prices as they saw fit to sell their goods, and then the interest on what went into his stomach ate off his head, figuratively speaking. This has awakened the sympathy of northern humanitarians more than any other thing in the category.

Is this what excites the sympathy of Cooper Institute and Faneuil Hall? Scented darlings of the fragrant metropolis, why don't you seek for something new? This system of affairs, as practiced upon your own color and kindred—Yankees from Maine and "blue-noses" from New Brunswick—has been going on for twenty-five years on the Pacific coast. The men who practice these same impositions, as, when practiced upon negroes, are telegraphed to the daily press with sensational headlines, reside on Rincon Hill, Van Ness Avenue, or at the Palace Hotel. The five per cent. discount on mill drafts is probably divided by them with the local banker on the Sound, and thus the system of plunder is perpetuated. Do you realize what the Puget Sound logger is? He has all the courage and generosity of the early California miner, and suffers twice his exposure. Half the time he works in the water up to his waist, getting his "boom" of logs in readiness for the mill; the other half he is in the trackless forest, risking his life amid the falling timber. At night the cougar snarls about his cabin, and his "roasting ears" are carried off by the brown bear from his corn-patch. The life of a coal miner is even more dangerous than that of the logger. He has the prematurely exploded blast to dread; the caving wall-rock; the suffocating fire-damp, and the hidden reservoir of water ahead of him. Should these men be always compelled to toil in danger and peril that some one else may live in affluence a thousand miles away? Are the diamonds, that blaze in the *loges* of the opera house, and the carriages rolling in stately elegance along the Cliff House road, always to be as now, purchased by the semi-starvation, the super-peonism of the dwellers by the great Northern Inland Sea?

The man who tills God's broad acres is the world's prima-

ry producer. "Any country must in time grow rich that produces abundance of breadstuffs," remarked the senior ARGONAUT to me, one week ago this evening, at my home beside the vast, foaming river which bears the snows of Manitoba to the sunset ocean. If, then, the tiller of the soil is the world's primary benefactor, what must be the man who hews the silent forest that the trenchant plow may follow in his trail. It is not the writer's boast that he has painted a flowery picture; but those who have lived in the western portion of Washington Territory will not deny that he has drawn one faithful enough to have come from the photographic lens of Daguerre himself. Feeling that he had no hand in begetting the abuses alluded to, he does not even venture to suggest a remedy.

The senior ARGONAUT made a hurried visit to Oregon last week, and saw enough to attract his admiration; but that he saw, or that any man can see, enough to engender correct criticism of the situation in the brief space allotted to him I emphatically deny. Let him come up again next year and I will show him the "Ireland of America" fast sinking into atrophy by the evils of absenteeism, and then he can see for himself the reasons why Oregon has advanced, while Washington Territory, with vastly superior commercial advantages, has retrograded in every particular.

In this fair land of picturesque scenery I would fain see all sections prosperous, and none reaping the benefit of another's misfortune. I would see the profits of the carrying trade (as is the case in Portland), or the lumbering or coal mining, expended on the ground where they are earned. I would see the farmer live on his farm or stock-ranch instead of at a city hotel, while his employes wallow about in dirt and cockroaches. I would see the coal-miner's earnings go for something besides bread, beef, and beer; and I would see the men who live neighbors to the logger reap some little advantage of traffic in his earnings.

The writer has lived among these men of soft hearts, rough hands, sharp axes, and sound timber. He has never seen them turn a deaf ear to the prayer of the hard-faring poor. What little they had to give they gave "for sweet charity's sake," and in that blessed secrecy with which the right hand conceals its doings from the left. And for the day when that class can be socially advanced, as is deserved richly by their pluck and their patience, your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

M.

A Mere Fable.

[With no Reference to Anything in Particular.]

A village dame possessed a little son,
And he was spoiled, because the only one.
He lied, he stole, he threw away his book,
And what he could not fairly get, he took.
When'er she sent the urchin forth to school,
With thumb at nose he scorned her as a fool.
And though she laid him oft across her knees,
Her gentle spanks did not affect his ease.

At last the kindly dame asserts her rule,
And tells the youngster he must go to school.
"Unless you promise me this thing to do,"
She said, "no breakfast in this house for you."
Quoth he: "I don't feel hungry, anyhow,
And to the river I shall go right now;
There will I fish and swim, the time to pass,
And you and school alike may go to grass."

He fished and swam till noon, then homeward came,
To meet the growing anger of the dame.
Said she: "You disobeyed me without fear,
And you shall have no bit of dinner here."
Quoth he: "Twill surely drive the neighbors wild,
If you attempt to starve your only child;
For your commands I don't pretend to care,
And now deny me dinner if you dare."
The dame in sorrow wipes her tearful eyes,
Gets out the meal, and mournfully replies:
"I grieve to see you growing up a dunce,
But you shall have your dinner, for this once;
Yet, if this afternoon to school you go not,
You shall not have for supper e'en a doughnut."

Again the boy, well pleased to disobey,
Goes forth to spend the afternoon in play.
He steals her cord, and robs her of her pins,
Wherewith to tickle fishes' gills and fins;
But comes up smiling, with a joyful yell,
Attracted homeward by the supper bell.
On him the dame then bends her eyes severe,
Though in the left one glistens still a tear,
And says: "My son, so badly you behave,
That you will bring your mother to the grave;
And, should I do as righteous parents do,
No bite of supper would there be for you;
But that my temper you may justly dread,
When coils of fire I heap upon your head,
I now decide, though you are much to blame,
That you shall have your supper all the same."—N. Y. S.

"Now, John," said a father to his gawky son, "it's about time you got married and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that is the way I did when I was young. How do you suppose I ever got married?" inquired the old gentleman. "Well," said John, pitifully, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a strange girl."

"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to a pastor of a colored flock which he was about to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply, "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you I'd tech wery light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notice dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin' effect on de congregation."

A party met at a public table, and the conversation turned on the subject of transmigration. Mr. K. was a firm believer in the doctrine, and was expatiating largely upon its points. He was interrupted by a gentleman with: "K., what do you suppose yourself to have been before you were K.?" "I do not know," replied K.; "I might have been a pig for aught I know." "Well," rejoined his friend, "you have not altered much—only got upon your hind legs."

Sin always begins with pleasure and ends with bitterness. It is like a colt, which the little boy said was very tame in front, and very wild behind.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Marrying in haste is equivalent to marrying in Chicago.

Girls who want to economize on shoes must wear "lasting" gaiters.

The London beauty is a Circassian lady who belongs to the Russian Embassy.

A Long Island wife is suing her husband for a divorce because he goes to sleep before she does.

It was of a dear girl who doted on onion salad that it was written, "She carried her ruling passion strong in breath."

New York society belles have exact portraits of their favorite dogs sketched and painted on their fans. A sign of softening of the brain.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I grant you that, but then it never made half as much impression on me as the old man's."

A man who loved at first sight, married, and was divorced within a year, calls his divorced wife "Money," because "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Trying at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies, who are walking in opposite directions, has made many females cross-eyed for life.

"Detroit ladies practice archery for the purpose of scaring away tramps." This is news from a salad source. Archery is practiced to transfix beaux, some of whom are scamps.

A lady recently appeared at a fancy-dress ball at Richmond as a mushroom, and as ornaments over her cream-colored dress, and fan, and gloves she had little mushrooms.

A Cleveland lady who has lately passed a few weeks in Paris always refers to her kitchen girl as her *fille de cuisine*. Her son will insist on referring to the worthy domestic as "our pot rassler."

"Nature may color a maiden's cheek," observes the New York *Express*. But it seems that the most of our ladies are a little impatient with Nature, and take the responsibility upon themselves.

"Tell me," exclaims Doctor Mary Walker, "how would Venus have looked if she had worn corsets?" Dear Mary, if she hadn't worn anything else she would have looked ridiculous—especially at an evening party.

You never can calculate on women. A Berlin *prima donna* refused to sing recently because there was too much dust in the house; and a Californian *prima donna* declined to sing because there was not enough "dust" in the house.

A pretty little maiden had a pretty little fan;
She engaged in a flirtation with an ugly little man;
He won her young affections, which she gave to him for life;
But the honeymoon was busted by the feller's other wife.

A Washington correspondent who knows not fear says that the ladies belonging to the riding clubs of the Capital know how to dress better than how to ride, and that the general effect which they give when in the saddle is that of intense holding on.

Three girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers; but the first one had not got very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated.

A town in western New York has a woman undertaker. She complains bitterly of the fickleness of the opposite sex. She says she used to be quite a belle, and had scores of admirers who declared they were willing "to die for her," but since she commenced business not one has been as good as his word.

Mrs. A.—Somebody's in the next room. I wonder what they're doing? [Looking wistfully at the keyhole.] I've a good mind to peek. Mrs. B.—Oh, I wouldn't; 'tisn't right. Mrs. A.—I don't care; I'm just dying to know. [Puts eye to keyhole, but immediately takes it away, disconcerted.] Hm! the key is in it. Mrs. B.—Yes, so I found before you came in.

Soon the love-lorn maiden will hie to the meadows, and pluck the dandelion that has run to fluff, and, as she blows the "feathers" off, will murmur alternately, "He loves me," and "He loves me not." And the chances are one in two that the oracle will decide as pleaseth her best. But, if it prove obstinate, then she will say, "Surely, I counted not correctly," and will give herself another show.

Shyly he bent o'er the dainty head,
And, "Won't you; won't you?" he softly said.
Begging from the saucy miss
Just the loan of one sweet kiss.
The maiden tossed her pretty head,
And, "No, I won't you," she saucily said.
"How foolish he is," thought the little miss,
"He should not ask for, but steal, the kiss."

A woman in a Kansas Pacific Railroad car sat facing a man who, with one eye at least, seemed to be staring fixedly at her. She became indignant and said, "Why do you look at me so, sir?" He said that he was not aware of having done so, but she insisted. "I beg your pardon, madame, but it's this eye, is it not?" lifting his finger to his left optic. "Yes, sir, it's that eye." "Well, madame, that eye won't do you any harm. It's a glass eye, madame—only a glass eye. I hope you'll excuse it. But, upon my soul, I'm not surprised that even a glass eye should feel interested in so pretty a woman." The explanation and the compliment combined put the woman in a good humor.

No actress is better advertised than Mile. Sarah Bernhardt. She has just enrolled half a dozen secretaries, to whom she dictates simultaneously the various articles she sends to the different newspapers of Paris, the departments, and abroad. In order the better to complete her resemblance to Napoleon, she wears a hat of the same shape as that worn by the first Emperor, and she holds her hand behind her back. It is in this attitude that she will be represented in her one hundred and twelfth full-length portrait, which will figure at the Salon next year. This indefatigable lady is going to write her impressions of England for more than one newspaper in Paris.

OUR LIBRARY OF OLD FAVORITES.

When the Cows Come Home.

When klinge, klange, klinge,
Far down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-ling, kolineglele,
Far down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-ling golineglele,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.
And mother-songs of life-long years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, range, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ling, to-rang, toringlelele,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phoebe Phillis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelele,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.

And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the Silver Queen,
When the cows come home.

With klinge, klange, klinge,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there, on Merlin hill,
Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill.
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolineglele,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.—*Christian Weekly*.

Memories of the Old Kitchen.

Far back in my musings, my thoughts have been cast
To the cot where the hours of my childhood were passed;
I loved all its rooms to the pantry and hall,
But that blessed old kitchen was dearer than all.
Its chairs and its tables, none brighter could be,
For all its surroundings were sacred to me—
To the nail in the ceiling, and the latch on the door,
And I love every crack on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the fire-place, with mouth high and wide,
The old-fashioned oven that stood by its side,
Out of which, each Thanksgiving, came puddings and pies,
That fairly bewildered and dazzled my eyes.
And then, too, Saint Nicholas, silent and still,
Came down every Christmas, our stockings to fill;
But the dearest of memories I've laid up in store,
Is the mother that trod on that old kitchen floor.

Day in and day out, from morning till night,
Her footsteps were busy, her heart always light;
For it seemed to me, then, that she knew not a care,
The smile was so gentle her face used to wear;
I remember with pleasure what joy filled our eyes,
When she told us the stories that children so prize;
They were new every night, though we'd heard them before
From her lips, at the wheel, on the old kitchen floor.

I remember the windows, where mornings I'd run
As soon as the daybreak to watch for the sun;
And I thought, when my head scarcely reached to the sill,
That it slept through the night in the trees on the hill,
And the small tract of ground that my eyes there could view
Was all of the world that my infancy knew;
Indeed, I cared not to know of it more,
For a world of itself was that old kitchen floor.

To-night those old visions come back at their will,
But the wheel and its music forever are still;
The band is moth-eaten, the wheel laid away,
And the fingers that turned it lie mould'ring in clay;
The hearthstone, so sacred, is just as 'twas then,
And the voices of children ring out there again;
The sun through the window looks in as of yore,
But it sees stranger feet on the old kitchen floor.

I ask not for honor, but this I would crave,
That when the lips speaking are closed in the grave,
My children would gather their round by their side,
And tell of the mother who long ago died;
'Twould be more enduring, far dearer to me,
Than inscription on marble or granite could be,
To have them tell often, as I did of yore,
Of the mother who trod on the old kitchen floor.

—Anonymous.

Instead of calling your silver-haired friend an old dog,
why not hail him as a gray-hound?

THE LATEST PARISIAN BONBONS.

The following is fresh from the lips of one of the most attractive of the Paris actresses:

"What!" said a young dandy to her the other day, "you turn me adrift—I, who have always been so kind, so attentive?" "Oh, I admit that, my dear fellow; but then I never promised to be eternally false to you."

M. Durand, on his return from the Observatory, where he went to consult an illustrious savant on the kind of weather that might be expected during the coming summer, is met by his family, who anxiously inquire what answer he brings back. "Tranquillisez vous, mes enfants," he replies; "I have been told that by the end of July we might, perhaps, have four or five hot days."

A remark overheard in the Champs Elysées during the late rainy weather:

"Do look at the trees. What a pitiful sight!"
"Well, instead of being in bloom, they are in gloom; that's all."

A new servant is being engaged, and his master points to the livery worn by his predecessor, saying:

"You are just about the same size, and the suit will fit you nicely. Try to be as careful of it as he was. Look at those trousers—he wore them ten years."

A beggar with a taste for dainties has gathered thirty-two tickets for soup, which he takes to the sister of charity who superintends the kitchen, saying:

"Is there no possibility of exchanging these thirty-two soup tickets for one ticket of truffles?"

Count Escarbonnier has but lately received his titles of nobility, and he is bringing up his five-year-old heir in the worship of the title deeds. But the little sinner was caught the other day by his governess in the act of sticking pins in his father's chair, for which she soundly rated him, telling him he should show greater respect for his parent, the Count.

The child, who had not forgotten the paternal lessons, at once replied:

"I owe no respect to my father. It is he, on the contrary, who should show respect to me."

"What do you mean?" asks the governess, astounded.

"I mean that I, at least, am the son of a nobleman."

A Paris bourgeois inquires of a friend, who is recommending a suitor for his daughter, as to the respectability of the person proposed.

"Tell me, has he a good income? Is his position secure?"

"Humph! Well, I believe so."

"You do? Would you be astonished to hear to-morrow morning that he is completely ruined?"

"To-morrow morning I certainly should. I don't say in the afternoon—"

When Arsène Houssaye directed the Comédie-Française, a dramatic author submitted to the company a new play, which, he was convinced, would, etc.

Before beginning to read it to the assembled *sociétaires* the author made a brief explanatory speech, as follows:

"The better to comprehend and enter into the spirit of my play, it will be necessary for you to transport yourselves to England."

"S that so?" cried Houssaye briskly; "then we must take time to pack up if we have such a journey before us, and in the meantime we will hear read some other plays which do not demand such extensive journeying. *Le prochain!* (Next!)"

Jean Baptiste announces to his mistress that he is about to leave her service.

"Well, if you had any intention of leaving your place you might at least have given me warning," says the lady.

"How could I?" says the servant, in an injured tone. "I couldn't throw out the dirty water till I had the clean, and I only got the new place this morning."

"Ah," says one gentleman to another at the club, "so you've had the misfortune to lose your poor nephew?"

"Yes, poor fellow. He would gamble in spite of all the doctors told him about avoiding excitement when he was subject to heart disease; and the other night while he was playing *un petit jeu de tire* (a little game of draw), and there was about 90,000 francs on the table, he suddenly dropped his cards and fell over on the table, dead."

"Poor fellow! How sad!"

"Aye, you may well say 'how sad!' He had four kings and an ace in his hand."

From *Le Solcil's* obituary of General Dix: "His dispatch is famous—'Si quelqu'un ose toucher au drapeau national, fusillez-le sur-le-champ—shot him in the spot!'" Which translation is outdone by the print merchant of the Rue Châteaudun, who inscribes beneath an old English engraving this line from the divine Williams:

"Like a worm It bud feedinher Damask scheeck."

At a watering-place ball:

Stranger to lady—Madame, will you dance the cotillion with me?

Lady to stranger—I am sorry, sir, but I'm engaged.

Stranger (in disgust)—Confound it, it's as bad here as in good society.

Lady—How do you know?

The height of abstemiousness:

A cannibal who would dine on Sarah Bernhardt and leave some for the next day.

Examining a candidate for the gendarmerie:

"Suppose you were going along the road with two prisoners and one of them ran away, what would you do?"

"What would I do? Why I'd shoot the other one and pursue the fugitive."

He was at once admitted to the force and to the Twenty-ninth Arrondissement.



M. Sardou may be credited with a more profound knowledge of the effects of the infraction of the seventh commandment than any man living. Perhaps I may accept Henry Ward Beecher. They are both among the "Immortals;" but their immortality is different, though the pecuniary result of their experience has been the same. Both have made money out of the broken decalogue. Sardou has prospered by drawing pictures of the sufferings of others. Beecher has suffered, and he has found the investment remunerative. These observations are made in connection with the play of *Seraphine*, produced at Baldwin's during the last week. It is another of those intense pictures, to which French authors have accustomed us, of weak female nature, posturing in agony on the ragged edge. It looks as if Sardou's brain were a kaleidoscope, into which he had thrown the prismatic fragments of the seventh commandment; and when the public have gotten tired of one view, a fresh turn of the instrument immediately presents them with another. It is still the same familiar sin, though occasionally one sees the flash of a different color. In *The Mother's Secret*, or *Seraphine*, the turn which he has given to the kaleidoscope has obscured everything but the unfortunate commandment. Nothing but its lurid fragments flame in the picture. It is there in all stages of fracture. The mother has committed the sin herself, though how or when is not openly explained. The saintly parson says, "Oh, those men! Give me the women!" The pious boy, who acts as spy for the Marchioness, borrows the money raised for the Patagonians to pay the "infernal washerwoman" of the opera-dancer. The son-in-law has absolutely to insinuate that he is indulging in illicit relations with a similar style of female to induce his wife to leave her mother's house and live with him. The nephew is a libertine who enters the daughter's room apparently to outrage her, and, disappointed in finding her pure and virtuous, falls madly into honest love and devotion. The Marquis has evidently been a "hard case" before he was afflicted with gout and religion, and fell madly under the unnatural and ridiculous whims of his austere wife. What he would do if it were not for those afflictions he only hints. The air is full of adultery, and save the young girl, who is only suspected by the libertine of being as bad as the rest, there is not an wholesome character in the play. There is much to admire in French art, and nobody has contributed more to it than M. Sardou. But one can only fancy he wrote *The Mother's Secret* after an overdose of absinthe. It is redolent of poisonous, unhealthy fumes. It is his very worst work, in every way, dramatically, artistically, and morally. One is almost sorry he has seen it, it points to such an utter recklessness as to moral effect. Of course, it must be remembered that in France it would only be witnessed by grown-up people. But even grown-up people are susceptible of evil influences, and undoubtedly such a play as this is an evil influence. It scoffs at principle in almost every form, and even the parson himself is made out to be a vile hypocrite in a forced and unnecessary way, which leaves one to believe that Sardou is an utter sceptic in the matter of morality. Laying aside the motive of the leading character in the play, which is admissible at the least, the construction is devoid of Sardou's art, the characters are badly drawn, the surroundings not always quite appropriate, and very often far-fetched. The artistic welding of all interests in the story which made *Diplomacy* such a brilliant work is wanting in *Seraphine*; and practically the story could be effectively told in two acts and with four characters. The others are mere excrescences, and as arranged in this version embarrass instead of relieving. The plot hinges on the indiscretion of the "Marchioness" with "Admiral Le Port," by which she becomes the mother of a child, who, so far as we learn by the play, passes as the daughter of the Marquis. One would say that there is no trouble about the matter; but the "Marchioness," who has "got" religion in some extraordinary way, apparently by purchase, tries to force the child into a convent, so as to expiate her sin. This is opposed by the real father—that is, he says he is the real father—and the lady agrees with him, so we must believe them. The denouement is that the daughter marries a young libertine, nephew to the Admiral, and so the curtains fall on happiness. In fact, it seems to an audience that things are in a much better position when the play begins than when it ends. The other characters are brought in to fill up, and they do it very badly. There is one strong situation in it; that in which the daughter, after being found in the Admiral's (her own father's) room, saves an exposure of the real state of the case to the Marquis by admitting that she had been taken away by the young libertine

out of pure love, when her real father had stolen her in order to save her from the convent. That is all. Miss Rose Coghlan shows herself capable of great things in her impersonation of the extraordinary heroine—a part full of unnatural and spasmodic bursts of alternating despair, anger, and weakness, in forced situations and unintelligible surroundings; it tries the best actress, and I doubt if it could find a much better exponent. It requires a good actress to carry out in English a Frenchman's conception of an emotional lunatic. I do not think there is anything else in the piece demanding special mention, if I except the unusually satisfactory debut of Miss Blanche Thorne, who appeared as "Diane," a pretty, petite figure, a pleasant face, a clear and sympathetic voice, a modest ease and grace upon the stage, and evident intelligence, are qualifications for a successful actress. And the lady is young enough to learn the art of acting. I observe that *A Marriage by Moonlight* is announced to follow. It is, I understand, about as much the production of Herne & Belasco, whose names appear as authors, as *A Millionaire's Daughter* (M.S. by Bronson Howard) was. I wonder if Mr. Maguire has no respect for the reputation of his pretty little theatre? What is the use of depriving Baldwin's of the chances of procuring good plays, which are essential to the proper display of the strongest stock company out of New York?

Mr. Lester Wallack's experience at the California has been one which must have mortified both actor and management. Perhaps Mr. Hill took all too sanguine a view of the opinion held of his star in this city; but he was justified at least in supposing that a gentleman, whose family name has stood at the head of the theatrical profession since it was a profession in America, and whose personal connection with it has been the link, in a great measure, that has joined it to the social circle, would at least have been welcomed with some show of interest. Apart from any consideration of a social nature, Lester Wallack is an artist in his special line. He is one of the few who maintain the standard of being a gentleman in every phase of his career, and to see him is almost a liberal education in high comedy. But here he has found himself quite unappreciated. His "Adonis Evergreen" is one of the best pieces of acting possible, in a very funny play. Yet the houses have been so small that one almost feels as if there were some special reason for it. The California management made a little too much, possibly, of the expense, and too little of the merits of the engagement, as an advertisement; and certainly they made a great mistake in playing him first in *Ours*. If the public are told that a man is being paid \$500 a night, and find out that in a piece they know he makes no bit, they are slow to take him in a new play. Mr. Wallack would have pleased and delighted everybody in *My Awful Dad*, and *Ours* could have followed successfully. The milk is spilled, however, and there is little use crying over it. The engagement which was looked forward to confidently as being sure of success has proved a disastrous failure, and Mr. Wallack has done what few stars, on a certainty of \$500 a night, would do, he has canceled his engagement himself, and saved the theatre a heavier loss. To-night he plays for the last time, and Monday shakes the dust of San Francisco from off his fast-flying feet—not to keep pressing business engagements East, as the dailies so considerably have it, but the quicker to get far and away from the scene of a terrible crusher to his pride. And while admitting that Mr. Wallack's reception and engagement has not been what he had a right to anticipate, there are reasons why it never would or could have been anything like a success. Mr. Wallack, in his own theatre, with his own superb company working up to him as the central figure of a fashionable comedy, is a satisfaction; Mr. Wallack abroad is, and always has been—with the one exception of Chicago perhaps—a failure. He depends on his ensemble. He is not a star in the faintest sense, and has no personal magnetism nor force of genius to make him stand out prominently from such a menagerie as wrestle with the text and allege to be the support at the California Theatre. This fact Mr. Wallack has demonstrated in more large cities than San Francisco. As for his failure here, we do not think that he has drawn more than two or three houses that paid the expenses of support, and not one that would bring him in his magnificent salary of \$500 per night. And now Joe Murphy, with his dudden in his mouth and his potheen in his coat-tail pocket, takes the place of the Major with his cigars and his champagne. The coming week will doubtless be a lucky one for Murphy. And after him Aimée appears, to draw the baldheads—aye, even from the springs.

The *Pinafore* fever, though it can scarcely be said to be violent, has kept the Standard full every night. The company have grown quite at home on the stage and with the music, and there is almost too much clockwork in the performance now. The latest feature is the *Children's Pinafore*, which has so far been left, as children's pinafores ought to be, to the ladies who patronize matinees. The Standard juveniles gave one of the prettiest and cleverest performances it is possible to conceive. It is worth a good deal to see the little tot who plays "Josephine" come out and sing her sentiments perfectly correct, and with as much intelligence as one can desire even in an adult, yet without the faintest show of that pre-

cocity which pains the spectator in the general juvenile performer. She puts her little hand over her little heart, casts down her eyes, and simulates the mixed emotions of the Captain's daughter quite delightfully. I really think that the small "Admiral" is as amusing as Mr. Unger or any of the older people who have appeared in the anomalous uniform. The "Hebe" is equally good, and leads the chorus of cousins and sisters and aunts with a spirit wanting in most of the representations we have had of the character. The "Ralph Rackstraw," "Buttercup," and "Captain" are excellent, and the chorus is admirably trained and very effective. It is a delightful and enjoyable performance throughout, and the music is rendered so well that I can not sufficiently praise Miss Lottie Chissold, who has drilled the little tars. Another *Children's Pinafore* at the Metropolitan Temple is attracting good houses and is worth seeing. The Standard adults are talking of continuing the career of success which *Pinafore* has accidentally thrown them into, and propose to follow with comic opera of greater pretensions. It is possible that *Les Cloches de Corneville* will be produced.

At Bush Street there seems but little falling off in Denman Thompson's houses. Mr. Locke has returned and seems full of confidence as to the coming season. He has engaged Tony Pastor's troupe, to follow *Joshua Whitcomb*, and says he has no end of attractions. About August the theatre will be closed for two weeks to admit of the postponed alterations. Entirely remodeled and fitted up, it will be one of the prettiest little theatres on the continent. Mr. Locke's head is very level on theatrical matters, and his long Eastern trip has enabled him to make arrangements for the future that will demonstrate his shrewdness as a manager.

Master Richard Levy, who essayed "Hamlet" at Baldwin's Theatre on last Sunday evening, proved himself a youth of uncommon talent, with faults that will undoubtedly give way before judicious training, but enough of the quality of true genius to make it reasonably certain that he will not only overcome those faults, but even some day become a great actor. He needs, first of all, to be taught a proper pronunciation of English; this once accomplished the rest will be easy for him.

Musical matters are at a stand-still, and likely to remain so for the summer. Wilhelmj is not coming; Remenyi is going, or gone, to where he—or his managers—hope they may find better houses and more money; and for the present there is nothing but *Pinafore*.

It is barely possible that *l'Assembleur* will be given at Baldwin's. The French dramatization has been an immense success, and the London adaptation by Charles Reade promises to be. The Daly dramatization was a failure in New York, and its fate here is altogether dependent on the degree of realism attempted. The famous wash-house scene, if properly interpreted, would be apt to crowd the house with an appreciative audience.

For the Fourth of July, at the California, we are to have Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, in their favorite, *Struck Oil*. Their luck is wonderful, and it is certain that the few nights' engagement will be a success.

It is reported that Lawrence Barrett has his eye on the management of the California Theatre.

The *Dramatic News* has been giving a few figures regarding the late season of Italian opera here. It affirms that Strakosch cleared about \$4,000, and further says: "Under his contract with Maguire it was a moral certainty that Maguire could not come out straight. An absurder contract never was signed by a manager. Strakosch had sixty per cent. for the furnishing of nine people. For the forty per cent. Maguire took he was to furnish all the chorus, ballet, and orchestra, the house, the advertising, and all local expenses. That is to say, Maguire was under a nightly expense of about \$1,200, while Max had to pay out about half that. So, while the artful Mr. Strakosch was making his \$4,000, the dejected Mr. Maguire was losing \$20,000 of Lucky Baldwin's money. If Mr. Strakosch could go on making contracts like that all the time, he would soon be past the necessity of taking any further part in operatic management. But, on the other hand, if Tom Maguire does not know more about the business than this, after being in it almost since the days of the Argonauts, then he deserves to get such lessons as this." The contract was an absurd one, and the opera something that reflected little credit on the taste of a people that allowed even \$4,000 to be made out of it.

It has been decided to create a Theatrical Order of Merit in France. The ribbon is to be red, but it is not yet settled as to whether it is to be of a darker or a lighter shade than that of the Order of the Legion of Honor. The new order will contain several classes, and the members of the Comédie Française are to receive the first decorations.

Dickie Lingard Dalziel is at his old roguery East. He has ruined three or four theatrical combinations lately. The latest dispatches report him as owing everybody money. He is now going up the St. Lawrence in a yacht, with five people in the troupe, making an occasional raid on shore.

THE OLD DROP CURTAIN.

Yes, I see the paint is cracked and peeling;
The canvas shows at the discolored border;
That dingy streak that spreads from stage to ceiling
Is a dismal evidence, a mute recorder
How the old drop is worn, has had its day—
You're right! 'tis time that it was put away.

We'll have a new one; some more modern topic;
We will not have another classic myth.
I wish my vision could be telescopic
To view our second drop's successes with.
I long to see its fresh, fair breadth unrolled,
But can it know such triumphs as the old?

You recollect that night—our first production
Of Hamlet? What a house to play to, Jack!
When the close plaudits gave us the instruction
So welcome, eh, to draw the curtain back.
Dear curtain! its Greek cars and Ilian towers
Were fairly pelted then with modern flowers.

That was a splendid season; heavy tragic
Could fill the building from pit to dome.
The raising of that curtain had a magic,
It seemed, to draw the populace from home.
Now, they want spectacle and panorama;
This curtain does not sort with modern drama.

Though it has served us even there; when, later,
The quaint old towers of the Ilian town
Have met the dear dimmed eyes of the spectator
"When Camille's dark scene rang the curtain down.
Why not? The moral of our "Led Astray"
Was known too well in Troy, the poets say.

Behind that canvas circled in their orbit
The brightest stars that graced our later day:
The tragic, comic, the intense, the morbid,
Who make the heart's anatomy a play.
But they have faded; with them fades their curtain—
Achilles' shield grows shadowy and uncertain.

Put it away, Jack; we will have a new one—
A *fete champetre*, or picnic on the Rhine.
The Rhine—that's good—you can throw in a ruin,
Fit emblem of this faded friend of mine.
And paint it brightly—some called this one old.
But will it see such triumphs as the old?

G. H. Jessor.

Preludes—In Divers Keys.

In pointing out—last week's issue—some of the more salient objections to a suggestion in the *Nation*, in which the revival of the now well nigh obsolete form of operatic *pot-pourri* was advocated as a desirable preparation for the study of the higher forms of chamber music, I referred to the works of certain composers among whose compositions would be found what I considered to be better material for that purpose than that suggested by the writer in the *Nation*. To enter more fully into the question was foreign to the purpose of my note; it would consume more space than I have at my command, besides taking me over a *terrain* that is supposed to be gone over by every well-informed and conscientious teacher. In reply, however, to a number of questions that have been addressed to me during the week let me say, briefly—that I do not know of a single well arranged or musically respectable operatic *pot-pourri* for string quartet, and but very few for the combination of piano forte with strings that can be recommended, or safely put into the hands of an earnest musical student as worthy of study in any light whatsoever, or as in any way likely to recompense him for the time and labor required to practice it into presentable shape. As I said last week, the better composers have totally ignored this form of arrangement; it is outside the barrier of musical respectability. The recommendation of fitting material for study is a different matter, and one which can not be disposed of in general terms or for the general reader. This is a matter that depends largely on the musical status of the student; on his previous training (technical and intellectual), as well as his opportunities for playing in concert with others, and must be left to the teacher. For the study of quartets, however, much excellent material will be found in Pleyel—easy, and consequently available for first studies—Kreutzer, Ries, Viotti, and Onslow. There are other composers of easy quartet music; their names escape me at this writing, but can be found in Hoffmeister's catalogue. Hauptmann, Dussek, Kuhlman, Kücken, Krebs, and many others, have written Sonatas for piano-forte and violin or flute, that can be recommended as sound, healthy music, of pure form, and oftentimes no small degree of beauty, while the list of easy piano-forte Trios is well nigh inexhaustible. I suppose every good teacher to be familiar with it, and to be capable of selecting for his pupils. The greater masters—Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and the moderns—had better be left until the way has been prepared for them by careful study and analysis of their construction of some of the lighter works. Haydn, however, has some easy Sonatas (with violin or flute) as well as Trios and Quartets that are not beyond the technique of many amateurs. The earlier Trios and Violin Sonatas of Beethoven are not difficult to play; those of Mozart are more so, and require not only considerable facility, but also a great degree of finish and refinement of style. One occasionally hears a movement of Beethoven very well played by an amateur; of Mozart, very rarely, and for the stringed instruments never. It is only in the master hand that he finds acceptable translation. O. W.

The refusal of the Parisian parricide, Laprade, to be guillotined recalls the man "guillotined by persuasion" of Chavette.

"But I say, you know," said the executioner, "everybody is waiting. The magistrates are there, the clergy are there, the people are there, the soldiers (who are to present arms to you just as if you were the President of the Republic) are there—everybody is there. All they are waiting for is you—o-only you."

"I don't know," replied the condemned man. "I am a new executioner; you are the first person I've had to guillotine; give me a good send-off now, can't you? Help me to discharge a disagreeable duty. Just put yourself in my place—"

"You just put yourself in mine."

"It can't be any question of expense; don't you know that everything is paid? It won't cost you a penny; the state stands treat."

"I haven't asked the state to stand treat to anything."

"Come, now, old fel, let's understand each other. You mayn't think so, but this resistance doesn't proceed from your own better nature—some one has put you up to it. You have formed a totally erroneous idea of the affair. What, after all said and done, does it amount to? It's a nothing—a mere formality. Let us look into it in detail. You are called and waked early, and given a comfortable breakfast—order whatever you want. Nothing so dreadful about that, is there? Then you have your hair cut—it's healthy, this hot weather, and makes you feel fresher. Then you go calmly and pleasantly out for a ride—on a carriage, understand. While you are driving along you amuse yourself chatting about this, that, and the other thing with the priest, and you never feel the time pass. Well, when you get there they come out to meet you, they open the door for you, they help you out of the carriage, they do everything in their power for you. Then you go up the stairs—only a step or two, and the ascent is so easy that you'd almost think you were going down stairs. You bow to the public, and—well, before you have time to turn round—brrrrrr!—all is over. [Smiling.] And everybody goes home satisfied. That's all there is about it."

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W. BRICE'S U. S. MAIL STAGES.
CHEAPEST ROUTE! MOST PICT-
URESQUE SCENERY! Quick Time—through in
one day, agreeable to summer schedule of S. F. & N. P.
R. R. Leave Healdsburg Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fri-
days.
San Francisco to Geysers and return, only.....\$10 00
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WHERE TO
SPEND THE SUMMER.
IF YOU WANT A THOROUGHLY
enjoyable place, go to the
GEYSER SPRINGS.
Medicated Baths for the sick; Swimming Baths, Bowl-
ing Alleys, Shooting Gallery; pleasant Picnic Grounds for
the well. In remodeling the Medicated NATURAL Steam
Bath, due regard has been observed to give special privacy
to ladies. This Bath removes TAN-FRECKLES, SAL-
LOWNESS, BLOTCHES, and all IMPERFECTIONS
from the skin, and is recommended by many physicians who
have tested its value. A magnificent Swimming Bath has
been constructed at a large outlay.
The house has been completely remodeled since last sum-
mer, and now is not surpassed by any in the State. The
stage ride to this glorious mountain resort can not be sur-
passed in the world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and
aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel,
stimulates the senses like old wine.
For tickets and all information call at No. 2 New Mont-
gomery Street, and 214 and 426 Montgomery Street. Rooms
may be engaged by letter or telegraph.
Special arrangements can be made by the week and for
families.
W. FORSYTH, Proprietor.

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THIS PLEASANT COUNTRY
HOME is now open for the reception of visitors.
Important additions and improvements have been made
since last season, which add greatly to the comfort and pleas-
ure of guests. The same good cheer and home surround-
ings will be found in the future as in the past.
Remember that the pleasantest part of the year in the
country is the spring and early summer.
For particulars, address E. B. SMITH,
Rutherford, Napa County.

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SIERRA MADRE VILLA
HOTEL,
SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, LOS ANGELES
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NOW OPEN FOR THE SUMMER.

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foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, eighteen
hundred feet above the sea. Climate near perfection, summer
and winter. In the midst of an orange grove, with all the
comforts of a home, overlooking San Gabriel Valley, twenty
miles from the sea. Not equaled by any place in the State
for a summer or winter residence. The way to get there is
by carriage, twelve miles from Los Angeles, or rail to San
Gabriel Mission, and four miles by carriage to the Villa.
Send notice to San Gabriel Post Office, Los Angeles County,
one day in advance.
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SCOTCH TYPE
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FLUID EXTRACT
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A SPECIFIC

REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES

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BLADDER AND KIDNEYS.

FOR DEBILITY, LOSS OF MEMO-
ry, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness
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Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood
to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin. If these
symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic
Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution be-
comes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medi-
cine to strengthen and tone up the system, which

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
Does in every case.

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By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most emi-
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Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Complaints,
Female Complaints, etc.

Headache, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour
Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation
of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a
thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dys-
pepsia.

HELMBOLD'S BUCHU
INVIGORATES THE STOMACH

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to
healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and
imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single
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CAUTION!
See that the private Proprietary Stamp is on
each bottle.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE
Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
DWIGHT C. KING, plaintiff, vs. MALISSA KING,
defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Nineteenth
Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the
City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed
in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office
of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send greeting to
MALISSA KING, defendant:
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought
against you by the above-named plaintiff, in the District
Court of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of
California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days
(exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this county; or, if served
out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days;
otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be
taken against you according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court
dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now exist-
ing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds
set forth in the complaint on file herein, to which reference
is hereby expressly made, and for general relief.
And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and
answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plain-
tiff will apply to the Court to the relief he is lawfully en-
titled to demand.
Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court
of the Nineteenth Judicial District of the State of Califor-
nia, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this
twenty-fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord one
thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine.
[SEAL.] THOS. H. REYNOLDS, Clerk.
By W. STETENSON, Deputy Clerk.
SAFFOLD & SAFFOLD, Plaintiff's Attorneys, 217 Sansome
Street.

CROWN POINT GOLD AND SIL-
ver Mining Company.—Location of principal place of
business, San Francisco, California. Location of wor-
k, Gold Hill, Storey County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of
Directors, held on the fourth day of June, 1879, an assess-
ment (No. 37) of one dollar (\$1) per share was levied upon
the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately,
in United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 10, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on the eleventh (11th) day of July, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless
payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
twenty-ninth (29th) day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Directors.
JAS. NEWLANDS, Secretary.
Office, 203 Bush Street, Room 10, Cosmopolitan Hotel
Building, San Francisco, California.

BELCHER SILVER MINING CO.
Location of principal place of business, San Fran-
cisco, California. Location of works, Gold Hill, Storey
County, State of Nevada.
Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Directors,
held on the 20th day of May, 1879, an assessment (No.
18) of one (\$1) dollar per share was levied on the capital
stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United
States gold coin to the Secretary, at the office of the Com-
pany, Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco, Cal-
ifornia.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid
on Wednesday, the 23rd day of June, 1879, will be delin-
quent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and, un-
less payment is made before, will be sold on TUESDAY, the
15th day of July, 1879, to pay the delinquent assessment,
together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.
JOHN CROCKETT, Secretary.
Office—Room 12, No. 203 Bush Street, San Francisco,
California.

SIERRA NEVADA SILVER MINING
Company.—Location of principal place of business,
San Francisco, California. Location of works, Storey
County, Nevada.
Notice is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees,
held on the twelfth day of July, 1879, an assessment
(No. 53) of three dollars (\$3) per share was levied upon the
capital stock of said Company, payable immediately in
United States gold coin, to the Secretary, at the office of
the Company, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.
Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain un-
paid on Wednesday, the sixteenth day of July, 1879, will be
delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and
unless payment is made before will be sold on TUESDAY,
the fifth (5th) day of August, 1879, to pay the delinquent
assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses
of sale. By order of the Board of Trustees.
W. W. STEINSON, Secretary.
Office, Room 61, Nevada Block, No. 309 Montgomery
Street, San Francisco, California.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
Steamship Company, General Office, San Francisco,
June 10th, 1879.—Notice—The annual meeting of the
stockholders of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship
Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year,
and for the transaction of such other business as may be
brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the
company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the second day of July, 1879.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

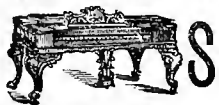
STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE
annual meeting of the stockholders of the Mission
Bay Bridge Company will be held at the office of the Com-
pany, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten o'clock
A. M. and close at twelve o'clock M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE
annual meeting of the stockholders of the Southern
Pacific Railroad Company will be held at the office of the
Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNESDAY,
the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at ten
o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

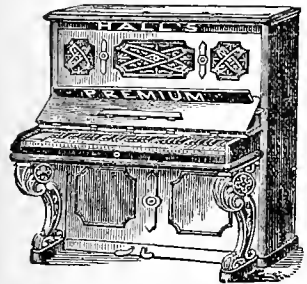
STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE
annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los An-
geles and San Diego Railroad Company will be held at the
office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on
WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open
at ten o'clock A. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE
annual meeting of the stockholders of the Potrero and
Bay View Railroad Company will be held at the office of
the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on WEDNES-
DAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will open at
one o'clock P. M. and close at two o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.—THE
annual meeting of the stockholders of the Market
Street Railroad Company of San Francisco will be held at
the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on
WEDNESDAY, the ninth day of July, 1879. The polls will
open at twelve o'clock M. and close at one o'clock P. M.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Secretary.

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Pianos Tuned, Rented, and for Sale on the Installment Plan.
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SOAP.**

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STANDARD SOAP COMPANY
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is manufactured to compete with Cashmere Bouquet. It claims to have no superior as a toilet soap, equaling the best in quality, and offered to the trade at a much less price.

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OPTOMETER!**
The only reliable instrument for Testing
Defective Vision.
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It runs the easiest and fastest and makes the least noise of any machine made. Just the machine for delicate ladies. Just the machine for ladies who are not delicate, as it will not injure them to run it. **POSITIVELY NO TENSION.** Make the strongest seam, there being three threads in every stitch. A MARVEL OF MECHANISM. NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD. An investigation will convince any one.

WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINE CO.
C. L. HOVEY, AGENT,
124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, AND 361 TWELFTH STREET, OAKLAND.

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No. 727 MARKET STREET,
BRANCH OF NEW YORK,

IS NOW OPENING THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF

SPRING STYLES

Just received from his London and New York Houses of

FRENCH, ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND DOMESTIC GOODS,

Of the very newest styles ever seen.

Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, Sent Free.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, will do well to call and inspect my immense stock at any of my branch stores, and their daily arrivals of New York and Paris fashions. Also, of French and English Goods from my London House.

TO ORDER:

Pants, - - - \$5
Suits, - - - 20
Overcoats, - 15
Dress Coats, - 20

Genuine 6 X


TO ORDER:

Black Doeskin
Pants, - - - \$7
White Vests, fm 3
Fancy Vests, - - 6
Beaver Suits, \$55.

Not to be equaled by any house on the Pacific Coast for largeness, variety, or quality of stock, for workmanship or elegance of style, only **WHITE LABOR** employed, and none but **EXPERIENCED AND FIRST-CLASS CUTTERS.**

FINEST STOCK OF WOOLENS IN THE WORLD.

The only house in the city that receives fresh Patterns and New York and Paris Fashions weekly. Samples, with Instructions for Self-measurement, sent free. A small stock on hand, of our own make, to select from. Tailors and the public supplied with Cloth and Trimmings, at wholesale prices, by the yard; any length cut.

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NEW GOODS!

We have just received a choice assortment of **REPOUSSE** and **DECORATED SILVER.** Also, a collection of **NOVELTIES** in **JEWELRY,** at very low prices. All goods marked in plain figures, from which no variation is made.

CEO. C. SHREVE & CO., 110 MONTGOMERY STREET.

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H. A. CALLENDER,
DEALER IN

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY,

Has removed to
734 Market St., between Kearny and Dupont.

COOS BAY

\$7.50 per Ton; \$4 per Half Ton.

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STEAM BOOK & JOB PRINTER

And Printer of the Argonaut,

518 CLAY STREET, S. F.

NEPTUNE AND MERMAID SWIMMING BATHS

FOOT OF

LARKIN AND HYDE STREETS.

TAKE NORTH BEACH OR CLAY
Street cars—transfer at Leavenworth Street.

Why go to Alameda to swim or bathe,
When you can have a fine natural Beach, with water direct from the ocean?

Why wade in a tank,
When you can disport in the clear, crisp, invigorating, untainted tide?

These are points for swimmers to consider.
Good accommodations, comfortable dressing rooms, long distance, rafts, splendid diving boards, aquatic gymnasium, and absolute safety in every respect.

An entire renovation under the new management.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT,

Under the charge of Prof. J. H. MOHOR, where strict propriety will be observed.
Be sure to go to foot of Larkin Street or Hyde St.
W. H. BOVEE, Proprietor.

BOARD IN PRIVATE FAMILY.

A FEW YOUNG GENTLEMEN
can be accommodated with room and the very best of board in a pleasant private family by addressing R. B. D., this office. The location is on California Street, between Leavenworth and Jones, and only ten minutes' ride from Kearney Street, cars passing the door. The best of reference given and required.

BERKELEY BRANCH RAILROAD
Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Berkeley Branch Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

AMADOR BRANCH RAILROAD
Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Amador Branch Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

STOCKTON AND COPPEROPOLIS
Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Stockton and Copperopolis Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

SACRAMENTO AND PLACER-
ville Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sacramento and Placerville Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

LOS ANGELES AND INDEPEND-
ence Railroad Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad Company, to elect Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
F. S. DOUTY, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA PACIFIC RAILROAD
Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the California Pacific Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

SAN PABLO AND TULARE RAIL-
road Company—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the San Pablo and Tulare Railroad Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY
—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Railway Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.

TERMINAL RAILWAY COMPANY
—Notice.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Terminal Railway Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting, will be held at the office of the Company, in the city of San Francisco, on **WEDNESDAY, July 9th, 1879.**
J. O'B. GUNN, Secretary.



